Accessible Homestuck Project (TTS Version)

by AccessibleHomestuckProject

Summary

This is a version of Homestuck with image descriptions added. This has been done for accessibility purposes so that blind readers, readers with epilepsy, or anyone else who, for any reason, needs words rather than images, can enjoy this crazy ride.

This is the version formatted for a Text-to-speech reader.

For more information, see accessiblehomestuckproject.tumblr.com
Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 1: The Note Desolation Plays

[Image description: A boy with square glasses and the image of a green slime creature on his shirt stands in front of a door, looking around. On the door is a poster with a stylized green house and the words 'sibrub beta'. To the boy's left is a dresser with a cake, a rolled-up poster, and a small note card. To his right is the edge of a bed]

Note: Because of the style of the drawing, it appears that the boy has no arms]

A young man stands in his bedroom. It just so happens that today, the 13th of April, 2009, is this young man's birthday. Though it was thirteen years ago he was given life, it is only today he will be given a name!

What will the name of this young man be?

Enter name.

[Image description: It zooms in on the boy's face and a text box appears above his head. It types]

Zoo smell Poop lord

[Image description: The boy makes an irritated expression and the words 
Try again, smartass
appear in red]

Try again.

[Image description: it types
John Egbert
A green check mark appears and the boy, John, smiles]

Examine room.

[Image description: The rest of the room appears. There are 5 posters on the wall for Con-Air, Ghostbusters, Mac and Me, Deep Impact, and one poster with an image of a cartoon man smoking a cigarette, along with a calendar for April. Part of a tree is visible through a window. There is a computer desk in the corner with a computer and a magazine on it and a cd rack next to it. There is also a toy chest decorated with stars and moons with a cake on top. On the floor next to the chest are a hammer and nails.]

Your name is John. As was previously mentioned it is your birthday. A number of cakes are
scattered about your room. You have a variety of interests. You have a passion for really terrible
movies. You like to program computers but you are not very good at it. You have a fondness for
paranormal lore, and are an aspiring amateur magician. You also like to play games sometimes.

What will you do?

John: Quickly retrieve arms from drawer.

[Image description: John stands by the dresser with an irritated expression on his face. A thought
bubble is over his head with an image of the toy chest flashing in it]

Your arms are in your magic chest, poop lord!

Remove cake from magic chest.

[Image description: John stands near the chest. A large cursor appears to select the cake and drag it
away]

Out of sympathy for John's perceived lack of arms, you pick up the cake for him and put it on his
bed.

John: quickly retrieve arms from magic chest.

[Image description: John holds the fake arms using his real ones, which he apparently has, though
they weren't drawn. The chest is now open, there are many items inside]

You retrieve your fake arms from the chest. You use these for hilarious antics.

[Image description: A pink rectangular card appears in the corner. On it, in a smaller white
rectangular shape, are 2 arms. The card reads 'captchalogue x2']

You captchalogue them in your sylladex. You have no idea what that actually means though.

There are other items in the chest.

John: examine contents of chest.

[Image description: The following items are now on screen with the captchalogue card.
Colonel Sassacre's Daunting Text of Magical Frivolity and Practical Japery, a large, thick book
with a whimsical font
Harry Anderson's 'Wise Guy', a green book with a man from the 50's on the cover
A pair of handcuffs
3 small purple capsules
A pair of glasses with a fake nose attached
4 small red capsules
A wizard hat
A sword]

In here you keep an array of humorous and mystical artifacts, each one a devastating weapon in the
hands of a skilled magician or a cunning prankster.

You are neither of these things.

Among the artifacts are: two fake arms [currently captchalogue in your sylladex], one pair of trick
handcuffs, one stunt sword, one magician's hat, one pair of beagle puss glasses, several smoke
pellets, several blood capsules, and one copy of Colonel Sassacre's Daunting Text of Magical Frivolity and Practical Japery, and one copy of Harry Anderson's "Wise Guy", by Mike Caveney.

Some of this stuff may come in handy at some point. For now, you decide to just take the smoke pellets.

John: captchalogue smoke pellets.

[Image description: A second pink captchalogue card appears, blocking the image on the first. On the new card are the 3 small purple capsules, the smoke pellets. At the bottom of the screen, a pink band labeled 'sylladex::captchalogue deck' comes up with 4 captchalogue cards. In the first are the arms, then the smoke pellets appear in the first slot and the arms move to the second card]

You stow the smoke pellets on one of your captchalogue cards in your sylladex.

You still aren't totally sure what that means, but you are starting to get the hang of the vernacular at least.

You have two empty captchalogue cards remaining.

John: equip fake arms.

[Image description: A large red X appears over the arms in the captchalogue card]

You aren't totally sure if "equip" is a verb copasetic with the abstract behavioral medium in which you dwell, but you give it a try anyway.

Unfortunately, you cannot access the fake arms! Their card is underneath the one you just used to captchalogue the smoke pellets. You will have to use the pellets first in order to access the arms. But this is probably unadvisable, since you'd just make your room lousy with smoke!

Your sylladex's fetch modus is currently dictated by the logic of a stack data structure. You were never all that great with data structures and you find the concept puzzling and mildly irritating.

But with any hope, perhaps you will advance new, more practical fetch modi for your sylladex with a little more experience.

John: examine Problem Sleuth poster.

[Image description: The poster with the image of a man smoking is now on screen]

Is it even possible to get any more hard boiled than that? You really doubt it. This poster was one of your wisest purchases.

[Note: The previous sentence is also a link to the author's Topatco shop where this poster is for sale. It's a not-so-subtle hint to give him your money]

There is a nice spot on the wall next to it. You've been meaning to hang another poster there soon.

John: read note on drawer.

[Image Description: the note reads
Happy birthday son.
I am so proud of you.]

This note is rich with the aromas of fatherly aftershaves and colognes.
Beside the note is a rolled up poster.

John: take poster.

[Image description: The captchologue cards and deck reappear. The poster takes the first slot, bumping the arms to the third slot and the smoke pellets to the second]

Another birthday artifact. You wonder what is printed on the poster.

You'll need some way to hang it on your wall.

John: acquire hammer and nails. They will come in handy.

You first place the hammer into your sylladex.

But now all of your captchologue cards are full. You wonder what will happen if you try to take the nails?

You guess it doesn't hurt to try.

John: take nails.

You captchologue four nails into the top card, and push all the artifacts down a card.

The fake arms are pushed entirely out of the deck!!!

Oh well. They're probably completely useless anyway. But you probably don't want to do that again, unless you want to drop the smoke pellets and suffer the consequences.

In any case, you now feel like you have gathered enough things to get down to business and do some really important stuff. The next thing you do will probably be exceptionally meaningful.

John: squawk like an imbecile and shit on your desk.

[Image description: John holds his head and looks frustrated, then looks towards his computer desk]

This is the dumbest idea you've had in weeks!!!

Stupid stupid stupid.

And yet the polished surface of your desk…. It beckons.

John: combine the nails and hammer.

You merge the top two cards.

The hammer and nails are now captchalogued on the same card and can be used together.

[Image description: The poster moves to the second slot and the smoke pellets to the third, leaving the fourth slot open]

John: use hammer/nails on poster.

You use the hammer and nails card in conjunction with the card beneath it.
John: nail poster to wall.

You use the hammer, nails, and poster on the blank space on the wall.

It's glorious. Exactly what you wanted. The old man really came through this time.

John: examine Con-Air poster.

Put the bunny back in the box.

I said, put the bunny back in the box.

Why couldn't you put the bunny back in the box?


Morgan Freeman's genteel, homespun mannerisms were perfect qualities for a president residing over a crisis.

Oceans rise. Cities fall. Hope survives.

Wow.

Films about impending apocalypse fascinate you. Plus, a black president?? Now you've seen everything!

John: examine calendar.

You've marked your birthday, the 13th of April. Another day you marked was supposed to be the arrival date for the highly touted sburb beta launch.

It's been three days already. It's starting to become a sore subject with you.

John: eat cake.

You are sick to death of cake!!! You've been eating it all day. And you have no intention of clogging your sylladex with it either. The cake stays put for now.

You hear a notice from your computer. Someone is messaging you.

John: examine incoming message.

[Image description: John sits at his computer desk. An image of his desktop appears. There is an...]
You pull up to your computer. This is where you spend most of your time. You decorated your desktop with some rather handsome wallpaper which you made yourself. You are really proud of it.

Your desktop is also littered with various programming project files. You are so bad at programming sometimes you wonder why you even bother with it.

Your pesterchum application is flashing. Someone is trying to get in touch with you.

John: open pesterchum.

[Image description: a yellow window labeled pesterchum 6.0 Chat client appears on the right side of the screen. Along with a list of usernames.
Chumroll:
turntech Godhead
tentacleTherapist
gardenGnostic

A button labeled pester! Is below them

My chumhandle:
EctoBiologist

turntech Godhead and ectoBiologist have yellow smiley faces next to their names

At the bottom is a list of moods

Mood:
Chummy
Bully
Palsy
Peppy
Chipper
Rancorous

Chummy is selected]

Only one of your chums is logged in. He's sent you a message.

John: open message.

[Image description: another yellow window appears with a chat client visible.]

Pesterlog

[Note: turntech Godhead speaks with red text and ectoBiologist speaks with blue.]
T.G.: hey so what sort of insane loot did you rake in today
E.B.: I got a little monsters poster, it's so awesome. I'm going to watch it again today, the apple juice scene was so funny.
T.G.: oh hell that is such a coincidence I just found an unopened container of apple juice in my closet it is like fucking christmas up in here
E.B.: ok thats fine, but I just have one question and then a word of caution. Have you ever seen a movie called little monsters starring howie mandel and fred savage?
T.G.: but
the seal on the bottle is unbroken
are you suggesting someone put piss in my apple juice at the factory
E.B.: all im saying is don't you think monster howie mandel has the power to do something as simple as reseal a bottle?
try using your brain numbnuts.
T.G.: why did the fat kid or whoever drank it know what piss tasted like
I mean his reaction was nigh instantaneous
E.B.: it was the 15th day in a row howie mandel peed in his juice.
T.G.: ok I can accept that
monster b-list celebrity douche bags are cunning and persistent pranksters
also fred savage has a really punchable face
but who cares about this lets stop talking about it
did you get the beta yet
E.B.: no.
did you?
T.G.: man I got two copies already
but I dont care im not going to play it or anything the game sounds boring
did you see how it got slammed in GameBro?????
E.B.: GameBro is a joke and we both know it.
T.G.: yeah
why dont you go check your mail. maybe its there now
E.B.: alright.

John: look out window.

You see the view of your yard from your window.

Hanging from the tree is your tire swing. In a kid's yard, a tree without a tire swing is like a proper gentleman without a monocle. That is to say, he can hardly be considered a terribly proper gentleman at all.

And there beside your driveway is the mailbox.

John: examine mailbox.

The little red arm-swingy-dealy thing or whatever it is called is flipped up!

What the hell is that thing called anyway. You do not have time for these semantics. The red flippy-lever thing means you have new mail. And that means the beta might be here!

John: go outside and check mailbox.

You are about to hurry down stairs when you hear a car pull into the driveway. It looks like your Dad has returned from the grocery store.

Oh great. He is beating you to the mail.
John: forget it. Check mail later.

If you go down stairs to get it, he will likely monopolize hours of your time. You decide to chill out up here for a while until the dust settles.

Sometimes you feel like you are trapped in this room. Stuck, if you will, in a sense which possibly borders on the titular.

And now your chum is pestering you again. The clockwork of friendship turns ceaselessly, operating the swing-lever dealies of harassment in perpetuity!

Whatever. The dude can just hold his damn horses.

John: examine games on cd rack.

You've put countless manhours into this assortment of quality titles.

John: read Colonel Sassacre's Daunting Text.

You decide to consult with the colonel's bottomless wisdom. Good grief this thing is huge. It could kill a cat if you dropped it.

But to really dig into this hefty book, you will have to captchalogue it. You are not sure you are ready to logjam your other artifacts beneath it just yet.

John: captchalogue fake arms again.

What did you just say?? You don't want to clog up your...

[Image description: a third captchalogue card appears with the fake arms in it. John makes an
Oh, jesus. In a momentary lapse of concentration, you accidentally captchalogue the arms again.

John: set pesterchum status to "bully".

You don't think the situation is quite dire enough to go all the way to "rancorous", but you still feel the pesterchum client should reflect your mood change in some way.

"bully" will have to do. You guess.

This unsurprisingly does nothing whatsoever.

Oh, right, you forgot your chum is still pestering you.

John: answer chum.

Pesterlog
T.G.: is it there
plz say yes
maybe you can play with tt she's been pestering me all day about it
she's mackin on me so hard all the time I start to feel embarrassed for her
I mean not that I can blame her or anything
E.B.: yes, it is understandable because you are really attractive. I am attracted to you.
T.G.: thank you
E.B.: jk haha.
no, I don't have it yet.
my Dad has the mail and I guess I have to go get it from him and see if it's there.
and I've been busy spending all afternoon shitting around with my stupid sylladex.
it's so frustrating.
T.G.: what's your modus
E.B.: what?
T.G.: how do you retrieve artifacts from it
E.B.: oh. Like one at a time I guess. And if I put too much in, something falls out.
T.G.: stack?? Hahahahaha
E.B.: what is yours?
T.G.: hash map
my bro taught me a few tricks. he basically knows everything and is awesome
E.B.: what the hell is that?
T.G.: you should probably brush up on your data structures
E.B.: I guess.
T.G.: did you at least allocate your strife spesibus
E.B.: no.
T.G.: it could free up a card for you
plus let you attack stuff whenever things get too hot to handle
which is never
what have you got
E.B.: well, I've got a hammer but it's trapped under some arms.
T.G.: wow you really suck at this dont you
just get rid of the arms and then allocate the hammer to the spesibus
E.B.: how?
T.G.: I dont know, just use the arms on any old thing and see if it works

John: combine fake arms with cake.

[Image description: John stands by the bed. The cake that was moved from the toy chest to the bed now has the two fake arms sticking out of the top of it. The captchalogue deck appears at the bottom of the screen. The hammer and the smoke pellets are still inside but the last two cards are blank.]

You stick the fake arms in the cake on your bed.

This definitely makes the cake at least 300% more hilarious. You're sure Colonel Sassacre would know the precise index of elevated hilarity.

John: allocate hammer to strife spesibus.

[Image description: the strife spesibus appears on the screen. It is the same shape as the captchalogue card but in black and grey instead of pink and white. Currently, it is flipped so the back is visible. On the back is a long list of strife spesibye in three columns.

It reads:
Kind abstrata
Pizzacutter kind
Bat kind
Rollingpin kind
Plunger kind
Yoyo kind
Scissor kind
Pepperspray kind
Chainsaw kind
Crow bar kind
Broom kind
Poker kind
Icepick kind
Golfclub kind
Hammer kind
Jumprope kind
Shovel kind
Hatchet kind
Spoon kind
Statue kind
Spatula kind
Screwdriver kind
Blade kind
Pistol kind
Lamp kind
Stungun kind
Ball kind
Rake kind
Plank kind}
Glove kind
Fork kind
Cane kind
Curling iron kind
Chain kind
Knife kind
Tableleg kind
Shotgun kind
Needle kind
Peppermill kind
Dumbbell kind
Hockey stick kind
Vacuum kind
Mop kind
Trophy kind
Fancysanta kind
Ladle kind
Cord kind
Iron kind
Saw kind
Cleaver kind
Iceskate kind
Wrench kind
Umbrella kind
Plunger kind
Hose kind
Book kind
Bust kind
Spade kind
Pipe kind
Nailgun kind
Hairdryer kind
Lacrosse stick kind
Throwingstar kind
Tongs kind
Razor kind
Fire extinguisher kind
Branch kind
Bowlingpin kind
Bomb kind
Woodwind kind
Stapler kind
Rifle kind
Candle stick kind
Paddle kind
Bow kind
Barbed wire kind
Dart kind
Marble kind
Plier kind
Firework kind
Chisel kind
Aerosol kind
Shoe kind
Pipe etekind
Fan kind
Brass kind
Rock kind
Scythe kind

You check the back of your strife spesibus for the kind abstratus you have in mind for it.

John: select "hammer".

[Image description: the cursor drags the hammer captchalogue card to the strife spesibus card, which has turned over. It has a large rectangular shape that takes up most of the card, but a rectangular box runs along the bottom of the card and there are three small, empty squares on the right side of the card which are currently blank. Their purpose is unknown. As the cursor releases the card on top of the strife spesibus, it turns green. The word hammer kind appears at the bottom of the card along with a stylized image of a hammer in the center box and a picture of the hammer John added in the bottom rectangle.]

Your strife spesibus has been allocated with the hammer kind abstratus.

The hammer has been moved from your captchalogue deck to your strife deck.

John: report progress to TG.

[Image description: John sits at the computer again, now with the strife spesibus in the corner where the captchalogue cards were]

Pesterlog
E.B.: ok, I did it.
T.G.: hammer kind?
E.B.: yeah.
T.G.: ok that will be the permanent allocation for your spesibus I guess I should have mentioned that
E.B.: um...
T.G.: hope you like hammers dude!
E.B.: yeah, that's fine I guess. I can't imagine it's going to be all that relevant.


[Image description: the captchalogue cards reappear and the strife spesibus card disappears. The captchalogue deck reappears at the bottom of the screen. The top card now has the book in it]

Now that you've got some space in your sylladex to work with, you figure you might as well start squandering it immediately.

Ordinarily this ridiculous book would be way too heavy to carry around in any practical way. You guess maybe this is one respect in which the cards present some convenience.

John: examine GameBro magazine.

[Image description: the cover of the magazine that was on John's desk now takes up the screen. On
it is the word GameBro in large red letters. The stylized house from the sburb poster is on the cover. The commentary on the cover reads
Sburb: why the "game of the year" or whatever isn't as good as some other stuff I like that's better.

John: read article.

[Image description: a different page of the GameBro magazine appears. In the center of the screen is a green spirograph with the stylized house logo in the center. The article reads

GameBro feature
Sburb
So ok.
Sburb is this game that a lot of cats seem hella pumped of. And this beta is sitting on my desk for review, so I'm like, yeah man I'll write something.
But I don't know. I'm like, so this is about houses or some noise? That's fine, I'm sure that's like fucking dynamite in a handbag for some bros. But all I'm saying is, when do you get to *thrash* anything? While you're playing house or some shit, are you ever in jeopardy of getting mud on your doll's dress or whatever from busting out, and I quote, "the mad stunts all wicked up-ins"?
Know what I'm saying, bro-yo ma? I didn't actually play this game, but I gave it 1.5 Hats out of 5 hats to keep it real.
At this point I'd like to give a shout out to my boy dennis who was over the other day. We were going to chill in front of the dark knight and he was so psyched of it y'all.
So this one time he was leaning against the screen door and the shit popped open, and the back deck was wet and he slipped down the steps and broke his thumb on the lawn. It wasn't a long fall, but hey I guess a thumb bone wasn't made for supporting the brunt of a huge useless tool against wet grass. We never did watch dark knight on account of ron trucking his bawling candy-ass girth to the hospital.
But it's cool, I still got another watch in me, brotel rwanda.
Bro-notes: dennis was so wasted, ha ha. I mean damn.

Rating for : sburb
An image showing 5 grey hats. One and a half are darkened.]

John: captchalogue GameBro.

[Image description: John stands next to his computer desk. The captchalogue deck and cards are on screen with the GameBro magazine now in the first slot.]

It might come in handy if you ever need something that burns easily.

John: captchalogue magician's hat.

[Image description: John turns towards the toy chest. A cone-shaped hat decorated with stars and moons takes the first slot in the captchalogue deck.]

You expend your final card on the magician's hat.

John: get funny glasses too.

You don't have a free card in your sylladex!

However, you are able to merge the beagle puss with the magician's hat to create a clever disguise.

[Image description: the glasses with the fake nose attached to join the magician's hat on the first
John: wear disguise to fool Dad.

While you are wearing the items, they remain on the card, but it is temporarily removed from the deck, thus freeing up the cards beneath it.

John: leave room.

You exit into the hallway.

On one wall hangs a picture of a fella who sure knows how to have a laugh, a man after your own heart. You always thought he looked a lot like Michael Cera. But your Dad swears on the many hallowed tombs of Egypt that it is not. You're not sure about that though.

On the other wall is one of your Dad's stupid clowns. Or harlequins, as he is quick to correct anyone who would venture such brazen assumption.

John: go downstairs.

The accursed odor of fresh baking wafts into your newfound nostrils. Something is brewing in the kitchen. It must be the connivings of your arch nemesis, Betty Crocker, and the rich, buttery aroma of her plot stinks to high heaven.

This mission is going to be more difficult than you imagined.

John: admire harlequins.

[Image description: John stands in front of the curio cabinet. There are six statues of harlequins, two of which are on top of the cabinet and four of which are inside. They are all ugly as sin].
You check out the shelves of fanciful harlequins.

Look at this fucking garbage. You hate this stuff. Funny is funny, but your Dad sure can be a real cornball.

Sometimes at night you pray for burglars.

John: examine fireplace.

[Image description: John stands in front of the fireplace with the urn on the mantle and the painting of the old woman above it.]

A bright orange flame flickers in the fireplace. It doesn't matter that it's april and not terribly chilly outside. In a home, a fireplace needs a fire, because that's what fireplace is for. A fire belongs in a fireplace, dammit, categorically, at all times, without exception.

As domestic myth of unaccountable origin holds, a home borrows the spirit of the flame for as long as it makes a guest of it, much as the moon takes liberty with the sun's rays.

"the moon's an arrant thief, and her pale fire she snatches from the sun." -Mark Twain

You are almost certain Mark Twain said that.

John: toss GameBro into fire.

[Image description: the GameBro magazine appears in the fire, darkening where it overlaps with the flame. The page with the article appears in the second image. It turns a brown yellow color and holes appear in it, making it look like it is burning.]

It doesn't burn as quickly as you hoped.

Each GameBro magazine is guaranteed to be printed on 40% recycled asbestos. For big ups to mother earth, yo.

John: fondly regard cremation.

[Image description: the image zooms in on the urn and painting of the old woman.]

You examine the sacred urn containing your departed Nanna's ashes.

When your father gives her portrait a wistful glance now and then, you can tell it brings back painful memories. A tall bookshelf. A ladder. An unabridged Colonel Sassacre's.

He never wants to talk about it.

John: topple urn.

[Image description: John makes a frustrated expression. The urn lays on its side and a pile of ashes sits on the mantle next to it.]

You clumsily mishandle the sacred urn. Ash is everywhere.

In retrospect, upon mulling cinematic tropes regarding ash-filled urns, this outcome was a virtual certainty.

You'd probably better clean it up before Dad finds it.
John: combine father's pipe with clever disguise.

[Image description: John stands near the couch. The captchalogue card with the clever disguise on it appears in the top right corner, still mostly transparent. A pipe joins the wizard hat and glasses with a fake nose, both on the card and on John's face]

You think now would be a good time to beef up your clever disguise.

John: examine oversized gift.

[Image description: John faces the large present in the center of the room. A second picture has a zoomed-in image of the tag. It reads Champ. You can do anything if you put your mind to it. I believe in you.]

Contemplating what could be inside this package is sort of exciting, but it makes you a little nervous at the same time.

John: open large present.

[Image description: the present disappears, replaced by an oversized harlequin doll with no arms. A large wad of paper sits on the floor next to it, along with a bow]

Oh hell no.

John: captchalogue ashes.

[Image description: John stands near the two doorways. The urn is still knocked over and the GameBro magazine is still in the fire. The harlequin doll sits on the couch next to a cake]

First you prop the harlequin doll up on the couch. Having it in the middle of the floor sprawled out all akimbo like that struck you as unseemly.

You captchalogue the ashes to your available card.

John: combine ashes with urn.

[Image description: the cursor appears and clicks on the urn. As it does, the captchalogue cards reappear and the urn moves to the first card. The outside of the urn is smeared with ashes]

You merge the sacred urn with the ashes.

Most of the ash is back in the urn, but it's a total mess. Really it probably would have been tidier if you just used a broom and dustpan.

John: put urn back.

[Image description: the cursor appears and clicks the card with the urn in it. It drags the urn back to the mantle and releases, making the urn reappear in place on the mantle]

No one will be the wiser.

Except maybe for people with eyes.

John: Go get fake arms again.
You just got another brilliant idea for something to do with those pointless arms. You pry them out of the cake and captchalogue them.

Looks like pesterchum is acting up again.

John: Examine 3rd and 4th walls of room.

John: Check Pesterchum.

Another one of your chums is messaging you.

John: Check message.

Note: tentacleTherapist speaks with a light purple text]

pesterlog

T.T.: I understand you have recently come into possession of the beta release of "The Game of the Year", as featured in respectable periodicals such as GameBro Magazine.
E.B.: that's an ugly rumor.
whoever told you that is a filthy liar.
and you should probably stop hitting on him all the time or whatever.
T.T.: I can't control myself.
I must have a weakness for insufferable pricks.
E.B.: anyway i still haven't checked the mail, my dad has it.
I'm trying to go get it from him, so brb
T.T.: John.
E.B.: what?
T.T.: You're wearing one of your disguises now, aren't you?
You are typing to me right now while wearing something ridiculous.
E.B.: no, why would you even think that??
that's so stupid.
T.T.: Ok.
Why don't you go get the game from your father?
E.B.: alright, wish me luck.
oh, btw...
jk I was wearing a funny disguise this whole time.
gotcha! hehehehe
T.T.: I know, John.
John: Go back downstairs.

[Image description: John stands near the couch looking at the giant Harlequin doll. The captchalogue cards are on screen with the fake arms in the first slot.]

You can now execute that brilliant idea you had.

There should be just enough frosting on the fake arms to serve as an adequate adhesive.

John: Attach arms to doll.

[Image description: The fake arms are now sticking a directly out from the Harlequin doll's sides in a manner that makes them look like they are dislocated. The Harlequin is still smiling anyway.]

Hehehehehehehehe.

You don't care what Colonel Sassacre says, that makes it at least a million percent funnier.

John: Inspect burnt paper on the floor.

[Image description: John moves to stand near the fireplace again, looking at a brown square on the floor. The second image is of a skier with a motion blur on him flying through the air on a giant chocolate bar labeled Broblerone. The edges of the advertisement are charred.]

You put this back in the fire where it belongs.

John: Throw present wrap in fire.

[Image description: The wad of paper appears in the fireplace and vibrates gently as it burns.]

As long as you're cleaning up...

John: Captchalogue doll.

[Image description: John faces the Harlequin on the couch. Its arms still look painfully dislocated.]

You can carry hefty items, but that thing is just way too big. Get real!

Besides, you don't even want it.

John: Read Colonel Sassacre's text.

[Image description: John holds the book. The second image has a sepia-toned picture of what I assume is the first page of the book. A distinguished-looking man in a surprisingly silly wizard's hat looks at the camera. To his right is a card with a crown on it. To his left is a card with a woman on a tightrope on it. The text on the bottom half of the page reads

The Creepy-crawlies!

Hell's bells, we are having a mighty sporting time of it!

Hold fast my intrepid fellow prank-smiths! We've merely nicked the mahogany of our japing chests.

If I may direct the incisive ogle of of your beagle puss to the wriggling regency of rubber bugs, plastic parasites, squirming serpents, pliable pests, and every such order and phyla of creepy-crawlie!

Land sakes alive, we are cooking with petrol now!

In further exhibits we shall dwell on artifice useful to your exploits. Is your pappy's rod and reel handy? What about a bit of iron cord; it shouldn't prove elusive. Bring those wriggling rascals to
life, and set the nerves of some old maid to the wreck of Hesperus!
Do you have a bothersome aunt who never seems troubled to find ways with your sunny afternoon
hours? A board, splintery fence - a bucket of whitewash perhaps?
By gum you'll fix her wagon!
And what of that tawny gent who puts his lackadaisical lean near the sarsaparilla font? You'll have
that listless octoroon find the spring in his step just yet!]

You thought about consulting the text to determine exactly how hilarious the doll is now.

But this text is way too big to navigate in a timely fashion. You decide to forget it.

John: Find dad and retrieve mail.

[Image description: John stands in the corner of the living room between the two doors.]
The door on the left leads to the kitchen, from which the smell of baking wafts a powerful aroma
which could lift an especially portly hobo off his feet.
The door on the right leads to the study, where your dad spends a lot of time.
He could be in either room. Where will you go?

John: Go in the study.

[Image description: John stands in the study. On the wall are three posters. One is very large,
featuring a large number of people near a swimming pool. It takes up the entire wall. On the
second wall is one poster of a young child in a joker's hat and a poster of a man and a very intricate
jester costume. There is a piano with two clown statues and a pipe on top of it. There is a desk next
to a coat rack. On the desk are playing cards, a pipe, a captchalogue card, and a few other
unidentifiable items. An umbrella leans against it. On the coat rack are a bowler hat and a top hat.
In the back corner there is a safe with another clown statue on top of it. A window looks out into a
yard.] 

It doesn't look like he's in here right now.

John: Examine father's desk.

[Image description: John stands near the desk.]

On the desk is a deck of playing cards, one of your dad's pipes, the April issue of the Serious Jester
Magazine, and a stray captchalogue card.
There is also a can of peanuts on the desk. Ha ha, oh dad. You won't be falling for that one again
any time soon.
A severe peanut allergy is a terrible affliction to cope with.

John: Upgrade costume with hat from hat rack.

[Image description: John stands on the other side of the desk near the coatrack. The bowler hat is
now on the transparent clever disguise captchalogue card and John's head. The wizard's hat has
taken its place on the coat rack.]
You swap the magician's hat with the bowler hat.
This disguise is somewhat less funny, but a lot more distinguished looking.
John: Combine second pipe with clever disguise.

[Image description: It zooms in on the pipe sitting on the desk]

Your dad maintains numerous pipes around the household. A father without a pipe is like a strapping roughneck without a toothpick. That is to say, he is a rather piss-poor excuse for a roughneck if you ask me.

You'd rather not take the pipe, though. The first one tastes bad enough as it is.

How you suffer for your comedy.

John: Examine captchalogue card.

[Image description: The focus shifts to the right. Now on screen are the serious Jester magazine and the captcha log card]

Yes!!! This will be perfect for expanding the space in your sylla...

John: Captchalogue captchalogue card.

[Image description: A captchalogue card appears on the first captchalogue card. John makes the irritated expression again and scribbles appear above his head as if he were blanking out curse words that he was thinking.]

ARGH!!!


(Pages including sound will be preceded by [S] in the command.)

[Image description: John stands at the piano and plays. There is music associated with this page. The song is Showtime Piano Refrain.]

John: Play 52 Pick-Up.

[Image description: John stands next to the piano, a deck of cards scattered on the floor in front of him. He makes a very frustrated expression. A second image shows a close up of one of the statues on top of the piano and the poster of the boy in the Jester's hat.]

You play the prankster's favorite card game, even though you are alone in the room, thus rendering it an especially foolish version of Solitaire.

So stupid. Look at this mess.

The peanut gallery over there sure is getting a kick out of it. You are allergic to their scorn.

John: Attempt to leave the house.

[Image description: John once again stands in the living room. This time we see it from another angle. A portrait of John and a man who presumably is his father are on a wall next to a black stain and a window. A television shows a silhouette against a brick wall next to a shallow alcove with the front door in it. A creepy harlequin bust on a pedestal stands in the corner. The second panel zooms in on John who is now standing in front of the television. The television cycles through a few different shots from a commercial of Hi-C ecto cooler juice, featuring the Ghostbusters]
You go back into the living room and contemplate checking the mailbox outside. You think perhaps you should exhaust all possibilities before plunging headlong into a Dad encounter.

Your television is currently airing a commercial.

John: Exit.

[Image description: John stands outside the front door of his house. To the left of the screen is a tree branch with a tire swing hanging from it. Above the front door a balcony has a telescope on it. To the right of the screen there is the top of Dad's car.]

You exit the house.

John: Check mail.

[Image description: John moves down the driveway to stand next to the mailbox, which is open.]

Predictably, the mailbox is empty. You have already been scooped by your father.

[S] Next

[Image description: An animation of John taking off his clever disguise plays. It shifts to an image of the sky, then zooms out to show houses on the street. It returns to John and zooms out to show the entirety of his house. A stylized image of a sun appears in the sky, along with the word Homestuck. Over all of this the sound of wind plays.]

The streets are empty. Wind skims the voids keeping neighbors apart, as if grazing the hollow of a cut reed, or say, a plundered mailbox. A familiar note is produced. It's the one Desolation plays to keep its instrument in tune.

It is your thirteenth birthday, and as with all twelve preceding it, something feels missing from your life. The game presently eluding you is only the latest sleight of hand in the repertoire of an unseen riddler, one to engender a sense not of mirth, but of lack. His coarse schemes are those less of a prankster than a common pickpocket. His riddle is Absence itself. It is a mystery dispersing altogether, like the moon's faint reflection, with even one pebble of inquiry dropped in its black well. It is the most diabolical riddle of all.

"Absence diminishes little passions and increases great ones, as wind extinguishes candles and fans a fire." -Walt Whitman

Yes, you are certain Walt Whitman said that. One hundred percent positive.

You have a feeling it's going to be a long day.

Next

[Image description: John still stands next to the mailbox.]

John: Leave a surprise for the mailman.

[Image description: John holds his head and makes a frustrated expression then looks towards the mailbox.]

N...

No!
John: See if your father left the mail in the car.

[Image description: John moves to stand near the car. A second image shows the inside of the car from the perspective of someone looking through the driver side window. In the passenger seat is a green box with a paper underneath it.]

The door is locked and your dad has the car keys. You peer in through the driver's side window.

You don't see any mail, but you do see a GREEN PACKAGE. There is also something underneath it that looks like a slip of paper.

Could these items have come in the mail? You don't see anything else that's usually in the mail, like bills and coupons. Maybe your dad forgot to take this stuff inside.

John: Spy in the kitchen.

[Image description: John stands near the house looking in through a window. The window is foggy, but through it, a red box is visible along with a few more sheets of paper and a brown square with the stylized house logo on it.]

You try to get a gander through the kitchen window, but you can't see a whole lot! It seems your dad has been doing so much baking, the glass has steamed up.

God he is so weird.

But you can see what's on the table just beside the window. It looks like the mail is there! Included among it is a red package, some bills, your dad's pda, and an envelope that appears to be suspiciously labeled with the sburb logo. Could it be???

Unfortunately, the window is locked.

John: Go back into the kitchen.

[Image description: John stands in the living room between the two doors again. The harlequin's right arm has fallen off, leaving a smear of icing on the doll. The left still looks dislocated.]

You have no other choice. You are going in.

Clever disguise, it's time to work your magic.


[Image description: The song Harlequin plays. A dark outline against a fridge. Fade to black. A close up of a pipe. Fade to black. A close up of a hand near an oven. Fade to black. A close up of a hat. Fade to black. A close up of a cake in someone's hands. Fade to black. The figure, presumably John's father, turns to face John who now stands in the kitchen. Fade to black.]

Next

[Image description: A static image shows the kitchen. There is a door next to a telephone on the wall. A broom leans in the corner next to the refrigerator. On the other side of the refrigerator there is an oven. A counter has the red box, the mail, a small grey PDA, and the sburb beta. Dad, a fatherly man with a fedora and a pipe, but no face, only a nose, holds the cake and faces John. A speech bubble next to his head flashes between an image of John and an image of John in his clever disguise. John still wears his clever disguise and above his head a red exclamation point flashes. A
second image shows John removing the clever disguise and replacing it in his captchalogue, where it becomes the first card.]

Your dad sees right through your costume! You don't know what you were even thinking with this foolish ruse!!!

You unequip the clever disguise. Your dad wields a dreaded artifact of confection. He stands between you and the mail.

There is only one way to settle this.

[S] STRIFE!

[Image description: The song Showtime (Original Mix) plays.
Dad takes out a lighter and lights the thirteen candles on the cake. He begins moving back and forth slightly. John takes out his hammer from his strife spesibus and also begins moving in back and forth motions. His expression is one of angry determination.
This panel is Interactive. Above John's head are two boxes. The top one reads aggrieve in green. The bottom one reads abjure in blue.
Click Aggrieve. A green slime creature like the one on John's shirt appears in the background and the kitchen fades to a green screen. John dashes forward and swings his hammer at the cake. The kitchen reappears and the word Auto-pastry appears in pink.
Click Abjure. A dark blue band appears at the top of the screen with the words Guardian rubric: coddlebrand appear. Dad dashes forward and flashes light blue as the kitchen fades to a swirling blue background. John backs up and shakes his head as the word dote smight appears on screen.]

John: Retrieve the package and flee to your room!

[Image description: A pink box reading Abscond slides on screen from the right side of the panel, situating itself above John's head. A cursor appears from the right side of the screen and clicks abscond. Dad takes a battle stance and a pie appears in his right hand, making it appear like he is about to throw it at John. John's expression changes from one of angry determination to one that makes him look like he is screaming.]

You cannot abscond! This pesky guardian is blocking your path! You will need to engineer some sort of distraction.

And now he brandishes yet another artifact of confection! The man is ruthless.

You'd better brace for impact in the most comedically striking fashion possible.

John: Equip disguise for defense.

[Image description: John quickly re-equips his clever disguise as Dad throws the pie directly into John's face. Between them, an image of a shield with beagle puss glasses appears. The words Beagle Aegis appear in blue at the top of the screen. Below each of them, pink a bar appears with two harlequin heads on either side of it. Dad's bar is filled slightly less than halfway, then increases to slightly more than half filled. John's is filled halfway, but decreases to barely a fifth full.]

The beagle aegis absorbs the brunt of the treat. Looks like dad will enjoy the prankster's gambit on that exchange, as is usually the case.

John: Captchalogue pie tin.

[Note, this is how captchalogue is spelled in this instance. Normally it does not have the extra A
after the T]

[Image description: The captchalogue cards and deck reappear on screen. John removes the clever disguise, which takes the first card slot in the captchalogue, then he takes the pipe tin from his face. He looks understandably irritated. As he takes the pie tin, the three smoke pellets are ejected from the captchalogue and land on the floor to John's right.]

You take pie tin and unequip the beagle puss.

Everything in your sylladex is pushed back a card. The smoke pellets are ejected from the deck.

Yes! This could be just the distraction you were...

Next

[Image description: The three smoke pellets sit on a white background doing absolutely nothing.]

Nothing happens.

What a huge letdown.

John: Take the cake!

[Image description: Four text boxes appear on screen above John's head. A green Aggrieve, a blue Abjure, a purple Accede, and a pink Abscond. The cursor comes on screen and clicks Accede. Immediately afterwards dad crouches down and shoves the cake towards John, who grabs it and makes an expression like he is shouting. The captchalogue cards reappear and the cake takes the first slot. This forces the Colonel Sassacre's book from the stack. It begins flying towards the three smoke pellets.]

"When two great forces oppose each other, the victory will go to the one that knows how to yield."

-Oscar Wilde

Wise words by a man who likely could resist everything but temptation.

The cake forces Colonel Sassacre's text out of your sylladex.

Next

[Image description: The book flies and lands on top of the three pellets on the ground. Immediately, the background turns grey and darker gray lines wiggle across the screen.]

Sassacre you beautiful bastard.

Now's your chance!!!

John: Abscond.

[Image description: Dad holds the broom and begins waving it around as if trying to clear the smoke. A smoke detector on the wall has a red flashing light on it. John stands in the middle of the room doing nothing.]

Now that dad is busy placating the smoke detector, you can safely sneak away.

John: Take PDA.
You snag your dad's PDA. Maybe later you'll switch the background image to something hilarious as a prank. Besides, it may come in handy later.

Your spare captchalogue card is forced out of the sylladex, and consequently integrated with the deck. You now have five cards to work with.

John: Take package.

This red package is addressed to you.

John: Take envelope.

You got the sburb beta!!!

John: Exit kitchen.

You pause at the juncture and head down the hall. You are going to need something to clean up the mess you are about to make by dissecting this cake.
To the left is the bathroom. To the right is your dad's room. It is locked, and you are forbidden from ever entering. He has secrets.

John: Go to bathroom and grab a towel.

[Image description: The first image shows John standing in the bathroom. There is a bathtub with a shower head above it, a towel on a towel rack next to a toilet, a sink with a mirror over it, a window that looks out into the backyard, and a bath mat showing a strange depiction of a clown. A second image shows the backyard with a swing set containing two swings and one of those spring pogo things shaped like the green slime creature from Ghostbusters.]

You enter the bathroom. You can see your back yard from the window. The jewel in its crown is the swing set which has provided you with years of joy. There is also a spring-mounted pogo-ride, which has been responsible for more than one painful injury, and has provided you with years of lament.

On the sink is your dad's razor. On the rack to the side is a fresh towel.

John: Remove PDA, envelope and package from cake.

[Image description: John stands near the sink with the cake monstrosity in front of him. Sitting on the counter next to the sink are the red package, the sburb beta, and the PDA, all of which are smeared with icing. He holds a straight razor in one hand and it is also in the top captchalogue card. A second image shows John standing next to the toilet. He captchalogues the towel from the towel rack. The third image shows John standing by the sink again. All the icing has been cleaned off of the package, the beta, and the PDA.]

You take the razor and use it to perform surgery on the cake.

You take the towel and clean off the extracted goods.

John: Retrieve your items.

[Image description: The captchalogue deck re-appears at the bottom of the screen. John captchalogues the red package, the sburb beta, and the PDA. This forces the cake monstrosity out of his captchalogue deck. It flies away and lands on the toilet. John makes a disgusted expression.]

The items force the manhandled cake into the toilet.

And just like that, your sylladex is full again. God this thing is annoying.

John: Go to bedroom.

[Image description: John returns to his bedroom, where two speech bubbles with ellipses inside flash above his computer.]

John: Admire "Failure to Launch" poster.

[Image description: It zooms in on three of the posters on John's wall. All three are for Matthew McConaughey movies. One shows two people standing in front of a line of satellite dishes. The title is obscured by another poster. A second poster shows a man looking off into the distance while wearing circular glasses. The title says A Time to Kill. The last poster shows one woman and one man. The man leans back on his heels and the woman holds him up. The title reads Failure to Launch.]
You're not usually into chick-flicks, but Matthew McConaughey's cool charisma could salvage any heap of smoldering wreckage.

This is your "McConaughey Wall", a casual shrine to an amazing actor. The film above that one is a lot better, you think.

Can you see her? I want you to picture that little girl. [Chokes up] Now imagine she's white.

You got us Matthew! Your smooth talking exposed our latent racism! Damn you are good!


[Image description: A three-trill notification sound plays. John's computer desktop reappears. At the bottom of the screen two chat windows flash. One for gardenGnostic, one for turntech Godhead. John's mood is still set to bully.]

pesterlog


Note: gardenGnostic speaks with a vibrant green text.

G.G.: hi happy birthday john!!!!! (heart)
hellooooo??
ok i will talk to you later!!! (Very happy face)


turntech Godhead [T.G.] began pestering ectoBiologist [E B] at 16:40

T.G.: hey GG is looking for you. why are you even so popular all of a sudden is today some sort of special occasion or something did you do something to curry favor with ladies did you break your leg on a puppy or some shit dude what are you doing
turntech Godhead [T.G.] is now an idle chum!
E.B.: i discovered a comet that is going to destroy the earth, and it was named after me. now i am famous, and everyone wants to talk to me a lot.
T.G.: no stop just no dont talk about your awful stupid movies or make references to them your gross man-bro crush on matt macconahay is an unsavory thing to behold E.B.: mcconaughey.
T.G.: sounds like a noise a horse would make
ie dumb equally dumb are all those pictures of that clown youve got hanging up E.B.: those are my dad's.
T.G.: i was talking about nick cage E.B.: oh, what?! no man, cage is sweet. so sweet.
T.G.: ha ha so lame you dont even like him ironically or anything. this is like for real isn't it hahaha
E.B.: i do things ironically sometimes.
what about what i sent you for your birthday?
T.G.: no those are awesome
E.B.: what? no, they're stupid, which was the joke. the IRONIC joke. get it?
wait...
you're actually wearing them, aren't you?
T.G.: im wearing them ironically
because they're awesome
the fact that they're ironic makes them awesome
and vice versa
are you taking notes on how to be cool?? jesus get a fucking pen
E.B.: you do realize they touched stiller's weird, sort of gaunt face at some point.
T.G.: ew. yeah
oh well
anyway speaking of which
did you get the mail
E.B.: yeah.
T.G.: did there happen to be a package there
E.B.: yeah, there's a big red one.
T.G.: you should probably open it
E.B.: i would, but it's trapped under the sburb beta, so i will probably open it after i install the beta.
T.G.: oh man the beta came
E.B.: yeah! wanna play it?
T.G.: haha no way
E.B.: why not!
T.G.: it sounds so HELLS of boring. just get TT to play it. she is all about that
E.B.: where'd she go.
T.G.: her internet is blinking in and out i guess
probably be back online soon
oh and christ in a sidecar are you still using the stack modus???
seriously dude
you need to BONE UP on your data structures that shit is just ridiculous
E.B.: ok, i will.

John: Open browser and go to mspaintadventures.com

[Image description: John clicks the typheus icon- the green snake with a white head. The green tail flashes pink and the white head flashes black. A moment later a teal-colored internet browser pops up. John clicks the home button and mspaintadventures.com begins to load on the screen.]

You decide to space out on the computer for a while before doing anything important.

You open the typheus web browser and direct it to what is indisputably the most amazing website ever created.

Next

[Image description: On-screen is the first page of Midnight Crew. The comic panel shows a darkened room with a single bare light bulb above the table. Around the table are four black figures. The leftmost one is very short and round. The next is very tall and also round. The next is slightly less tall than the second one, and also much skinnier. The last one is medium sized and twiggy, and has an angry expression on his face. On the table are a stack of poker chips, a piece of paper that has been stabbed through by a short sword, two dice, and a deck of playing cards. There are three doors visible, one on each wall. The leftmost one has a red heart on it. The next has a]
black spade. The last has a red diamond. In the back left corner a ladder is embedded in the wall with an arrow pointing up towards a hatch in the ceiling. Part of the wall is cracked. The text below the panel reads

Midnight Crew

You are members of a sinister gang called the Midnight Crew. Your nefarious plots are serpentine in their complexity. Your schemes, convoluted. You are planning a heist in your underground hideout.
What will you do?

The new adventure is ok, but you're not sure if you like it as much as the last one.

John: Install the Sburb beta.

[Image description: John sits at the computer, which shows mspaintadventures.com for a moment before returning to the desktop. The captchalogue cards reappear in the top left corner and the cursor comes on screen to click the sburb beta, which is in the top card. It drags it towards the computer and a button on it flashes red for a moment.]

You decide it's time for less meta, and more beta.

You insert the CD and install the sburb beta.

Next

[Image description: John's desktop reappears. This time a green and black window appears. It reads Sburb Client
Sburb version 0.0.1
(Copyright) Skaianet System Incorporated. All Rights Reserved.
Sburb client is running.
Waiting for server to establish connection…]

What the fuck is this.

John: Bone up on data structures.

[Image description: John stands near the CD rack and looks into his closet. A second image shows the inside of the closet, with white rectangles symbolizing clothing. At the bottom of the screen there is a bookshelf with several books on it. The books are Data Structures, which has a large black stain obscuring part of the title. discrete mathematics ^cake ~ath DIS* Automata And one grey book with no title.]

You go to your closet, where you keep a lot of clothes and an array of handy computer programming guides.

John: Read Data Structures book.

[Image description: It shows a close up of the cover of a book called Data Structures for Assholes]
By Buckminster Funnyuncle
It's a red cover with the title in a black band. Below the title, a green emoji makes a disgusted
expression and says "Your ignorance just made me throw up a little. Get a clue, you computer-
iliterate piece of shit." in a light blue speech bubble.
The rest of the cover reads
"I think my rage just crapped its pants" -Funnyuncle
Free fetch modus in back!!!]

You're not sure you really want to dig into this huge tome. It looks really boring. And kind of
ornery.

Maybe you'll just check out that free modus instead.

John: Get free Fetch Modus.

[Image description: It shows the inside cover of the book. In a small pocket attached to the book is
a fetch modus. It is in the same shape of a captchalogue card and strife spesibus, but the outside
border is gray and the inside shape is orange. Inside the inner shape is the outline of a captchalogue
card followed by an arrow. This sequence repeats three times. It reads
fetch modus
FIFO, an initialism for 'First in, First out'
Queue]

You turn to the back inside cover, where a free fetch modus is included in a plastic sleeve.

This one is dictated by the logic of a queue data structure, operating on a "First In, First Out"
method, rather than a "First In, Last Out" method of a stack.

John: Apply Fetch Modus to Sylladex.

[Image description: The image returns to John, who still stands by the CD rack. The captchalogue
cards and deck reappear on the screen. In the top card is the new fetch modus. The cursor comes
on screen and clicks it, dragging it down to the captchalogue deck. The cards and deck, which were
pink, now turn orange and the red package card turns grey. The bottom card bearing the razor
slides out of the stack for a moment before returning to the bottom of the pile.]

Items captchalogue in your sylladex are no longer immediately accessible. You can only use the
item on the bottom card, and must wait for items on upper cards to be pushed back to it.

For instance, the red package is now inaccessible. You can only use the razor at the moment.

This modus doesn't strike you as a significant upgrade to your previous one. In fact, it almost
seems more inconvenient. You figure you might as well give it a chance though.

John: Switch back to Stack Modus.

[Image description: It zooms in on John. In a thought bubble next to him, it shows the fetch modus
for the stack structure surrounded by three question marks. The fetch modus has a gray background
and a pink inner shape. The image in the inner shape shows three captchalogue cards in a diagonal
arrangement, with a downward pointing arrow in the first card. The card reads
fetch modus
FILO, an initialism for 'First in, Last out'
Stack]

You suddenly wonder if this is even possible. You don't even remember if you ever had a physical
You find this all to be a little abstract and you'd prefer not to think about it too much.

John: Put down razor.

[Image description: John holds the razor and stares at it, blinking occasionally.]

Put it... Down?

You're not quite sure you understand.

John: Pick up two items.

[Image description: John stands near the dresser next to his door and captchalogue the cake on top of it.]

You captchalogue one of the cakes.

You've finally found a use for all these loitering pastries: dead weight.

John: Get other cake.

[Image description: John stands near his bed and captchalogue the cake on top of it, the one that he previously stuck the arms into. As he does this it forces the razor from his deck and it flies through the air, slicing off part of his hair. He makes a concerned and frightened expression. A second image shows the razor lodged in the forehead of the man from the A Time to Kill poster.]

The second cake causes the razor to launch out the front of your sylladex.

Oh good lord.

That beautiful face.

You wish the razor would have failed to launch.

John: Get more stuff.

[Image description: The toy chest reappears on screen. The sword, the four red capsules, the handcuffs, and the Wise Guy book are still with the chest. A second image shows John standing next to the chest. As he captchalogue Wise Guy, the towel pops out of his sylladex and floats down to drape gently over his head.]

You open your magic chest and captchalogue one of your favorite books of all time, Wise Guy by Mike Caveney.

There goes the fresh towel.

John: Might as well grab those cuffs.

[Image description: The handcuffs appear in the top captchalogue card and the PDA flies from the stack. As it flies off screen, broken glass falls onto the floor. John makes a frustrated expression. A]
second image shows John facing one of the windows in his bedroom, the one near his computer and the poster with the razor stuck in it. The top right panel of it is broken.]

You take the trick handcuffs, expelling the PDA like a bullet.

Next

[Image description: The image shows the view through the window. Visible as part of the street and most of the front yard, including a large tree. In the center of the yard, the PDA and shards of broken glass lay on the ground.]

Oh God dammit.

John: Open up that package!

[Image description: It shows a close-up image of John holding the red package. A label on the top of the box reads
To : EB
From : TG
A second image shows an extreme close-up of the face from the A Time to Kill poster with the razor lodged in the forehead.]

You examine the package. It is from one of your internet chums.

It's bound in packing tape though. You'll need something sharp to open it.

Ah, of course! The razor! It's all so simple, you wonder why you didn't...

John: Get razor.

[Image description: John captchalogue the razor, which forces the red package out of his sylladex. It flies through the air and smacks him in the back of the head. The word Bonk appears in red letters as the package falls to the floor.]

John: Pick up package again.

[Image description: John captchalogue the package again and quickly ducks as this sends one of the cakes flying out of his captchalogue. A second image shows it smacking the face from the A Time to Kill poster, then slowly sliding down the wall.]

Let's take this from the top.

John: Captchalogue glass shards.

[Image description: John captchalogue three glass shards, then jumps to the side as this throws a cake, the Wise Guy book, and of the handcuffs from his captchalogue. A second image shows the window again. The entire thing is completely shattered.]

You take three glass shards in quick succession and duck for cover.

Your sylladex rains devastation on your room from above.

And now that your cards are packed with glass, you probably don't want to do that again any time soon.

John: Use the razor on the red package.
You open the package. There is something suspicious inside.

Something suspiciously dirty and smelly.

Next

It is a stuffed bunny. Much like the one held hostage briefly by Malkovich's Cyrus "The Virus" while taunting hard-luck protagonist Cameron Poe. And strikingly similar to the one scooped up from the soot of a burning Vegas strip by Cage's Poe and offered to his daughter, a gesture symbolic of a tattered exterior surrounding a heart of gold. Poe wasn't much to look at. But he was a good man.

But no, it is not merely like that bunny. According to this note of authenticity, it is the very same bunny.

This is so awesome.

John: Check status of Sburb beta.

It looks like your computer is trying to get your attention.

John: Look at monitor.

It looks like you managed to retrieve the beta. Excellent. I'm going to try to connect.

E.B.: whoa ok but i just got the most awesome present.

T.T.: The rabbit?

E.B.: SO SWEET.
T.T.: I've heard tales of this wretched creature often. Its Homeric legend is practically ensconced in the fold of my personal mythology by now.
E.B.: ha ha, what?
T.T.: Why don't we focus on the matter at hand?
E.B.: oh the game, ok.
i don't really know how this works. what am i even looking at here?
T.T.: You are running the client application. I am running the server, so I am the host user. I have established a connection with you. This is sufficient for us to play the game.
E.B.: oh, ok then.
T.T.: Why don't we get started?

John: Press [ENTER]

[Image description: The image of the computer desktop fades to a white screen with a spirograph and a loading bar on it. The loading bar has a tiny tick filled.]

[S] Next

[Image description: The song suburban jungle plays. The spirograph begins spinning and morphing into different types of spirographs in various colors in time with the music. The background begins changing colors and has almost cloud-like or tie dye like designs swirling on it. Various loading messages quickly appear then change to the next below the loading bar as it slowly increases. The loading messages read
Transforming Soffits
Reorganizing Keys
Formalizing Immersion Joints
Justifying Kick Extractors
Advising Aggregates
Managing Elbows
Recasting Connectors
Achieving Aluminum Trowels
Officiating Disks
Exhibiting Absolute Spigots
Progressing Coil Hydrants
Jerry-building Reflectors
Informing Casters
Inventing Rubber Hoists
Performing Wrenches
Judging Chalk Adapters
Upgrading Ignition Paths
Regrowing Flashing
Recommending Ratchets
Approving Barriers
Sweeping Impact Fillers
Sewing Mirrors
Detailing Collectors
Enforcing Measures
Distributing Systems
Presenting Plugs
Interwinding Registers
Piloting Ash Diffusers
Gathering Cranks
Supplying Eave Pockets]
Undertaking Scroll Stops
Accelerating Straps
Designing Fittings
Protecting Diamond Boilers
Logging Downspouts
Correlating Shingles
Uniting Mallets
Qualifying Electrostatic Lifts
Sharing Clamps
Obtaining Circular Fluids
Ranking Foundation Gauges
Sensing Miter Brackets
Originating Space Networks
Translating Drills
Regulating Guards
Selecting Gable Padding
Utilizing Pellet Dowels
Reconciling Artifacts
Altering Pulleys
Shedding Space Filters
Determining Vents
Representing Mortar
Remaking Flash Rakers
Supporting Funnels
Typecasting Rotary Chocks
Expressing Junctures
Resetting Auxiliary Vises
Professing Strip Treads
Inlaying Matter Trowels
Questioning Drivers
Forming Edge Fittings
Sketching Blanks
Overshooting Spark Breakers
Rewriting Controls
Playing Tunnels
Inventorying Buttons
Enduring Joist Handles
Effecting Ratchet Bibbs
Unwinding Couplings
Forsaking Vapor Conduits
Defining Sockets
Calculating Heaters
Raising Grids
Administering Tiles
Measuring Resources
Installing Ignition Remotes
Extracting Corners
Manufacturing Ventilators
Delegating Consoles
Treating Mounting Stones
Enacting Jig Deflectors
Intensifying Alleys
Improvising Cargo
Pinpointing Bobs
Prescribing Arc Masonry
Structuring Metal Chucks
Symbolizing Lathes
Activating Plumb Kits
Adapting Coatings
Fixing Channels
Expediting Cordage
Planning Compressors
Enlisting Hangers
Restructuring Keyhole Augers
Shearing Ridge Hardware
Collecting Reciprocating Bolts
Maintaining Corrugated Dimmers
Whetting Hole Collars
Conducting Mandrels
Comparing Assets
Compiling Sealants
Completing Paths
Composing Equivocation Wheels
Computing Dampers
Conceiving Electrostatic Treatment
Ordering Cotter Grates
Organizing Ties
Orienting Ladders
Exceeding Materials
Targeting Thermocouples
Demonstrating Emery Stock
Expanding Latch Bases
Training Wardrobe Adhesives
Overcoming Fasteners
Streamlining Storm Anchors
Navigating Springs
Perfecting Turnbuckles
Verifying Gate Pegs
Arbitrating Arithmetic Lifts
Negotiating Outlets
Normalizing Strips
Building Surface Foggers
Checking Key Torches
Knitting Grinders
Mowing Planers
Offsetting Stencils
Acquiring Bulbs
 Adopting Rivets
Observing Avenues
Ascertaining Coaxial Grommets
Slinging Wing Winches
Instituting Circuit Generators
Instructing Wicks
Integrating Pry Shutters
Interpreting Immersion Lumber
Clarifying Coils
Classifying Wood Bits
Closing Cogs
Cataloging Matter Strips
Charting Holders
Conceptualizing Push Terminals
Stimulating Supports
Overthrowing Shaft Spacers
Quick-freezing Connectors
Unbinding Ground Hooks
Analyzing Eyes
Anticipating Gateways
Controlling Proposition Rollers
Converting Power Angles
Coordinating Staples
Correcting Benders
Counseling Joist Gaskets
Recording Gutter Pipes
Recruiting Drains
Rehabilitating Rafter Tubes
Reinforcing Washers
Reporting Guard Valves
Naming Freize Sprues
Nominating Rings
Noting Straps
Doubling Nailers
Drafting Circuit Hoses
Dramatizing Flanges
Splitting Framing Compounds
Refitting Stems
Interweaving Patch Unions
Placing Sillcocks
Sorting Slot Threads
Securing Mode Cutters
Diverting Catharsis Plates
Procuring Load Thresholds
Transferring Syllogism Twine
Directing Switch Nuts
Referring Time Spools
Diagnosing Knobs
Discovering Locks
Dispensing Hinges
Displaying Hasps
Resending Arc Binders
Retreading Grooves
Retrofitting Aesthetics Portals
Seeking Stocks
Shrinking Wormholes
Assembling Blocks
Assessing Divets
Attaining Lug Boxes
Auditing Nescience Passages
Conserving Strikes
Constructing Braces
Contracting Saw Catches
Serving Instantiation Irons
Recognizing Fluxes
Consolidating Fuse Calipers
Mapping Shims
Reviewing Chop Groovers
Scheduling Lag Drives
Simplifying Hoists
Engineering Levels
Enhancing Tack Hollows
Establishing Finishing Blocks
Estimating Adhesives
Examining Auto Turnbuckles
Processing Foggers
Servicing Avenues
Transcribing Existence Rivets
Revising Consoles
Separating Absolute Stencils
Budgeting Sheet Grommets
Preparing Kits
Realigning Cartesian Mandrels
Painting Fasteners
Filing Grout Hangers
Finalizing Atma Augers
Formulating Couplings
Identifying Sillcocks
Imagining Materials
Inducing Shutters
Influencing Wheels
Licensing Chocks
Lifting Extrinsic Mallets
Overdrawing Ratchets
Overlaying Ventilators
Overriding Cardinal Soffits
Specifying Element Aggregates
Systemizing Divets
Shaping Pockets
Publicizing Aether Remotes
Reducing Slot Stops
Governing Archetype Dimmers
Monitoring Assets
Launching Manifestation Systems

At the end of the animation the background fades back to white and the spirograph grows larger for a moment before disappearing and the background turning to black. The word sburb appears in green in the center of the new black background and bounces gently up and down.

Next
[Image description: John sits at his computer. At the top of the screen what appears to be a game interface appears. To the left side of the screen there is a small green spirograph. In the area next to and around the spirograph there is a save button, a file button, an exit button, a zoom button, a rotate left button, a rotate right button, and arrows pointing up down left and right. In a white bar across the rest of the screen are seven icons.

This panel is interactive. The buttons near the spirograph do nothing but the icons pull up a large box showing the icon and a description of what it does. The leftmost icon is a sburb house logo icon that is slanted slightly back and to the right. When hovered over, it shows the word Select. The second is a similar but disassembled icon, which pulls up the word Revise. Third is an upside down sburb logo icon which pulls up the word Deploy. The fourth icon is a captchalogue card with a small green cube next to it, which pulls up the words Phernalia Registry. Fifth is a blue shape resembling a gushers candy that brings up the words Grist Cache. The sixth shows a stack of captchalogue cards in various colors with a green cube on the top card and pulls up the words Explore Atheneum. The last icon is a captchalogue card with several columns of dashes along it next to an Erlenmeyer flask partially filled with a green liquid. Hovering over this one brings up the words Alchemy Excursus.]

[Mouseover the interface buttons. -AH]

T.T.: Select magic chest.

[Image description: A small cursor comes on screen and clicks the Select icon. It turns into the icon then moves to click the chest. It lifts the chest up into the air, revealing a pink card that was underneath it.]

T.T.: Zoom out.

[Image description: The cursor clicks the rotate right button and the screen changes to show John sitting at the computer from behind. The cursor clicks the zoom button twice and the scene zooms out to the point that John's room is no longer visible. Instead, we see the outside of the house, including a door that leads out to the balcony with the telescope on it.]

T.T.: Drop chest.

[Image description: The select cursor drags the toy chest towards the roof. It clicks to drop the chest, which falls onto the roof and slams shut. It slides down a few feet before coming to a stop a few feet short of the edge of the roof.]

pesterlog
E.B.: whoa, what are you doing??
T.T.: Sorry. I'm just getting a feel for the controls.
E.B.: is my magic chest on the roof now??
T.T.: Yes.
E.B.: (sad face)
T.T.: I will try to be more careful next time.

John: Get the card.

[Image description: The scene returns to John, who now stands next to the pink card on the ground where the chest was. He picks it up and as he does it is revealed that it is the stack fetch modus card. His captchalogue cards and deck turn pink as he places it on top of the queue modus, which has appeared in the top right corner of the screen. A second image shows John smiling foolishly while quickly switching back and forth between the stack and queue modi.

Note: for some reason, in the second panel, the slime creature on John's shirt is blue, likely due to
You find your missing stack fetch modus, and quickly reapply it to your sylladex. You can now opt for either the stack or queue modus any time.

You toggle between your fetch modi with gleeful abandon.

Next

[Image description: John stands near the window, looking out into the yard. The next image shows a wide view of the house, the tree in the front yard, and Dad's car, which is now pulling out of the driveway.]

It looks like your dad is leaving again for more baking supplies. You're relieved to have the house to yourself again, if only for a few minutes.

You just hope he doesn't notice the magic chest on the roof. Or all the shit you threw out the window, for that matter.

T.T.: Select stuff in yard and move it back into room.

[Image description: The image of the front yard where the PDA and broken glass flew out reappears, but now the PDA and glass are joined by the cake, the handcuffs, and the book that were thrown out when John captchalogged the glass shards. A curved red line crosses the yard as if it's part of a circle that surrounds the house. The select cursor moves towards the items, but as it crosses the red line, everything beyond that line gains a red tint.]

pesterlog
E.B.: hey, do you think you could do me a favor?
can you grab all that stuff outside my broken window and bring it in for me?
T.T.: I'll give it a shot.
E.B.: thx!
T.T.: No luck.
it appears to be out of range. I'm guessing it is too far away from you, the "player".
E.B.: (very sad face)


[Image description: The scene returns to John's room, where the select cursor moves towards him and clicks on his chest. This causes him to flash red and wave his hands like he is trying to smack it away while making an expression that makes it look like he is shouting at it.]

You cannot select a player!

John abjures the meddlesome cursor.

T.T.: Select bunny.

[Image description: The image shifts to focus on the bed with the box, the bunny, and the certificate of authenticity on it. The select cursor clicks on the bunny and lifts it into the air slightly. John stands next to the bed and watches.]

T.T.: Put the bunny back in the box.

[Image description: The cursor drags the bunny and drops it back into the red box. This causes]
John to smile. His mouth is shaped like a jelly bean, which is really freaking adorable. He's just so pleased with strange movie references.]

T.T.: Revise room.

[Image description: The image shifts over to the far right side of the room so that it is only partially on the screen. The rest of the space is blank. A cursor moves to select the revise tool, the second icon that looks like a disassembled sburb house logo. With the revise icon, it clicks and drags a large square that starts inside the bedroom but ends outside of it, in the blank space. When it releases, the entire image shakes a little bit like something has been dropped, and where the square was, the room is now extended.]

Next

[Image description: The image returns to the outside of the house, where we see the new extension of John's bedroom drop into place. The toy chest is still on the roof.]

T.T.: Open Phernalia Registry.

[Image description: It returns to John's bedroom, focused on the new extension. John stands by the window. The cursor selects the 4th icon- the Phernalia registry, which looks like the captchalogue card with the green cube and next to it. This causes a drop down menu to appear containing three strange looking machines. The first one looks like a rectangular prism with a smaller rectangular prism on top of it. On top of the second prism is a cylindrical object with a spirograph printed on the top. The mouse hovers over this first item and brings up a label that calls it a Cruxtruder. The cursor hovers over the second item, which looks like a large, complicated sewing machine or 3D printer. The name that appears underneath it is the Totem Lathe. The third item, which looks like a round platform on top of a rectangular platform with a robotic arm sticking up from one corner, has the name alchemiter appear underneath it. Underneath each of the names is a gray image of the Grist item, the item that looks like a gusher candy, and two dashes.]

T.T.: Deploy Totem Lathe.

[Image description: The cursor clicks the deploy icon, the one that looks like the upside down sburb logo. The cursor turns into the deploy cursor and moves to click the totem lathe. It drags this to sit along the wall in the new section of the bedroom.]

John: Examine Totem Lathe.

[Image description: John stands next to the totem lathe with a red question mark flashing over his head. The totem lathe has a variety of levers and buttons, and what looks to be a clamp for cylindrical objects.]

You don't know what the heck this thing does, but it looks neat!

T.T.: Open Grist Cache

[Image description: The cursor comes on screen and clicks the grist cache icon, the one that looks like a gusher. Right below this, it says 'Grist Cache limit: 20". A screen pops up with the gusher icon in the top left corner and and 36 small rectangular slots for different types of grist in a nine by four grid. The top 5 in the first column have icons and fill bars, but the others all have nothing but a grey question mark. The different types of grist are]
A blue gushers shape grist, labeled build grist, which currently has 16 out of 20 filled.
A purple gusher shaped grist with none available.
A white cube shaped grist with none available.
A yellow teardrop shape grist with none available.
And a green gusher shaped grist with none available.]

pesterlog
T.T.: It seems expanding the dimensions of your room cost us some "Build Grist". But deploying the lathe did not appear to incur any expense. It looks like certain objects are freebies, probably to help you set up the game.
E.B.: wow, ok.
what do they do?
T.T.: I think it's up to you to find out.
All I can do is drop stuff in your house, and move it around, apparently.
E.B.: how do i move stuff around? it sounds fun!
T.T.: I don't think you can as the client. You will need to install the server application. You should have received both in separate envelopes. I am running both on my computer right now.
E.B.: what??
T.T.: Did you get another envelope in the mail?
E.B.: no!
T.T.: Once you install the server and establish a connection, I'm sure you will be able to manipulate my environment in the same manner. Are you sure you didn't get it?
E.B.: oh man.
i think i might know where it is.

Next

[Image description: We see the inside of Dad's car again and a second image zooms in on the green package and envelope in the passenger seat. Now visible is the very edge of the green house logo on the the envelope.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Now that your room is bigger, why don't you move to the far corner?
It will extend the range of the cursor, and I can reach the items. Which... you threw out the window for some reason?
E.B.: good idea!
T.T.: What have you been doing in here all afternoon, anyway?
E.B.: ugh, i was fussing with my retarded sylladex. but i think i have it under control now.
what modus do you use?
T.T.: I like to use trees.
E.B.: oh no, that sounds so awkward.
T.T.: It's not exceptionally practical.
But I think they are elegant.

John: Stand in corner.

[Image description: John stands in the corner of the room as the select cursor drags the Wise Guy book and PDA back into the bedroom. As it drops them on the floor, John smiles.]

T.T.: Deploy Cruxtruder.

[Image description: The scene returns to the living room. The deploy cursor appears and selects the
Cruxtruder. It drops it in the living room right in front of the doorway. The Alchemiter has moved to the second slot, where the Totem Lathe was, and the last slot is filled with a captchalogue card with a blue apple and several rows of dashes on it labeled a Pre-punched card]

T.T.: Deploy Alchemiter.

[Image description: The image shows the balcony with the telescope on it and the deploy cursor hovers over the Alchimeter, which is now in the first slot. The captchalogue card with the dashes and blue apple has moved to the second slot, and the final slot has been taken up by an item that looks like a sound mixing board with legs that is named the Punch designix. This item says it has a cost of four purple grist.]

pesterlog
E.B.: why is the floor shaking?
Are you dropping more stuff in my house?
T.T.: Yes. Two more large gizmos.
E.B.: sweet!
what is with all these big contraptions?
T.T.: If I had to guess, they appear to facilitate a sort of system involving punch card-based alchemy.
E.B.: huh.
to what end?
i mean what are we supposed to be doing in this game?
T.T.: That remains to be seen.
Maybe you should go investigate?

John: Get PDA.

[Image description: John still stands in the corner of his bedroom, next to the Wise Guy book and PDA. The captchalogue cards and deck appear on screen, with three shards of glass in the first three slots. John steps towards the PDA and picks it up, making it appear in the first slot. A second image shows the screen of dads PDA, which appears to be a forum of some sort. It reads Serious Business. Next to this is a logo that looks like a the square with a hat The following matters have been submitted in a frank and forthright manner for pipefan413’s judicious appraisal.

grayslacks66 17:21
Need counsel on removing coffee from necktie. Incident occurred 45 seconds ago. Beverage essences rapidly settling into fabric.

2busy4this 17:22
please elaborate on 'incident'

grayslacks66 17:22
Was posturing unevenly to reach for hat on wall hook. Tip of tie slipped in open mouth of pot. Duration of "dunk": approximately 3 seconds.

officeurchin1280 17:23
Photographic documentation of incident?

wellPressedAttire 17:23
Use ballpoint pen to roll up tip of cloth. Extract pen. Press rolled cloth against ceramic surface, e.g.
restroom sink. In future: consider repositioning hat hook and/or coffee pot.

grayslacks66 17:24
Decided to return home for fresh tie. Soiled tie will be laundered immediately upon return]

You grab the PDA, switching back to stack modus so it is readily accessible.

The interface is oddly sterile. No hilarious clown wallpapers or anything like that. (Oops, you mean harlequin wallpapers.)

The serious business application is open. It seems your dad uses it to keep tabs on various acquaintances... his fellow street performers, maybe?

You guess the performing arts must be pretty serious business after all.

John: Install Pesterchum.

[Image description: It now shows the home screen of Dad's PDA, which has a pipe as the background image, a system icon, and a square wearing a hat icon labeled SB. Above the SB icon is a pesterchum icon. The pesterchum chat client pops up. It reads
pesterchum 6.0 Chat client
Chumroll :
turntech Godhead
tentacleTherapist
gardenGnostic

My chumhandle :
EctoBiologist

tentacleTherapist and ectoBiologist have yellow smiley faces next to their names.
John's mood is still set to bully.]

This should be useful. Now you can keep tabs on your chums while you wander around the house.

John: Go out to balcony.

[Image description: John stands on the balcony near the Alchemiter]

pesterlog
E.B.: hey, i'm out on the balcony now.
i am messaging from my dad's pda.
T.T.: The one you threw into the yard?
E.B.: no, i am telling you.
it jumped out of my sylladex like a frightened weasel.
T.T.: What were you doing with it in the first place?
I am not sensing a lot of regard for the personal property of others.
Is this how your pent-up frustration with your father manifests itself?
those were all accidents.
please take your psycho-babblery elsewhere, miss!
T.T.: Your bathroom is a mess.
Did you do that too?
E.B.: oh man, see this isn't cool.
all this snooping nonsense!
T.T.: There's a cake in the toilet.
E.B.: yes. there is.
T.T.: I'm tempted to clean it up for you.
E.B.: ok, if that will satisfy your weird ocd complex then go ahead.
T.T.: My Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder complex?
Can a disorder also be a complex?
E.B.: in your case, probably!
T.T.: Sounds complicated.
E.B.: anyway...
i am going to have a look at this enormous platformy thing you put on the balcony.

John: Examine Alchemiter in a cautious manner.

[Image description: John stands right in the middle of the round platform, well within smacking
distance of the robotic arm.]

You have no idea what to do with this thing. You can't find any controls for it.

Having exhausted all other possibilities, you just decide to stand on it.

This isn't very cautious of you, actually.

John: Look through telescope.

[Image description: John looks through the telescope with one eye closed. A second image shows a
circular section of the sky with a stylized sun inside it.]

It is a clear, sunny day. Nothing out of the ordinary to report. At least, not beyond the walls of your
own home.

T.T.: Grab the soiled toilet.

[Image description: the scene returns to the bathroom, now with the build grist bar in the corner.
The select cursor appears and clicks the toilet with the cake in it. As it does, the build grist jumps
down from 16 to 14. The select cursor rips the toilet out of the wall, pulling a chunk of the floor
with it.]

pesterlog
E.B.: whoops what?

Next

[Image description: The select cursor gently places the toilet and cake into the backyard next to the
swingset and pogo bouncer.]

pesterlog
E.B.: what was that noise?
is this something i should go investigate?
T.T.: No, I have it under control.
You can keep playing with your telescope.

John: Investigate.

[Image description: John stands in the bathroom and makes an irritated expression. The broken
pipe sticking out of the floor where the toilet was now gushes water. A second image shows the next room down, where a sledge hammer and green card sit.]

**pesterlog**

E.B.: augh!

T.T.: I think I can patch it up.

Just give me a little space.

T.T.: Why don't you go have a look at the Cruxtruder?

E.B.: the what?

T.T.: The thing I put in your living room.

John: Hop down the hole.

[Image description: It shows the utility room, which has a washer and dryer towards the left side of the screen. Towards the right are two cabinets with the sledgehammer and green card next to them. In the background, there's a window and a door that leads outside. John drops down from the ceiling and lands on top of the dryer.]

You jump down to the utility room.

John: Get sledgehammer and card.

[Image description: John stands near the sledgehammer and card, then steps towards them. The green card appears in the top right corner with the sledgehammer now on it. It stays there for a moment before sliding to the captchalogue cards and appearing on the top card. A second image shows the strife spesibus. The large rectangular shape that takes up most of the card still shows a stylized black hammer, the three boxes along the right side are still blank, but the bottom rectangle now shows John's hammer from before and the new sledgehammer.]

You take the sledgehammer and the captchalogue card, combine the two, and quickly apply it to your strife spesibus.

You think it's cool that things don't always have to be a federal fucking issue.

Next

[Image description: The PDA in the first slot of the captchalogue deck has a speech bubble with an ellipsis inside it flashing above it.]

It looks like another one of your chums is pestering you on your PDA.

John: Answer chum.

[Image description: It shows a close up of the PDA with the pesterchum chat client open on it. tentacleTherapist, gardenGnostic, and ectoBiologist have yellow smiley faces next to them, but a box around gardenGnostic is flashing.]

**pesterlog**


G.G.: john did you get my package??

E.B.: oh hey!

no, not yet.

G.G.: darn! are you sure? it was in a green box.....

E.B.: oh!
yes, but it is in my dad's car and he is still out at the store.
he should be back soon.
G.G.: great!!! so what are you up to today?
E.B.: i am up to my neck in this sburb stuff.
TT is making a royal mess of my house.
G.G.: lol!
whats sburb??
E.B.: oh, it is this game.
it's ok i guess. i'm still figuring it out.
G.G.: whoa what was that?????
E.B.: what was what?
G.G.: there was a loud noise outside my house!!
it sounded like an explosion!!!!
E.B.: wow, really?
G.G.: i will go outside and look....
E.B.: oh man, alright but be careful, ok?
G.G.: i will! (smiley face)


John: Might as well check out the Cruxtruder.

[Image description: John stands in the living room and looks at the Cruxtruder.]

pesterlog
E.B.: oh hell no, you put this thing in front of the door?
T.T.: There's a door there?
E.B.: um, YEAH???
T.T.: I didn't see it.
I just thought it fit nicely into that groove.
E.B.: you mean you thought it was elegant?
ok well what do i do with this thing.
hello?
what are you doing up there now?

Next

[Image description: The scene shows the bathroom. The select cursor clicks the bathtub and rips it out of the floor. The amount of build grist decreases from 14 to 12.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Oh fuck.

John: Examine wheel on the Cruxtruder.

[Image description: John stands on the lower prism of the cruxtruder and turns the wheel on the side of the cylinder with the spirograph on top. The top section of the cylinder begins to lift slightly.]

When you turn the wheel, something seems to be pushing up from underneath the lid.
But you aren't strong enough to make the lid come off!

T.T.: Put bathtub in driveway.
On the tub's journey to the driveway, the connection is interrupted.

John: Scold TT.

pesterlog
E.B.: you can see me, right.
tell me what is wrong with this picture.
T.T.: Sorry. I keep losing the wireless signal.
Must be the weather.
I would look for a stronger signal in another part of the house, but I'd rather not risk an encounter with my mother.
I battled through her cloud of gin and derision once already this evening.
E.B.: haha, yeah I hear you.
T.T.: Yes. Cake, jesters, unfaltering love and support.
Quite a road to hoe there.
T.T.: Though I suppose I'm complicit for not informing Social Services about your situation.
E.B.: i know!
what about going outside?
maybe you could catch a neighbor's signal.
T.T.: That presents the same problem.
Also, it's raining, remember?
And dark.
E.B.: It's dark already?
T.T.: Yes, the sun has already had its way with us here on the east coast.
Its lurid glare has moved on to younger timezones.
E.B.: haha, um, ok.

John: Hit Cruxtruder with sledgehammer.

pesterlog
T.T.: Need some help?

T.T.: Pick up sledgehammer.

[Image description: The harlequin bust's pedestal stands next to the Cruxtruder. He stands on top of it and holds the sledgehammer, making a pained expression as he tries to swing it.]

Next

[Image description: John stands on the floor next to the pedestal. The cruxtruder shakes and turns blue as blue rays of light beam out from it. Suddenly, the lid explodes off, landing on the pedestal John recently vacated. From the now open cylinder, a spirograph flashing blue, white, and black floats up. Screens on the base of the Cruxtruder read 4:13.]
Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the screens, which begin counting down.
4:13
4:12
4:11
4:10]

pesterlog
E.B.: what is this thing?
and what is that clock counting down to?
T.T.: I've been looking at the Game F. A. Q. walkthroughs to figure some of this stuff out.
Hold while I read further.
E.B.: ok.
T.T.: All of these walkthroughs are extremely short.
None progress much further than this point.
E.B.: weird.
well, i mean it is a new game.
T.T.: True.
Now that the lid is off, you will need to extrude some "Cruxite".

John: Turn wheel again.

[Image description: John stands on the base of the cruxtruder and turns the wheel again. This makes the open cylinder spit out a light blue cylinder of an unknown material. It flies towards the spirograph, which swoops out of the way. The cylinder lands on top of the fallen lid. The timer still counts down
4:03
4:02
4:01]

You extrude one cruxite dowel.

John: Get cruxite.

[Image description: John captchaluges the cruxite dowel. Now in his captchalogue are the cruxite dowel, the PDA, and three shards of glass.]

pesterlog
T.T.: I feel like we should be hurrying. That countdown is making me nervous.
John?
Oh. Your PDA is trapped under the cruxite now, isn't it.
Anyway, it looks like you are going to need this card too.

T.T.: Deploy Pre-punched Card.

[Image description: The select cursor hovers over the Pre-punched card. A second image shows the select cursor dropping the card on the floor next to John, who now stands near the door to the kitchen.]

John: Get card.

[Image description: John captchaluges the pre-punched card, which forces a shard of glass out. It flies through the air and slices off one of the tips of the harlequin's hat before landing in the pie]
A shard of glass is expelled from the deck and maims the harlequin doll.

John: Captchalogue fanciful harlequins.

[Image description: John stands in front of the curio cabinet and captchalogue two of the ugly harlequins. This forces the other two glass shards from the captchalogue cards. Both of them maim the poor harlequin more; one slicing it's face open, another cutting a gash in its side.]

You take two fanciful harlequins.

The additional useless freight pushes your PDA to the last card. You then switch to the queue modus so you can access the PDA.

More glass shrapnel flies from the deck.

Next

[Image description: The flashing spirograph has a square speech bubble above it, which shows strange blue and black textures as if they're being typed.]

PESTERLOG

E.B.: this thing keeps following me around. i think it's trying to talk to me or something.
T.T.: That is probably the "Kernelsprite".
It apparently needs to be "prototyped".
Twice, actually.
Whatever the hell that means.
These walkthroughs are horrendously written.
E.B.: hmm, ok.
well, you are the one with the cursor so just do whatever you think is the right thing to do! also, fix my bathroom.

T.T.: Drop maimed harlequin into Kernelsprite.

[Image description: The select cursor clicks the beat-up harlequin and drags it to the spirograph, which is named a Kernelsprite. As it releases, blue beams of light shoot from the kernelsprite and the screen fades to white.]

[S] Next

[Image description: The kernelsprite flashes and morphs, then grows to take up most of the panel. Immediately, it begins shrinking down to nothing and beams of blue light shoot out from it. The song Harlequin plays. A harlequin head with one of the tips of its hat missing, a scar across its eye, and an arm floating next to it appears inside a blue ring. The head flashes white, blue, and black.]

The kernelsprite has been prototyped with the harlequin doll.

Next

[Image description: the kernelsprite vibrates intensely in front of the couch, flashing quickly. Above its head, a square speech bubble has blue and black fleur-de-lis appearing as if being typed in. John simply stares at this spectacle.]
pesterlog
E.B.: i still can't understand this thing's gobbledygook.
T.T.: That was only "Tier One Prototyping".
There is still another tier to the prototyping process.
Which for all we know merely advances this entity through increasingly esoteric states of linguistics.
E.B.: the clock is ticking.
we don't have time for this asinine tomfoolery.
T.T.: This unmitigated poppycock?
E.B.: extravagant hogwash!
ok stop
stop typing whatever silly thing you're typing.
i'm going upstairs to the big platformy thing.
T.T.: The alchemiter?
E.B.: ??
T.T.: Try to learn the lingo.

John: Use pre-punched card with the alchemiter.

[Image description: John stands on the balcony next to the alchemiter. The kernelsprite hovers near the door.]

There is no slot for a card anywhere to be found on the alchemiter!
The kernelsprite followed you upstairs.

T.T.: Explore Atheneum.

[Image description: A cursor clicks the Explore Atheneum icon, the one that looks like a stack of captchalogue cards in various colors with a green square on the top one. The rest of the screen is taken up by a five by three grid of white squares, each with a smaller white square at the bottom left corner. The top left square is the only one with anything inside it. It contains a green cube and the smaller square contains a blue cylinder exactly like the one pushed out by the cruxtruder. As the cursor hovers over it, a label pops up that says Perfectly Generic Object and has a build grist with the number 2 below it.]

Acquiring a cruxite dowel seems to have populated the atheneum with one item: a perfectly generic object.

John: Captchalogue telescope.

[Image description: John takes the telescope off it's stand and places it into the first captchalogue slot. This forces the PDA from the deck. A second image shows a zoomed out picture of the yard with John's house on the left side of the screen. A fence crosses the panel diagonally, separating John's yard from his neighbor's. The PDA sits well beyond the fence.]

You snatch the telescope from its tripod. Who knows, it might be useful. But more importantly, it pushes the cruxite to the last card making it available for tinkering.
The PDA is predictably jettisoned into the yard, over the neighbor's fence.

John: Put cruxite on weird pattern on alchemiter.

[Image description: John stands by the robotic arm portion of the alchemiter, where he has now
placed the cruxite dowel. The kernelsprite flashes and vibrates on the right side of the screen.

You place the cruxite dowel on the alchemiter's small pedestal.

Something is happening...

Next

[Image description: John stands to the right of the alchemiter. The robotic arm folds out and scans the cruxite dowel with a red laser.]

Next

[Image description: a grey box appears in the top left corner with the number one and up and down arrows in it. To the right of the box, it says minus two next to a build grist. A cursor clicks the up arrow twice, increasing the number inside the box to three and decreasing the number next to the build grist to minus six. A moment later, the large round platform on the alchemiter fades to black, then pops back to white as three green cubes appear in an explosion. The build grist bar decreases from 12/20 to 6/20]

You set the alchemiter to cast three perfectly generic objects for some reason, expending a total of 6 units of build grist.

These things look completely useless. What a waste!

Out of the corner of your eye, you notice there's something in the sky.

John: Switch modus and use telescope to inspect sky.

[Image description: The captchalogue deck reappears at the bottom of the screen, now in Stack mode. John uses the telescope to look towards the left side of the screen. The kernelsprite vibrates intensely.]

You switch back to stack modus and get a closer look with your telescope.

Whatever it is, the kernelsprite seems particularly agitated about it.

Next

[Image description: It shows a circular section of the sky with two clouds. At the top of the screen, a white streak points downwards like it is plummeting towards the earth.]

Next

[Image description: A timer sits at the top of the screen, counting down. In the second image, a red meteor hurdles across the sky.

3:10
3:09
3:08
3:07
3:06
3:05
3:04
3:03
3:02]
You're no astronomer, but its trajectory looks suspiciously head-on with your current perspective.

This is a troubling development.

John: High-five Kernelsprite.

You figure you've left him hanging long enough.

John: Attempt to ingest a unit of build grist.

It is tempting because they strongly resemble Rockin' Blue Raspberry Gushers. However, units of build grist are a gaming abstraction and do not seem to exist on the physical plane!

There is apparently no crisis so imminent that will deter you from contemplating idiotic and frivolous actions.

Next

[Image description: The image focuses on the driveway as Dad's car pulls in.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Your dad is getting home.
John?
What did you do with your PDA this time?
I'm working on the bathroom.
But we are running low on Build Grist.

T.T.: Revise bathroom.

Next

[Image description: Dad stands at the front door, jiggling the doorknob. A red question mark flashes over his head as he realizes it won't open. A second panel shows him walking towards the cake-filled toilet that TT put on the lawn, another red question mark over his head.]

John: Run to your room and contact TT through Pesterchum.

[Image description: John stands by his desk in his disaster zone of a bedroom. Two speech bubbles with ellipses flash over the computer. The kernelsprite hovers near the closet.]
Two chums have been trying to message you.

John: Answer chums.

[Image description: John sits at the computer and the kernelsprite hovers near the totem lathe.]

pesterlog
T.T.: I'm working on the bathroom.
But we are running low on Build Grist.
E.B.: oh man who cares about the bathroom, now there's a meteor heading for my house!!!
T.T.: I see.
Do you suppose it has anything to do with the game?
E.B.: i don't know, maybe! what do i do!
T.T.: I think it's very likely.
The walkthroughs vaguely suggest an impending threat before they end.
The already poorly constructed sentences become even more curt and ambiguous.
As if written hastily and with a sense of alarm.
Actually, their dedication to updating the walkthrough under such circumstances is admirable.
E.B.: wow, FASCINATING.
E.B.: [six question marks]
T.T.: If the meteor is a game construct, I think the only thing to do is to proceed, and try to solve
the dilemma on the game's terms.
Try using the lathe.
It says you can use the card on it, but isn't more specific than that.
E.B.: ok i'll do that.
T.T.: Really, it is a labor to read this drivel.
If I read any more my brain will need to be spoon-fed from a jar.
While it blows spit bubbles in a highchair.
I think I will write my own walkthrough.
That is, after we make sure you don't die.

turntech Godhead [T.G.] began pestering ectoBiologist [E B] at 17:34

T.G.: i heard you got the box
i hope you appreciate my heroic fatherly perseverance in getting it to you
in my rough and tumble dirty wifebeaterly sort of way
also i hope you appreciate how many no-talent douches had their mitts on that bunny before you
its like a grubby baton in some huge douchebag marathon
hey where are you
E.B.: oh man, the bunny was awesome, but i don't have time to talk, i'm playing sburb and it's kind
of a nightmare.
TT is breaking everything in my house.
T.G.: dude i told you to steer clear of that game
and for that matter you should probably wash your hands of flighty broads and their snarky
horseshit altogether
E.B.: and now there's a meteor coming, and i'm not even joking about that!!!
it's like a big asteroid or comet or something.
E.B.: in the sky.
heading right for my house!!!!!!!!
T.G.: oh man
how big is it
E.B.: i dunno.
big, i guess.
i gotta go!
we'll talk later if i am still alive and the earth isn't blown up.
T.G.: like the size of texas
or just rhode island
they're always throwing around these geographical comparisons to give us a sense of scale like it really means anything to us
but it's like it doesn't matter its always just like: WOW THATS PRETTY FUCKING BIG
like mr president there's a meteor coming sir. oh yeah, how big is it? its the size of texas sir
OH SHIT
or, how big is it? its the size of new york city sir
OH SHIT
sir im afraid the comet is the size of your moms dick
OH SNAP
sir are you familiar with jupiter
you mean like the planet?
yeah
well its that big sir
hmm that sounds pretty big
i have a question
is it jupiter?
Yes sir, earth is literally under seige by planet fucking jupiter
OH SHIT
anyway later

John: Use pre-punched card on totem lathe.

You slip the pre-punched card into a slot on the totem lathe. Above, the tool arm deploys a configuration of chisels.

Now you just need something to lathe.

John: Take cruxite to totem lathe.

Cursing your lack of foresight, you return to the balcony for the cruxite dowel you left on the pedestal.

You navigate the hallway leery of your dad, who is presently puzzling over the new fixture in his hallway.

Next
the base.]

The perfect crime.

Next

[Image description: John stands near the door to the balcony as Dad walks back down the stairs. The cruxite dowel is now in the first slot of the captchalogue deck.]

You retrieved the cruxite dowel.

Dad just shrugs and heads back downstairs, presumably to do some more baking.

If only he knew you were hard at work saving his ass.

John: Use cruxite dowel on totem lathe.

[Image description: John stands near the totem lathe with the cruxite dowel in the clamp. It holds it so the curved surface is parallel to the floor.]

You clamp the cruxite in the lathe.

John: Activate lathe.

[Image description: The cruxite dowel spins as the chisel tip descends. It carves into it, creating a deep valley followed by a bulge and a shallower valley. A second image shows John standing by the totem lathe's clamp with the cruxite totem in his top captchalogue card.]

The lathe carves one totem.

You take the totem.

Next

[Image description: John sits at his computer.]

pesterlog
E.B.: alright, i used the lathe to make this blue shapey thing. now i guess i take it back to the alchemixer again?
hello????????
tentacleTherapist [T.T.] is no longer connected!
E.B.: uh...

Next

[Image description: The image shows the hallway outside John's bedroom. The select cursor begins dragging the bathtub out of the way, but it only manages to get a few feet before it disappears and the words Connection Lost appear across the screen. The bathtub now blocks John's door, trapping him in his bedroom.]

Next

[Image description: A large timer counts down at the bottom of the screen. John stands at his bedroom door, jiggling the handle with an irritated expression on his face. The door won't open. 2:10 2:09]
A young lady stands in her bedroom. Due to a violent storm, her house has just lost power, along with her wireless internet connection. This has severed her link to a popular video game she was playing with a young man at a critical moment. That young man is relying on this young lady to reestablish a connection somehow. This young lady named...

Named...

It's on the tip of your tongue. What was the name of this young lady again?

Enter name.

[Image description: The image zooms in on the girl and a textbox is above her head. It types Flighty Broad
The words fade away and the girl makes an angry expression.]

No, that wasn't it!

One more time.

[Image description: It types Rose Lalonde
And a green check mark appears next to the name]

Examine room.

Image description: It shows the rest of the girl's, Rose's, room. It's an absolute mess. On top of the dresser, a violin and bow are propped against the wall. On the wall nearby are the posters of the squid-headed gentleman, a boy with an eye patch and a gun, and a woman's head. Sharing the wall with the posters is a window that takes up three quarters of the wall. Outside it is a tree branch and rain. A sock and a knitting bag sit on the unmade bed. On the wall behind the head of the bed, there are three posters of increasingly horrific tentacle monsters. Next to the bed is a door and on the other side of the door is a bookshelf filled with books. On top of the bookshelf are a black jar, a snowglobe, and a plushie version of the squid creature on Rose's shirt. Opposite the window is Rose's desk, with a laptop, two sburb envelopes, and a book on it. Purple clothing is scattered all over the floor.]
Your name is Rose. As was previously mentioned you are without electricity, although your laptop computer still functions on battery power. You have a variety of interests. You have a passion for rather obscure literature. You enjoy creative writing and are somewhat secretive about it. You have a fondness for the bestially strange and fictitious, and sometimes dabble in psychoanalysis. You also like to knit, and your room is a bit of a mess. And on occasion, if just the right one strikes your fancy, you like to play video games with your friends.

What will you do?

Rose: Retrieve arms from the purple box.

[Image description: Rose slowly nudges the purple box into the dresser with her foot.]

The purple package's contents are private! No one is allowed to look inside.

Rose: Writhe like a flagellum and puke on your bed.

[Image description: Rose makes a skeptical expression and raises her eyebrow. Suddenly, the bed pops in from the right side of the screen and her expression changes to one of disgust with her tongue out.]

Ugh, what a terrible idea! The thought alone makes you sick to your stomach.

Rose: Stroke writing journal and mutter, 'My precious...'

[Image description: Rose slowly nudges the notebooks under the bed with her foot.]

You would only resort to such an embarrassing activity while no one was watching!!!

These journals are for your eyes only.

Rose: Get violin.

[Image description: Rose stands by the dresser and captchalogues the violin and bow. Her captchologue is a bright green-yellow color and her deck has eight cards in it, the first now taken by the violin. The rest are empty.]

You captchologue the violin, storing it the root card of your sylladex.

[S] Rose: Play a haunting refrain on the violin.

[Image description: Rose holds the violin and plays Aggrieve (Violin Refrain). Outside, lighting flashes.]

You waste approximately 40 seconds playing the violin while your friend is in peril.

Nice time management skills there, sweetheart!

John: Tell Liv Tyler you love her before impact.

[Image description: John is pressed against the wall, making a kissy face at the Armageddon poster.]

Since your good for nothing friend is obviously not going to bail you out in time, you issue words of parting fondness to dear, sweet Liv. Oh, if only Affleck could have been the one to make the final sacrifice instead of her stubborn, blue collar, salt-of-the-earth father. Then she would fall into
your arms for consolation, and you would be the one to make the deceased Bruce Willis proud.

Rose: Captchologue knitting supply bag.

[Image description: Rose stands on her bed and captchalogues the knitting bag. The knitting bag's card appears down and to the left of the violin card with the corner of the violin card on top of it.]

You get the knitting bag. It occupies the left leaf card under the violin, per the tree modus's alphabetical sorting method.

K < V.

Rose: Look out window.

[Image description: Rose turns around to look out the window next to the bed. A second image shows the view. In the yard is an above-ground tomb with a cat head carved above the doorway. Behind that is a large swath of trees. In the distance, the outline of a building with a tower and a large satellite dish on the roof is silhouetted against the clouds. Lightning flashes in the distance.]

Your panoramic window offers a view of your yard below, and the mausoleum housing your dead cat, Jaspers, who died when you were young. Your mom had the structure erected with a spirit of scornful irony in response to your youthfully innocent request to hold a funeral for the animal. At least, that is how you have come to interpret the gesture in retrospect.

You can also make out a silhouette of the laboratory next door, a facility which likely broadcasts a strong wireless internet signal. You may be able to connect to the signal from a different part of the house. Perhaps if you seek higher ground?

Rose: Get laptop.

[Image description: Rose stands by the desk and captchalogues the laptop. It pops into the cards and they all shuffle around a little before settling into position with the laptop in the top card, the knitting bag in the lower left card and the violin in the lower right.]

You take your laptop and prepare to make the journey through the house.

L < V. L > K.

This causes the tree to be unbalanced, so your sylladex auto-balances itself. Now the laptop occupies the root card, while the other two items comprise the leaves.

K < L. V > L.

Rose: Examine book on desk.

[Image description: Rose holds the book, which is titled Grimoire for Summoning the Zoologically Dubious, which has a one-eyed monster with eight tentacles arranged in a wheel shape on the cover. Below the monster is a series of small bone and skull illustrations.]

This book is absolutely indispensable for enthusiasts of your ilk. Of which there are very few.

Rose: Take book.

[Image description: Rose captchalogues the grimoire, which shuffles down onto a leaf card below the knitting bag.]
You take the grimoire.

G < L, G < K.

Rose: Go explore the house.

[Image description: Rose stands in a hallway outside the door to her bedroom. On the wall nearby is a very intricate painting of a wizard with swirling clouds, planets, lighting, and a unicorn in the background. It looks just as tacky as it sounds. The frame it's in is equally tacky.]

You leave your bedroom.

Hanging just next to your door in the hallway is a painting of an exquisite wizard. Your mother collects these awful things ironically. She must know how much you detest them, and there is no doubt in your mind she stores these dreadful things in the house to bother you.

Down the hall to the right is the way to the observatory. Perhaps you will be able to connect from up there?

Your mother's room is also in that direction. You will have to watch your step.

Rose: Tiptoe to observatory.

[Image description: Rose stands in a different section of the hallway with the first tacky wizard still visible, though her bedroom door is now off screen. A wizard statue stands in the corner next to another tacky wizard painting in an ornate frame. A set of stairs descends off screen and a junction splits the hallway into two paths that both lead off screen.]

You approach a juncture in the hallway. Beyond the juncture is the observatory.

Next

[Image description: Rose presses herself against the wall and slowly inches towards the juncture. The other section of hallway is shrouded in shadow. Suddenly, lightning flashes and a silhouette of a woman is visible for just a fraction of a second.]

Rose: Sneak by.

[Image description: Rose dashes past the opening in a blur and freezes on the other side.]

Next

[Image description: Rose stands on the other side of the junction, where a painting of a wizard holding a staff and reaching for a phoenix hangs on the wall next to a black stain. On the opposite side of the tacky painting is a door with a label next to it that looks like a cartoon observatory telescope. And a wizard statue. A second image shows Rose standing right in front of the door.]

This door leads up to the observatory. You haven't ventured up there in quite some time.

Rose: Go through door.

[Image description: Rose stands on a narrow, outdoor walkway suspended a long way above the ground. She braces herself against the wind. At the other end of the walkway is a door.]

The door opens to an exterior walkway, leading to the observatory entrance.
You've seen less inclement weather before. Oh the things you'll do to help out a friend.

Rose: Hurry up to that observatory.

[Image description: Rose stands inside a round room with a domed roof. A large telescope takes up much of the room inside. A set of stairs leads downward, following the curve of the room.]

Rose: Try to connect!

[Image description: Rose takes the laptop out of the captchalogue. As she does, the other three cards flash and disappear, dropping the items on the ground]

You first put your laptop down on the floor to get it situated.

But removing it from the root card causes all the branches and leaves to be severed! Your items are dumped unceremoniously on the floor.

Rose: See what you can observe.

[Image description: Rose stands at the base of the telescope and looks through the eyepiece with one eye closed. A second image shows a section the night sky ringed by dark clouds. Three small red meteors shoot across the opening.]

You're in a hurry, sure, but that doesn't mean you can't take a moment to peek through the huge telescope.

You find a gap in the clouds. It seems a flurry of smaller meteoroids is streaking steadily overhead. You're not sure what this means, but it is somewhat disconcerting.

Rose: Stack laptop on Grimoire to maximize elevation.

[Image description: Rose stands by the laptop, which now is sitting on top of the grimoire. A second image shows her sitting on the floor in front of the laptop. A faint glow from the screen lights up her face.]

You'll need every advantage you can get.

Rose: Access laboratory wifi network.

[Image description: The laptop screen takes up the whole panel, with a game F. A. Q. page for sburb up, which is on page 1 of 176 in the thread. Rose minimizes the window and the desktop appears. The background is a young woman in a blue victorian dress, but her legs are a mass of tentacles. The icons on screen are a grey box named HD, and three folders labeled Detritus, Scraps, and Leavings. She clicks a green spirograph icon and the sburb server appears on screen with the text Lost connection with client. Reconnecting… In it. A list of available wireless networks appears
SN_LAB 0413 - UNSECURED
SN_LAB 9687 - SECURED
SN_LAB 1802 - SECURED
SN_LAB 5565 - SECURED
Rose clicks SN_LAB 0413 and the list disappears. The sburb server screen reappears, now reading Lost connection with client.]
Reconnecting...
Server has established connection with client.
The screen fades to an image of John's bedroom with the row of icons across the top. John stands by his bed.]

There are several signals being broadcasted from the laboratory, each of relatively decent strength.
One of them is mysteriously and quite conveniently unsecured, requiring no password.
You select the signal, and reconnect to the game with John.

Next

[Image description: A large timer counts down at the top of the screen. John sits at his computer, frantically pounding on the keyboard.
41
40
39
38
37
36
35
34
33
32
31]

pesterlog
T.T.: I'm back.
E.B.: hurry up and open my door!!!!!!
not that it even matters, i think i'm probably dead no matter what!!!!!!
T.T.: Patience. You still haven't used the new totem.
E.B.: [three question marks]
T.T.: I believe it will create the item on the punch card.
E.B.: so what is it, like an apple or something?
What good will that even do?
T.T.: We'll see.
I've found no evidence that anyone has successfully created the item.
T.T.: And the content of the card appears to be variable from session to session.
In one instance it was described as an "eggy loking thign" [sic].
E.B.: do we have enough of those building jewels to make it?
T.T.: According to the Atheneum, it is a free item.
This speaks to its importance, in my view.
Now off you go.

Rose: Remove door from hinges.

[Image description: The select cursor, now known to be controlled by Rose, clicks the door and drags it away from the opening. She holds it over the bed. This reduces the amount of build grist left from 2 to 0]

There goes the rest of your build grist.

Rose: Put bathtub back.
You probably should have just done this in the first place.

John: Take totem to alchemiter.

Got to get those stupid blocks out of the way first!

The kernelsprite is getting awfully worked up about all this!

Rose: Remove blocks.

You store the perfectly generic objects in your phernalia registry, potentially to be deployed at a later time.

Next


The meteor bursts onto the screen, flying directly for John's neighborhood.
Another close up on the meteor.

John's wall with the A Time to Kill poster vibrates.

Dad stands baking in the kitchen with a red question mark over his head.

The man on the Armageddon poster vibrates.

A clown poster vibrates.

The portrait of the old woman and urn of ashes vibrate.

John's shirt vibrates.

Cut to John, holding the apple, silhouetted by the oncoming meteor.

It gets closer. And closer. And closer. And-

It fades to white.

A wavering mushroom cloud appears. Impact.

A red curtain draws across the screen.]

End of Act 1
Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 2: Raise of the Conductor's Baton

Years in the future, but not many...

[Image description: A line of footsteps crosses sand dunes. In the distance is the skyline of a crumbling city.]

A wayward vagabond records a stuttering step in the sun-bleached dust.

[Image description: The previous sentence is a link that opens a new page with several images. A small grey figure, the Wayward Vagabond, walks across the sand dunes as viewed from above. The wayward vagabond reaches the top of a dune. He stops and looks down, where part of a white circular structure pokes out of the sand. A grey question mark appears above his head. We see him in more detail now. His clothes are dirty strips of cloth wound around him until the only thing visible is a small section of his face around one eye and his limbs. He reaches down to brush the sand off of the white cylinder. It reveals a green spirograph on it, the one from sburb.]

ACT 2 Next

[Image description: A game F.A.Q. page for sburb takes up the whole panel. It has a list of walkthroughs. One by Chaos Demon on April 11th, 2009, one by winnie the poop 2 on April 11th, 2009, one by SanctuaryRemix on April 10th, 2009, and one by tentacleTherapist on April 13th, 2009. A second panel shows tentacleTherapist's Rose's walkthrough.]

sburb Beta Walkthrough
Version 1.0, April 13, 2009
By tentacleTherapist

TABLE OF CONTENTS
1. Caveats and Condolences
2. Walkthrough (Incomplete)

Caveats and Condolences

I'd be inclined to dispense with the trite even under less pressing circumstances. Needless to say I'll forego the inscrutable ASCII banner which typically heralds the striking freefall of these documents. I'll also resist the urge to brandish any copyright marks, or the particular neurosis that concerns itself with the theft of the utterly mundane -- I'll allow other deranged prospectors to stake claims on their worthless plots as the woods burn around them. My introduction will be sparse. There will be no majestic prose blustering into the sails of a galleon as we embark on this
voyage together. Nor will there be any hamfisted prose whipping its limbs under a bedsheet like a retarded ghost, for that matter. I won't set the stage, or dim the lights. The mood, you will see, will be set soon enough.

Since you are reading this, chances are you have installed this game on your computer already. If this is true, like many others, you have just participated in bringing about the end of the world.

But don't beat yourself up about it. There was never anything you could have done to prevent it. The end is happening right now, as I type, and as you read. I have come to understand that we were always doomed through our collective ignorance, and now further doomed by those few who know, and struggle to flee. If you're lucky, you'll be among the smaller subset of the latter who are successful.

What I mean is, while that game you installed is just one more grinding slab of rock sealing our planet's crypt, it is also your only hope to live. I'm presently faced with the same conundrum as you, and though I speak with more experience, my own outcome is far from assured. I will "play the game", as much of it as there is to play, and record my findings here. If you want to live, you will do as I instruct.

My condolences.

-TT

[S] Next

[Image description: The sound of a heartbeat plays. It pans over white silhouettes of John and the kernelsprite on a black background. It pans over Dad's office as the view of the yard outside the window fades to black. It pans over the fireplace as the fire burns out. It pans across John's bedroom as the view of the tree outside the window fades to black. The shadows deepen and a pair of menacing eyes fades into view under the bed. It pans over Dad in the kitchen as the view through the back door fades to black. Two pairs of eyes peer in. It cuts back to John and the kernelsprite on the balcony with the alchemiter. The sound changes to one of dry wind. The image slowly zooms out. John's house stands atop a tall spire of earth at least a hundred and fifty feet above the remnants of the neighborhood. Only it, the tree with the tire swing, and Dad's car survived the impact. The rest is a grey, ashy wasteland.

Next

[Image description: John stands on the balcony, the blue apple in his hand. It now has a bite taken out of it. The kernelsprite vibrates intensely next to him. Suddenly, the screen fades to black and the kernelsprite takes up the center of the screen. It pulses a few times, then the screen flashes white. When the white fades, the kernelsprite has split into three pieces. A blue harlequin head in the center, a grey harlequin head in a circle below, and a white harlequin head in a circle above. The grey harlequin head flies downward and pushes through the ash. The white harlequin head flies into the sky, leaving a trail of four pulsing blue spirographs in its wake.

The kernel divides. The two halves go their separate ways, leaving behind the sprite portion.

BOY.

[Image description: The blue harlequin head turns white, then pops into a new shape. It has the same head as before- the harlequin head missing one of the tips of its hat and a scar over it's eye, but it has an almost snake-like body that tapers to a tail. It has markings like a zigzag edged collar and three buttons down it's chest. Like the harlequin prototyped into it, it only has one arm. A second panel shows John staring at it.]
What is left of the sprite undergoes a mysterious transformation.

For a moment you thought you heard someone say "BOY", as if whispered in the periphery of your awareness.

It was probably just your imagination though.

[S] YOU THERE. BOY.

[Image description: the sprite hovers behind John. A cursor that the user controls appears on screen. In the top right corner, a small game controller appears with a bouncing note beneath it that reads CLICK THIS]

A white text box with a green outline appears across the middle of the screen. It reads To walk around, use the mouse, arrow keys, or WASD keys. Click on various objects to open command menus for them! Outstanding Flash programming by Alexis 'Gankro' Beingessner. It disappears when clicked.

Click the sprite
A black textbox appears that reads What's That

Click the message
It brings up a green and white text box that reads It looks different now.

After you bit that apple, your whole house seemed to be transported somewhere. Then the apple disappeared and the kernelsprite underwent a transformation. Aside from the change in appearance, the transformation doesn't seem to have any relevant ramifications. You still can't understand a word this idiot says.

Click the sprite
The ghost clown. Do something with it.

Click the message
The 'ghost clown' is called the kernelsprite! Or, rather just the sprite now, I suppose. You can't 'do something' with it at the moment! The only thing you can theoretically do with it is tier 2 prototype it, assuming that's still possible…

Click the sprite
Tier prototype the sprite, or the thing you said. Do it.

Click the message
You are not the one who is supposed to prototype it! The sburb server user is supposed to do that.

Click John
You there. Boy.

Click the message
What?

Click John
Boy. Listen to me, boy.

Click the message
His name is John, you nincompoop.

Click John
Boy who is John. Do as I say.

Click the message
What would you like 'boy who is John' to do?

Click John
Obey my commands, John boy.

Click the message
And those commands would be...?

Click John
I would like the boy to interact with his environment in a constructive manner.

Click the message
Maybe you should be a little more specific?

Click John
Have the boy assess his current situation.

Click the message
I'm afraid I can't 'Have the boy' do that. Tell him to do it yourself!

Click John
Very well.

Click the message

...?

Ok.

Click John
Next

Click the message
That instruction does not do anything at the moment!!!

Click John
Next

Click the message
Sigh. Could you please turn the controls over to a more competent user?

Click John
ASLFSAKLADAK

Click the message
Increasingly sophomoric.
Also, you almost spelled 'SALAD' in there.

Click the balcony railings
Peek over the railing.
Click the message
Getting close to the railing makes you a little nervous. It's a long way down.

Click the large alchemiter platform
This large platform. Good grief, what is it boy?

Click the message
The alchemiter created the apple, or the tree that sprouted it rather, right on time to save you from destruction. You're not sure if you can say the same for your neighborhood though.
You wonder what happened to your dad?

Click the cruxite dowel
Examine the strange blue vase.

Click the message
It is the piece of cruxite you carved with the totem lathe.
When its contours were scanned, the alchemiter was able to produce that tree. How odd!

Click the door
Boy, open this door and walk through it.
The screen fades to black, then to an image of John standing in the hallway outside his bedroom.
The sprite still hovers behind John.

Click the door to John's bedroom.
Boy, go in here.
John stands in his bedroom. Something black is splattered across the bed and onto the floor. A speech bubble with an ellipsis flashes over his computer.

Click the little monsters poster on the wall to the left of the door
Inspect this ghastly man and his boy.

Click the message
'Fred Savage has a punchable face' your ass! More like a talented young actor's face who you would want to hang out with if you got the chance, and also if he were not a fully grown man now. Anyway, the thought of monsters lurking in your house scares the shit out of you, which is why this movie is so awesome. But the fact that those monsters could also be your best friend is what makes it doubly awesome.

Click the Con Air poster
Is that John Cusack?

Click the message
Yeah, you guess so, but damn that door be coverin' up your man Cage something serious. That ain't cool!

Click the detached door
This door. Explain this.

Click the message
Rose sure did a number on your house. But you guess she did manage to save your life.
You guess.

Click the red box on the bed
Observe this box.
Click the message
The bunny is not in the box.
I said, the bunny is not in the box.
Why couldn't the bunny be in the box?

Click the ghostbusters poster
Armed foes of the deceased?

Click the message
Most people say the second one was not as great as the first, but you feel just the opposite. It was really cool and sort of gross how they hosed each other down with slime that made people angry. TG refers to the film as 'nasty manbro bukkake theater', whatever the hell that means.

Click the Mac and Me poster
Marvel at this adventure in outer space.

Click the message
This movie is...
Ok, this movie is really bad. Not even you can defend it. You've been meaning to take this poster down, actually.

Use the arrow keys to move John towards the right, further into the room.

Click the window
Boy, look through this window.
An image appears of the remnants of the front yard. The tire swing hangs from the tree, but the yard is rifted in two and there is nothing but blackness beyond the end of the driveway. The mailbox just barely clings to the edge of the platform.

Click anywhere
It brings up a green and white text box that reads
At least your tire swing remains unmolested. A tree without a tire swing is like...
Like a house without a surrounding neighborhood, you guess.
Clicking the message causes the scene to return to John's room.

Click the towel on the floor
Acquire this small persian rug.

Click the message
It's a towel, dumbass! It will probably come in handy for cleaning up this weird mess in your room. Not that it's a huge priority, though.

Use the arrow keys to move John towards the right, further into the room.

Click the totem lathe
This huge sewing machine. Of what use is it.

Click the message
The punch card seemed to contain the instructions for carving a totem of a certain shape. You guess maybe other punch cards will produce different shapes? It bears further exploration.

Click the Wise Guy book on the floor
This funnyman text. You should ignore it.

Click the message
Just looking at the cover cracks you up! What a great book. Harry Anderson is your hero, and Mike Caveney's glowing treatment of the man does him every bit of justice. You'll have to give this another read soon.

Use the arrow keys to move John towards the left, towards the door.

Click the computer
Investigate this device.
John's computer screen appears. The pesterchum client is open as well as a chat with tentacleTherapist. The chat reads

tentacleTherapist: John?
Are you there?

Click anywhere.
It seems you are still connected to the internet. Rose is trying to get in touch with you. You will reply in a moment, once you have fully assessed your situation.

Click the black splatter on the floor
Examine this unpleasant fluid.

Click the message
What is this stuff?

Click the doorway
Go out of the door that is not here.
John stands in the hallway again.

Click the poster of the beaglepussed man on the wall
That man with the humorous spectacles. Admire him.

Click the message
Oh, Michael Cera. Your warm smile is a shining beacon in these dark times.

Click the junction in the hallway.
What is down here. Proceed, boy.
John now stands in the section of the hallway with the bathroom and Dad's bedroom.

Click the poster on the wall at the end of the corridor
I am not fond of this smug fellow.

Click the message
The man. The myth. The legend.
What do you have up your sleeve there, Anderson?
Look at that poker face. He's not telling a soul!

Click the door on the left-hand wall
Go in there now.
John stands in the bathroom that Rose poorly reconstructed.

Click the bathtub or the toilet.
Your plumbing appears faulty.

Click the message
Man, Rose did such a piss-poor job of fixing the bathroom. It would almost certainly be a mistake to try to use the toilet!
You guess you could just go pee over the edge of the cliff...

Click the window
Peer through that window.
It show's John's backyard. The swingset only partially hangs on to the ground- the rest dangles over the cliff. The pogo bouncer still has the cake and fake arm from the toilet on top of it.

Click anywhere.
It brings up a green and white text box that reads
At least your back yard was salvaged too.
Sort of.

Click the arrow where the door would be.
Leave at once.
John stands in the hallway again.

Click the door on the right-hand wall.
Open this.

Click the message
Your dad's room is still locked!!!

Click the arrow that leads back towards the other section of the hallway.
No go back.
John stands in the hall outside his room again.

Use the arrow keys to move John towards the right, towards the stairway.

Click the first garish clown painting.
I detest this! Disregard it?
Click the message
The harlequin painting?
You have the sentiment in common with John then, I suppose.

Use the arrow keys to go downstairs.

Click the second garish clown painting.
Vile. Pay no mind to this filth.

Click the message
What is he even doing there? Playing with a ball or something?
Clowns are stupid.

Click the third garish clown painting.
No no no no. Keep moving.

Click the message
Believe me, you have no intention of turning your head to observe this dreadful thing.

Go stand in the living room.

Click the harlequin statue that is the base of a lamp.
Why does this small man stand here?

Click the message
This harlequin is always ready to serve you with illumination, whether you're reading a book, or just enjoying a nice pipe.

Click the pie tin and sliced off tip of the harlequin doll's hat.
A small dessert tray? Useless.

Click the message
In retrospect, it was pretty funny when your dad pied you like that. Gotcha'd again by the old man!

Click the harlequin bust on the floor, the one that used to stand on the pedestal John used to reach the lid of the cruxtruder.
What is the meaning of this rubbish.

Click the message
Ok, even you have to admit. This one's pretty funny!
Hehehehe!

Click the cruxtruder lid that sits on the pedestal.
Use this to reseal that opening there.

Click the message
If only putting the lid back on the cruxtruder would undo all it's done. Alas, Pandora's Tube has been opened.

Click the cruxtruder that blocks the door
Move this absurd edifice and exit your house, boy.

Click the message
This thing weighs a ton! You'd honestly be surprised if the game cursor could lift it, or at least not without a significant expense of grist.
Of all the places for rose to drop the infernal thing. More than ever you feel... What's the word you're looking for? Of course. Housetrapped.

Go to the fireplace.

Click the curio cabinet.
Destroy these diminutive soldiers of merriment.

Click the message
It hardly seems worth it to go to the bother.
You doubt you could get much for them at a garage sale even. Maybe a grubby palm of pennies and a kick in the nuts for the whole lot of 'em.

Click the fire pokers.
Wield these instruments of combat.

Click the message
Any one of these things would make a fine weapon. If only your strife specibus wasn't already allocated. Oh well.

Click the garish painting on the wall above the pokers.
Ugh, no.

Click the message
So coy. So mysterious.
Click the urn of ashes on the mantle.  
Topple this urn immediately.

Click the message  
That would be disrespectful to your Nanna! You just won't do it!! Or not intentionally at least!!!  
You consider that it is fortunate she is no longer around to witness this sorrow. On the other hand, you would probably benefit from her elderly wisdom now...

Click the extinguished fire.  
Stow lump of soot for future use, boy.

Click the message  
That stuff is really dirty and you don't want it!  
Besides, you have it on good authority that a significant portion of it is comprised of asbestos.

Click the right hand door, which leads to the study.  
Here boy. In here.

John stands in the study, next to the cards he never picked up after his solo game of 52 pickup.

Click the large poster of people near a pool.  
Inspect this merry band of performers.

Click the message  
Cirque du soleil once filed a restraining order against your father. You were never so embarrassed in your life.

Click the cards on the floor  
This is a mess, boy.

Click the message  
You're so glad your dad wasn't watching when you did this. He never would have let you hear the end of it.

Click the can of peanuts on the desk  
Consume nut.

Click the message  
You would, but you're not sure if this dark realm has any hospitals.

Move to the right, further into the room.

Click the magazine on the desk.  
Read unpleasant literature.

Click the message  
It shifts to an image of the magazine cover, titled The Serious Jester. Three people in intricate jester costumes and masks are on the cover.  
Click anywhere.  
Serious jester magazine.  
For those for whom clowning around is serious business.  
Clicking returns the scene to the office.

Click the hat rack  
Disregard this nonsense.
Click the message
Your dad used this stuff sometimes to dazzle you with his silly vaudevillian escapades. Really, you couldn't roll your eyes hard enough at his corny act.

Click the piano.
Operate this instrument.
Sheet music for Showtime, Haunting piano refrain appears on screen and Showtime (Piano Refrain) begins playing.

Click anywhere.
It brings up a green and white text box that reads
You play your favorite haunting refrain.
Clicking returns the scene to the office, but the music continues.

Click the pipe to the left on top of the piano
Is this tobacco burning apparatus?

Click the message
Yuck. You still have pipe-taste in your mouth.

Click the statue in the middle on top of the piano
Throw this ugly thing out the window.

Click the message
You will not do that intentionally!
You only resort to throwing stuff out the window via sylladex mismanagement.

Click the Joker statue to the right on top of the piano
It has a knife. Be alarmed by this.

Click the message
R.I.P. Ledger.

Click the poster of the boy in the Jester's hat.
This man is an imbecile. Ignore him.

Click the message
He's alright. Looks like he doesn't take himself too seriously, and knows how to have a good time. You can only assume your dad hung it crooked to make it look more 'whimsical'.

Click the window
Look here.
The scene changes to the view out the window, which is nothing but ash-filled wasteland and a small strip of the yard.

Click anywhere
It's dark out there. Can't see anything for miles.

Click the safe
Open this iron vault, boy.

Click the message
You don't know the combination!!!

Click the statue on top of the safe
Seek the riches he guards below.

Click the message
This one offers a friendly wave.
But yeah, this is really just another stupid piece of shit.

Click the painting of the man in the complicated costume above the safe
I see treachery in his eyes.

Click the message
Oh, he doesn't look so bad.

Click the door.
Return to the large room with the gross paintings.

John stands in the living room again.

Click the left hand doors, which lead to the kitchen.
This way. Through the doors like you see in a cowboy saloon.

John stands in the kitchen. It's a complete mess. Black stuff is splattered across the floor and back door, and Dad's mixing bowl lays abandoned on the floor. In addition to the section of the kitchen previously shown, a china cabinet with dishes and game boxes inside, and potted plant are on screen.

Click the potted plant.
Sniff vegetable.

Click the message
Doesn't smell like anything.

Click on Colonel Sassacre's book.
This book is too big for a young stupid boy.

Click the message
Colonel Sassacre's is your favorite book! Almost as favorite as Wise Guy! They are both your favoritest of all time!

Go to the far left corner of the room, where a box of Betty Crocker Cake Mix sits on the counter.
Click that box.
Sample powdered uncooked dessert.

Click the message
Back ye miserable wench! Stay thy choking airborne particulates of temptation!!!

Click the drawing on the fridge.
Examine this artwork.

It zooms in on a crude drawing of a slime creature, which is stuck to the door with a purple harlequin head magnet.

Click anywhere
Your dad was so proud when you drew this. He hung it up immediately and it's stayed there ever since.
That was one week ago.
Clicking again returns the scene to the kitchen.

Click the bowl on the floor
Peek in bowl of goo.

Click the message
Wherever your dad went, he seems to have left in a hurry.
For all his absurdities you have to put up with, you sure wish he were here right now.

Click the telephone on the wall
This is a telephone, boy. Use it.

Click the message
The phone doesn't work!

Click the black splat on the floor
Examine this smeared substance.

John stares quizzically at his finger, which he apparently dipped in the strange black substance.
Click anywhere.
Is this...
Oil?
You wonder what happened in here. Where's your dad?
Clicking again returns to the kitchen.

Click the china cabinet.
Plunder chest.

Click the message
Would you like to play a game?

Click the door
Open this door now.

John stands in the utility room.

Click the washer and dryer to the left.
This is no time for laundry.

Click the message
You're right. Thank you for being sensible about it.

Click the cabinets to your right
Open these and rifle through them for goods.

Click the message
You don't give a shit about what's in there! Probably nothing you'd be inclined to use now anyway.

Click the door to the upper right
Exit, boy.

John stands in the backyard, near the cake-covered pogo bouncer. Broken wires lead to the edge of the cliff and spark occasionally.

Click the box the cables lead to.
Admire this wall-mounted gadget.

Click the message
Through some mysterious force, your house still seems to be powered, even though the wires are severed. Quite bizarre.

Click the sparking wires
Fiddle with the bright sparkly things.

Click the message
That sounds incredibly dangerous! John sensibly disregards your awful advice.

Click the pogo bouncer.
Ponder lawn amusement.

Click the message
Your childhood nemesis, the spring-mounted pogo-ride, sadly was not swallowed by the void. It will have to wait another day for its comeuppance.

Click the busted swing
Boy, engage this mangled trapeze-display.

Click the message
Looks like your swing set is toast. You relive fond memories in a moment of sorrow.

Go right. The handcuffs hang from a tree branch. Click them.
Claim the dangling tree-bauble.

Click the message
The trick handcuffs are still there! Thank god.
And no, you are not about to try to 'claim' them just now.

Return to the left and press control T.
Trickster mode activated.

John turns upside down and becomes very blurred and mostly transparent. Hovering above him is a version of him with a mischievous expression on his face, blue clothes, pink shoes, a pink slime on his shirt, and a pink lollipop in his hair. Next to him is a black and white rendering of Andrew Hussie's face. Now you can walk through scenery because tricksters don't follow the laws of physics or flash animations.

Stand by the front door and head upwards, climbing up to the chimney
Text hovering above the chimney reads This is not safe

Click the top of the chimney
Shenanigans

Upside Down John, Andrew Hussie, and Trickster John now stand in a small office with a desk, a window, and a safe. On the wall is an image of a pumpkin.

Click the desk.
Make desk into fort and visit imagination land!

Click the message
Wow...
...So like... Where can I get some of YOUR drugs?

Click the window.

Two options appear.

Option 1: Unplug window

Click the message
...It's a window...

Option 2: Pick up window

Click the message
That is so infeasable it hurts me.

Click the pumpkin
Woah, what? This is the pumpkin? Holyshitholyshitholyshit!!!!!!!1111

Click the message
No it's pumpkin shaped graffiti...

Game dev facts:
all elements (but the pumpkin) drawn by andrew hussie in photoshop, imported and subsequently vectorized, organized, named, and scripted by alexis 'gankro' beingessner... Who is a guy... 148 Objects, 538 lines, 140 bitmaps, 9 souls, 2 pumpkins, this line of code is 16732 characters...

Click the safe.

Three options appear.

Option 1: Retrieve arms from safe.

Click the message
You already have arms stupid!

Option 2: Shoot safe

Click the message
With what?

Option 3: Open safe

This option returns John to the backyard

Go to the top right corner of the scene.
Upside down text reads Gankro was not here

Go to the left side of the screen.
Pumpkin graffiti is on the wall beneath a window.
A series of dots and dashes is cut into the grass.
Dash Dash Dash Dash Dash.
Dot Dot Dash Dash Dash.
Dot Dot Dot Dot Dash.
Dash Dash Dash Dash Dot.
Dot Dash Dash Dash Dash.
Dot Dot Dot Dash Dash.
which is morse code for 024913
This code will come in handy later in the comic.

You can continue to wander around and click things all you want, but this concludes every unique option in this flash.]

Boy, quit all this scurrying around.

[Image description: John stares directly out from the screen, blinking every now and then.]
For the last time, this boy's name is John!!!


[Image description: John stands in his bedroom, next to his bed and the black oil splatter. The alert is still above his computer.]

You go back up to your bedroom, tiptoeing around this weird petroleum-based sludge.

Now John. Respond to your friend unit.

[Image description: John sits at his computer, tapping at the keyboard.]

pesterlog
tentacleTherapist: John?
Are you there?
-- tentacleTherapist [TT] is now an idle chum! --
ectoBiologist: hey, yeah i'm here!
and not dead i think.
tentacleTherapist: I know.
I've been watching you scramble through the house like a lunatic.
You should have answered me sooner.
ectoBiologist: oh man, sorry, i was looking around for my dad and i can't find him anywhere!
have you seen him?
tentacleTherapist: No. I'm sure he'll turn up.
We have more important things to address right now.
ectoBiologist: yeah, like where am i??
tentacleTherapist: I don't know that either. But I've determined your neighborhood was destroyed by the meteor. Wherever you were transported, it saved you from the impact.
I've been reading reports in the news. Over the last few days, there have been many smaller meteor collisions with people's homes around the world.
tentacleTherapist: And they seem to be getting bigger. Yours was the biggest they've identified so far.
ectoBiologist: wow, ok.
so then i guess if this is all the game's doing, then the point is for us to save the world?
tentacleTherapist: Perhaps.
ectoBiologist: then we'd better get moving and figure this game out!!!
tentacleTherapist: Yes, but wait. We should retrieve your PDA. Yet again. It will help to keep tabs on each other while you investigate. I think I can get you closer to it, if I can replenish our grist supply somewhat. There may be a way to recycle some that we already used.

tentacleTherapist: I'll meet you out on the balcony.

tentacleTherapist: I was working on something to send you, but I was running late with it. I didn't want you to think I believed meager well wishes alone would suffice for the occasion.

tentacleTherapist: That said, happy birthday, John.

ectoBiologist: haha, oh jeez, that is silly! anyway, thanks!

First, take the fabric item on the floor there.

[Image description: John stands by the towel and captchalogues it. The sylladex is pink, meaning it's in Stack mode.]

The towel? Why?

Oh well, you're the boss. You captchologue the towel. What now?

Do as the purple text says. To the balcony.

[Image description: John and the sprite stand by the alchemiter.]

John makes his way to the balcony per your awkwardly-worded request.

Wait. Take that. The blue wobbly thing.

[Image description: John captchalogues the cruxite totem. Now his captchalogue is filled.]

You whimsically decide to captchologue the totem which was used to create the apple tree earlier.

John. Recycle the grist as was dictated by your cohort.

[Image description: A red question mark appears over John's head and the build grist bar appears in the bottom right corner, still at 0/20.]

John cannot do anything with the grist as of this moment! That is up to the sburb player.

I see. Next

[Image description: The menu Rose stored the Perfectly Generic Objects in appears. Rose clicks a small trash can in the corner of it's slot and they disappear in a small blue burst.]

Yes, that will suffice.

Rose deletes the perfectly generic objects. 6 Units of build grist are restored to your grist cache.

Next
Rose expends the grist to drag a new plank from the balcony in the direction of the pda.

John runs across precarious platform swiftly.

John isn't sure about that. It's a long way down.

Boy I said make haste on the narrow catwalk!

John is very nervous about the idea, and the strident tone of your commands is starting to make him a little upset!

Fine. Proceed as your level of comfort dictates.

You cautiously walk within range of the pda. Rose retrieves it.

You grab the pda, launching one of the harlequin figurines into the night.

You can kiss that one goodbye.

Next

Serious business
The following matters have been submitted in a frank and forthright manner for pipefan413’s judicious appraisal.
Wellpressedattire
Submitting inquiry of concern over cataclysmic event. Pipefan413 reply.

Grayslacks66
@pipefan413: status of health/wardrobe?

Fedorafreak
Neighboring house struck by flaming projectile. In light of fire hazard, evacuating house of all expensive garments.

Officeurchin1280
Gl fedorafreak. Salvage as many hats as is practical.
Wellpressedattire
FedoraFreak, you are in our thoughts, along with pipefan413 and his enviable collection of pipes.

FedoraFreak
Ty all. Report: most hats removed from danger. Ties next.

Just one Next command will suffice. Thanks.

It looks like you're not the only one trying to locate your father after the disaster.

These boring men are uninteresting.

[Image description: The Serious Business forum closes and the pesterchum client opens. A second image shows John poking at the PDA.]

pesterlog
tentacleTherapist: John, are you ok? You seem a bit tentative.
ectoBiologist: I'm fine I guess. Since I got here I feel compelled to do these weird things I don't really want to do. By some kind of voice that I can't really even hear. I don't know, it is hard to explain.
tentacleTherapist: Perhaps the early symptoms of an anxiety disorder, like post-traumatic stress?
ectoBiologist: Yeah, maybe. Who knows!
tentacleTherapist: Well, if you can pull yourself together, there are a few more things we should try. Like prototyping the Kernelsprite again, if possible. We should hurry. My laptop battery won't last forever.
ectoBiologist: Ok. I will go back inside.

No don't do that. Hop off this ledge on to that car.

[Image description: John stands about halfway down the path, frowning at the car. The sprite hovers just below him.]

What? No! That sounds incredibly dangerous!

NextNextNextNextNext

[Image description: John shakes his head quickly.]

Now you're just being a pest.

Which turnip truck did you just tumble out of, anyway?

Who are you?

Years in the future, but not many...

[Image description: The image returns to the Wayward Vagabond in the desert. The white cylinder with the spirograph on it is now open, revealing a ladder leading down.]

An unsealed tunnel welcomes hot desert air into its stagnant depths.

[Image description: The sentence is a link to a new set of images. It shows the ladder from the perspective of someone descending it. It shows the inside of the structure, which is made of many]
metal panels riveted together. At the base of the ladder, a small pile of sand sits in a circle of sunlight. Many cables are strung around the room, though their purpose is unknown. The wayward vagabond walks through the room, past two purple machines with white spirographs on them. The right hand one has a red bar on it that's about a fifth full, possibly a battery indicator. Wayward Vagabond blinks up at a set of four screens in a square within a house shaped case. The screens are each about the same height as the wayward vagabond. In the top right corner, the screen shows John's house on its spire and a smaller image of John holding the apple just after he took a bite. Wayward Vagabond takes the keyboard and types

Boy.
You there. Boy.]

Next

[Image description: the game F.A.Q. page appears again, this time with another section of Rose's walkthrough.

An Examination of the Basics

Upon connecting with the client user, you, the server user, will be met with a control panel allowing you to manipulate your co-player's environment. You will find that you are allowed to deploy four items at no expense. Three of these are rather large machines, and one is a punch card.

It's quite possible that you have already deployed some of these items before reading this. If this is the case, and you have activated the machine called the "cruxtruder" such that it displays a countdown, you must proceed to section a100 of this walkthrough immediately. The life of the client user depends on it, and if your co-player has activated this device in your environment too, then yours does as well.

But if not, please refrain from doing anything with the cruxtruder, aside from merely deploying it. This will buy us some time to think things through properly, and to go over the basics of the game before you find your soft, easily-punctured head in the jaws of the lion.

As mentioned, there are four items to consider, each playing a role in a process which appears to have a singular purpose: to manufacture objects out of thin air. The designers of the game, judging by the language used, regard this process as a sort of alchemy. This may allude to complexities in the production process yet to present themselves. But for now, the variety of objects you are able to create remains quite limited.

The items in question are the cruxtruder (again, tread lightly with this one), the totem lathe, the alchemiter, and the pre-punched card. I will describe how these devices work in conjunction with each other, and I will use the analogy of having a key made at a hardware store to help you understand.

First, deploy all of these objects in convenient proximity to each other. Be sure not to block doors or pathways with them. You can always "revise" the dimensions of rooms to make space for them, but I'd advise against this, or even experimenting with the function. Doing so comes at the expense of "build grist", a commodity which appears to be at a premium at the onset, and one you'd best be advised to save for later.

The cruxtruder

Removing the lid signals the moment your life becomes a great whirling batshit pandemonium, somewhat resembling the chaos of an especially ethnic wedding. Somewhere, a soused uncle deliberately shatters china on the floor. Muddy livestock is decorated, and then lost track of. The
question "Who's mule is this?" at times can be heard over the din. This is now your reality.

But aside from that, it marks the beginning of the process I am about to describe. The countdown begins, yes. Also, an entity called the "Kernelsprite" is released. But neither of these things are all that relevant to this process, to my knowledge. More on these things later.

What is relevant is the un-lidded cruxtruder's ability to dispense "cruxite dowels". It will dispense at least one, though I suspect it is capable of producing more, given parameters I'm not yet familiar with. In my key-making analogy, these dowels represent the uncarved pieces of metal which the hardware store employee retrieves from a drawer or a rack, and sets about carving into a key. The two following items are needed to do the carving.

The pre-punched card

It is a simple sylladex card containing an item. There is evidence to suggest the specific item it contains is variable from session-to-session. The card I deployed contained a blue apple. Yours may be different. It shouldn't matter, hopefully.

Additionally, the card as you may guess is "punched", like one used with antique computing systems. The pattern of holes comprises data, which I believe corresponds to the instructions for creating the item the card contains. That it is "pre-punched" suggests there is a way to punch an un-punched card, possibly imprinting it with the data for the item it contains, though no mechanism for this has presented itself yet.

But the data on the card cannot be used to create the item directly. There is a middleman. That middleman is the totem lathe.

The totem lathe

This is essentially the key carving machine. It will carve into your cruxite dowel a pattern of grooves and contours, the sort which makes a key unique. The instructions for this pattern are supplied by the punch card, which is inserted into the lathe pre-activation to configure its chisels.

Once the dowel is carved, you have a totem serving as your "key", which can then be used to "unlock" the card item through the alchemiter. But at this point, I will diverge from my key-making analogy and switch to a bar code analogy. Which is not a terribly strenuous leap to make, since the concepts of a key and a bar code are essentially the same - one being a unique pattern of grooves; the other, of varying black lines.

The alchemiter

If you place a cruxite dowel, carved or uncarved, on the alchemiter's small pedestal, its robotic arm will scan the contours with a laser. Hence the bar code analogy. This is the machine's way of reading the data originally imprinted from the card, and transforming that data into a physical object.

Though typically, this is not done without expense, I believe. An uncarved dowel results in the creation of a "perfectly generic object", which is a seemingly useless green cube. It costs two units of build grist to make, and I do not advise you to waste resources on it. There appears to be many other varieties of grist, ostensibly used in combinations to create different sorts of items, which possibly offers some insight into the game's use of the term "alchemy".

But quite conveniently, there is an exception to this. Creating the item on the pre-punched card costs nothing. This is good, because creating this item turns out to be essential.
Now that you know this, you can in your own time begin the process. Once you initiate it, naturally there is no going back, so best to be prepared. But you probably shouldn't drag your feet too long. As I mentioned earlier, this is your only means of escape.

When you're ready, be prepared to follow the steps in the next section swiftly.

[A100] So your cruxtruder is ticking. Do this to live.

Next

In the distance, meteorites fall with greater frequency. The fire in the forest burns so hot, not even the rain is putting it out!

Rose: Check status of battery.

Your laptop battery is alright for now, but it won't be for long.

If the power in the house doesn't come back on, you can think of one last resort: the small backup generator stored behind the mausoleum.

Rose: prototype sprite with betty crocker box.

Your laptop battery is alright for now, but it won't be for long.

If the power in the house doesn't come back on, you can think of one last resort: the small backup generator stored behind the mausoleum.

Rose: Check status of battery.

Next

The sprite is playing hard to get! You guess that's what you get for originally prototyping it with something that engenders mischief and pranksterism!

Do the potted vegetable instead. It looks delicious.
Pipe down, you. This is Rose's decision, not yours!

Rose: Prototype sprite with Sassacre text.

[Image description: Rose clicks Colonel Sassacre's book.]

pesterlog
ectoBiologist: Oh YES, SWEET!!
now we're talking!
tentacleTherapist: See if you can distract it.
I'll try to sneak up on it.

JOHN FLAIL ABOUT IN A DISTRACTING MANNER.

[Image description: John stands in front of the sprite, opening and closing his mouth rapidly as he vibrates faintly. Rose slowly drags the book towards the sprite.]

The sprite finds the distracting manner in which you flail about to be rather distracting.

Next

[Image description: As Rose gets close, the sprite turns around and a blue exclamation mark appears over its head. It dashes away in a blur, forcing John to dodge out of the way and Rose to drop the book.]

The pesky sprite eludes you again! Not even the great colonel himself can outfox it!!!

In narrowly missing with your attempt to create the colonelsprite, you drop the massive tome. The entire house rattles under the astonishing girth of the book.

Next

[Image description: The sprite hovers in front of the fireplace. Suddenly, the house shakes, toppling the urn of ashes. Blue lines shoot out from the sprite and the screen fades to white.]

In the other room, nanna's ashes dump onto the sprite, which is caught unawares by the dousing.

Inspect hag ash incident.

[Image description: John stands near the fireplace.]

You find the sacred urn toppled again. This time you're quite sure it wasn't your fault!

The sprite is nowhere to be found.

Rose: remove cruxtruder from doorway.

[Image description: Rose clicks the cruxtruder, which flashes red. Next to it, a small box with the build grist icon and a red number 100 appears.]

pesterlog
ectoBiologist: aw man, where'd it go?
tentacleTherapist: I can't find it anywhere in the house.
No time to worry about it.
The next thing we should do is get your server copy of the game from the car.
You need to connect to my client, so I can repeat your steps and presumably join you, wherever
you are.
We should do this quickly, before my house burns down.
ectoBiologist: what, there's a fire??
tentacleTherapist: There will be soon.
ectoBiologist: oh jeez!
so move this thing already!
tentacleTherapist: It looks like it requires a lot of grist to move.
I don't have enough to relocate the door, either.
ectoBiologist: how much do you have?
tentacleTherapist: Zero.
ectoBiologist: oh.
hmm.
i thought about jumping to the car from the ledge earlier but that sounds really dangerous!
tentacleTherapist: I have a better idea.
Meet me upstairs.

Do again as purple words say.

[Image description: John stands at the bottom of the stairs.]
You are about to head upstairs, but you thought you heard something behind you.

It was faint, but you could swear it was a small, lighthearted chuckle. Along the lines of a spirited "hoo-hoo-hoo!"

Next

[Image description: John turns towards the right as the sprite comes through the floor behind him. He turns around and it disappears, only to come through the landing while he's facing in the opposite direction. The sprite looks different, though. Now it's face looks like the portrait of the old woman above the fireplace. Also, it now has boobs.]

Ignore this woman's antics.

[Image description: John stands in the hallway outside his bedroom. A speech bubble with an ellipsis in it flashes next to him.]
You're not sure you even saw a woman, let alone any of her hypothetical antics. But whatever it was you might have caught a glimpse of, it sure gave you the willies.

You head upstairs on your way to the balcony. Your PDA is acting up again.

Indulge the device. But be curt with it.

[Image description: John holds the PDA and pokes at it.]

testerlog
turntech Godhead: hey bro check it out im working on some new rhymes
ectoBiologist: dude, i don't have time for your nerdy raps!
turntech Godhead: come on this is hells of ill just listen
ectoBiologist: it sounds like you don't even believe me that i was about to get blown up!
but i really was, but now im in some weird dimension that sburb sent me to or something.
and now on top of that i think i'm being haunted by my dead grandma!
turntech Godhead: hmm
for real
ectobiologist: yeah, it's true but i'll talk to you later about it!
turntech godhead: i think i could drop some sick rhymes about all this
ectobiologist: man, see i just don't think all the rapping stuff is really as cool as you think it is.
turntech godhead: no this'll be dope check it
ectobiologist: no, i have to go! bye!
turntech godhead: wait wait
armageddon's gettin waged on us
ut im-a gettin armed and dangerous
sending men in space for savin us
see which playa's more couragerous
ben or bruce? dudes reach a truce
put their blowchutes to use and up-suck it
affleck's sacrifrice, i mean -crifice, would have to suffliece. aw fluck it
bro be a stained-glass saint, up on a cross gettin hella christ-plagiarious
bruce's like offa that cruciflix, nuff a this fuckin savior-fuss
restrained his ass per mcane-redux while buscemi remained derangerous
when a plan gone astray pays off a wasted craterous
ash tray caterin to layers of matt maconnaheys vague remainder-dust
wait
umm
maconnahey wasnit even in any of those meteor movies was he
ill have to make a rap about
i dont know
morgan freeman or something
being the president
it'll be called
"obama made it so that no one gives a shit about black presidents in movies anymore"
turntech godhead: see you've got to fill me in on what's going on
turntech godhead: so i have something to rap about besides all your dumbshit movies

enough strange poetry from the red text.

[Image description: John stands on the balcony with the ellipsis alert flashing next to him again.]

you head out to the balcony to find out what rose has in mind. she is messaging you again.

the purple text is less irrational than the red text.

[Image description: John holds the PDA.]

pesterlog
tentacletherapist: i'm lifting the car up to the balcony.
ectobiologist: whoa, ok.
tentacletherapist: once it is up, retrieve the game. then i'll put it back down on the driveway.
ectobiologist: but the door is locked!
tentacletherapist: then break a window.
ectobiologist: but it's my dad's car (sad face)
tentacletherapist: it's just a window, and this is sort of an emergency.
tentacletherapist: otherwise i promise i'll handle the car with velvet gloves.
ectobiologist: alright.

rose: pick up car.
[Image description: Rose picks up the car. As it is about to get to the balcony, the words Connection Lost appear at the top of the screen and the car slams back down into the driveway. The force of the impact breaks off a chunk of the platform, sending it and the car tumbling down into the gloom.]

Next

[Image description: It shows a slow motion animation of the car and the bit of land falling into the ash below. A second image shows John looking over the railing with a horrified expression on his face.]

Ridiculous folly. Inexcusable.

[Image description: It shows the PDA with the pesterchum client open. tentacleTherapist doesn't have a smiley face next to it, but the others do. Both turntech Godhead and gardenGnostic are flashing. John's mood is still set to bully.]

You're inclined to agree, but hey, accidents happen. You double check your PDA to make sure if Rose is really gone. Indeed this seems to be the case.

TG is still pestering you of course. But another chum is now logged in as well.

What color are the words that this chum says?

[Image description: John pokes at the PDA with a small smile on his face.]

pesterlog
gardenGnostic: im back!
ectoBiologist: oh hi!
gardenGnostic: i went to investigate the explosion i heard
ectoBiologist: was it by any chance a meteor?
gardenGnostic: yes!!!!! how did you know??
ectoBiologist: oh man, it's kind of a long story!
anyway, are you ok? did it blow up your yard or start a fire or anything?
gardenGnostic: no i am fine!
it landed a pretty good ways from my house and i went to look at it and its pretty big!
but bec doesnt want me to go near it so i came home
he seems to think its dangerous!
ectoBiologist: well gosh, he's probably right!
gardenGnostic: anyway what have you been up to john?
oh!!!! did you get my package yet? (open mouthed gasping face)
ectoBiologist: er...
yeah, i was trying to get it, but rose dropped my car into a weird spooky bottomless pit and the package was in the car and im really sorry about that.
gardenGnostic: oh no!
ectoBiologist: wow, ok, i guess i should start at the beginning.
see, a meteor blew up my neighborhood.
gardenGnostic: thats terrible john! im so sorry!
ectoBiologist: but i'm ok! and my house is too, sort of.
that game i was telling you about, sburb which i was playing with rose, sort of transported me somewhere at the last minute.
ectoBiologist: but now i'm trapped here and it's weird and dark and i can't find my dad and i just lost the car and my copy of the game in the pit and i think i have to save the world from the apocalypse!!!
gardenGnostic: (Wide eyed expression)
   well.....
   it sounds really crazy and kind of scary but.....
it also sounds kind of exciting!
i dont know john maybe this is your destiny
if anyone can save the world i think it is probably you!
ectoBiologist: wow, you think so?
gardenGnostic: yes!
ectoBiologist: well ok, BUT.
   it's not even that simple!
i was about to connect to rose to help transport her and save her from meteors and fire and stuff.
ectoBiologist: but she lost battery power and i lost the game disc!
so i think i have to get TG to use his copy to save her!
but that jackass won't shut up and stop rapping and stuff.
gardenGnostic: hahaha
   he is so silly!
ectoBiologist: yeah. anyway i should talk to him about it, so brb.

The green text was attractive. Now view the red text again.

[Image description: John pokes at the PDA with a grimace and quickly turns back and forth.]

pesterlog
turntech Godhead: when the film crew zooms where the presidents at
im like if that dudes black ill eat my hat
turns out he is, so we’re all "damn, director's got gumption"
like we'll all flip our shit he aint shining shoes or somethin
its called freemancipation. if its not pres-election its god-ascension
in bruce almighty. whoops, different bruce from the one i just mentioned
ectoBiologist: aaaaaarrgh!
turntech Godhead: cant explain to me why this aint condescension to think ill shit a brick
not even he can convey the intention with his quickspun wit
rather defray all this tension, sit on his lap while he whittles a splint
and some guy eyes what he does and patronizes: i guess negrocity's the mother of invention
ectoBiologist: stop rapping for a second you horse's ass!
i have something important to talk about.
turntech Godhead: whats up
ectoBiologist: rose is in trouble and she needs help. i was going to connect to her with sburb but i lost my copy!
turntech Godhead: ok
ectoBiologist: also she lost battery power. if she can get back up and running, she'll need someone with the game to get her out of there before her house burns down.
so i think you should use your copy of the game to help her!
turntech Godhead: my copy?
   thats going to be tough
ectoBiologist: why?
turntech Godhead: i lost it
   its a stupid story and id rather not talk about it
   shit be embarrassing yo
ectoBiologist: I thought you said you had two?
turntech Godhead: Well yeah
one is my brother's copy
ectoBiologist: ok, well get his then!
turntech Godhead: alright
but he's not gonna be happy about that
ectoBiologist: whatever.
also you might want to read Rose's walkthrough to get up to speed on this.
turntech Godhead: oh man
ectoBiologist: what?
turntech Godhead: nothing really
look all I'm saying is the girl tends to lay it on kinda thick you know?
ectoBiologist: /ROLLS EYES

Next

[Image description: Rose stands in front of her laptop in the observatory. The laptop is still set on top of the grimoire and the violin and knitting bag still sit on the floor.]

Your laptop is out of battery power. There's only one thing left to do. Time to make your way to that backup generator.

Rose: knit laptop cozy to shield your laptop from the rain.

[Image description: Rose's laptop closes and a purple sleeve with a black squid creature appears on it. A second image shows the laptop in a captchalogue card.]

That would be such a waste of time!
Besides, you already knitted one a while ago. You retrieve it from your knitting bag and apply it to your laptop.

You captchalogue the laptop plus cozy.
Rose: equip grimoire to strife specibus.

[Image description: A cursor drags the grimoire towards a grey strife specibus card, but as it gets there, screaming skulls appear on the card and blood spatter covers the background.]

That would be incredibly ill-advised!

There are some dark forces you just don't want to mess around with. You understand this better than most.

You put the book down.

Rose: recaptchalogue your items!

[Image description: Rose captchalogue the grimoire and the knitting bag and her captchalogue cards shuffle around. Now the knitting bag is in the top card, the grimoire in the bottom left, and the laptop in the bottom right. The violin is still on the ground.]

You grab the knitting bag and the grimoire, in that order. It's always a logistical puzzle with your tree modus.
The tree auto-balances, leaving the knitting bag accessible in the root card.

Rose: allocate knitting needles to strife specibus.

[Image description: A cursor drags the knitting bag to the strife specibus card. It turns green and the text Needle kind appears at the bottom. A black outline of knitting needles appears in the largest section of the card and the bottom rectangle shows the knitting bag.]

You feel a lot more comfortable with this as a weapon. You're so handy with those needles, you feel like you could probably use them to filet a swordfish.

Next

[Image description: The top card with the knitting bag in it flashes, then disappears. Rose dashes forward and catches the laptop and grimoire before they can fall on the ground.]

You lose the root card in the process, severing the tree.

Hey, careful with all that stuff!

Rose: knit plush cuddle-cthulhu to soothe nerves.

[Image description: Rose holds the grimoire and reads it.]

That would also be a preposterous waste of time!!!

Besides, you're quite sure you've never heard of this creature called "cthulhu" before. There are however many other specimens of the zoologically dubious you're familiar with.

Such as...

Rose: consult the grimoire.

[Image description: It shows a page of the grimoire. The page is titled Fluthlu. It has a picture of a giant tentacle monster with a giant mouth on one side and a single eye on the other. All of its tentacles are underneath it except for a few small ones around its eye. It towers hundreds of feet above a city skyline. The rest of the text is just random letters.]

Fluthlu, foul patrician of misery. To hear his mammoth belly gurgle is to know the epoch of joy has come to an abrupt end.

Next

[Image description: It shows another monster, Nrub'yiglith, with tentacles both on bottom and on top. It has a large mouth and a single eye on one side, but three mouths and three eyes on the other. In the background, it shows Fluthlu for size reference. Nrub'yiglith could swallow Fluthlu without even opening its mouth all the way.]

And nrub'yiglith, shamebeast king of grotesquery, writhe-lord of the moist beyondhood. Hearing his melodious chirps and tongue-clicks causes one's bones to explode.

Next

[Image description: Another page of the grimoire appears, this one for Oglogoth. It has many tentacles arranged in a circle around a round body. It has a large mouth on its 'forehead' and a large eye where a nose would be. On either side of the large eye are two smaller eyes. Below them is a]
small mouth. Off to the side, it shows Nrub'yiglith for scale. Nrub'yiglith is about as wide as three of Oglogoth's teeth.

And of course there's oglogoth, the deep one. Whenever he grinds his teeth, all the children of a random galaxy somewhere will frown continuously for a nine thousand year span. He is the first and smallest of the smaller gods, appointed in servitude of a vile, unfathomable pantheon of middling gods which caters to the whims of the noble circle of horrorterrors, an omniscient, omnipotent order of the elite few, forever cloaked in the darkness of the furthest ring.

Next

[Image description: A page shows several different styles of windows. The top one has a power cord coming out of it for some reason.]

And then there's this strange page containing some rather mysterious notes on summoning procedures. You've never been quite sure what these diagrams are getting at.

Rose: take items and proceed downstairs.

[Image description: Rose stands on the stairs in the observatory. The laptop is in her root card with the grimoire to the left and the violin to the right.]

You re-captchalogue everything the way you want it to appear in the tree, and head downstairs.

You figure that's enough dilly-dallying. Time to get a move on!

[S] Next

[Image description: The sound of heavy rain plays. Rose stands on the narrow walkway, braced against the wind. Lightning flashes. It zooms in on her as she shields her eyes from the rain and squints up at the clouds. It shows the clouds parting and red meteors shooting past quickly. It zooms out to show the entirety of Rose's house and red meteors continue to fly across the screen.]

You wonder if this rain will ever let up. It's driven since the month began, perhaps long enough to forget its purpose. It no longer even knows to assuage fire. Somewhere a zealous god threads these strings between the clouds and the earth, preparing for a symphony it fears impossible to play. And so it threads on, and on, delaying the raise of the conductor's baton.

How you hate this season.

"April is the cruellest month, breeding lilacs out of the dead land, mixing memory and desire, stirring dull roots with spring rain." -American sports legend, Charles Barkley

Rose: confront mother in hall.

[Image description: Rose stands in front of the door to the observatory's walkway. Suddenly, the words Oh Psych flash in the center of the screen. The image fades to one of a boy wearing sunglasses and a shirt with a black and red record on it. Behind him is a poster of Snoop Dogg in a long wig and hat. To his left is a pile of three cinder blocks with a blue DJ mixing panel on top. To his right is a long table with storage underneath for lots of multicolored stripes- the edges of record sleeves. On top of the table is a set of turntables. On the wall above the turntables is a rack with two katanas. Cables run across the floor, all leading off screen or behind the table.]

Surely your mother is lurking nearby. You should be prepared for an unpleasant confron...
What??

There's this really cool dude, ok? He's standing around being all chill, like cool dudes are known to do sometimes. A cool dude like this probably has a real cool name. But he probably wouldn't just tell you what it was if you asked. He'd be way too busy for that. Busy being totally sweet.

But you could always try to guess his name. And if you were right, he might nod ever so slightly. That's a cool dude's way of letting you know there might just be hope for you yet.

Enter name.

This guy doesn't have time for this sort of bullshit.

Try again.

Examine room.

Your name is Dave. It is an unseasonably warm April day. Your bedroom window is open to let some air in, and your fan is cranked. Arguably even more cranked would be your fly beats, which brings us to your variety of interests. A cool dude like you is sure to have plenty. You have a penchant for spinning out unbelievably ill jams with your turntables and mixing gear. You like to rave about bands no one's ever heard of but you. You collect weird dead things preserved in various ways. You are an amateur photographer and operate your own makeshift darkroom. You maintain a number of ironically humorous blogs, websites, and social networking profiles. And if the inspiration strikes, you won't hesitate to drop some phat rhymes on a mofo and represent.

What will you do?

Dave: quickly retrieve arms from cinderblocks.
which means it is the host-side disk. Both envelopes have Dave written on them in red ink.]

Nah.

Dave: get the damn beta and save your friend's life!

[Image description: It zooms in on Dave and the envelopes.]

This notion strikes you as nonsensical. You can't imagine how a video game could save someone's life, and in any case, you're quite sure no one you know is in any danger.

Anyway, these are your copies of the beta you received in the mail recently. You've labeled them with your name in bold red print to distinguish them from your bro's copies, who labeled his in kind. Neither of you really gives a shit about this game or has any intention of playing it, but you'll be damned if you'll let that get in the way of your campaign of one-upmanship.

Dave: bleat like a goat and piss on your turntable.

[Image description: Dave slowly turns to look at the turntables.]

You would never consider allowing any fluid even remotely resembling urine to touch your beloved turntables. That would risk breaking them, and a world without the gift of your godly science just doesn't sound like a place you want any part of. While you're at it, you might as well wipe out human civilization with a meteor or something ridiculous like that which will probably never happen.

That sort of thing only happens in stupid idiot movies for stupid idiots.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Dave's face. He holds his hand to his chin ponderously. In a thought bubble, a drawing of a goat vibrates faintly.]

You will however contemplate bleating like a goat for ironically humorous purposes at a later date.

Dave: examine closet.

[Image description: Dave stands by the closet.]

This is your closet. This is where you keep a lot of your crap.

Like that box. And that bottle of... What is that?

Is that...?

Dave: check the blue box.

[Image description: It shows the inside of the blue box, where a black stain and a piece of paper sit. A second image shows a signed poster of a man wearing sunglasses.]

This is the package that your friend John Egbert sent you for your 13th birthday a little while ago. It now contains nothing except a note and a certificate of authenticity vouching for the genuine hollywood memorabilia which the box originally contained, and which you are now wearing to be ironic but also to be incredibly cool in a way somehow intangibly related to the ironic nature of the accessory. You find it sort of exasperating to explain these subtleties to people.
The box also included a signed photo of Ben Stiller which now proudly hangs above your closet. Proudly and ironically.

Dave: take box.

[Image description: Dave takes the box. A yellow captchalogue deck with ten cards numbered 0 through 9 appears. The cards also appear in a line down the left side of the screen. A card that looks like an exceptionally wide captchalogue card appears at the top of the screen. It is labeled Hash Function. The word BOX appears in the card. B and X turn blue while the O turns red. Below each letter, a number appears. B=2 O=1 X=2. Underneath that, 2 + 1 + 2 = 5 appears. Underneath that, it reads (divided by) 10 = (remainder) 5

You captchalogue the box through your hash map fetch modus.

Your modus's current hash function resolves the index by valuing each consonant at 2, and each vowel at 1. The total is divided by your number of cards, and the remainder is the index.

Box = 2 + 1 + 2 = 5
5 (divided by) 10 = (remainder) 5
The box is captchalogue in card 5.

Dave: examine jar of unknown yellow substance in the closet.

[Image description: The yellow bottle appears. It turns so the label faces outwards and the background changes to alternating wedges of red and yellow.

Oh hell yes. It is an unopened container of apple juice. You thought you were all out. It is like fucking christmas up in here.

This is so great. You've got to tell John about this immediately. He'll be so excited.

Dave: take juice.

[Image description: The hash function reappears.

J=2 U=1 I=1 C=2 E=1

You captchalogue the juice into card 7.

2+1+1+2+1 (divided by) 10 = (remainder) 7.

Dave: access pesterchum and pester John.

[Image description: Dave sits at the computer, which is at the desk with all the electronic equipment. On the desk are two different editions of GameBro magazine.]
In addition to letting your buddy know about this outstanding juice windfall, you figure you'll wish him a happy birthday while you're at it. In your own cool, sort of roundabout way of course. Good thing you looked at that box he sent you, or you might have forgotten.

You also might as well ask him about that beta. The kid's been harping about it for weeks. It would be cool if it came on his birthday. He'd be one happy camper.

Next

[Image description: It shows Dave's desktop. The background is a strange illustration of graffiti on clouds that morphs into a city skyline. In the top left corner is a red folder labeled Ill Beats. In the bottom left corner is an icon that looks like a blue box with arms and a very concerned expression labeled Complete Bullshit. In the bottom right corner is an icon that looks like the head and shoulders of a man with a blank expression. The man is on fire. This is labeled Hephaestus. To the left of Hephaestus is a red folder labeled Dope Rhymes. So Dope. The top right corner has the pesterchum icon, but it is rendered to look more three dimensional than the original. The pesterchum client comes up. It reads

Pesterchum 7.0
ectoBiologist
tentacleTherapist
gardenGnostic
Chumhandle: turntech Godhead

Chummy
Insolent
Smooth
Mystified
Bemused
Pleasant
Amazed
Pranky
Rancorous

Smooth is selected.

turntechGodhead and ectoBiologist have smiley faces next to their names.]

Next

[Image description: A yellow chat with ectoBiologist appears on screen.]

pesterlog
-- turntech Godhead [TG] began pestering ectoBiologist [E B] at 18:13 --

turntech Godhead: hey so what sort of insane loot did you rake in today
tectoBiologist: i got a little monsters poster, it's so awesome. i'm going to watch it again today, the applejuice scene was so funny.
turntech Godhead: oh hell that is such a coincidence i just found an unopened container of apple juice in my closet it is like fucking christmas up in here
tectoBiologist: ok thats fine, but i just have one question and then a word of caution. have you ever seen a movie called little monsters starring howie mandel and fred savage?
turntech Godhead: but
the seal on the bottle is unbroken
are you suggesting someone put piss in my apple juice at the factory
ectoBiologist: all im saying is don't you think monster howie mandel has the power to do something as simple as reseal a bottle?
try using your brain numbnuts.
turntech Godhead: why did the fat kid or whoever drank it know what piss tasted like
i mean his reaction was nigh instantaneous
ectoBiologist: it was the 15th day in a row howie mandel peed in his juice.
turntech Godhead: ok i can accept that
monster B-list celebrity douchebags are cunning and persistent pranksters
also fred savage has a really punchable face
but who cares about this lets stop talking about it
did you get the beta yet
ectoBiologist: no.
did you?
turntech Godhead: man i got two copies already
but i dont care im not going to play it or anything the game sounds boring
did you see how it got slammed in game bro????
ectoBiologist: game bro is a joke and we both know it.
turntech Godhead: yeah
why dont you go check your mail maybe its there now
ectoBiologist: alright.

Dave: Go online and view sites indicative of your interests.

[Image description: Dave opens the Hephaestus browser. It opens sweetbros hella blog.blogspot.com
The article reads
sweet bro's hella blog
review of gamebro's march issue - March 13, 2009
oh man
when this heady volume of unabridged awesome hit my doorstep it made a sort of thunderclap, like
the kind im sure moses heard when god dropped stone tablets containing a review of a game
involving the ambiguous marriage of insane stunts and extreme hunger management solutions for dudes on the go. it's like you see that little bag of chips there? you just grab it and go bro, and keep thrashing shit up.
i am so "hella pumped of" this. there are some obvious questions. like just HOW outrageous are these snacks? Will popular beverages play a role, and how critical will they be in your quest to attain absolute sweetness? Will this game land in the coveted but elusive 5 hats out of 5 hats?

To the right of the article is a picture of the cover. It reads GameBro in large blue letters at the top
and has several motion-blurred images of people on skateboards eating doritos, pringles, and frito lays chips. Text off to the side of the picture reads Grand Snack Fuckyeah.]

You open the hephaestus web browser and direct it to your ironically maintained blog where you post monthly satirical reviews of gamebro magazine. Your latest post is a review of the march issue.

You've been meaning to write a review for the latest issue too, but you've been sort of dogging it. Something about the game they're reviewing just doesn't strike you as ripe for satirical purposes.

Next

[Image description: The website on the screen changes to sweetbroandhellajeff.com, which looks like the biggest clusterfuck of a website the internet has ever seen. It's like the visual equivalent of
nails on a chalkboard. The font for the entire website is comic sans.

The navigation for the website consists of four buttons

Next comic backwards, with backwards crossed out and First written over it in all caps.
Next comic backwards
Next ……. comic
Next ……. Comic, with next crossed out and Newest written over it in all caps.

It shows the top two panels of a crudely drawn SBaHJ comic.

In a new tab you open another one of your sites, a webcomic ironically maintained through a satirical cipher vaguely similar to that of your blog. It's called sweet bro and hella jeff.

You have legions of devoted fans, most of whom are totally convinced of your creative persona's sincerity. Which is just how you like it.

[Note: the words sweet bro and hella jeff are a link to the actual website for the SBaHJ comic with the page for the comic partially shown here. The comic is Sweet Bro, a disproportionate man in a red shirt, walks down a hallway with a pile of scribbles in his hands.
"I can't wait to be a useless piece of shit all day and play all these games"
The next panel shows him falling down a set of stairs.
"Fuck, I'm falling down all these stairs.............."
Hella Jeff, a stupid-faced man in a blue shirt has an uncomfortable close up.
"I warned you about stairs bro!!!!
I told you dog!"
Sweet Bro falls down the stairs in a slightly different position.
"It keeps happening"
It shows 25 miniaturized versions of the first panel where Sweet Bro falls.
The last panel is an even more uncomfortably close image of Hella Jeff. The text is right on his face.
"I told you man
I told you about stairs!"]

Dave: check the latest page of the midnight crew.

[Image description: Dave goes to Mspaintadventures.com. The comic panel shows a darkened room with a single bare light bulb above the table. Around the table are four black figures. On the table are a stack of poker chips, a piece of paper that has been stabbed through by a short sword, two dice, and a deck of playing cards. There are three doors visible, one on each wall. The leftmost one has a red heart on it. The next has a black spade. The last has a red diamond. In the back left corner a ladder is embedded in the wall with an arrow pointing up towards a hatch in the ceiling. Part of the wall is cracked. Unlike when John opened it, the text below the panel is off screen.]

You figure as long as you're chilling at your computer you might as well see how that new mspa story is going. You haven't looked at it in a while.

Midnight crew.

[Image description: It shifts focus so the panel that was on Dave's screen is now the actual panel.]
"You are members of a sinister gang called the midnight crew. Your nefarious plots are serpentine in complexity. Your schemes, convoluted. You are planning a heist in your underground hideout.
What will you do?"

Use occam's razor on plans and schemes.

"Spades Slick uses occam's razor to carve a circular hole into the heist plans, freeing it from the knife."

You wonder what moron would jam the knife so hard into the table in the first place."

SS: climb ladder and exit hideout. Implement nefarious plots

"You push against the manhole cover, but it seems some unbelievable jackass has parked your getaway van on top of it."

A familiar feeling stirs. That feeling is overwhelming, soul-blackening rage.

It's the sort of rage that'll make a man feel totally justified in sporting an unnecessarily elaborate assortment of fancy blades."

Dave: skip ahead a hundred pages or so.

"You don't remember where you last left off, so you jump way ahead. You always forget to save your place in the story."

It looks like tempers have become short in this pressure cooker already. You speculate that the tipping point may have been an ill-advised motion for a game of 52 pickup.

Dave: save your place, read it later.

Even though the adventure began recently, it's already over 3000 pages long. You just don't have time for this bullshit. You'll catch up later.

Besides, it looks like someone's pestering you. You're pretty sure you know who it is.

Dave: answer chum.

pesterlog

pesterlog

tentacleTherapist: In some cultures the persistent refusal of a lady's invitation to play a game with
her would be a sign wanton disrespect.
Either that, or flagrant homosexuality.
turntech Godhead: what oh no
no look
im busy ok
ive got a lot of shit on my plate
i am sort of a big deal ok?
tentacleTherapist: I know.
Sometimes I wonder how you are ever allowed to pay for meals in restaurants.
It must be hard to keep a low profile when you're always overhearing awed voices whisper, "It's that guy who has a blog."
turntech Godhead: seriously
dudes be worshipping me left and right
i cant hardly walk down the street without stepping over torsos of the prostrate
tentacleTherapist: Navigating the urban landscape I'm sure is difficult enough without an obstacle
course of deferential flesh and skyward asses.
Perhaps adapting the art of parkour to your unique environment would help?
turntech Godhead: yeah!
i mean damn
like theres this scruffy little shit at my feet
an orphan or something i dont know
face flush on the pavement
im like dude you listening for a stampede of buffalo or something?
he braves a look at me then gives my shoe a little kiss and scurries the fuck off
tentacleTherapist: Heavy is the crown.
turntech Godhead: yeah
not kicking oliver twist in the fucking face every day is my gift to the world i guess
tentacleTherapist: Breathtaking magnanimity!
turntech Godhead: among other things
i just give and fucking give
tentacleTherapist: Indeed, nary a jewel tumbles from your wishbox of daily exploits which I imagine does not sparkle.
turntech Godhead: oh for fucks sake
youre just lobbying for me to play that dumb game
tentacleTherapist: Baseless accusation!
turntech Godhead: look i am telling you
egbert is ALL ABOUT that game
he will play it with you and probably be tickled retarded about it
tentacleTherapist: I know this very well.
I cannot hasten his mail's delivery, however.
turntech Godhead: yeah yeah
ill hassle him some more about it
and look how about this
if you ever find yourself in the position where your life depends on me playing that piece of shit game, then ill play
turntech Godhead: will that make you happy
tentacleTherapist: More than you know.
It perfectly mollifies my grief over the demise of chivalry.

John what are you doing. Stop doing nothing.
causing it to shake.]

Meanwhile in the present, in a place where the present may be a concept of dubious merit, John is spacing out.

But a vague and forceful thought jolts him to attention.

Or maybe it is that bumping sound coming from the other side of the door. What is that?

Next ??

A thick, unpleasant fluid pools from beneath the door.

Troubling. Investigate this.

There is a trail of this fluid in the hall leading to your room.

Dave: play some hauntingly sick beats.

[Image description: It cuts back to Dave's room, where he stands by one of his DJ things, the one near the shelves of jarred dead things.]

You've had enough of the computer for a while. You feel like you've been messing around on it all week. It's time to get your jam on.

You pull up to your trusty Akai MPC-1000 sampler and prepare to get sick nasty.

[s] Next

[Image description: It shows a close up of the DJ thing. This panel is interactive. There are lots of knobs and dials on the right side of it, but only the top two do anything, and they adjust the volume. There's a four by four grid of buttons, each one playing a different sample of music.]

Left knob: volume for current sample.
Right knob: master volume.
Store patterns in f1, f2, f3... buttons.

Dave: take sip of the apple juice, despite what John said.

[Image description: Dave removes the apple juice from his captchologue cards. He uses the has function to fetch it, using the word swig, which has the same value as juice.

S=2
W=2
I=1
G=2]

Those beats were so fresh they belong in the produce aisle, is what you're talkin' about. Soccer moms be thumpin' that shit for ripeness like melons. Know what I'm sayin'?

After beats that fresh, it would be a crime not to reward yourself with a celebratory swig.

2+2+1+2 (divided by) 10 = (remainder) 7.

Next

[Image description: Dave lifts the apple juice to his mouth. As he does, his mouth opens in a faint
grimace. His expression changes to one of angry disgust. A second image shows a blue skinned monster with horns pissing into the bottle of apple juice.]

You can't do it!

John's got you all twisted up inside now. All you can think about is mandel's gross monster piss. Damn you, Egbert!

Next

[Image description: The juice goes back into card 7]

You re-captchalogue the juice.

Dave: allocate sword to strife specibus.

[Image description: A green strife specibus card appears with a black outline of a sword in the main box. There is nothing in the lower rectangle. The bottom of the card reads Blade kind.]

Your strife specibus is already allocated with the blade kind abstratus! There is no need to allocate it.

You can wield your sweet ninja sword as a weapon once it is in your strife deck. But you will have to captchalogue it first before moving it there.

Dave: captchalogue sword.

[Image description: Dave captchalogue the lower sword from the rack on the wall.] The ninja sword \((2+1+2+1+2+2+1+2+1+2+2 = 17 \text{ (divided by) } 10 = \text{ (remainder) } 7)\) occupies the same card as the juice \((2+1+2+1+2+2+1+2+1 = 7 \text{ (divided by) } 10 = \text{ (remainder) } 7)\), expelling the juice from your sylladex.

It splashes all over your turntables and your copies of the beta.

Argh!

Dave: get a towel or something!

[Image description: Dave stands in a hallway outside his bedroom. On the wall is a poster of a marionette in a backwards red ball cap, a red shirt, and two gold chains. Hanging from the ceiling in front of another door is a marionette dressed like a pimp. The faint outline of another door is just across from the one to Dave's room, showing that it is there even though we can't see the wall it's on.] You head out to get a towel from the bathroom across the hall.

You glance at one of the many radical puppets in your bro's collection and nod in approval.

Is there anything not awesome about your bro? No, you think not.

Next

[Image description: Dave stands in a bathroom. There's a towel on the floor and a marionette hanging inside the shower. A toilet and a sink sit opposite the shower.]
You enter the bathroom. There's a damp towel on the floor you can probably use for this crisis.

You stop to pay a little respect to one of your bro's boys up there. Hey lil' man. How's it hangin’?

Dave: captchologue damp towel.

[Image description: Dave takes the towel. The box comes flying out of the sylladex and hits him in the back of the head before landing on the back of the toilet.]

You take the damp towel \(2+1+2+2 + 2+1+2+1+2 = 15\) (divided by) \(10\) = (remainder) \(5\), expelling the box \(2+1+2 = 5\) (divided by) \(10\) = (remainder) \(5\).

Dave: search the bathroom for something slightly less damp.

Nah, you just decide to wring this towel out into the toilet to make it less damp.

It is now just a towel \(2+1+2+1+2 = 8\) (divided by) \(10\) = (remainder) \(8\).

Dave: take towel.

[Image description: The towel goes into slot 8 and the box back into slot 5.]

You take the towel, and grab the box again while you're at it.

Dave: clean up the juice.

[Image description: Dave stands by the turntable with the towel card selected. A second image shows Dave standing under the sburb envelopes on the photo line. Now that it's closer, the pictures hanging on it all appear to be really bad selfies.]

You clean \(2+2+1+1+2 = 8\) up the juice with the towel and hang the damp beta envelopes on your line to dry off.

Next

[Image description: It shows a close up of the beta envelopes hanging from the line. One of the photos is now visible at the edge of the screen. They are indeed bad selfies. A second image shows the fan spinning.]

In the breeze of the fan, the betas jostle near the open window.

This arrangement is a little disconcerting. If they fell out, it sure would be a stupid way to lose them.

Dave: turn off the fan.

[Image description: Dave stands by the fan and turns it off with a small click, which is written out to the side.]

The crisis is easily averted. You can't imagine it will ever resurface later in any way, shape, or form. That beta is as good as yours, forever.

Next

[Image description: Dave stands in the middle of the room.]
You should probably go pester Egbert again. You wonder if he found the beta yet. You also might chat about your respective sylladices and fetch modi, if the topic happens to come up. You wonder if he is anywhere near as smooth with his sylladex as you are. Probably not. It's probably not even humanly possi...

Next

[Image description: A bird flies near the window with the envelopes in its talons. The words Caw Caw flash around it. Dave makes an expression that looks like he's shouting as a red exclamation point flashes in his hair.]

Suddenly a rambunctious crow flies in the open window and snatches the beta, possibly to make a nest with, or maybe just for the sake of being a brainless feathery asshole.

You yell at the bird.

Next

[Image description: Dave points towards the right side of the screen with a furious expression on his face. The word Stop! Appears on screen. The sylladex appears on the left side of the screen and numbers flash up below Stop!

\[
2+2+1+2 = 7
\]

The sword flies out of the deck.

Next

[Image description: The sword flies and skewers the bird.]

You accidentally launch your ninja sword. Everything goes flying out the window, dead bird and all.

Next

[Image description: Dave puts his hands over his mouth in a surprisingly dainty way. A teeny tiny exclamation mark flashes next to him.]

No one can ever know about this.

Dave: Look out window.

[Image description: Dave leans out the window with a grimace on his face. Suddenly the words OH SNAP flash on screen and the scene changes to an uncomfortable close up of a wizard statue.]

Yeah, you can kiss all that stuff goodbye. You feel sorry for the bird, but at least you never planned on ever using that beta, ever.

Anyway, now that that bit of ugliness is behind you, you guess you can look forward to several more hours of messing around in your room WHOA WAIT WHAT???

Next

[Image description: Rose stands at the top of the stairs in her house. A second panel shows a much less close image of the wizard statue and now we know he's holding an orb in his left hand. He has an incredibly long beard, a pointed hat, floor length robes, and an expression that makes him look
cross eyed and like he's yelling.]

You prepare to descend the stairs to your living room. You are standing eye-to-eye with a familiar foe, a 20-foot tall granite statue of the mighty wizard, Zazzerpan the learned. Your mother had him installed through a hole in the roof with a heavy-duty crane.

Just look at that mystical gaze. To peer into those aloof, glassen eyes is to arrest the curiosity of any mortal. To behold the wisdom concealed in the furrows of that venerable face is to know the ceaseless joys of bewonderment itself. Any man so fortunate as to catch askance his merry twinkle or twitch of whisker shall surely have all his dreams fulfilled.

Next

[Image description: Rose glares.]

You find this grisly abomination utterly detestable.

Rose: psychoanalyze mother's love of wizards.

[Image description: Rose stands halfway down the stairs, glaring at a statue of a wizard looking into a crystal ball with three dragons underneath it. In the background is a large, fancy rug and the legs of two intricately carved pieces of furniture.]

There is nothing to psychoanalyze. Your mother clearly has no real affinity for these damnable things. She only collects them to spite you.

If anything, she finds them even more repellent than you do. She's just a committed woman.

Rose: go downstairs to the kitchen back door.

[Image description: It shows the rest of the room. Rose stands at the bottom of the stairs on a round rug. In front of her is the giant statue of Zazzerpan. To the left of Zazzerpan are two more, smaller wizard statues and a full bookshelf with two wizard statuettes on top of it. To the right of Zazzerpan is a white, U shaped couch with small wizard statues all around it. On the couch is an umbrella and a striped tentacle monster doll in a princess dress. To the left the the stairway is a door, a chair, another bookshelf, and two more wizard statues. To the right of the stairs is a statue of a wizard fighting a dragon on top of a castle and a bronze vacuum on a pedestal. There are several large, intricate rugs on the floor.]

You descend to the living room area of your home's expansive open layout. There is the sound of rushing water beneath the floor. It tends to strike guests as a strange presence in a living space, but it's become hardly audible to you through familiarity.

There's the front door. But hopefully there's no need to make the long trek around the house in the rain. You might as well see if you can slip through the kitchen and out the back unnoticed.

Rose: view mother's solid copper vacuum statue.

[Image description: Rose looks at the vacuum.]

Ok, but it's bronze, not copper!

But it wasn't always. A while ago you gave this as an ironic gift to your mom for mother's day. You even customized it with a drink holder to support one of her ubiquitous alcoholic beverages.
She "liked" the gift so much, she had it bronzed and put on this pedestal. She even left it plugged in so it can still be turned on now and then. But never to do any cleaning. It never leaves this display.

Sometimes at night when you are in your room, you can hear it wailing from downstairs. She must know you can hear it. She's completely deranged.

Rose: grab the eldritch princess.

[Image description: Rose stands by the couch and looks at the tentacle monster doll in the princess dress.]

It's too big to captchalogue!

Not that you would want to move it anyway. The pretty princess doll has been sitting there for months, ever since your mother got this abomination for your birthday as a totally passive-aggressive gesture.

You decided to make it much less abominable by knitting her majesty a new head and new arms. Now it brings a mischievous smile to your face whenever you walk by. Your mother hasn't removed the doll yet, and probably never will. She would never be the one to blink first.

Rose: acquire umbrella for protection from elements.

[Image description: Rose takes the umbrella. It pops into her captchalogue on a card underneath and slightly to the right of the violin.]

U > l. U < v.

You're going to have a hell of a time accessing that card when you need it. You guess you'll just cross that bridge later.

Rose: peek inside kitchen.

[Image description: Rose stands in the kitchen, which is just behind the couch. There are two wizard statuettes on the counter along with four glass bottles. There's a large portrait of a wizard on the back wall next to the fridge, which has a bunch of letter magnets and a large frame on it. Also, a note is pinned near the bottom of the fridge and a purple pillow rests underneath it.]

The liquor bottles are out in full force. Mom is surely nearby.

Rose: investigate richly colored object in middle of screen.

[Image description: It zooms in on the fridge, focusing on the frame mounted on it.]

That would be your refrigerator, whose surfaces have customarily served as the battlefield for a chilly siege of passive-aggressive one-upmanship.

This was a drawing you did of your cat Jaspers when you were younger, along with a poem about him. Your mother bought this ostentatious $15,000 frame for it, and had it welded to the door.

Next

[Image description: The focus shifts down a little and the letter magnets come on screen. The left door has them arranged randomly. The right door has some arranged to spell SHREW.]

Using the colorful magnet letters, you recently left a succinct message, which may or may not have
been directed toward anyone in particular. But you couldn't find the letter w, so you just stuck two v's together.

Next

[Image description: The focus shifts down again and a white square with 12 green W magnets comes on screen. Also on screen is the note, which is pinned to the door with a squid-shaped magnet.]

Your mother then purchased a fresh pack of w's and left them there for your convenience.

Appreciative of the thoughtful gesture, you left her a sincere thank you note, which you had legally notarized, and then marked with a drop of blood.

Next

[Image description: The focus shifts down a little and a purple pillow with gold trim and tassels comes on screen.]

But part of it was touching the floor, so your mother was kind enough to lift the lower portion of the document with a velvet pillow.

Rose: attach a w to face as a fake moustache.

[Image description: Rose holds a green W magnet above her lips and wiggles her eyebrows.]

This is incredibly silly, and you're not sure how it fits into your campaign against your mother, or getting your computer back online to escape your doom!

But it's hard to resist getting a little silly sometimes. Especially when you are absolutely positive no one is watching.

Rose: captchalogue w.

[Image description: Rose takes the W, which goes into a card below and to the right of the violin.]

W > l. W > v.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Rose standing next to the package of Ws. The top left one is missing and in it's place are a few coins.]

But that unsightly void in the w pack won't do, nor will the gash in the plastic.

You deposit 12 cents in its place, which is your approximation of the letter's value. You also make a vow to return later and neatly sew the plastic shut.

Rose: think of ways to one-up mother.

[Image description: It focuses on the note and pillow, the entire scene pulsing faintly.]

You now wonder how to address the pillow situation. It seems the woman has you at a clear disadvantage.

Perhaps slipping a fresh doily under the pillow will do the trick? Or maybe spilling a bit of
worcestershire sauce on it, and then having it dry-cleaned and returned along with a laboriously ingratiating apology note? No, there's no time for anything like that. Or maybe (just thinking out loud here) you could use the entire pack of w's as m's? Oh yes, that would burn.

But you've already done something with that w pack, and there's no need to go back and gild that lily. This is delicate business. And that pillow is screaming for rebuttal.

Rose: captchalogue velvet pillow.

[Image description: Rose takes the pillow and it goes below the umbrella card.]

You decide to take the velvet pillow and lovingly embroider a poem in praise of motherhood on it. Hopefully you can pull this off before she notices it's gone.

Ve > l. Ve < vi. Ve > u.

But it causes your tree to be pretty badly unbalanced. It surely will auto-balance itself in a moment.

Next

[Image description: The tree shuffles around. Now the umbrella is in the top card. To the left is the laptop with the grimoire below it. The violin is to the right with the pillow below and to the left and the W below and to the right.]

And just like that, the umbrella becomes accessible in the root card. That's one of the things you love about the tree modus. The happy surprises.

Rose: head out the back door.

[Image description: Rose turns to leave the kitchen. Suddenly, the black silhouette of a woman carrying a martini glass and a mop appears. A silhouette of a bucket sits on the floor next to her. Rose ducks behind the fridge.]

Ok, enough's enough. Time to get goi- AUGH

Next

[Image description: The silhouette begins quickly mopping the floor. Rose looks angry.]

You don't know how she does that. You're never safe in this house.

And of all things to be doing during a power outage. She's up to her ironic housewife routine again. That mop bucket doesn't even have any water in it! What an absolute madwoman.

Rose: hop over counter, landing in a roll.

[Image description: Rose jumps towards the couch in a blur.]

This bird's gotta fly!

Next

[Image description: Rose flies over the counter with her knees tucked up to her chest, spinning as she does. The words Youth Roll flash at the top of the screen.]
Lousy goddamn stupid wizards.

Meanwhile, in the past again.

You're almost done patching up the hole in your window with the gaffer tape.

But it's sort of hard to get any work done when people keep pestering you all day. You guess you better get that.

Dave: answer chum.

pesterlog
-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering turntech Godhead [TG] at 18:36 --

gardenGnostic: hi dave!!
turntech Godhead: hey sup
gardenGnostic: not much sup with you!!
bro! hehehe
turntech Godhead: haha
good one
turntech Godhead: s'alright being chill i guess you know how it goes
gardenGnostic: great! feeling cool today?
mr cool guy?
turntech Godhead: oh man you know it
gardenGnostic: so cool!!!
turntech Godhead: you know shit is ice cold up in here
shit is wicked bananas i am telling you
gardenGnostic: (smiley face)
so have you talked to john today???
turntech Godhead: yeah we were just talking a while ago about how he sucks at his sylladex
can you believe he uses stack. that kid is ridiculous
gardenGnostic: lol
well that doesnt sound like much fun!
turntech Godhead: what was it you use again...
wait never mind
i forgot whenever we talk about your goofy modusses i get a migrane. what do you want with john
gardenGnostic: (smiley face)
i want to tell him happy birthday and ask him about his birthday package!
turntech Godhead: oh yeah
i was being sort of cagey and told him to check the mail cause i was wondering if mine came yet
gardenGnostic: i think it did!
turntech Godhead: yeah?
gardenGnostic: and i think mine came too
turntech Godhead: so um
i guess you want to know if he likes it or something?
gardenGnostic: no!!!!!!!
he will not open it
he will lose it!!!
turntech Godhead: oh
um
wow sorry to hear that i guess?
gardenGnostic: no its good actually!
because he will find it again later when he really needs it
which of course is why i sent it in the first place!
turntech Godhead: see like
i never get how you know these things
gardenGnostic: i dont know
i just know that i know!
turntech Godhead: hmmm alright
gardenGnostic: anyway i have to go!
i have to feed bec which is always a bit of an undertaking
turntech Godhead: man
if i were you i would just take that fucking devilbeast out behind the woodshed and blow its head off
gardenGnostic: heheheh!
i dont think i could if i tried!!!
turntech Godhead: yeah
say hi to your grand dad for me too ok
gardenGnostic: (uncertain face)
yes i guess an encounter with him is almost certain
it is usually........
intense!!!
turntech Godhead: well yeah isn't it always with family
but he sounds like a total badass
gardenGnostic: yeah he totally is!!!
anyway gotta go!
turntech Godhead: see ya
gardenGnostic: (heart)

Dave: Get phone.

[Image description: Dave stands near the closet and looks at the iphone that's on the table next to the turntables.]

It will be handy to have your phone \((2+2+1+2+1 = 8 \text{ (divided by) } 10 = \text{ (remainder) } 8)\) on standby so you won't always have to go back to your computer whenever someone pesters you. This way you can Text message \((2+1+2+2 + 2+1+2+2+1+2+1 = 18 \text{ (divided by) } 10 = \text{ (remainder) } 8)\) people no matter where you are or what outrageously cool thing you're up to.

Next

[Image description: Dave captchalogue the iphone, forcing the towel out of slot 8. It gently floats down to drape over his head.]

So. Cool.

John, pursue adversary into that room.
And even meanwhile, in the present. Sort of.

Once again, the slippery antagonist eludes you. You only find more of these unpleasant oily smears.

Someone is pestering you. Both your PDA and computer register the message.

This chum will know what to do.

[Image description: John pokes a the PDA.]

pesterlog

Turntech Godhead: alright
im out of my room now looking for my bros game
ectoBiologist: oh, good!
yeah, there is no sign of rose yet, i hope she is ok
Turntech Godhead: well if she comes back ill be ready
you better know what youre talking about cause this could get ugly
brought my phone and i also took my awesome katana with me in case things get too hot to handle
and they always do
EctoBiologist: you mean that cheap piece of shit you have on your wall?
Turntech Godhead: F.U.
its sharp and its awesome and its a sword
end of story
EctoBiologist: ok i don't really care.
i'm in my room again, i really think there's someone else in this house.
like monsters or something.
Turntech Godhead: howie???
EctoBiologist: haha I WISH.
Turntech Godhead: dude monsters aren't real
thats stupid kids stuff for stupid babies
EctoBiologist: maybe. yeah you're right.
Turntech Godhead: what are you an idiot
of course there are monsters in your house
you're in some weird evil monster dimension come on
skepticism is the crutch of cinematic troglodytes
like hey mom dad theres a dinosaur or a ghost or whatever in my room. "yeah right junior go back
to bed"
fuck you mom and dad how many times are we going to watch this trope unfold it wasn't goddamn
funny the first time i saw it
just once id like to see dad crap his pants when a kid says theres a vampire in his closet
"OH SHIT EVERYONE IN THE MINIVAN"
be fuckin dad of the year right there
EctoBiologist: ok ok stop!
what do i do?
Turntech Godhead: what do you have, a hammer?
man so lame
ok whatever
you should look into weaponizing your sylladex
my bro is always getting on my case about it but man its not as easy as it sounds
but if you're fighting monsters left and right you don't have much choice
ectoBiologist: hmm...
ok, I guess I can read up on data structures some more.
how's it going there?
turntech Godhead: I'm out in the living room. He's usually here
but I don't see him
might be playing his mind games. He's always pulling this ninja shit
all I see is Lil Cal over there so I guess he can't be far
ectoBiologist: hahaha.
oh god.
SO LAME.
turntech Godhead: what
ectoBiologist: see...
i just don't know why you think it's cool.
his ventriloquist rapping thing.
turntech Godhead: oh Lil Cal? No man
Lil Cal is the shit
ectoBiologist: that's fine, you are entitled to your opinion, I am just saying that being a white guy
who is a rapper with a ventriloquist doll is not cool by any stretch of the imagination or by any
definition of word cool, ironic or otherwise. that's all I'm saying.
turntech Godhead: yeah bullshit
cal is dope
puppets are awesome
John Egbert blows
turntech Godhead: the end
ectoBiologist: yeah, more like the opposite of all those things is the thing that is true!
i'm going to read.
good luck with your bro.

Read your book. Stay wary of these foes.

[S] Rose: Youth roll right out the front door.

[Image description: John stands in the middle of his room, holding the Data Structures for Assholes
book. At the end of his bed, a black creature in a colorful harlequin outfit stares at him. It has very
sharp teeth and glaring eyes.]
Feh. Monsters.

Only retarded babies who poop in their diapers believe in that stuff.
vacuum. She shoves the needles into it and a speech bubble with a lightning bolt crossed out inside of it flashes. There's no power. The words Empty Suicide Threat flash on the screen.
Click Abjure. A dark blue band reading Guardian Rubric: Ironic Indulgence appears at the top of the screen. The background turns pink and a white horse with a pink ribbon in it's mane and a pink heart on it's hip comes on from the left side. Rose shakes her head violently and looks like she's yelling. The words A Beautiful Pony appear on the screen in pink.
Click Abstain. The blue band reappears, this time reading Guardian Rubric: Ironic negligence. Mom pushes her martini towards Rose, who shakes her head and yells. Rose pushes a green bottle of sparkling water towards Mom and the words Auto-Perrier appear on screen.]

Next

[Image description: Mom turns away from Rose and begins dusting the bottom of the Zazzerpan statue. Rose glares at her from the bottom of the stairs. The pony still stands off to one side.]

It looks like mom has satisfied her [s] strife! Quota for the day. She simply returns to her housework.

No point in going out the front door anymore. Might as well head out the back, like you originally planned.

Rose: first, be the pony. Second, trample mom.

[Image description: Rose stands by the pony with an annoyed expression. Her expression becomes more annoyed as she reaches out and puts her hand on the pony's snout. A small pink heart appears above her head.]

You can't be this stupid pony, and frankly you can't imagine why anyone would want to!

But you give the pony a begrudging pat on the snout anyway.

Her name is Maplehoof.

John turn around!!!!!

[Image description: A page of a book appears on the screen. In the corner, a picture of a captchalogue card with a top hat, a magic wand, and a magnificent moustache waves its wand. The page reads Data structures for assholes Chapter 7 God damn it, why do I even bother? The good news: finally your revolting incompetence can be put to use. Instead of accidentally firing a sylladex full of steak knives into a priceless oil painting or your beloved great aunt, you can turn that fumbling fury toward one of your foes, such as the ability to grasp painfully simple concepts. The bad news: I'm tired of explaining myself hoarse to you jibbering fuckwads. In this chapter I will be phoning it in with the liberal use of diagrams and shitty clip art. What are you going to do about it? You are going to wriggle in your own viscous secretions like the worms you are. That's what. Here. Learn something for a change:

It shows a diagram of four captchalogue cards filled with cinder blocks. Next to it, a globe has an arrow pointing towards the first card. The second part of the diagram shows the globe in the first card and one cinderblock being ejected from the deck and hitting a disgusted looking emoji in the face.
At the bottom of the page it reads
Asshole notes!
Purse your lips together to form a stiff pucker. Apply them firmly to my rear end. I now pronounce you man and wife.
Now get in the kitchen and make my ass some dinner, bitch.

You're trying to read, ok? This book is already unpleasant enough as it is without weird voices in your head nagging you to do things.

Besides, I thought we already agreed there's no such thing as monsters.

Next!!!

Fine, you'll interrupt your reading and turn around, but you don't see what could possibly be so oh my god it's a monster.

[S] NextNextNext!!!!!!!!

[Image description: John still doesn't look towards the monster, which has come out from behind the bed and now stands directly behind John. Suddenly, it dashes forward. The moment it reaches John, the screen pixelates.]

Rose: Exit.

[Image description: Rose stands outside in the rain. In front of her is a large piece of electrical equipment that looks like it's been burned.]

You leave through the back door.

Nearby is the transformer which distributes electricity from the underground generator powered by the river flowing beneath your house.

The transformer was struck by lightning though, and no longer works. You wonder if your mother has any plans to have it fixed. You guess she'd rather just play her mind games in a dark house like a weirdo.

You can see the mausoleum and the portable generator across your back yard. You're almost there.

Rose: use umbrella.

[Image description: Rose takes the umbrella out of her captchalogue and all the other items fall, several bouncing off the umbrella as she opens it. The grimoire lands with the pillow and laptop on top of it to Rose's right. The violin bounces off to her left and the W magnet sticks to the broken transformer.]
You regather your items and begin the soggy trek mausoleum-ward.

[S] get up John, this is no time for slumber.

Rose: Forget the W and make haste to the mausoleum.

Next

Retrieving the W never even crossed your mind. It's just a stupid magnet.

Next

[S] John, salvage your weapon and fight on!

Click the broken statue. This launches the telescope from the captchalogue. The imp blocks again. Click the telescope. This launches the towel, which floats down gently. The Imp shies away from...
Click the towel. This launches the cruxite totem, which the imp blocks and sends flying back at John. It knocks him on his ass and takes away a small bit of his health before bouncing into the bunny's red box.

Click the totem. This launches the PDA, which the imp blocks. John runs and does a wall run and jumps to catch the PDA as the background turns green. The words Sweet Catch flash on screen. This launches the hammer head, which kills the imp. The song ends as several types of grist explode from the imp. The bunny sits on the floor with a green card underneath it. John smiles. The words Pick Up flash over pieces of grist. The first piece is a light blue cube.

Click light blue cube. This restores John to full health.

Click the rest of the grist.
+6 Build grist (the blue gushers shape)
+2 Shale (the purple gushers shape)
+2 Shale
+6 Build grist
+6 Shale
+20 Build grist

You said

[Image description: John reaches for the bunny, which is now spotted with oil.]

Put the bunny

[Image description: John looks angry as he holds the bunny and red box.]

Back in

[Image description: John's expression changes to one of determination as he raises the bunny over his head.]

The box!!!!!!

[Image description: John slams the bunny back into the box. The bottom pops open and it falls on the floor.]

Now why couldn't he put the bunny back in the box?

Now exult. Victory, spoils are yours.

[Image description: A white screen with a blue border appears, titled Echeladder. In the top left corner is a picture of John's head wearing a blue cap with a small green feather in it. Below that, a picture of a light blue cube is labeled Gel viscosity and a blue gusher shape is labeled Cache limit. A blue piggy bank sits in the bottom right corner with a symbol that looks like a dollar sign, if the dollar sign had a B instead of an S. The center has a list of ranks, from highest rank to lowest rank. Lodestar youth Rumpus buster Boy-sylark Gadabout pipsqueak Moppet of destiny Kneehigh pilgrim Cool buckaroo Bravesprout Nipper cadet]
Pesky urchin
Champ-fry
Anklebiter
Fidgety bopper
Plucky tot
Juvesquirt
Greentike

The Greentike box is colored in green where the rest are black.
The juvesquirt box colors in yellow and the text Climbed to rung: Juvesquirt! Appears under John's head. +5 Gel viscosity. + 10 Cache limit. The feather in his cap turns yellow.
The plucky tot box colors in pink and the text Climbed to rung: Plucky tot! Appears under John's head. + 10 Gel viscosity. + 20 Cache limit. The feather in his cap turns pink with a white tip and grows a little larger. Several brightly colored coins appear above the piggy bank and fall into it. Next to the B$ symbol, =125 appears.

A second panel shows John doing a victory dance that involves lots of jumping and punching the air while turning back and forth.

The amazing victory allows you to scale the first two achievement rungs on your echeladder. You are now a plucky tot, with a new feather in your cap to show for it.

The echeladder rewards your bold ascent with 125 boondollars. You waste little time in storing them in your ceramic porkhollow.

Additionally, climbing the rungs has boosted your gel viscosity and cache limit.

Next

[Image description: The grist cache screen appears with the gusher icon in the top left corner and and 36 small rectangular slots for different types of grist in a nine by four grid. Cache limit: 50. The top 5 sots in the first column have icons and fill bars, but the others all have nothing but a grey question mark.
Build grist, 32 of 50
A purple gusher shaped grist, Shale, 10 of 50
A white cube shaped grist with none available.
A yellow teardrop shape grist with none available.
And a green gusher shaped grist with none available.

By expanding your cache limit, you've made room for all that nice grist you just collected. You now have 32 fragments of build grist, and 10 fragments of shale.

What about that card.

[Image description: A strife specibus card with a bunny head silhouette and the word Bunny kind appears.]

It seems the shale imp had allocated the bunny to its strife specibus.

Sort of a stupid thing to use for a weapon, but you might as well grab it, and stick the bunny in your strife deck while you're at it. It will at the very least be safer there.

Ok.

[Image description: It shows two strife specibus card- one bunny kind, and one handle kind, which
has an outline of the sledgehammer's handle on it. A second image shows both cards sliding into slots in what looks like a large specibus card labeled Strife Portfolio. There are 16 slots shown at the bottom and the first two fill in with a handle and a bunny head.]

You group the two specibi in your strife portfolio.

No self-respecting strifer would be caught dead without one.

Gather the scattered bits of your large hammer.

[Image description: John stands by the end of the bed. On the floor in front of him is the sledgehammer handle and head, and a regular hammer head.]

Oddly enough, it seems breaking the sledgehammer altered the abstratus from hammerkind to handle kind, even going as far as expelling the head of your smaller hammer from your deck to force compliance. You didn't even notice in the heat of the battle.

You grab the sledgehammer handle, expelling the useless harlequin figurine.

Now repair the hammer.

[Image description: John picks up the sledgehammer head, which pops into place on the handle. In the top right corner is the handle kind specibus. John changes his modus from queue to stack and the sledgehammer flies towards the specibus. The hammer image reappears on it and the name changes to hammerkind.]

You merge the sledgehammer head with its handle, and return it to your strife deck, repairing the hammerkind abstratus in the process.

The smaller hammer handle is ejected from the deck, since of course handles of any sort no longer belong in there. Obviously.

Fine. Now what

[Image description: John looks towards his computer, where a speech bubble with Dave's head in it hovers above it.]

Dave is pestering you. But you don't have time to deal with his nonsense right now.

Something is amiss in your room. You can't quite put your finger on it…

Next

[Image description: It shows a close up of the mausoleum with the cat head over the door.]

Rose: hurry and activate the generator!

[Image description: It shows the side of the mausoleum. Poking out from behind it, the generator shakes. A second image shows Rose standing inside the mausoleum. On a slab in the center of the small room, a tiny coffin with a cross on it sits beneath a carving of a cat with angel wings. Through a window in the back, the forest burns.]

You fire up the generator and drag a cord into the mausoleum.

It of course would be foolish to run the generator inside a confined space. Generator safety is
everyone's business.

Rose: defile tomb.

[Image description: Rose squints at the coffin, then jumps up and kicks it off the slab with a 'konk'. The coffin falls to the floor and pops open, revealing a black cat with crossed out eyes and wearing a tiny suit.]

Sorry, Jaspers. Have to make space for the laptop.

Besides, your final resting place is already a mockery. You should have decomposed years ago under a bed of petunias like a normal cat. Not given to a taxidermist and fitted with a tiny, custom-tailored suit, and then stuffed in a coffin built for infants.

Rose: plug in your laptop.

[Image description: Rose looks at the laptop, which now sits on the slab. The rest of her items are scattered around her. Above the laptop, an alert showing Dave's face and another with the spirograph bounce slightly. A second image shows Rose's computer, which has the sburb host application open. It shows John standing by the door in his room. At the bottom of the screen, the pesterchum and sburb host icons bounce.]

You plug in your laptop and connect to the internet signal again.

Everything predictably falls out of your sylladex, but you're not about to get bent out of shape about it. You have bigger fish to fry.

Looks like Dave noticed you're back online. He pesters you like clockwork.

And there's John. What on earth is he up to now?

The door, John. Look at the door.

[Image description: John stands by the door with a red question mark flashing over his head.]

You're right. Didn't rose yank the door off its hinges and prop it on your bed?

Someone or something has put it back and left it slightly ajar.

Incredibly alarming. Investigate.

[Image description: John touches the door handle and a bucket of water falls from above and lands on his head. The pink bar with the harlequin heads from his strife with Dad reappears and it goes from about half filled to about a quarter filled.

Hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo!

[s what this is so outrageous

[Image description: The song Nannaquin begins to play. Near the broken window, the sprite that looks like the old woman crossed with the harlequin doll floats. Underneath her is one of the pink harlequin bars. It is almost full.]

Rose: pester John.

[Image description: It shows Rose's screen, which shows John's room. He stands by the door with
pesterlog
turntech Godhead: oh there you are
john said your house was burning down are you on fire yet or what
tentacleTherapist: No. For now I have retired to the safety of a smaller building which is much
closer to the forest fire threatening my residence.
turntech Godhead: oh well that's a relief
john told me to get the game to help get you out of there so i'm working on that now
tentacleTherapist: Working on it?
turntech Godhead: yeah my bros copy long story
hey
don't tell john this but i think he might have been right about the puppets
they're sort of starting to freak me out a little
tentacleTherapist: You're referring to your brother's collection?
turntech Godhead: i mean don't get me wrong i think its cool and all
the semi-ironic puppet thing or whatever
or semi-semi ironic
man i don't even know
im just starting to think some of this shit is going a little far and its kind of fucked up
tentacleTherapist: I've seen his websites.
I like them.
turntech Godhead: haha yeah well YOU WOULD
oh man i wish lil cal wouldn't look at me like that
with those dead eyes jesus
sometimes i dream that he's real and he's talking to me and i wake up in a cold sweat and basically
flip the fuck out
tentacleTherapist: Interesting...
turntech Godhead: oh god why did i just tell you my dream
you're going to have a field day with that
tentacleTherapist: I am currently scrawling notes furiously into one of the many psychoanalysis
journals i maintain for you. Published papers forthcoming.
Because, you know, it's not like either of us have anything better to do at the moment than to
evaluate each other's radically debilitating pathologies.
turntech Godhead: yeah i'm gonna get moving
oh have you heard from john
he's not answering me
tentacleTherapist: He won't answer me either.
But i am watching him.
I suspect he is preoccupied with the fact that he just had a bucket of water dumped on his head by
the ghost of his dead grandmother, who also happens to be dressed like a clown.
turntech Godhead: hahahahaha
alright i'm out
later

Interrogate this madwoman.
spritelog
John: um... Nanna?
Nannasprite: yes, dear!
John: wow, you scared the living daylights out of me!
Nannasprite: hoo hoo hoo!
John: well, I guess it was a really great prank. Good one nanna.
John: anyway, are you really my dead nanna?
Nannasprite: of course, john! I have come back to help you on your journey through the medium and beyond! I am delighted to see what a fine young man you have turned out to be. Just like your father!
John: ok, I guess I will take your word for it. I don't remember you at all! My dad said I was really young when you died.
John: hey speaking of which, do you know where he is?? I looked everywhere for him!

Next

[Image description: John's dad stands in the kitchen with one Shale Imp on either side of him. He uses the broom to smack them in the head, alternating between them. A second image shows the kitchen; both of the imps and Dad are gone, but a large black smear covers the floor and leads to the door.]

spritelog
Nannasprite: your father was kidnapped!
John: oh no!
Nannasprite: when you crossed over to the medium, he was apprehended by the very forces of darkness which your presence here has awakened.
John: what? Ok, so what is the medium you are talking about?
Nannasprite: it is where we are now! A realm that is a ring of pure void, dividing light and darkness. It turns in the thick of the incipisphere, a place untouched by the flow of time in your universe.
John: you mean because we are inside a computer, or in the game software or something?
Nannasprite: a computer? Why, what is that, dear? Some new fangled contraption, like the horseless auto-boxcar?
John: well, uh, it's like this machine that, uh...
Nannasprite: hoo hoo hoo! Of course I know what a computer is, john! I was just pulling your leg! Hoo hoo hoo!
John: oh, ok.
Nannasprite: no, john. You are not inside a computer or software or anything like that! Try not to be so linear, dear. The software that brought you here was merely a mechanism that served as a gateway! Its routines in a way served to invoke this realm's instance, yet it stands independently of any physical machine, and somewhat paradoxically, always has!
John: I'm not sure I get it, but alright.
John: so what do I actually need to be doing here?
Nannasprite: I think it would be best if we started with the big picture!

[s] go on. Next

[Image description: A curtain opens, revealing more curtains that open in a spiral from the center. The song Skies of Skaia begins to play. The curtains open to a black screen. Blue spirographs begin pulsing out from the center of the screen. After a few moments, a white circle appears at the spirograph's origin, slowly growing with each pulse. As it grows, the white resolves itself into light
blue and white. Slowly, the image of an entire sky contained within an orb resolves and rotates slowly in the center of the screen.]

**spritelog**
Nannasprite: above the medium, beyond the seven gates, residing at the core of the incipisphere is a place known as skaia.

Nannasprite: legend holds that skaia exists as a dormant crucible of unlimited creative potential. What does this mean, you ask? I'm afraid my lips are sealed about that, dear! Hoo hoo!

Nannasprite: but needless to say, where a realm of such profound importance is concerned, forces of light will forever be charged with its defense, while forces of darkness will just as persistently covet its destruction!

Next

[Image description: The orb, Skaia, rushes towards the screen while spinning. A background of clouds floating across a blue sky appears. After a moment, a chessboard of only nine squares, a black king, and a black queen appear. The chess pieces begin stepping around the edge of the board in a slow, endless chase.]

**spritelog**
Nannasprite: and as it so happens, at the center of this realm whose fate is in question, these very forces duel on a stage, stuck in eternal stalemate.

Nannasprite: yes, they have dueled in this manner forever... That is, until you showed up!

Me?? Next

[Image description: It shows the splitting of the kernel again. This time, it follows the halves to their destination. The grey harlequin head descends and four purple towers with grey orbs on top, settling into orb on the front left tower. The white counterpart flies upward towards an identical set of towers but in yellow and upside down. It also settles into the front left tower's orb. The scene changes to a view of John's yard where two naked shale imps stand by the pogo bouncer. Harlequin hats and collars pop onto both of them. It cuts back to the chessboard and the tops of the king pieces transform into harlequin hats. The chessboard suddenly expands to a full sized board with the kings in opposite corners. Other pieces, all with harlequin hats, appear in opposing forces, though the dividing line is diagonal instead of horizontal. The game begins.]

**spritelog**
John: me??

Nannasprite: yes, you, john!

Nannasprite: before your mishap with my ashes, you may recall the sprite's previous incarnation, which resulted from its kernel's "hatching".

Nannasprite: you see, this hatching occurs automatically in response to your arrival! The result is a pair of kernels, one dark, one light, each carrying the information they were prototyped with before the hatch!

Nannasprite: one goes down, to a kingdom entrenched in darkness. The other, up, to a kingdom basking in light! Each comes to rest in an orb atop a spire, of which there are three others in kind. The four spires are situated above a throne, and these two thrones preside over the two respective sovereign powers!
Nannasprite: and once the kernels are situated, that is when the game is afoot. The true war begins, light versus dark, good versus evil.

Nannasprite: this is a war that the forces of light are always destined to lose, without exception!

A quest of futility then. Next

[Image description: an orange arrow points upwards through the spirographs left by the white half of the kernel.]

Spritelog
John: wow, really? Then what's the point?

Nannasprite: that remains for you to find out, dear! For you see, the journey you are about to take is the ultimate riddle!

John: whoa!!!

Nannasprite: for now, your objective is to proceed towards skaia, and pass through the first gate situated directly above your house, not even terribly far! The gates will become progressively more difficult to reach, so you had better be prepared to sharpen your adventuring skills!

John: how am I supposed to get up there?

Nannasprite: you build!

Next!

[Image description: john does his victory dance.]

Spritelog
John: ok, I think I get it now!
John: so I guess the battle against good and evil is sort of irrelevant? Well, I don't know, that all sounds kind of weird, but in any case, we build the house to get to these gates, and then I can save my dad!
Nannasprite: yes, john!
John: and then after that, we solve this ultimate riddle thing and save earth from destruction!!!
Nannasprite: oh no, I'm afraid not!

Next?

[Image description: john slowly stops dancing.]

Spritelog
Nannasprite: your planet is done for, dear! There is nothing you can do about that!
John: oh...
Nannasprite: your purpose is so much more important than saving that silly old planet, though!
John: and that is?
Nannasprite: hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo!

Yes I will have to agree with the float hag about that.

[Image description: nannasprite floats through the wall, leaving a blue smear behind.]

Spritelog
Nannasprite: john, you are such a good boy! I know you will succeed.
John: thanks, nanna.
Nannasprite: you are a good boy, and good boys deserve treats!
John: hooray!
Nannasprite: I am going to go bake you some cookies.
John: …

The hag mentioned cookies. Pursue her.

[Image description: john holds his head and looks like he's in pain as a betty crocker logo, a red spoon with betty crocker written on it, pulses in the corner.]

Betty crocker
Oh god dammit, that's just what you need. More baked goods.

John you do not say no to cookies. I command you to get them

[Image description: john shakes his head and yells. Above his computer, a Rose alert flashes. She looks angry.]

You totally abjure the hell out of that idea.

You're so busy abjuring, you don't even notice Rose has been trying to pester you this whole time.

Rose: hit john in the head with box to get his attention.

[Image description: john continues flailing and shouting as rose taps him in the back of the head with the red box.]

You give john a swift drubbing in the noggin, but he is undeterred!

That is some fit he is throwing.

Next

[Image description: Rose sits on top of the grimoire, which she has cushioned with the pillow, looking at the laptop in suspicion.]

Perhaps you will take this spare moment to contemplate the Nannasprite's strange tale. It may also behoove you to record your thoughts on these developments in your Game F.A.Q.'s walkthrough/journal. It can be hard finding time to update it. In fact, you're not even sure where you found the time to write what's already there!

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Rose, who looks up from her laptop and looks annoyed. A second image zooms in on Jaspers in his tiny coffin.]

Oh is that so, Jaspers? And just who do you think you're looking at with that smug grin???

The last thing you need is sass from a dead cat. It's pretty much all his fault you're in this mess in the first place, so he can just button it.


[Image description: John stands by his bed and shakes his head quickly.]
You refuse outright!

This impudence is insufferable. Go get the cookies!!!!!

[Image description: John holds the pillow over his face, still shaking his head.]

Well when you put it so politely, how can John decline??

John you are stupid.

[Image description: John turns his back to the screen, still holding the pillow over his face.]

You really need to work on your manners.

Stupid stupid dumb

[Image description: John walks off screen, all that's visible is part of the back of his head and one hand, which he is using to flip off the screen.]

That's not a command. It's nothing.

It's stupid.

You're stupid.

FOR THE LAST TIME I COMMAAnd you to get the cookies boy

[Image description: John stands behind his computer desk and yells, jumping up and down so hard that all the items on the floor bounce with the force of his tantrum.]

It's just not going to happen buddy!

Years in the future...

[Image description: It shows the small black hands of the Wayward Vagabond typing at the computer in the little bunker he found. The screen reads FOR THE LAST TIME I COMMAAnd you In the middle of the word command, Wayward Vagabond's finger slips and deactivates the capslock button.]

But really not enough to write home about.

An agitated finger slips mid-keystroke.

[Note: the previous line is a link that opens another series of images. The first shows the two strange devices Wayward Vagabond walked by on the way into the bunker. The smaller one pops open. Several cans, a book, and a small potted plant fall out. Wayward Vagabond looks shocked and more than a little happy at this discovery. He grabs two cans, one of beans and one of mustard, and looks back and forth between them, trembling all the while. He picks up the book, which is titled Human Etiquette.]

Next

I may have been a bit hasty in advising you not to bother with the prototyping process. If I spared any detail, it was only to optimize your chances of survival. And if you find yourself begrudging the absence of certain instructions, which if followed would have resulted in your demise, then I guess that makes two of us.

Otherwise, you're welcome.

But the fact appears to be that prototyping the Kernelsprite before making your getaway may offer the only opportunity to exercise control over your new environment, a place known as The Medium. Also, if prototyped with one (or two) sufficiently - albeit loosely - humanoid and/or sentient elements (living or otherwise), it offers the chance to have all this explained to you by an apparitional guide through whatever sort of cryptic, sketchy doublespeak your choice of prototyping elements engenders. In lieu of this, you may be forced to settle for my clear, thorough explanations and assiduous dissection of raw data.

Again, don't mention it.

If you have made it to The Medium with an unmolested Vanillasprite, well, I've already covered the bad news about this "missed opportunity", and I will go into this further soon. Though to what extent this actually is bad news, I'm not sure. I know only the result of my co-player's current configuration, wherein the sprite was prototyped once before the departure, and once after. Which brings us to the good news, which is that you can still prototype after your departure, and salvage the massively rewarding experience of haggling with an exposition-slinging phantom guide, so long as you avoid prototyping with terribly inert items, such as a brass doorknocker and your father's pornography collection.

Actually, that might be interesting. If you are struck by the spirit of such experimentation, please don't hesitate to contact me about it.

So, yes, you can enhance your sprite in this way, but doing so after your departure will no longer induce this "effect" on The Medium I alluded to. That can only be accomplished with one or more pre-departure prototypings. In fact, we can extrapolate there are only so many ways to prototype a sprite.

Tiers of prototyping in relation to departure:
- Both before
- One before, one after
- Both after
- Only one, either before or after
- None

Those occurring before will affect the Medium through the kernel's "hatching" process, and your guide, i.e. the sprite. Those occurring after will only affect the sprite.

The effects this process has on The Medium, or more globally, The Incipisphere, are still vague to me. They have to do with flavoring the forces you will struggle against, and generally, all forces at odds with each other in this realm. It has given me some insight into the nature of the game, which again I derive through extrapolation. We appear to be engaging an instance of a dimension with a highly flexible set parameters, and a series of objectives surrounding an equally flexible mythological framework. This framework seems to begin as a sort of blank template, and evolves with the players' actions, and likely further evolves with the addition of more host/client connections, and thus more prototyped kernels.

I regret to say I can't be much more specific than that, without loosely extrapolating further. There
are plenty of questions that have occurred to me, however. Questions concerning the Kernelsprite, which I've raised implicitly already, such as what is the effect of an un-prototyped kernel on The Medium? Or a doubly-prototyped kernel, for that matter? And even more salient are questions about this dimension itself. Do all players world-wide make it to this dimension if they successfully complete their departure? Or is a unique "blank" instance of the dimension created for each new player? I have no evidence, but instinct tells me it is closer to the latter situation. There is no indication of any other players present in this realm. Alterations in the realm seem singularly centered on the actions of my co-player and myself. If I had to stake anything on it, I would guess every separate client/server pair activates its own fresh copy of an Incipisphere, or a unique "session", if you will.

But the quantity of players is a further complication which invites more questions. It seems the game was designed to suit two players most naturally, the server and the client. But through a mishap, my co-player and I have slipped out of the obvious tandem arrangement, and the only logical course of action to continue playing is to string a daisy-chain of server/client connections together, until presumably the chain is complete. Theoretically, we could complete this chain with only one other player, functioning as a server to my client, and the client to my current co-player's server (assuming he can recover it).

The strange thing is though, in our instance of this dimension, there are four receptacles for divided kernels, not three. Does this mean we are "destined" to have a four player chain? How could the game "know" such a thing?

Perhaps it does, and if this proves to be the case, I trust I will be sufficiently numbed to the realization. [Note: from here on, the words are crossed out.] I can consider nothing about this game surprising at this point, and in fact from the first moments of play, it managed to deviate so far from my expectations that I completely forgot what my original purpose with it was. I had chances to test some information I obtained on good authority during the prototyping phases, but it completely slipped my mind. Instead, the game's catacombs securing the dark twisting paths to necromancy were blundered into rather on accident.

But perhaps you don't need to know any of this.

[rethink organization? lead may be waist deep logorrheic sludge. trim down. bleh]

She's not finished with this yet! Jeez, cut her some slack.

Maybe you could go bug someone somewhere else for a while? Or at the very least, somewhen else.

Months in the past, but not many...

[Image description: It shows Rose's house covered in snow.]

Next

[Image description: It shows Rose's bed and the window above it. Outside the window, snow falls. A second image shows Rose typing at her computer, her knitting bag and the blue box on the desk beside her.]

pesterlog
gardenGnostic: hi happy birthday rose!!! (heart)
tentacleTherapist: Hello, and thanks.
gardenGnostic: did you get johns present yet?
tentacleTherapist: I just opened it this very moment. What a stunning coincidence you would ask about it now. I am stunned.
gardenGnostic: yeah i know!!
what will you make with it?
tentacleTherapist: And who said it was something from which something else could be made?
gardenGnostic: well john did tell me what it was duh.....
tentacleTherapist: I suppose I'll take a stab at learning the craft.
It's the least I can do in response to the subtle dig concealed in his gesture.
He often tells me I "need a new hobby" when I make perfectly reasonable analytical remarks.
gardenGnostic: oh but rose i dont think he meant anything like that by it!!
you see not everybody always means the opposite of what they say the way you and dave always do
tentacleTherapist: Maybe.
His birthday is in a few months, isn't it?
gardenGnostic: yep!
i finally finished a present for him
ive been working on it for years!!!!
tentacleTherapist: Years?
It's so hard to tell when you're joking.
Or if you're even capable of it.
gardenGnostic: heheheh.... (smiley face)
i just mailed it too so it is sure to get there on time
mail takes a while to get anywhere from here!!!
tentacleTherapist: I'll probably craft something with strong sentimental value.
That should burn him.
gardenGnostic: i dont think you really mean that!
tentacleTherapist: I guess not.
So, shall I expect a green package dropped to my house via airmail from whatever screwball cranny of the globe you're tucked into?
gardenGnostic: err.......no (sad face)
sorry but you are sort of hard shop for
besides i have something for you today that i think you will like better than some thing in a box!
tentacleTherapist: Oh?
gardenGnostic: it is a tip!!!!
tentacleTherapist: This is already intriguing enough to compensate for the grave scarcity of lavish gifts parachuting from the sky. Please go on.
gardenGnostic: did you have a pet a long time ago that died?
tentacleTherapist: Yes.
gardenGnostic: ok well how did you feel about your cat, did you love him a lot?
tentacleTherapist: "ok well", I didn't mention it was a cat, or that it was a male. Let's pretend I'm surprised and you're embarrassed and move on.
To answer your question, I would describe my feelings toward the animal as lukewarm.
gardenGnostic: um ok....
ths fine!!!
it doesnt really matter i think, just.....
what if someone told you you could play a game that would bring him back to life?
tentacleTherapist: If someone told me that, I would regard the remark with a great deal of skepticism.
If that someone was you, on the other hand, then I would have to ask preemptively: Is that someone you?
gardenGnostic: yes that someone is me!!!!!!!
i just thought you might find it interesting
tentacleTherapist: So what is this game?
gardenGnostic: oh i dont know
im just saying is all
i think you'll hear about it later and maybe you can talk to john and dave about it
eye are way more into all that stuff than i am!!!!
tentacleTherapist: I'll see what the word on the street is about it. In due time.
For now I should probably order a copy of Knitting for Assholes. It would be a shame if I ran late
with John's present.

Dave: Get katana.

[Image description: It cuts back to Dave, who stands by his turntables.]

You captchalogue your KATANA \((2+1+2+1+2+1 = 9 \text{ (divided by) } 10 = \text{ remainder } 9)\) and
prepare to venture out into the apartment to retrieve your Bro's copy of the game.

But first, maybe...

Just maybe...

[S] Dave: Retrieve dead bird.

[Image description: The sounds of a busy city play: traffic, police sirens, and wind. It shows a dead
bird, holding the sburb envelopes in its talons and with a sword sticking out of its chest. It fades to
an image of Dave looking down out of his window. It zooms out to show that he's in the top floor
of an apartment building that's many, many stories high and that the bird is on the roof of an
adjacent building that's several stories shorter. On the roof of the building is a tall spindly tower of
some sort. In the distance, small meteors rain down on the rest of the city. It cuts to an image of a
wavering red and yellow spiral. As it zooms out, it shows that it's a reflection in Dave's sunglasses
as he looks towards the origin of the meteors]

Dude, that bird is long gone. It probably won't last long in this heat anyway.

You don't even know what's up with this sick heat. The sun threatens to set but won't step off. It's
staring you down, like the big red eye of a hot needle skipping on a groove its tracing 'round the
earth. While lingering in midair its heat seems to suspend time itself, stretching it like warped
vinyl. It's meant to rain this season but there ain't been a drop in sight. Even a little drizzle would
help. Might help to fizzle this sizzle a little bizzle, set the record straight on this global turn-tizzle.

"So don't change the dizzle, turn it up a little
I got a living room full of fine dime brizzles
Waiting on the Pizzle, the Dizzle and the Shizzle
G's to the bizzack, now ladies here we gizzo

When the pimp's in the crib ma
Drop it like it's hot
Drop it like it's hot
Drop it like it's hot...

-English Romantic poet, John Keats

Dave: Exit your room, and go into the living room.

[Image description: Dave stands in the hallway, facing the marionette dressed like a pimp. A
second image shows Dave standing next to it as it sits on the floor.]

Sorry little dude, coming through. Gotta put you down for a bit.

You figure you've left him hanging long enough.

Dave: Hastily enter the room with wild abandon.

[Image description: It shows an uncomfortably close image of a very cartoony bearded man with bugged out eyes and a wide smile on his face. It vaguely resembles Mr T.]

You barge in and see a familiar face. A friendly face.

Next

[Image description: Dave stands in the living room with cables running all across the floor. On a table to his left is the Mr T doll, which is wearing nothing but a gold chain and speedos. On the floor in the background are two different editions of GameBro magazine. A chest sits behind Dave with a strange purple puppet poking out from behind it. It has wild, fluffy hair like a troll doll's and a nose that's incredibly long and slightly curved. It's almost phallic in nature.]

You stand in the living room. Your bro spends most of his days in here. At night he crashes on the futon over there. You don't see him anywhere though.

There's the puppet chest he stores lil' cal in when he takes him out on gigs. But when he's home he usually leaves cal on display somewhere. And with good reason cause cal is totally sweet.

So sweet.

Man.

Dave: Pity da fool.

[Image description: The table the Mr T doll was sitting on comes completely into view, revealing that it is actually a sound board. Next to the doll is another doll wearing only a vest. Handcuffs connect the two. To the left of the screen is another desk with another two copies of GameBro magazine and a computer chair. In the background, there's a futon with a green version of the purple puppet on it. The green version is viewed from behind and has a very plush rump. A game controller sits on the floor in front of the futon.]

It's your brother's Mr T puppet, which of course is kept in the apartment with a sense of profound humorous irony. But as usual with your bro's exploits, this is no ordinary irony, or anything close to a pedestrian tier 1 ironic gesture which is a meager single step removed from sincerity. This is like ten levels of irony removed from the original joke. It might have been funny like eight years ago to joke about Mr T and how he was sort of lame, but that was the very thing that made him awesome and badass, and that his awesomeness was also sort of the joke. But in this case, the joke is the joke, and that degree of irony itself is also the joke, and so on.

Only highly adept satirical ninjas like you and your bro can appreciate stuff like this. It's cool taking stuff that other people think is funny but you know really isn't, and making it funny again by adding subtle strata of irony which are utterly undetectable to the untrained eye.

Also, for good measure, Mr T is wearing a leather thong and handcuffed to a pantsless Chuck Norris puppet.
God you hope you can be as good as your bro at this some day. You'd never tell him that though.

Dave: Find Lil' Cal and give fistbumps.

[Image description: The focus moves up, bringing the entire futon, a large speaker, and part of an entertainment center on screen. A yellow puppet thing is draped over the back of the couch and a blue one is partially stuffed under the entertainment center.]

Cal's nowhere in sight. All you see is a bunch of your bro's weird nude puppets strewn around haphazardly.

You...

You guess these things are kinda cool.

Sort of...

Dave: Play a game on the Xbox.

[Image description: Dave stands by the entertainment center and the TV is now shown. On screen, a man on a skateboard turns back and forth while various bags of chips vibrate around him. Next to the TV, a marionette of a wizard hangs by its strings. Another strange puppet, this one red, is jammed between the entertainment center and the wall. Outside the window is the red spiral shown on Dave's glasses.]

It looks like your Bro was playing. It's not like him to leave in the middle of some totally intense gaming.

Not like him to misplace Cal either... man you hope the little guy's alright.

Next

[Image description: Dave turns around and the focus shifts to the left, bringing the top of the speaker on screen. There's a strange looking marionette with orange arms and legs, a backwards baseball cap, and a blue shirt that says Cal sitting on top of it. The puppet has a gold chain and a bowtie. He seems to stare into your very soul.]

Oh there you are dude. Didn't see you there.

We be chill today, Cal? Yeah you better fuckin' believe we be chill.

Cal is the man.

Dave: Resist great urge to play Bro's Xbox.

[Image description: It shows a video game. A man on a skateboard glitches through part of a stairway. Glowing potato chips and doritos are dotted around the scene.]

You fail to resist the urge.

You start thrashing up stunts something uncannybrutal on your quest for "MAD SNACKS YO" and get this way rude hunger under control. Shit is basically flying off the hook. It's like shit wants nothing to do with that hook. The hook is dead to that shit.
But you get stuck in some poorly modeled 3D fixture or something. Like a railing or a piece of the wall? You'll have to reset.

Fuck this shit.

Dave: Give Lil' Cal a bro fistbump.

[Image description: The word Bump appears at the top of the screen as Dave gives Lil Cal's creepy little fist a bump.

Aw man you almost forgot. Gotta give the C-man some props.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out to show Dave holding Cal's arm in his right hand so he can bump it with his left.]

Dave: Check out your Bro's sweet gear.

[Image description: Dave stands in front of the television. A second image shows him standing next to a computer desk with a monitor that's almost as large as the television. On the walls are lots of posters of muppets. Above another speaker, a marionette dressed in harlequin clothes but with a large dollar sign necklace and pimp cane hangs.]

Your Bro has so much sweet gear it's hard to keep up with it all sometimes. Here's his computer setup. He's usually got a lot of stuff cooking on here at any given moment.

Since he's not around you might as well sneak a peep.

Dave: Look at your brother's computer.

[Image description: It shows the computer screen. On it is a grey baseball cap with a pair of triangular sunglasses below it. A text box appears with the words Oh hell no above it.]

Your Bro's computer is password protected of course to protect all the incredible top secret shit he's got on the burners.

Of course you know what the password is, and he knows you know it, and you're both cool with that because the password is the most awesome thing it can be.

Next

[Image description: The password enters, though it doesn't show what it is. It's six letters long. The password screen fades to show the desktop, the background of which is a confusing mash of speaker-robots and strange contraptions. Icons on the screen are a green man in sunglasses pointing towards the user with finger guns and is labeled Delirious Biznasty. Another is a worried looking blue square with arms labeled Complete Bullshit. Scattered around the screen are 7 folders all labeled New Folder.]

You enter the password. On the desktop is a hodgepodge of unnamed folders to store all the stuff he's working on. No one can decipher his organization system but him.

He also tends to use the application Complete Bullshit to keep up with the ludicrous amount of websites and news feeds he monitors to stay hip to the scene.

Dave: Open Complete Bullshit.
Dave double clicks Complete Bullshit. A screen with a blue bar across the top and many multicolored stripes going vertically up the screen appears. The blue bar reads Complete Bullshit Content Aggregator v 4.13
In each of the vertical bars, there is text.

i told you man ITOLDyouaboutstairs.com

pimpedoutpuppets.com
all puppets all pimp. holla

You-Tube. Broadcast yourself. silly puppet dance comments : this is shit

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COMIC #5 : sweet bro comes thru..........AGAIN
COMIC #4 : not even BARACK obana can bail him out of

review of gamebro's march issue
oh man
when this heady volume of unabridged awesome hit my doorstep it made the sound of a thunderclap

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Muppet Babies (1984)
Created by Jim Henson

A second image shows the same screen, but every section vibrates independently, making everything even more chaotic.]

This is complete bullshit.

Dave: Check if Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff has a sweet update.

[Image description: A cursor hovers over the band that says
COMIC #5 : sweet bro comes thru..........AGAIN
COMIC #4 : not even BARACK obana can bail him out of
It grows wider and shows a Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff comic.]

Your bro keeps up with your projects in his aggregator, just like you keep up with his. He's tuned into your various blogs, and of course sweet bro and hella jeff.

You navigate to the latest comic in one of the many bullshit feedbands.

Sweet bro and hella jeff

Hella Jeff holds a red rectangle in his poorly-drawn hand and says
bro i got a ticket for the BIG GAME
its sports
Sweet Bro's shirt color seems to have migrated up onto his face and his skin color seeps into the background. Around him is the edge of a program window.
dog........i AM SO JEALOUS you KNOW i love the big game.

It zooms in on Hella Jeff's face, which is suddenly pale and washed out. It's literally pasted on top of a faded copy of the first panel. He says
oh yeah

It shows a badly drawn black man in a yellow shirt and shorts carrying a basketball to a hoop that's shorter than he is.
and there he goes

It zooms in on his weird looking face.
the big man.... HASS the rock

It zooms in on his feet, one of which is red and one of which is the same color as his skin. Is he only wearing one shoe? Who even knows.
he's driving SO HARD threw the paint DOWN TOWN!

The basketball player contorts himself wildly as he jumps towards the hoop that's probably nose height on him.
--ally-yoop-- (crossed out)
--ally-oop-- (Crossed out)
"ahly'yoop" for the SLAM-DUNK

Hella Jeff presses his face to the back of the backboard to watch this Sick Slam Dunk. It zooms in uncomfortably close on Hella Jeff.

Dave: Mouse over the orange stripe containing PlushRump.

[Image description: The Plush Rump website comes up. On the homepage are three pictures of those strange puppets that were scattered all over the room, but only of the plush rumps. The website reads
Plush rump
Puppets puppets puppets
Puppet cams
Go on the free tour!!
For all the fuzzy, fluffy, frolicksome fun you can stomach and more...

A chat room at the bottom of the screen reads
Live puppet chat 24/7
softass joined #plushrump
foamfiend: hi softass /quivers foam proboscis @ softass
1 implegsakimbo: bet theres a lot of give to that ass
softass: bounce a coin off it. its not going anywhere
foamfiend: yeah bet that coin'll take a good nap there]

Another one of your Bro's many ironic websites. The difference here is he rakes in thousands of dollars a month through this enterprise.

Smuppets are a multi-billion dollar a year enterprise, and it's awfully hard to resist taking a firm
squeeze from the plump udder of that cash cow.

Dave: Stop wasting time and look for Bro's beta.

[Image description: Reflections of blue and yellow plush rumps, apparently belonging to puppets called Smuppets, vibrate in Dave's glasses.]

You guess you've messed around on his computer long enough. Better get a move on before it's too late for Rose, or worse yet, your Bro catches you.

But my God... the rumps. They are transfixing.

You know this is ironic and all, and your Bro reaches echelons of irony you could only dream of daring to fathom. But on rare occasions, when your guard is down, it all seems just a tad unsettling to you.

Next

[Image description: Dave slowly turns his head to the left, where Lil' Cal is now sitting on the speaker next to the desk. The marionette that was there sits on the floor nearby.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Cal's creepy little face, revealing that one of his top teeth is gold.]

Oh. Uh...

Hey...

Hey there, Cal.

Dave: Give Lil Cal a nervous fist bump.

[Image description: Dave's hand shakes as it approaches Cal's, but it never gets there.]

Next

[Image description: Dave looks around the room and it flashes to images of the various puppets scattered around the room. A green smuppet ass, Lil Cal, a yellow smuppet head, a blue smuppet ass that's shoved under the entertainment center, the puppet posters on the wall, the puppets from the Plush Rump website. Dave flickers between all of them.]

You are sort of starting to flip the fuck out.

Without losing your cool of course.

Dave: Pester John to ease your nerves.

[Image description: Dave sits at the computer, poking at his phone.]

You get Egbert on the line again to give him the lowdown on your progress. You feel it's important to keep the wires hot.

But he's not answering. You wonder what that guy is up to.
pesterlog

turntech Godhead: hey what is up
what happened with the monster that is totally definitely in your room did you kill it
where are you man
anyway
things are cool here
totally cool
puppets are still awesome
no problems with them or anything
like
just
really really awesome

Next

Looks like Rose is finally logged in again.

Didn't John say her house was burning down? You wonder if she's on fire yet or what.

Dave: Pester Rose.

pesterlog

turntech Godhead: oh there you are
john said your house was burning down are you on fire yet or what
tentacleTherapist: No. For now I have retired to the safety of a smaller building which is much
closer to the forest fire threatening my residence.
turntech Godhead: oh well thats a relief
john told me to get the game to help get you out of there so im working on that now
tentacleTherapist: Working on it?
turntech Godhead: yeah my bros copy long story
hey
dont tell john this but i think he might have been right about the puppets
theyre sort of starting to freak me out a little
tentacleTherapist: You're referring to your brother's collection?
turntech Godhead: i mean dont get me wrong i think its cool and all
the semi-ironic puppet thing or whatever
or semi-semi ironic
man i dont even know
im just starting to think some of this shit is going a little far and its kind of fucked up
tentacleTherapist: I've seen his websites.
I like them.
turntech Godhead: haha yeah well YOU WOULD
oh man i wish lil cal wouldn't look at me like that
with those dead eyes jesus
sometimes i dream that he's real and he's talking to me and i wake up in a cold sweat and basically flip the fuck out
tentacleTherapist: Interesting...
turntech Godhead: oh god why did i just tell you my dream
youre going to have a field day with that
tentacleTherapist: I am currently scrawling notes furiously into one of the many psychoanalysis journals I maintain for you. Published papers forthcoming.
Because, you know, it's not like either of us have anything better to do at the moment than to evaluate each other's radically debilitating pathologies.
turntech Godhead: yeah im gonna get moving
oh have you heard from john
he's not answering me
tentacleTherapist: He won't answer me either.
But I am watching him.
I suspect he is preoccupied with the fact that he just had a bucket of water dumped on his head by the ghost of his dead grandmother, who also happens to be dressed like a clown.
turntech Godhead: hahahaha
alright im out
later

Seconds in the future, but not many...

[Image description: It shows the incident where Rose hit John in the head with the red box while he threw a fit.]

pesterlog
tentacleTherapist: John, what are you doing?
Snap out of it.
We ought to discuss what your grandmother told you, don't you think?
Fine. Enjoy your stupor.
I'll go about my business elsewhere.

Rose: Deploy the Punch Designix.

[Image description: It shows the office. Rose drags the piano away and places the Punch Designix in it's place at the cost of 4 shale, leaving 6 in the cache. The designix has a slanted interface and a flat, table-like surface that butt up to each other. On the slanted portion, there are several panels, a slot about the length of a captchalogue card, and a typewriter that comes out and rests on the table portion.]

pesterlog
tentacleTherapist: John, whenever you read this, you should know I put the shale you collected to use and finally deployed the Punch Designix.
It is in your study.
I can only drop it though. You'll have to be the one to mess around with it and see what it does. When you're finished with your weird histrionics, maybe you could give it a try?
I'm updating my walkthrough, and it would help to know what it does.

Next

[Image description: It shows John's front yard, where 3 shale imps are. One hangs on the tire swing, one wears the hat from the Clever Disguise, and another wears the fake glasses with the
nose and the pipe. They all flail or vibrate intensely. A second image shows John staring out the window at them, an incredibly angry look on his face.]

pesterlog
tentacleTherapist: Also, I should probably warn you that your house and yard are completely infested with monsters now. Try to be careful.

Next

[Image description: John stands by the window and pokes at the PDA.]

pesterlog
ectoBiologist: so i can see.
stupid lousy imps.
they're mucking up all my cool stuff!
tentacleTherapist: Oh, there you are.
ectoBiologist: oh, yeah.
sorry!
i'm not sure what came over me there, i was acting really crazy for some reason.
but my head feels like it's clearing up, i think i'm alright now.
John: Rebuild the claw hammer and return it to specibus.

[Image description: John captchalogues the hammer handle, then captchalogues the hammerhead onto the same card, merging them back into the hammer. The strife portfolio appears in the top right corner and the hammer flies into the hammerkind specibus.]

You are getting way better at this sort of thing.

John: Confront Pogo Ride to prepare yourself for Nanna.

[Image description: John looks down and shakes his fist, an angry but determined expression on his face. A second image shows him doing the same thing, but viewed through the window from the outside of the house. It looks decidedly more foolish from this perspective.]

Thank God your sanity has returned so you can entertain extremely rational, coherent thoughts like this one.

You examine the pogo ride from the bathroom window. You do not like what you see.

[S] Next

[Image description: It shows three shale imps in John's yard. One sits on the pogo bouncer, one eats the cake that was on the pogo bouncer, and another stares at the piano that Rose removed from the study. Beneath the pogo bouncer, a black text box reads 'Giddy Up!' The game controller appears in the top right corner.
Click the controller.
A green and white text box appears, which reads
Click 'Giddy up'.
Use arrow keys to operate pogo ride.
Go for insane combos!
As usual, Coding by Alexis "Gankro" Beingessner.

Click Giddy Up!
Harlequin (Rock Version) begins to play.
Keysmash on the arrow keys to make the imp on the pogo bouncer flail wildly. Time counts down from 29 to 0.

DAMN SON!
SICK
AWESOME
DELIRIOUS
OH NO HE DIDN'T
WHAAAA!?
SHIT IS BANANAS
PRETTY ALRIGHT
UN-FUCKING-BELIEVABLE
NICE
COMBO!
OH SNAP

At the end of the countdown, a green and white box appears. Your current high score is: {whatever}. Would you like to submit?
Name: Player
Submit or Skip
When you click to submit or skip, the entire thing resets.

Those sons of bitches. No one risks painful injury on your green slime ghost pogo ride.

No one but you.

Rose: Drop something heavy on one of those imps.

[Image description: Rose picks up the piano, causing the imp at the piano and the imp eating cake to run away. She lifts the piano over the one on the pogo bouncer and drops it. This breaks the piano, but also kills the imp, leaving behind a large shale and three small build grist.]

Next

[Image description: John still shakes his fist, but more slowly and with a horrified and sad expression on his face.]

pesterlog
ectoBiologist: rose my piano!!!
(Sad face)
tentacleTherapist: Sorry.
No nuance to these controls at all.
I was hoping to bludgeon the imp without letting go of it. Guess I can't really do that.
A broken piano isn't the end of the world though.
ectoBiologist: i guess you're right.
tentacleTherapist: You'll need to pick up the spoils in person. I can't interact with the grist.
ectoBiologist: so...
that means i have to go out the back door?
tentacleTherapist: Yes. Is there a problem?
ectoBiologist: well it may sound dumb, but i was hoping to avoid nanna and her spooky ghost cookies.
tentacleTherapist: You're right, that does sound dumb.
ectoBiologist: can you see her in the kitchen?
tentacleTherapist: Yeah.
ectoBiologist: what's she doing, is she baking?
tentacleTherapist: You could say that.
ectoBiologist: are you SURE you can't get that grist up to me somehow?
tentacleTherapist: Maybe.

Rose: Use pogo ride to fling grist through window.

[Image description: Rose clicks the pogo bouncer and drags it downward, compressing the spring. When she releases, it pops back up, but nothing else happens.]

Doesn't look like that grist is going anywhere.

You just never know with these gaming abstractions.

Next

[Image description: Rose clicks the pogo bouncer again, but this time she drags it upwards. The spring puts up a little resistance, but it pops out of the ground after just a moment, bringing a small bit of grass up with it. On the bouncer are the large piece of shale and the largest of the three build grist.]

Rose: Drop pogo ride in John's bathroom.

[Image description: John stands in the bathroom, watching as Rose deposits the pogo bouncer and grist into the bathtub.]

John: Get grist.

[Image description: The grist pops into John's grist cache, the bars for which appeared in the bottom right corner of the panel. Now John has 38 of 50 build grist and 26 of 50 shale. John smiles.]

pesterlog
tentacleTherapist: There you go. Now why don't you check out the Designix? You can do that while I get to work.
ectoBiologist: on what?
Piano: Level up for slaying the imp.

[Image description: It shows the yard where the broken piano sits with the two remaining bits of build grist.]

The piano in its valiant effort has unfortunately been slain.

But if it hadn't, it would have raked in so many boondollars, you have no idea.

So many.

Rose: It's time to build.

[Image description: It shows John's front yard and house. The yard is filled with imps, one of which clings to a tree branch. On the roof, one hides behind the magic chest Rose put there a while back. Using the Revise cursor, which looks like the sburb house logo disassembled, Rose drags a narrow rectangle from the narrow walkway up along the side of the house. When she releases, it turns into a stairway with a small platform at the top that ascends to the top of the roof. This action costs 18]
build grist, bringing the cache down to 20.]

pesterlog
tentacleTherapist: Nanna said to build, so that's what I'm doing.
extoBiologist: oh yeah. ok.
tentacleTherapist: But this sure is going to take a lot of grist.
Looks like you're going to be busy, John.
extoBiologist: blargh!
well, what are you building?
tentacleTherapist: Stairs.
They are fairly expensive actually.
extoBiologist: oh man...
extoBiologist: i could have warned you about stairs, rose!

Next

[Image description: The image shifts over to focus on the narrow walkway. At the end of it is a shale imp. Still using the Revise cursor, Rose drags a rectangle over most of the narrow walkway. When she releases, the part she selected disappears, dropping the shale imp down into the void. This regains 6 build grist, bringing the cache up to 26. A second image shows Rose sitting in the mausoleum. A thought bubble showing a pulsing image of Hella Jeff saying I told you dog! Takes up the top right corner. Rose covers her mouth and giggles.]

pesterlog
tentacleTherapist: I'll try recouping some of the grist from the catwalk I built earlier.
extoBiologist: It Keeps Hapening
tentacleTherapist: Ah, good. Looks like I can get a refund for earlier allocations.
extoBiologist: i told you rose
i TOLD you about stairs!
tentacleTherapist: Ok.
Consider me fully briefed on the matter of stairs.
Now if you don't mind, it's hard enough to concentrate on this without immersing ourselves in Strider's non sequitur.
extoBiologist: did you know he thinks puppets are cool?
tentacleTherapist: Does he?
extoBiologist: he's so dumb!!

Rose: Use build grist to construct observation tower on roof

[Image description: Rose drags a large square over the roof at the level of the top of the stairs she just made. This costs 25 build grist, leaving only 1 in the cache.]

Ok, you obviously don't have enough grist yet for something that ambitious. But you can get started with something of a foundation for upward construction, at least.

John: Check cabinets for imps or useful items.

[Image description: John stands in the bathroom with the cabinet under the sink open. Inside are what seems like endless bottles of shaving cream and nothing but shaving cream.]

No imps in here. Just a lot of shaving cream.

Dads love shaving. It's basically all they do. (When they're not baking, that is.)
John: Bring 2 cans of shaving cream.

[Image description: John captchalogues 2 cans of shaving cream. This forces the telescope out of the sylladex and sends it flying. It lands in the hole left from the pogo bouncer. Nearby, two imps look at the broken piano.]

You captchalogue two cans of shaving cream just in case. You never know when you'll need to bust out a hilarious shaving cream santa beard to ratchet up your prankster's gambit.

Your telescope goes flying out the window.

John: Ride pogo ride.

[Image description: John captchalogues the pogo bouncer, expelling the towel from his sylladex.]

It's a little cramped in here for any sort of proper reckless pogoing. You'll just grab it and hang on to it until the right moment presents itself.

Next

The Towel floats back down to the rack.

The circle of stupidity is complete.

Rose: Check up on Nannaquin, see what's cookin'!

[Image description: It shows Rose's computer screen as she watches Nannasprite in the kitchen. Nannasprite floats by the oven, which is currently baking something. Every flat surface is piled high with cookies. In the corner, a shale imp bounces.]

Next

[Image description: It shows a close up of the shale imp's gross, clawlike hands as it reaches for a cookie. Suddenly it cuts to Nannasprite's face as she charges an eye laser and blasts the imp. The imp explodes into a small piece of shale, two small pieces of build grist, and a large piece of build grist.]

John: Make your way to the study.

[Image description: John stands in the hallway outside his bedroom. The poster of Michael Cera and the clown painting are smeared with oil, as is the floor. Two imps stand at the top of the stairs. One brandishes a clown bust at John and the other holds a fire poker like it's a lance. The one with the bust wears John's wizard hat. John looks angry and shouts at them.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out to show the rest of the living room. There are imps on the stairs and imps all over the room. One sits on the curio cabinet, two stand by the fireplace, one stands on the couch, one plays with the cruxtruder, and one rolls around on top of a cruxite dowel. There are blue dowels everywhere. Everything is smeared with oil.]

It looks like the imps have taken a shining to the Cruxtruder.

Cruxite and black goo. Everywhere.

John: Ride Slimer pogo and one-up that imp.
Well ok, it's not a Slimer pogo, but you mount it anyway and brandish your deadly armaments.

John: Ride your steed to victory.

This is incredibly dangerous!

John: Flip the fuck out.

Let's see how they like the old doublebarrel latherblaster WHOOPS OH SHIT.

mister john, respectfully ask that you please stand up.

Don't move or the pogo gets it

now sir boy, flee from this boorish rabble post haste.

The refrigerator skyrockets up the echeladder to a new rung: fivestar general electric and earns 285
boondollars.

Things are really looking up for this feisty appliance.

well done, john. polite congratulations.

[Image description: John stands in the study, smiling. Everything is splattered with oil and an imp sits at the desk wearing the top hat and holding a few playing cards.]

For some reason you feel a sense of positive reinforcement. Wherever that feeling is coming from, it sure is a welcome change from your erratic moods earlier.

now my civil fellow, i have a well mannered query to ask

[Image description: John still smiles, but the image shifts backwards to show another imp in the room, this one with a pipe in its mouth and brandishing an umbrella. A red question mark appears above John's head.]

pesterlog
tentacleTherapist: I blocked the entrance to the study to give you some space to work with the Designix.
John, imps behind you.
Should I take care of it?
You trapped your PDA again, didn't you.
Why did you have to pick up all that stupid shaving cream?
So pointless.

Rose: Drop something heavy on one of those imps.

[Image description: Rose picks up the safe and carries it above the house. This reveals a note taped to the wall behind the safe and a pink captchalogue card below it. She drops the safe above the platform she just made on the roof and it falls, punching a hole through the platform and roof. It lands on top of the imp with the umbrella, killing it and breaking open the safe. A large, dingy version of Colonel Sassacre's pops out of the safe.]

john might i bother you for a can opener?

[Image description: John puts a finger to his chin in thought, a speech bubble with a can opener in it hovering above his head. Behind him, the imp that was at the desk looks at the safe that killed its comrade.]

Oblivious to the commotion behind you, suddenly you find yourself pondering the whereabouts of a can opener.

You think there is probably one in the kitchen, but the path is blocked by your refrigerator.

Next

[Image description: It shows Rose's screen as she watches John, who shrugs and wiggles his head in a very strange-looking manner. A white arm pokes through the large poster on the wall.]

John is completely unresponsive.

What the hell is that nincompoop doing???
Years in the future...

[Image description: It shows Wayward Vagabond as he reads a book.]

But let's not get totally carried away here.

A studious eye darts about a page like a honeybee gathering the nectar of wisdom.

[Note: The previous sentence is a link that opens a series of images. It shows the page that Wayward Vagabond is reading, which has a diagram on it. On it is a grey outline of a human labeled 'typical Human'. Off to the side with lines leading from the human's mouth is a list of words.
"Please"
"Thank You"
"You Are Welcome"
"Good Day"
"How Do You Do?"
"Splendid, And You?"

Underneath them is the word Gratification. Underneath that is a grey outline of a head. An arrow points from the list to the head's ear and another arrow points from Gratification to the brain, which has a smiley face in it. An arrow goes from the head's mouth to a box that reads
Further Courtesy
Favor Is Mutually Curried
An arrow points from this box to the Typical Human, completing the diagram.
Another image shows Wayward Vagabond ripping this page out of the book.
Munch Munch Munch Chew Burp

It shows another page with a large teacup in the center, labeled 'Elixir Known as "Tea"'. A hand holds the teacup with the pinky up. An arrow points to the pinky and says
Absurd Vestigial Fourth Digit Is Cantilevered
At the bottom of the page it shows three Typical Humans sitting at a table with teacups in front of them. Off to the side, it says Everyone Is Polite.
Wayward Vagabond rips this page out too.
Munch Munch Munch Chew Burp]

Next

[Image description: It shows the GameFAQ forum and Rose's updates to her walkthrough. The links are also in the text below the panel and open images in new tabs.

[Z301] Appendix 3 -- Screen Captures, part 1

I can't take as many as I'd like to for comprehensive documentation. For what it's worth, here's what I've managed to collect so far. More captures forthcoming.

0413sprite [Image description: John and the sprite before it became nannasprite stand in the kitchen.] Co-player John assesses environment after transition to Medium. Followed by Sprite, sans Kernel, prototyped once pre-hatch. Completely useless in this form.

0413power [Image description: John and the sprite stand by the severed power cables in the backyard.] Severed from suburban grid, house remains mysteriously powered. Convenience
presumably facilitated by game which perhaps deems navigating a powerless house to be a handicap less in keeping with spirit of game's principal statement of challenge.

0413internet [Image description: John sits at his computer desk.] Internet connection remains stable as well. Will likely remain stable until the Internet itself is compromised by some external threat. Something like, oh, let's say hackers.

0413build [Image description: It shows two images- one of Rose dragging the cursor to create the narrow walkway and one of the narrow walkway in place.] Kill monsters, get grist, build on to house. That's the game. Didn't know what the point of this was at the time. Floundering trial and error on exhibit.

0413prototype [Image description: It shows Rose dragging the Colonel Sassacre's book towards the sprite while John distracts it.] Unsuccessful attempt at tier 2 prototyping. Knowing what I know now, I might have avoided using a back-breaking vade mecum for practical jokesters rife with antiquated lexicon and racist aphorisms. Either that, or I might have tried harder to succeed.

0413disconnect [Image description: It shows the outside of the house as Rose attempted to lift the car right before it dropped into the ash.] Final screen capture before I lost my internet signal for a time. I don't know what happened thereafter, but when I returned, the car was nowhere to be found, and the driveway-plateau was in a state of disrepair. The mysteries -- will they ever cease?

0413nanna [Image description: John and Nannasprite stand or hover in John's bedroom.] Sprite prototyped once more with grandmother's remains. She treats John to some helpful exposition in a friendly and maternal (grandmaternal?) manner.

0413weirdo [Image description: It shows John in the midst of his temper tantrum over cookies.] Co-player has displayed inexplicably capricious behavior since arrival. Stress-related? Contracted virus indigenous to realm? It should be noted he was kind of a weird guy anyway.

0413designix [Image description: It shows Rose deploying the designix.] Designix deployed. Still no clue what this does. At mercy of co-player's foolish prioritization tendencies.

0413grist [Image description: It shows the pogo bouncer and piano after she killed the imp in the front yard.] Grist payload from slain foe. Whether I deal the damage or co-player does, yield is same. Though I have a significant advantage in battle, taking measures into my own hands deprives John of hand-to-hand combat experience, which ostensibly will become more critical later.

0413up [Image description: It shows two images- one as Rose drags the cursor to create the stairs up to the roof, and one with the stairs in place.] Building; the point. Building upward; the point, sharpened and directed.

0413steed [Image description: It shows John beating up the imps at the top of the stairs while riding the pogo bouncer.] "Ah, steeds, steeds, what steeds! Has the whirlwind a home in your manes? Is there a sensitive ear, alert as a flame, in your every fiber? Hearing the familiar song from above, all in one accord you strain your bronze chests and, hooves barely touching the ground, turn into straight lines cleaving the air, and all inspired by God it rushes on!"

0413barbasolbandit [Image description: It shows John spraying shaving cream everywhere just before he falls off the pogo bouncer.] Yeah, I...
I have no idea what the fuck he's doing here.

0413really [Image description: It shows the broken open safe with the Colonel Sassacre's book.] Another one of these things. Really, Egbert family?
Really?

0413 hmm [Image description: It shows a screen with static over the whole image. The only things that can be made out are lines that give the faint impression of corners where walls meet each other or the floor.] A view of the kidnapped father's room. I can't see in here for some reason. Perhaps this is because John himself has never entered the room? It is possible that I can see only, in a sense, what John can see, or has seen already. I have not found the time to discuss this with him yet. If he enters the room, the question may answer itself.]

Rose: Construct loft above John's room.

[Image description: Rose clicks the chimney with the Revise cursor. This allows her to clone it, which she does 4 times on the roof above John's bedroom. This takes the build grist down by 10 each time, leaving 40 in the cache by the time she's done.]

Next

[Image description: She clicks and drags a large square over the chimneys she just placed, using them as legs for the platform. This costs 25 grist, leaving 15 in the cache.]

Next

[Image description: She clicks one of the railings of the balcony to clone it and drags it to the roof of the extension she put on John's room in the very beginning of the game. She turns it sideways and places it at the cost of 10 grist. She then extends it up to the new platform, taking the last 5 grist.]

pesterlog

tentacleTherapist: Ladders seem to be a bit cheaper than stairs.

fellow john, it appears we have reached an impasse

[Image description: John still stands in the study, shrugging and tilting his head. Above him, a speech bubble flips through images of cans, can openers, and red question marks. The imp in the top hat stands right behind him.]

Yes, it seems so.

the opener dilemma remains unsettled, most unfortunately

[Image description: John holds a finger to his chin and the images in the speech bubble flash so hard that the whole bubble shakes. Behind him, where the imp was, the curio cabinet sits, surrounded by a few pieces of grist.]

It is unfortunate.

I guess.

What are we talking about again?

but it has been a pleasure nonetheless.

[Image description: John shrugs violently. In the speech bubble above his head, a can opener, please, thank you, you are welcome, and a red question mark flash. An alert with Dave's face hovers next to him.]
Thanks for the courtesy.

It's not really necessary, but thanks anyway.

oh, but thank you

[Image description: John shrugs even harder and looks angry and confused. The speech bubble above him flashes quickly between PLEASE, THANK YOU, and an image of Wayward Vagabond. An alert with Rose's face hovers next to him with the Dave one. She looks angry. She uses the Select cursor to hit John with the top hat, which was crushed when the imp wearing it was killed.]

Ok.

thank you so very very much, dear favorable small primate

[Image description: It shows Rose in the mausoleum. She covers her face with the pillow and vibrates faintly. Next to her laptop, two alerts hover; one of Dave and one of John with a stupid expression on his face as his head tilts side to side repeatedly.]

i shall take my leave now john. until next time

[Image description: It shows the entirety of the study. There's grist everywhere. John wears the hat Rose hit him with.]

Wait, where did all this sweet loot come from?

And why is there suddenly a crumpled hat on your head?

John: Gather grist, examine designix.

[Image description: John stands by the designix, still wearing the hat.]

Feeling especially economical with your behavior suddenly, you scoop up all the grist in the room, and turn your attention to the Punch Designix all in one fell swoop.

The device features a counter-top station design with a keyboard setup, not unlike an old fashioned computer. There is a blinking red light, and a diagram etched into a panel.

Next

[Image description: It shows the diagram from the machine. It shows a captchalog card, then an arrow makes a loop and it shows the backside of the captchalog card. An arrow points from there to a typewriter. Next to the typewriter, it shows a captchalog card being inserted into a slot.]

Rose: Answer Dave.

[Image description: It shows Rose in the mausoleum, the pillow in her lap as she types at her laptop.]

pesterlog
turntech Godhead: ok wait hold on why am i getting this stupid game for you youre the one who should be wrist deep in puppet ass
tentacleTherapist: What is the specific problem?
turntech Godhead: the problem is i am up to my goddamn neck in fucking puppet dong
tentacleTherapist: You know you like the mannequin dick. Accept it.
turntech Godhead: i am enrobed in chafing, wriggling god fucking damned puppet pelvis an obscenely long, coarse kermit cock is being dragged across my anguished face
tentacleTherapist: Let's put this into perspective. You put up with the puppet prostate because you love it.
Also, coarse is a good word.
turntech Godhead: you dont seem to harbor any sympathy for the fact that ive burrowed fuck deep into lively, fluffy muppet buttock
im whirling in the terrible cyclone at the epicenter of my own personal holocaust of twitching foam noses
its like a fucking apocalypse of perky proboscis here
like
the proboscapsis i guess
tentacleTherapist: Are you going to start rapping about this?
turntech Godhead: what no
no listen
tentacleTherapist: Prong of flesh bereft of home
Found solace 'twixt a cleft of foam.
turntech Godhead: no oh jesus
tentacleTherapist: Of apocalypse your thoughts eclipse
A painted pair of parted lips
That dare through kiss to stir the air
That teases tufts of orange hair.
And though faces flush in lovers' fits,
Hands snug in plush as gloves befit.
turntech Godhead: ok dickinson if you can shut your perfumey trap for a half second
this is serious
i am just saying
if i see one more soft bulbous bottom being like
kind of jutting out and impudent or whatever
i'm gonna fly off the handle
i'm gonna do some sort of acrobatic fucking PIROUETTE off the handle and win like a medal or some shit
tentacleTherapist: Then let's hope there will be a squishy derriere somewhere below the handle to break your fall.

John: Observe back of the first visible captchalogue card.

[Image description: It shows the captchalogue of the pogo bouncer. The card flips over and it shows a mottled background of many colors. Across the background are several curved black lines and a yellow line. Hidden in the background is a code. DQMmJLek]

You flip over the top card containing your Pogo ride. Any time you captchalogue something, a new code appears on the back of the card. You've always wondered what the code was for.

Damn these things are hard to read. But then, you've never really found any reason to decipher them.

Until now, perhaps?

John: Examine reverse side of hammer card in strife specibus

[Image description: It shows a green specibus card with the claw hammer. It reverses, revealing a
Looks like cards from your strife deck have codes too.

John: Enter captcha code as seen on back of pogo ride card.

You enter the code "DQMmJLeK" into the keyboard. At least you think that's what the code is.

The red light switches off. A green light begins blinking.

John: Insert card.

In the interest of due diligence, you enter the other code and repeat the process with that card too.

Both cards are now punched with different hole patterns.

John: Attempt to retrieve pogo from card.

Oh, well that should just be a simple matter of...

Uh oh. It looks like it's trapped now. You don't see how you can access the item anymore, or store a new item there for that matter. These cards are pretty much useless now, and the items they contain are toast!

But maybe all is not lost. Recalling from your experience with the pre-punched card, you may be able to use the cards to replicate the items in question.

Assuming you got the codes right, that is...

John: Mash keys heedlessly.

Not quite through with your cowboy empiricism just yet, you mash at the keyboard to generate a random code.

You enter "dskjhsdk". The Designix stops you after eight characters, which appears to be the maximum length for a code. The green light goes on, signaling its readiness for a card.
You figure you might as well burn the shaving cream since the product is not exactly at a premium in your household. You also figure you might as well merge the two cans on to one card.

You're a little sad that your dad isn't around for this. You have a feeling he would get a real kick out of the idea of duplicating more shaving cream.

Mad science is a lot of fun.

Unfortunately, you just burned another card in the process. Your deck is really dwindling now. Maybe you should have thought this through a little better.

On the plus side, you just freed up your PDA, which is overflowing with the pent-up chatter of anxious pesterers.

John: Answer your chums.
pesterlog
turntech Godhead: PUPPETS
AWESOME
THAT'S REALLY ALL THERE IS TO SAY ON THE MATTER
-- turntech Godhead [TG] changed his mood to RANCOROUS --

tentacleTherapist: John, I'm about to throw a bath tub through your wall. Watch out.

Next

[Image description: John stands by the hole that leads outside. In front of him, a new set of stairs has been built along the wall to get up to the balcony.]

pesterlog
ectoBiologist: wow, that was so totally unnecessary!
tentacleTherapist: I made a shortcut upstairs. I thought it would be a good idea to get up there and try the cards as soon as possible. Also, you weren't being terribly responsive.

ectoBiologist: you mean these stairs?
man, look at these shitty stairs...
they're so narrow! i'm supposed to climb those?
tentacleTherapist: They're perfectly navigable. I'm saving on grist for now.
If you keep slaying foes, collecting grist, and expanding the cache limit, we may not need to be so economical with our resources in the future.

Next

[Image description: John looks up through the hole punched when the safe dropped. In the distance, the light blue spirographs left behind when the white half of the kernel flew up pulse faintly.]

pesterlog
ectoBiologist: so why didn't you just build a way up through that hole into my dad's room?
tentacleTherapist: Have you ever been in there?
ectoBiologist: no.
tentacleTherapist: Exactly.
ectoBiologist: huh?
tentacleTherapist: I'd rather not get sidetracked.
I'm more interested in further exploring the mechanics of the game than watching you discover what sort outlandish harlequin decor your father keeps in his room.
ectoBiologist: oh come on. what's the big deal, i'll just climb up and go right through!
tentacleTherapist: Will you?
ectoBiologist: yeah, why not?
tentacleTherapist: Are you saying you've never wondered what's in there? Or why it's been kept a secret from you?
ectoBiologist: well, i mean yeah...
tentacleTherapist: Then trust me. You won't be going "right on through."
ectoBiologist: wait, are you saying there's something, like... troubling in there?
tentacleTherapist: I don't know.
ectoBiologist: what do you mean? what do you see in there?
tentacleTherapist: I can't see in there.
ectoBiologist: oh.
tentacleTherapist: But I don't have a very good feeling about it.
ectoBiologist: pfff...
whatever!
i think i can handle a few more stupid clown paintings.

Rose: Move punched cards to John's room.

[Rose: Drag some cruxite dowels up to John's room.

John: Collect grist, examine safe.

You swoop up the bountiful supply of grist generated by your co-player's recent exploits. From now on it will probably go without saying that you'll nab any grist lying around without making a big fuss over it.

You check out the busted safe, which has made a noble sacrifice in battle. Some of your father's odds and ends have spilled out, including some old newspaper clippings, and two rather hefty tomes. It's a fair bet that these books comprised at least half the weight of the safe.

John: Examine family tome of humour.

It's another copy of Colonel Sassacre's Daunting Text of Magical Frivolity and Practical Japery. This one looks really old, perhaps an original printing. Could it be the same one involved with your grandmother's unfortunate accident on that fateful day? Dad would never speak a word about it, but maybe Nanna wouldn't be so tight-lipped?

You give it a cursory perusal. It appears to be similar to your reprinting, listing all the japes and chicanery you have come to know and love. You captchalogue it, thinking you may give it a closer look later.

John: Examine contents of safe.

The Fatherly Gent's Shaving Almanac

It is a grey book with the title written in an old-fashioned font at the top of the cover. Below the title is a white silhouette of a man wearing a fedora flanked by two old fashioned straight razors and a lather brush.

You take a look at the other book. You're sure DAD thought this was a scintillating read, but it looks pretty boring to you. Maybe you'll crack into it some day when you're old enough to shave.
Everything in this safe was obviously very important to your father. You wonder why he kept it locked away from you?

Some things about him you will never understand.

Next

[Image description: It shows the old newspapers from the safe, all of which are yellowed with age. The first one is from Monday, April 13, 19???. The last two digits of the year are off screen. The Common Hornographer Space Rocks Knock Local Burb's Block Off Populace oblivious to broader significance of events, assuming them is any, which there definitely isn't. Shortly after 4 A.M. today, a downpour of meteors in a residential neighborhood became yet another instance in a pattern of recent rocky cosmological phenomena. The incident, aside from property damage and loss of life, was downplayed by authorities as "not all that big of a deal." Two more clippings just show the headlines in the panel- Meteors! And Crocker Facility Leveled.]

It seems he has been collecting scraps from the news over the years. These articles go back decades.

John: Look at the piece of paper taped to the wall.

[Image description: John stands on top of the newspaper clippings and faces the piece of paper on the wall. A second image shows the note, which reads Son. If you are reading this, it means you are now strong enough to lift the safe. You are now a man. As such, you are entitled to what is inside. I know you will take this responsibility seriously. I am so proud of you.]

John: Turn the card over.

[Image description: It shows the back of the card, which reads 02-49-13.] You guess this is the combination to the safe.

This is completely useless.

John: Examine back of captchaclone card on floor.

[Image description: John picks up the captchaclone card. A second image shows the back, which has pink static-y designs with blue and yellow lines crossing it. The code reads 00000000.] You guess these are all zeros? Or are they capital O's? Zeros would probably make more sense for an empty card, you think.

John: Captchalogues the card.

[Image description: John captchaclone the empty card, flinging the cruxite totem from the sylladex. It flies out into the void and disappears.] John: Enter code on back of card into designix.

[Image description: It shows the back of the captchaclone card with the captchaclone card inside. It
has swirled blue and brown designs with red and light blue lines crossing it. The code is 11111111. A second image shows John standing at the designix. In the bathtub, an imp unsuccessfully tries to hide from view.]

John: Punch card.

[Image description: It shows the captchalogue card with holes punched in it. A second image shows the room. The punched card sits on the designix and an ellipsis alert hovers over the PDA in the sylladex, which is now in queue mode.]

pesterlog
tentacleTherapist: Wait, John, before you punch that.
Oh.
I was about to say.
If you first took note of the code, then removed the card from the card, you could have punched the blank one.
You would have only burned one card instead of two.
ectoBiologist: oh yeah, you're right.
dammit!

John: Throw hat down in disgust.

[Image description: It shows the outside of the house with the hole punched in it. The hat goes flying through it and off into the void.]

John: Captchalogue punched captchalogued captchalogue card.

[Image description: John captchalogues the card, which pushes the PDA out of his sylladex. It flies through the hole in the wall and is about to tumble into the void, but Rose catches it. The words Sweet Catch appear above the cursor. At the edge of the platform, an imp watches this nonsense. A second image shows John standing by the safe and Rose carrying the PDA to set it at John's feet.]

What?

John: Take PDA.

[Image description: John captchalogues the PDA, which forces the old Colonel Sassacre's book out of the deck. It goes flying and punches a new hole in the wall, landing on the imp who watched Rose catch the PDA.]

The two card sylladex: inventory of dumbasses.

John: Level up!

[Image description: It shows the Echeladder screen again. Now Greentike, Juvesquirt, Plucky tot, Fidgety Bopper, Anklebiter, and Champ-Fry are filled in. John has a long orange and red feather in his cap. A new category has appeared under cache limit. It's the outline of the man in the hat from the cover of the shaving almanac and is labeled Man Grit. There are 540 boondollars under the piggy bank.]

Climbed to Rung: Pesky Urchin!

Pesky Urchin fills in a minty green and the feather in John's cap changes to a round mint green one with an orange C-shaped marking on it.
Gel Viscosity: + 15!
Cache Limit: + 40!
Man Grit: + 5!

A few colorful coins are dispensed and the boondollars increase to 740.]

Colonel Sassacre: Level up for slaying the imp.

[Image description: It shows the dapper man from the inside of the Colonel Sassacre's book against a flashing background of pink and orange slices. Around him hover dingy Colonel Sassacre's books of various sizes.]

The Colonel soars to new heights on his echeladder, reaching the rung: One Man Julep Vacuum, and pockets 9550 boondollars.

Chump change for the genteel, aristocratic southern colonel.

Bathtub: Level up for slaying the imp.

[Image description: The bathtub pulses in the center of the screen against a vibrating background of wavy blue lines that resemble water. In the corners, 4 small bathtubs spin quickly.]

The bathtub surges heroically and surpasses the rung: Archimedes' Aquacradle, proceeding directly to vaunted rung: Taft-jammer. The tub makes off with a cool 490 boondollars.

The tub's Basin Capacity remains unaffected.

Safe: Level up for slaying the imp.

[Image description: It shows a burning viking boat floating on a green-black sea. In the boat is the broken safe. The sky behind it is banded in red, like it's a sunset.]

The safe was slain in battle. A great flaming nautical pyre carries it off to Vaulthalla.

John: Make your way up those stairs, posthaste.

[Image description: John stands outside the massive hole in the wall, looking at the narrow stairway.]

You're not sure. They look pretty precarious to you.

But you've been assured the stairs are perfectly navigable.

Next

[Image description: A blue banner with flashing light blue lines and the words Lad Scramble appears near the top of the screen. John runs up the stairs while yelling with his eyes closed. Just past the halfway mark, he slips. A second image shows him clinging to the stairs for dear life while his legs dangle over the edge. He's still yelling and still has his eyes closed.]

Lousy goddamn stupid stairs!

Next

[Image description: It shows the edge of the plateau where the Colonel Sassacre book killed the imp. From below, a large black hand grabs the edge. A second image shows another hand gripping
the land and the top of a harlequin hat poking into view. The creature, whatever it is, begins climbing up.]

Dave: Ignore Lil Cal and find the beta.

[Image description: Dave stands in his living room, behind the futon. Against the wall is a set of double-layered turntables held up on cinderblocks. Above them, a marionette in a black suit and a rack for katanas hang from the wall. On the rack is one sword. Off to the right of the table is the edge of another door.]

You wander over to the place where your Bro keeps his sweet turntable gear. Man that setup is sweet. You feel pangs of jealousy whenever you walk by it. Really cool jealousy, though. Like the kind where instead of getting all worked up about it, you don't actually give a shit.

One of your brother's rad and extremely expensive ninja swords is missing though.

You know this drill all too well. Trouble's a brewin'.

Dave: Take expensive ninja sword.

[Image description: Dave stands a little closer to the tables. The sword on the rack disappears in a blur.]

What sword?

Dave: Exit your bro's room.

[Image description: Dave stands next to the door to the right of the turntables. A blur crosses the screen and suddenly Lil Cal is sitting on the turntables.]

You approach the exit.

There's something on the door you haven't seen before. Looks like one of your BRO'S ironic comics he left for you to check out.

Next

[Image description: It shows the comic from the door. A dog-like creature stands partially in shadow.
What have I done?

A pink humanoid creature wearing a baby bonnet lays curled up on the ground. Animal, please start breathing, oh god, please breathe.

The dog creature stands in the background and looks towards the humanoid creature, which has its eyes half open.
Haha, ok, make-believe time is over!

It shows a close up of the dog creature with its eyes wide and hands on its cheeks.
Oh god oh god oh god oh god

The dog creature holds its head and closes its eyes.
What will nanny do to me if she finds out? No one can ever know. I have to hide the body, but where? Think, imagination! Argh, the one time when I really need you!!

A spotlight turns on over the dog creature, who looks up in surprise.
The dog creature looks over its shoulder, a terrified look on its face. Hello rowlf. I want to play a game.

Out of the shadows, a bear-like creature that resembles the puppet from Saw appears. It has a white face, red ears, red swirls for eyes, a black shirt, a red bowtie, and a mouth like a nut cracker. It zooms in. I want to play a game.

It goes even closer. To play a

Next

[Image description: Dave frowns slightly and rips up the comic.]

Ok, some of this stuff you KNOW he's just leaving around to get under your skin. This is obviously another ploy in his relentless siege of one-upsmanhip to get your goat (the same goat you've been meaning to bleat like ironically, but that will still have to wait for a more appropriate time).

You think he knows that deep down you feel like you're still not ironic enough to get stuff like this, and this is probably some weird gauntlet he's throwing down to see if you will "GET IT".

But honestly you think this material is just a little TOO ironic. You just don't need to see this shit right now.

Dave: Go into the kitchen.

[Image description: Dave still stands by the door, now with the ripped up remains of the comic on the floor beside him. To his right is the kitchen, which is an extension of the living room. There's a chain of some sort and a knife on the floor. On the fridge, a GameBro magnet pins a picture of Hella Jeff in place. There are throwing stars and so many types of blades on the walls. On the counter is a microwave with fireworks and a puppet riding a bicycle on top. A blender has a small green shape in it. The counter is covered in throwing stars, nunchucks, and other miscellaneous weaponry. The sink is filled with fireworks. On top of the stove, a purple smuppet sits on an orange skateboard.]

No sign of BRO in here either.

Well, aside from the absurd quantity of awesome dangerous stuff he leaves lying around.

Dave: Transfer katana to strife specibus.

[Image description: Dave's captchalogue cards appear on the left side of the screen. The number 9 card slides out and the strife specibus card appears in the top right corner. The katana moves from the captchalogue to the specibus.]

With an escalating sense of threat, you think it's time you shift (9) your katana (9) to your specibus.

You figure it's better to free up the card anyway, since you might need to grab some of this stuff.

Dave: Set Blender to "Mix".
You guess bro stuck some fake blood capsules in that puppet? Pretty gross.

Next

You spot one of your bro's many webcams nearby, recording the incident.

It seems you may have just been an unwitting accessory to some sort of grisly puppet snuff film. You're not totally sure how you feel about that.

Next

This might be the only thing in the whole apartment that's a bigger piece of shit than your own sword.

You put it back behind the microwave where it belongs.

Dave: Set blender to "Crush Ice".

It's just sort of bouncing around in there.

You're making a bit of a mess now.

Dave: Hide evidence in microwave.

See, like, his hobbies are cool and all, and you guess he's got to put his shit SOMEWHERE. But what if you just wanted to heat up a burrito or something?

This kitchen is pretty much useless.

Dave: Grab those fireworks.

Dave stands by the counter. It zooms in on the blender, revealing that the green shape inside was a small green puppet. Dave's hand comes on screen from the left and presses a button. The puppet vibrates for a second and swirling lines appear around it, then it breaks into small green pieces and red bursts from it.

You guess bro stuck some fake blood capsules in that puppet? Pretty gross.

Next

You spot one of your bro's many webcams nearby, recording the incident.

It seems you may have just been an unwitting accessory to some sort of grisly puppet snuff film. You're not totally sure how you feel about that.

Next

Dave watches the puppet head bounce in the blender, flinging bits of red everywhere as it does.

This might be the only thing in the whole apartment that's a bigger piece of shit than your own sword.

You put it back behind the microwave where it belongs.

Dave: Set blender to "Crush Ice".

It's just sort of bouncing around in there.

You're making a bit of a mess now.

Dave: Hide evidence in microwave.

See, like, his hobbies are cool and all, and you guess he's got to put his shit SOMEWHERE. But what if you just wanted to heat up a burrito or something?

This kitchen is pretty much useless.

Dave: Grab those fireworks.

Dave stands by the sink. The number 5 card with the box slides out of the
captchalogue. The fireworks except 1 disappear from the sink and appear inside the blue box.

You captchalogue all the fireworks $(2+1+2+1+2+1+2+2+2 = 15)$ (divided by) $10 = (remainder) 5$ the sink has to offer.

You just KNOW these are going to come in handy. Why would they be in the sink if they weren't?

Looks like one of them is still stuck in the garbage disposal.

Dave: Captchalogue Shurikens.

[Image description: Dave stands by the counter and captchalogue the throwing stars, which are also called shurikens. This forces the box of fireworks from the deck.]

You grab the shurikens (5) and...

Hey! Careful where you're putting stuff, especially if you're looking to turn your sylladex into a powder-keg full of sharp things.

Next

[Image description: The number 3 card slides out and Dave puts the box of fireworks into it.]

You put the box of fireworks (3) back into card 5 and prepare to start ov...

Or card 3, apparently. That settles that, you guess.

Dave: Take nunchaku.

[Image description: Dave takes the nunchucks, expelling the box of fireworks.]

You take the nunchaku (3), once again grabbing without thinking ahead.

Next

[Image description: Dave takes a grounded stance and captchalogue the box again, instantly jumping up as this throws the throwing stars from the deck. They embed themselves in the fridge as the words Dude Dodge appear on screen.]

First you captchalogue the box (5) again, while adeptly avoiding the shuriken trap, which you yourself set only moments ago.

Next

[Image description: Dave drops back down onto the floor and stands up, captchaloguing the fireworks back into the box.]

You again round up all the fireworks. Time to regroup here.

Dave: Captchalogue each shuriken individually.

[Image description: Dave turns towards the fridge and captchalogue each throwing star onto card 3, one by one. The nunchucks fall on the floor. The game bro magnet falls off the fridge and sticks to the microwave. The Hella Jeff picture gently floats to the floor.]

You grab each shuriken (3) one at a time, knocking out those nunchaku.
But no worries. You've got a plan.

Dave: Captchalogue nunchucks.

[Image description: Dave takes the nunchucks.]

You take the nunchucks (6). Everything seems to be in order now.

It would have been badass to go with the authentic Japanese names for each weapon, but sometimes you've just got to compromise with this modus.

Dave: Examine fetch modus.

[Image description: It shows a grey and yellow fetch modus with the word Hashmap at the bottom. The image on it shows 3 captchalogue cards in a vertical line with a hashtag next to the top one. The card flips over, showing an eject button, a hash function coding box, and a detect collisions option, which is currently not selected.]

hash functions.
C=2; V=1;
C=1; V=2;
A=1; B=2; C=3; …]

You flip over your Fetch modus and check out the back.

You're not really sure where it is you're keeping this thing. Oh well, who cares.

Dave: Press EJECT button.

[Image description: The eject button depresses and a yellow box appears off to the side. A red exclamation point flashes inside a captchalogue card at the top of it. Below that, it reads Eject all items from sylladex? It has a yes and a no button below it.]

Oh hell no. Not after all that trouble you went through to get that stuff situated.

This is potentially a very dangerous button.

Dave: Change to Scrabble Points Hash Modus.

[Image description: In the Add box beneath the hash function list, it reads A=1; B=3; C=3; D=2]

A second screen shows this function at the top of the list inside a flashing grey box. The alert appears off to the side, now reading Changing hash function will eject sylladex. Are you sure?

First you program your modus with a scrabble points hash function, adding it to the list.

A=1;
B=3;
C=3;
D=2;
E=1;
F=4;
This might be a cool function to use, but it looks like you'll have to empty your sylladex to select it. You're just not gonna do that yet. No way.

Dave: Check the box "detect collisions".

[Image description: The detect collisions option now has a small black X next to it.]

Ok.

Dave: Take the skateboard.

[Image description: Dave stands by the stove, looking at the smuppet on the skateboard. Now visible past the end of the counter is a pile of sound boards on a bed of cinderblocks. On top of the pile are a bunch of hats, several of which have fallen onto the floor, and a marionette dressed in pink pants, a blue coat, gold chains, and red sunglasses.]

And just what is this guy so happy about? What's he looking at up there?

You think if you see one more soft, bulbous bottom being like kind of jutting out and impudent or whatever you're gonna fly off the handle.

Next

[Image description: The screen flashes black for a moment and the motion blur crosses it again. Dave slices off the tip of the smuppet's proboscis, sending it flying into the sink. The tip of the proboscis floats slowly down to land on the skateboard.]

Next

[Image description: Dave tries to take the skateboard, but the 6 card with the nunchucks flashes red. He places it in card 7 instead.]
You take the skateboard (6).

Actually, no you don't. A collision has been detected.

You take the... Uh...

Wheeled...

Uh...

Ride (7).

Man, your inventory's nomenclature is getting lamer by the minute.

Dave: Captchalogue the unplugged powercord.

[Image description: Dave stands next to the pile of sound boards, trying to take an item from the pile. The 5 card with the box of fireworks flashes.]

You take the power cord (5)... wait, no. Not going to work.

Dave: Think of a new word for powercord.

[Image description: Dave tries to put it in card 8 where the iphone is, but it flashes. He puts it in card 9 instead. A blur crosses the screen and suddenly the tip of the proboscis disappears from the stove.]

You take the battery pack (8). Dammit.

You take the battery pack (9), using the 'y' as a consonant. Your sylladex reluctantly accepts.

It's a tactic notoriously employed by hashmap noobs, but you just don't care about that now. Besides, it's not like your Bro is around to see.

Next

[Image description: A black silhouette of a man wearing a baseball cap and pointed shades appears, deposits Cal on the stove, and disappears. Dave looks towards the viewer.]

Next

[Image description: Dave turns and sees Cal, jumping away in surprise with one leg drawn up and a tiny red exclamation mark over his head.]

Dave: Search for some MAD SNACKS YO.

[Image description: Dave stands by the fridge.]

Oh, it was just Lil' Cal again. You can never stay mad at him.

Anyway, you've got to get this way rude hunger under control. You figure you oughta scope the fridge for some grub. This hunger is so ill-mannered it would make a room full of snooty dowagers commit mass suicide.

Dave: Open refrigerator.

[Image description: Dave opens the left door of the fridge and does a backflip out of the way of a
Oh god more shitty swords.

Of course you knew these were in here. You're not even sure why you looked.

If you want to keep any food or beverages in this apartment, you've pretty much got no choice but to hide stuff away in your closet.

Dave: Take swords.

[Image description: The swords go into card 2. The fridge door is now closed.]

The hell with it. You try to take the entire jumble of unbelievably shitty swords and brace yourself for...

Looks like that works, actually. (2)

You captchalogue the jumble of unbelievably shitty swords.

Dave: Use ice maker, it's still hot around here.

[Image description: Dave reaches up to press the ice dispenser on the right door of the fridge. Small round, red objects tumble out.]

You dispense several cherry bombs.

Next

[Image description: It shows a close up of the fridge where a faint reflection of Lil Cal stares out.]

Wait...

Who's that looking at you in the reflection?

Next

[Image description: Dave turns back and forth with a small red question mark above his head. Lil Cal is mysteriously not on the stove anymore. A second image shifts the focus upwards. At the bottom of the screen, Dave continues to turn back and forth, but Cal watches from the top of the fridge.]

Where'd the little dude scamper off to this time?

Dave: Captchalogue cherry bombs.

[Image description: Dave tries and fails to captchalogue the cherry bombs into card 9 where the power cord is, then puts them in card 1.]

You go for the cherry bombs (9) unsuccessfully.

After mulling it over a bit, you take the red spherical salutes (1).

Dave: Take blender.

[Image description: Dave puts the blender into card 4.]
Blender (2) is a pretty simple word, and you can already tell that's not going to work.

Instead you take the...

Whirling blade pitcher (4).

That's really a much better name for it anyway, you think.

Dave: Activate garbage disposal.

Dave: Stuff down mr purple guy into the garbage disposal.

You're still not sure what he's so happy about, or what he's looking at up there.

Next

While you're at it, you dump the contents of the blender, oops I mean whirling blade pitcher, into the disposal. But you suffer an unfortunate garbage disposal head jam.

You notice something in the reflection. Something above you.

Dave: Look up.

It's the hatch to the crawlspace above your apartment. Bro's always tucking away in there when he's busting out his rad stealth stunts. He's so slick that dangling cord never even jostles.

You just know he's being ironic with these weird mind games. There's no way anyone could be serious about aping those shitty movies.

Dave: Use the turntables and cinderblocks to make a fort.

It's a pretty sweet fort you just made and you're pretty sure your brother would agree. Under different circumstances, you might be high-fiving over it right now.

But rather than get inside and take her for a spin, you really just need to use it to get up to that hatch.

Dave: Yank cord.
It is time to face your destiny. No going back now.

Next

[Image description: It shows the hatch and part of the nearby ceiling, which has a black smudge on it. The hatch slowly opens and a bunch of smuppets tumble out.]

Next

[Image description: Dave makes a horrified expression as the smuppets fall on him. A blue one's butt presses against his head with a Squish.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the room as a mound of smuppets knocks Dave onto the floor. A second image shows him in the pile with an extremely angry expression.]

Yeah, there was pretty much no way there wasn't going to be a bunch of puppets in there.

Next

[Image description: The smuppet pile vibrates as Dave sticks his arms out and types on his phone.]

pesterlog
turntech Godhead: ok wait hold on why am i getting this stupid game for you you're the one who should be wrist deep in puppet ass
tentacleTherapist: What is the specific problem?
turntech Godhead: the problem is i am up to my goddamn neck in fucking puppet dong
tentacleTherapist: You know you like the mannequin dick. Accept it.
turntech Godhead: i am enrobed in chafing, wriggling god fucking damned puppet pelvis an obscenely long, coarse kermit cock is being dragged across my anguished face
tentacleTherapist: Let's put this into perspective. You put up with the puppet prostate because you love it.
Also, coarse is a good word.
turntech Godhead: you dont seem to harbor any sympathy for the fact that ive burrowed fuck deep into lively, fluffy muppet buttock
i'm whirling in the terrible cyclone at the epicenter of my own personal holocaust of twitching foam noses
its like a fucking apocalypse of perky proboscis here like the probosclypse i guess
tentacleTherapist: Are you going to start rapping about this?
turntech Godhead: what no
no listen
tentacleTherapist: Prong of flesh bereft of home
Found solace 'twixt a cleft of foam.
turntech Godhead: no oh jesus
tentacleTherapist: Of apocalypse your thoughts eclipse
A painted pair of parted lips
That dare through kiss to stir the air
That teases tufts of orange hair.
And though faces flush in lovers' fits,
Hands snug in plush as gloves befit.
turntech Godhead: ok dickinson if you can shut your perfume trap for a half second
this is serious
i am just saying
if i see one more soft bulbous bottom being like
kind of jutting out and impudent or whatever
im gonna fly off the handle
im gonna do some sort of acrobatic fucking PIROUETTE off the handle and win like a medal or
some shit
tentacleTherapist: Then let's hope there will be a squishy derriere somewhere below the handle to
break your fall.

Dave: Read the note on the hatch.

[Image description: It shows a note pinned to a white surface, supposedly the hatch, with a batman
symbol shaped blade. The note reads
bro.
roof. now.
bring cal.
where doing it man
where MAKING THIS HAPEN

Dave: Burst out of the puppet pile like "the one".

[Image description: A black screen shows a bunch of white motion blurs. A second image shows
Dave shouting and wielding his katana among the sliced up remains of smuppets.]

Dave: Be the other guy.

[Image description: It shows John standing in his bedroom, near the totem lathe. The three punched
cards are still on the floor and the eight cruxite dowels are still lined up neatly along the wall. Now
his dresser sits nearby with several pieces of grist on it, implying that Rose used it to kill an imp.]

You are now the other guy.

John: Take dowels and sheets from bed and make a tent.

[Image description: Two cruxite dowels sit on top of the dresser, stacked on each other. One dowel
sits behind it and two towers of two dowels sit in front of it. The image changes and John stands on
the Wise Guy book as a sheet with ghost designs on it appears draped over the dresser. It is pinned
to the ground by the dowel in back and pinned between the two dowels of each of the front towers.
John smiles.]

This is so much fun.

A huge waste of time, yes. But so much fun.

Next

[Image description: The select cursor hovers over the void as the dresser and sheet drop into the
ash. Apparently, Rose was fed up with those shenanigans.]

John: Carve a totem of the punched pogo card.

[Image description: John stands by the totem lathe and cards. The cruxite dowels now sit by the
cards in a much less orderly arrangement. John takes one of the punched cards and a dowel, inserts them both into the machine, and watches it carve a new totem. This one has a small dip, a small bulge, a large dip, then a large bulge.

You put the punched card containing the pogo ride in the slot, and carve a totem from one of the cruxite dowels.

John: Repeat process with other cards and dowels.

You use the card containing the code for the hammer, as well as the one with the random code you punched over the shaving cream card for the hell of it. You carve the respective totems for the cards.

John: Do same thing with captchalogue captchalogue card.

You make a totem for a captchalogue card.

Pretty bare bones looking totem, if you ask me.

Rose: Collect totems.

You stow the totems in your atheneum.

Rose: Produce captchalogue card.

You decide to use shale, since it seems less generally useful than build grist as of now.

You make a whole bunch of them.

Next
pesterlog
ectoBiologist: whoa, did you just make all these??
tentacleTherapist: Yes.
ectoBiologist: sweet, thanks!
what did you do with all the blue wobbly vase-looking things?
tentacleTherapist: I brought the totems out to the alchemiter to test them.
I'm taking some things into my own hands to save some time.
ectoBiologist: ok.

Next

You create a hammer at the expense of 2 units of build grist.

Next

You make a pogo ride too. Minus 5 build, 1 shale.

Next

You use the totem carved with the random code. You create a...
A rocket pack?
With some random crap stuck inside it. Looks like a cinderblock, a violin, and a flower pot. The items have rendered the device completely inoperable.

Next

You figure you might as well put this piece of junk to use.
John: Collect cards.

Using a little strategy, first you grab Harry Anderson's "Wise Guy", by Mike Caveney, then the cards, then your ejected PDA, then the book again to flush the cards into your deck.
Nice going!

John: Turn on "detect collisions".

[Image description: It shows the back of two fetch modi. The left one is pink and the right one is orange. Other than that, the backs are identical. At the top, there's a large Eject button, and below that is two buttons reading FILO and FIFO in a toggle arrangement- if one is pressed, the other un-presses. A cursor clicks the FILO and FIFO buttons alternatingly on both cards. When FILO is pressed, they are pink and when FIFO is pressed it is orange. Apparently, John has 2 copies of the same fetch modus in different modes, not 2 different modi like he believed.]

You flip your fetch modi but find no such option.

This is idiotic.

John: Read book. Be the wise guy.

[Image description: It shows the cover of Wise Guy.
Harry Anderson
Wise Guy
from the street to the screen
Mike Caveney

A second image shows a page from the book. At the top of the page it shows a white silhouette of a man playing a wind instrument, perhaps an oboe, against a city skyline. To the right of the image, it shows a man wearing a fedora and a suit. He has a mischievous smirk on his face.

An Introduction: Who's This Wise Guy?
"Blood Loss in the Big Easy"

The text is in two columns with a picture of a man with his feet on a desk and a gavel in his hand between them. The picture is captioned "Harry and I never speak anymore"

New Orleans, 1977. The close-up room at the Magic Castle was this mean little box that tended to fill up with so much smoke you'd swear someone was cremating a wet dog in there.

In walks Anderson. There isn't much that gets liquor to pause its journey from the table to my lips but I'll be the bastard lovechild of a listless octoroon if that kid wasn't the cat that swallowed the canary in a dapper little hat. It looked like he was testing the tensile strength of his suspenders to the damn near limit with a pair of cocky thumbs. I wasn't impressed.

But I was a fool.

Somehow in my motion for another beverage he'd already slipped into polite conversation at a table held down by some notoriously brusque regulars. He had them in no time flat. They were melting butter in his glass ramekins. Whatever tidy yarn he'd spun to win them over, I didn't catch a word of it. One of them laughed. I was angry. Envious? Maybe a little. Yeah, you bet I was.

Anderson had one of those little wooden finger choppers that Micky Hades used to sell. The kind where the blade could be removed and clearly shown. It was a very convincing little guillotine that did not look like a novelty store toy. Harry would get a guy to examine the chopper and then cut a cigarette in half. Then he held the guy's hand up and told this silly story. The story of course was artifice, a distraction for the guy and the audience while he worked his stuff with the chopper.

Or it would become that, once his famous chopper trick was perfected, vaulting him to fame,
fortune, and the crowning position in the television judiciary.

With what became his signature aplomb, Anderson was in moments a font of breast-pocket gauze, profuse apology, and redoubling determination. It's really amazing how hard it is to find a bloody sausage-sized piece of a guy on the floor of a room that dark and smoky. Impossible, I think we all proved. Just as impossible as Blind Willie Buttermilk Stubbs was going to find it to work his trumpet tomorrow night without his "twiddlin' fingers", a-

The text continues onto another page, which is not shown.]

You never really understood what Caveney's relation to Anderson was, or why he wrote this book about him. His ambivalent attitude toward your favorite magician in these anecdotes always struck you as a little weird, and to be honest, you tend not to read much of the text in the book. You mostly like to look at the diagrams for all the cool tricks.

Next

[Image description: It shows another page of the book. At the top of the page, it shows a hole punch and several pairs of playing cards with holes punched in various places.

"A Hole in the Ace"
(a.k.a. The A-Hole Trick)

Here is a perfect example of how Harry could ruin several decks of cards, waste everyone's valuable time, and have you love him for it. He was good at that.

One day he noisily emptied his suit jacket pocket onto the hood of his car in search of change for the meter. A clunky metal thing slid from the pile and bounced on the sidewalk. As I retrieved it for him I asked what he was doing with a hole puncher in his pocket.

His face lit up at the question like he was an elf and I asked him how he felt about climbing into the hollow of a big tree to bake some cookies or something. (The two foot, six inch height differential between us causes these comparisons to enter my mind.)

A small crowd had already gathered around even before he produced the first pack of unmolested cards. How people seem to gather, and how they even know a street performance is about to take place, I'll never know. It's perhaps Anderson's greatest trick. Luring the marks like that.

I wanted to ask if he was sure about this, performing in broad daylight. He was used to working in dark rooms. It was usually the first thing out of his mouth when he would queer a trick. "I'm really more accustomed to working in a darker room than this." But Harry was excited, and had already butchered the first deck of cards with the hole puncher, and issued the first round of apologies to the crowd. These were the primer apologies, the sort that got the folks loosened up a bit before the seven course meal of ingratiating that would inevitably follow.

He asked me for a fresh deck of cards and I gave him one.

The principle behind the trick in theory, as he explained to me later, was to punch holes in what appeared to be one card, but was in fact two or more together (hence the difficulty he often had in squeezing the puncher with his little elfish hands). Then using some coy maneuvers with his thumb, temporarily concealing the hole while he slid the card beneath it with his palm, the hole would seem to disappear, or move to another part of the card.]

Oh yeah, that's right. The old Hole in the Ace trick, interestingly enough, pertaining to punching holes in cards and making them "disappear" and stuff. Your hands were never really strong enough
to make this one work all that well either.

But actually... this gives you an idea.

Next

You overlap two of the punched cards. They mask each other's hole patterns.

John: Put both cards in totem lathe.

You carve another totem using the new combined hole pattern.

John: Take it to the alchemiter.

Oh man, looks like Rose made like a million hammers for some reason.

Get all this shit out of the way, you're about to make something sweet!

Next

You got the pogo hammer.

John: Practice with new weapon.

pesterlog
tentacleTherapist: What did you do?
ectoBiologist: i combined the cards in the lathe thingy and made this!
it is so sweet, man look at me go.
tentacleTherapist: I see.
That was a really good idea, John. Nice work.
ectoBiologist: thanks!
i got the idea from harry anderson.
tentacleTherapist: Who?
ectoBiologist: uh, you know the show night court?
tentacleTherapist: No.
ectoBiologist: oh.
well bottom line is...
he's awesome
that's really all there is to say on the matter!

John: Attack the nearest imp to test pogo hammer's strength.

[Image description: John bounces the hammer back and forth, getting faster and faster each time until he flips off of the platform and smashes the imp so hard that both the pogo bouncer and John fly up and off the screen.]

You get a vicious rhythmic bouncing combo going and easily slay the imp in one blow.

You and the pogo ride are catapulted sky-high in the process.

Next

[Image description: It shows the pogo bouncer flying through the air above the platform Rose made above John's room. In the top right corner, a white arm floats in the sky.]

Next

[Image description: It shows John's front yard. The pogo bouncer falls from the sky and lands in the tree, knocking an imp from one of the branches.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the hole punched in a platform. Rose drags John's bed over the hole just moments before John tumbles on screen, dropping the hammer as he lands. Below the panel, the words Sweet Catch flash.]

Next

[Image description: It shows a zoomed out image of most of the house, showing John on the platform and imps standing on the roof, one of which is near a hammer. A second image shows a lower view of the house. The imp on the roof picked up the hammer and several imps stand in the front yard. A third image shows a close up image of the side of the house. Through the hole into the study, a very large black leg and part of a side can be seen. The creature, whatever it is, is wearing harlequin clothes.]

Next

[Image description: It shows a long, 3-panel long image of the tree in the front yard with the pogo bouncer in it. At the bottom, a large creature wearing a harlequin hat begins to climb up onto the plateau.]
Rose: Pester John.

[Image description: Rose clicks the bed, which John still lays on. It flashes red and refuses to move. Meanwhile, John pokes at the PDA.]

pesterlog
ectoBiologist: hey, that was a pretty, uh…
nice...

uh...
tentacleTherapist: Sweet catch?
ectoBiologist: ... save.
oh, yeah.

that.
this is pretty comfy.

why don't you just like,
carry the bed around with me on it?

up to the gate up there!
tentacleTherapist: I can't interact with you directly, or anything that you are touching, if it will result in moving you.
See?
ectoBiologist: oh.
lame!
tentacleTherapist: The game probably regards that as a kind of cheating.
In a way, thieving you of your free will as an adventurer, and the need to advance by your own skill and ingenuity.
The server player is just a facilitator.
ectoBiologist: well, ok.

all that scurrying around kind of wore me out, i think i'm going to rest here for a bit.
rose, can you keep the imps at bay? like, drop some stuff on them if they sneak too close.
tentacleTherapist: No, you should pick up your hammer and defend yourself.
ectoBiologist: what, come on!
tentacleTherapist: I have no idea what the hell Dave is up to, or if he's any closer to recovering the game.

There's some stuff I'd like to try, in case he doesn't come through.
ectoBiologist: oh alright.
i'm just gonna rest my eyes here a second though.


[Image description: The song John Sleeps begins to play. John lays on his back, staring up at the blue spirographs in the sky, which cast a blue glow over him and reflect in his glasses. It cuts to an image of the spirograph against the black sky, then back to John. John slowly closes his eyes and the screen fades to black. A speech bubble with a large Z inside it bobs in the center of the screen.]

Rose: Check Alchemy Excursus.

[Image description: It shows the game menu with the last option, the Alchemy Excursus, which looks like a punched captchalogue card with an Erlenmeyer flask of green liquid next to it selected. There are three white boxes across the rest of the screen. The first one shows the pogo bouncer && the hammer equals the pogo hammer]

Looks like a sort of index documenting all the known results for punch card alchemy combinations.
This could be a convenient resource as you start to stumble on more useful card combinations. But ever since John started punching cards, you've been contemplating other ways this item manufacturing system could be put to use. In particular, if you obtain the code for any item at your disposal, you think you could theoretically send the code to John and he could make it himself.

That is, if you can think of anything that would be worth sending to him.

Rose: Captchalogue sburb Server CD.

You eject the disk and captchalogue the server cd.

Rose: Message John the Captcha code.

Oh God damn it.

Next

gardenGnostic: hey!!!!
etcoBiologist: whoa, there you are!
gardenGnostic: how is your adventure going john?
etcoBiologist: it's ok, i am making some progress, and rose finally connected again so she is helping me now.
gardenGnostic: thats good!!
etcoBiologist: oh but, like...
i don't think i am actually saving the world here. (sad face)
i dunno what i'm really accomplishing but i guess it's not that.
gardenGnostic: hmm well i think whatever it is it must be pretty important!
dont lose hope john i think it will all turn out for the best if you stay positive....
just keep listening to your grandmothers advice!!!
etcoBiologist: yeah, you're probably right.
but, um...
i don't think i mentioned nanna to you, did i?
gardenGnostic: oh uhhhh.......
i dont know didn't you???
etcoBiologist: hmm, i dunno, maybe you talked to rose or dave about it or something.
gardenGnostic: yeah maybe that was it!!
etcoBiologist: they're really weird when they talk to me about you, like they're always trying convince me you have some spooky powers, but i'm always like no she seems like a pretty regular girl to me!
gardenGnostic: heheheh (Very happy face)
etcoBiologist: but then when i think back maybe there are times when it seems like you know some things?
like maybe you know more about a thing than you are telling me? i dunno.
gardenGnostic: oh well john
i want to explain lots of things to you....
some things that i know
i'm just......
waiting!
etcoBiologist: waiting for what!
gardenGnostic: oh! john!!
i forgot i was messaging you about that meteor that fell near my house!
etcoBiologist: oh yeah.
what ever happened with that?
gardenGnostic: oh boy.... well.......
it turns out i was confused about it...
really confused! (Concerned face)
see i guess i fell asleep for a while and.....
lost track of time
that happens!!
etcoBiologist: yeah i know, tell me about it!
maybe you should like, wear an alarm clock or something.
so what was the deal with the meteor?
gardenGnostic: well.....
it's hard to explain!!!
but...
i know what it is now!
and now i know everythings going to be ok!!!
etcoBiologist: so what is it???
or is this just another thing you're "waiting" to tell me???
gardenGnostic: oh gosh john i really want to tell you all this stuff!!!
but i cant yet
i really think you need to wake up first!
ectoBiologist: huh?
gardenGnostic: well ok not literally
well ok maybe KINDA literally!!
ectoBiologist: AUGH!!!!!!!!!!!!
stop being so confusing!!!!
gardenGnostic: lol (smiley face)
anyway time for you to go john
i think you have some company!!!
(heart)

-- gardenGnostic [GG] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [E B] at ???:?? --

John: Quickly grab the pogo hammer.

[Image description: John steps forward and grabs the hammer. The hammerkind specibus appears
in the top left corner with the pogo hammer now in the bottom rectangle. The imp behind the bed
ducks down even further. A second image shows the edge of the platform. The top of the tree and
part of the pogo bouncer that landed in it poke up above the edge. The very top of something
yellow also pokes over the edge.]

You stick the pogo hammer back in your strife specibus and get ready to kill some more of these
pesky little...

Huh? What's that?

Next

[Image description: It shows the balcony, where a huge hole has now been punched through the
wall. A pair of giant black legs is shown climbing up towards the platform John is on. Inside the
house, an imp wearing the wizard hat looks angry. A second image shows the arms of the creature
pulling itself up onto the platform. In its hand, it holds the old Colonel Sassacre's book.]

Next

[Image description: John and the imp both cower behind the bed.]

pesterlog
-- tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [E B] at ???:?? --
ectoBiologist: rose, why aren't you dropping something on that thing??
oh no
(Scared face)

John: Be the imp.

[Image description: It shows the imp hopping off the platform with an umbrella in its hands like it's
trying to float down Mary Poppins style.]

You be the imp and quickly abscond the fuck outta there!!!

This is what weaker adversaries do whenever things get too hot to handle, which is frequently.
John: Prepare for a boss battle.

[Image description: John stands on the roof above his bedroom, next to the magic chest. Two imps stand nearby.]

You stop being the imp because that was stupid, and scurry over to your magic chest that you suddenly remembered was on the roof. There are some things in here that would be good to stock up on for a major battle.

But it looks like someone has plundered your chest!!! This is so outrageous.

Next

[Image description: It shows an imp standing beneath the tree in the front yard. The branch that the tire swing was on is gone, leaving only a broken stump in its place. A second image shows the inside of John's room, where a large foot in a green shoe uses the window as a step up. The walls around the window crack and glass lays on the floor. A third image shows the foot stepping up from the window. An imp clings to the tree with the pogo bouncer in it. The tire swing hangs along the wall like the owner of the giant foot is carrying it as it climbs.]

Next

[Image description: It shows John on the roof. A large hand suddenly slams into the roof, cracking it and making John jump.]

You are being ambushed!

There isn't much room to maneuver on this sloping roof. Maybe you should consider making your way to higher ground.

John: Ascend to the highest point of the house.

[Image description: John stands on top of the platform Rose built above his room near an imp. He smacks the pogo hammer into the ground repeatedly. Below the platform, the top of two large harlequin hats poke into the panel.]

You go up here.

John: Look down.

[Image description: John looks off the back left side of the platform. The imp is gone, replaced by grist. The two large creatures climb closer to the platform. One has a hand on it.]

You peek over the edge.

Next

[Image description: John looks over the edge. Behind him, the large hats approach. A second image shows what John sees; the side of the house, part of which has a large oil smear on it, a tree, and the void. A third image shows a tree branch with a speech bubble containing a pair of handcuffs and a red question mark flashing nearby.]

It already seems like a long way down to your yard. Not even to speak of whatever's below.

Hey, weren't your trick handcuffs dangling from that branch earlier? Dammit, why do imps got to be making off with all your sweet gear??
John: Turn around...

[Image description: John turns around and looks surprised and a little afraid. A large shadow is cast over him. A second image shows two giant black creatures dressed like harlequins. Giant tusks poke out of their bottom jaws, each pair looking like a stereotypical French moustache. The front one holds the dingy Colonel Sassacre's and the back one holds the tire swing like a garrotte. Both are labeled Crude Ogre and have full health bars above their heads.]

You are confronted with a pair of enormous foes.

This is it. You have no choice but to wage a fierce rooftop battle. This is totally going to happen now, and could in no way conceivably be interrupted by a sudden shift in our attention. It's go time. It's time to do this thing.

where doing it man

where MAKING THIS HAPPEN

[Note: the previous two lines are in red comic sans and link to a Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff comic.

SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF

It shows Hella Jeff from behind.

Bro did

It shows an uncomfortably close shot of Hella Jeff's face with text superimposed on top.

you get the new hot game that everyone's buzzing about these days

It shows a vertically compressed image of Sweet Bro with some sort of green marking around the bottom of the panel. Off to the side, it looks like some pink text was partially erased where the text is.

DUDE you KNOW i did, you KNOW it!

Hella Jeff throws his head back like he is laughing. A second image shows both of them standing with their arms out to go for a hug, though it looks like they're warding off some angry animal. Their faces are incredibly pixelated and covered in jpeg artifacts.

that is SO SWEET man how about a bro hug bump

It shows the same image as the second one in the previous panel, but closer.

ok how do we do this....... ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., ..., 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You stop being the other guy. You're not even sure what that meant anyway.

[S] Dave: Ascend to the highest point of the building.

Dave crumples the note and looks up. He tries to captchaogue the puppet pile (6) but gets the MUPPET BUTTOCK MOUND (0) instead. He does a backflip and jumps up onto the counter in an Acrobatic Fucking Pirouette, using it to springboard onto the fort, then the top of the fridge. He slings Lil Cal over his shoulder and jumps down, grabbing a sword as he goes. The black screen with the white motion blur appears for a moment before it fades to Dave holding the sword out to his side. It zooms in on one of Lil Cal's eyes.

The scene changes to one of a dimly lit stairway with a door. Dave kicks open the door, spilling light out onto the stairs. It shows his legs as he climbs up the stairs. It shows his glasses, then Lil Cal.

The scene shifts again as Dave reaches the top of the stairs. The doorway at the top is open and Dave is silhouetted in red against the skyline. The red swirling design appears in a flare above the city. It then shows it reflected in Dave's glasses, zooming out to show him standing in the doorway. Dave sets Lil Cal on the lip around the edge of the roof and looks out as the scene zooms out to show meteors falling all across the city. Buildings shake with the impact.

It cuts back to Dave on the roof and the silhouette that brought Cal into the kitchen reappears. It steals Cal and is gone before Dave can turn his head. Dave does a flip off the screen and falls down in another shot, landing in a crouch on a different section of roof. It zooms out and suddenly, the screen is white and the word PSYCHE appears in the center of the screen.

It fades to an image of a girl standing in a greenhouse; the girl is the one from the silhouette in John's dream. The image is only there for a moment before the screen goes back to white and says OH WAIT

x2 Double Psycheout Combo!!

It fades to show the Wayward Vagabond standing by the cans and other goods that tumbled out of the machine. In the corner is a dark reddish-orange pumpkin.

Next

You are now the Wayward Vagabond.

W.V.: Retri...

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond holds up his hands, showing that his arms are firmly attached to his body. One of his wrists has a white mark on it.]

Got em already.
W.V.: Examine rotten pumpkin.

[Image description: The pumpkin in the corner is suddenly gone and the wrappings over Wayward Vagabond's mouth are speckled with dark red-orange.]

What pumpkin?

W.V.: Check the little red bar.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond stands by the purple machine with the white spirograph on it.]

It appears to be a gauge for a large power cell, perhaps fueled by some type of nuclear reaction. If this is the case, it is relatively low on fuel. But who knows how long it has been running here?

You do not care about this sort of nonsense and you will disregard it at once. You are very hungry.

W.V.: Captchalogue can of gravy.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond stands among the cans, a black question mark over his head.]

Captchalogue? You have no idea what that means. It is total nonsense and you do not know what to make of it. You will not give the foolish notion a second thought.

W.V.: Pick up the can of gravy. Just pick it up.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond holds the can of gravy and faces the opposite direction.]

You just pick it up.

You are now holding the can of gravy.

W.V.: Use sharp teeth to poke a hole in the lid of the can.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond Nibbles on the edge of the can's lid with very blunt teeth.]

Your teeth are useless for the task! They are blunt like that of livestock, presumably suitable for mashing up plant matter, and not for puncturing metal.

W.V.: Attempt to open can with your weak pathetic digits.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond taps at the lid with one finger. As he does, the word Dook appears in very small text.]

Your weak pathetic digits are not strong enough to penetrate the can!!!

Your fingers are certainly pointy enough, and your black carapace is suitably rigid, but you just don't have enough muscle for the task.

W.V.: Take the can labeled BEANS.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond now holds 2 cans and stands between the battery pack and the thing the cans fell out of.]

Ok, you take that too.
W.V.: Examine can of custard.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond holds a third can.]

The can clearly reads "MUSTARD", a fact of which you were perfectly well aware.

It is sort of cumbersome holding all these cans at once. You doubt you can hold many more than this. Maybe one or two.

You'll need to find something to put stuff in if you want to carry a lot of things around.

W.V.: Examine marking on wrist.

You drop all the cans and take a look at your wrist.

Next

[Image description: It shows Wayward Vagabond's arm with the white marks. It's a 3 by 3 grid with the squares alternating between vertical and horizontal lines.]

It is a sort of specialized bar code pattern.

This brings back unpleasant memories and you would prefer not to dwell on it.

W.V.: Examine the small potted plant.

[Image description: The plant from the pot is gone and Wayward Vagabond burps.]

What plant?

W.V.: Check book on Human Etiquette.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond holds the book.]

It appears half the pages of this book have been eaten. The daunting volume is considerably lighter than it once was.

Next

[Image description: It shows a page of the book. It is a three step diagram. SUSTENANCE: It shows silhouettes of a cow, a horse, a chicken, a goat, and a bison. INTERMEDIARY: It shows a set of cutlery. Off to the side, it says THIS IS THE KEY, with an arrow pointing towards the cutlery. CONSUMPTION: It shows a mouth with very sharp teeth.]

You are somewhat skeptical about the nutritional value contained by these pages. However, of the practical wisdom they contain there can be little doubt. You have learned so much.

W.V.: Clear out all the cans inside the purple machine.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond stands off to the side and looks at his collection of cans.]
You empty the peculiar cabinet and take a quick inventory of your canned goods.

You have beans, mustard, gravy, bread, shrimp, asparagus, cheese, rice, corn, peas, flour, chestnuts, mayo, ham, potatoes, and squash.

Such bountiful plenty. And yet the delights taunt you from within their small metal prisons.

W.V.: Search room for can opener.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond looks into the purple container.]

You have already looked all over the place for a can opener, even making a few electronic inquiries about one, to no avail.

Nothing else inside the purple thing either.

W.V.: Locate a nearby sharp object.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond holds a strange looking red object that's partially wrapped with fabric, presumably to serve as a handle.]

You wield your trusty knife.

It is actually a...

You're not sure what they're called. It's an old rusted one of those red mailbox arm-swing flappy doodads, either for letting you know there is mail in the box, or maybe for alerting the mailman to outgoing mail to be collected. You don't know, really. You've wrapped a little piece of cloth around it for the grip.

It is useless for opening cans.

W.V.: Be the imp.

[Image description: It shows a close up of Wayward Vagabond's face and a black question mark appears over him. He vibrates faintly.]

This means nothing to you. You are not an imp, you have no idea what an imp is, and you will not entertain such frivolous and childish ideas ever again. You feel stupid and hate yourself a little for even considering it.

W.V.: Become the mayor of Can Town.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond holds his hands up in celebration, several cables looped around his body like a sash. In front of him is a small structure made of stacked cans with the open book for the roof. On top of the structure is the flower pot with the swingy-arm thing stuck in it. The rest of the cans sit on the floor near the structure.]

As the glorious founder and mayor of can town, you erect a dignified, majestic city hall out of cans, fittingly capped off with a tome of good manners for the roof. You have given yourself a very official and important looking mayoral sash made out of old cables to complete your look of authority. A number of rather civic-minded citizen cans gather in front of the building to offer adulation to their fair and magnanimous leader. All is well.

Next
You immerse yourself in this beautiful dream as you whittle away the minutes, or perhaps hours.

You love the idea of being a mayor. You love everything about mayors, and the concept of an orderly, civil democracy. It all seems so mannerly and reasonable to you. Everyone is friendly and happy, and the city runs like clockwork. The foundation of the government is based on mutual respect between the leader and its people. It is also built on having a really great mayor that everyone loves who is totally amazing and heroic and brave.

Next

Mayors are so much better than kings. You hate kings and you think kings are really stupid. They are petty, bossy tyrants and are really full of themselves and are basically awful in every way.

God do you hate kings.

W.V.: Explore west of Can Town.

Over here is the other side of the room. There is another one of those purple storage boxes, and some useless objects scattered on the floor.

W.V.: Use glowing green rock to open cans.

You pick up the nugget of uranium and...

Oh that was so stupid. Why would you do that?

W.V.: Examine box of crayons.

Crayola
Chalk
12
Non-Toxic
It's chalk numbnuts.

Next

[Image description: The box of chalk is now open. There's a red, a white, three shades of blue, an orange, a brown, two shades of green, a neon pink, a yellow, and a purple. The two green pieces disappear and a tiny Chomp takes their place.]

Inside the box, there are 12 pieces of chalk in every color of the...

10 pieces of chalk. In most colors of the rainbow.

You are excited by this.

W.V.: Try to open the storage box.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond still holds the box of chalk in one hand, but he presses at the hatch on the other storage unit with his free hand. The insect in the amber flashes very rapidly.]

It's locked!

There must be some sort of release mechanism for this thing.

W.V.: Examine contents of yellow container.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond stands off to the side and looks down at the yellow jug.]

The container is full of MOTOR OIL. This does not seem useful to you right now.

W.V.: Rescue that poor lightning bug.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond holds the bit of amber and the firefly flashes urgently.]

There is nothing you can do for this new little friend. Attempting to crush the amber encasing the firefly would likely cause it harm.

It nevertheless bravely flashes on. You find its light alluring. Inspiring.

To you it seems as if it could quite easily serve as the light of...

Next

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond stands in Can Town and places the firefly in the City Hall. The firefly still flashes.]

Democracy.

W.V.: Use the chalk to draw some roads.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond holds the piece of white chalk. The cans are stacked in groups of four off to the side. He drew and outline around the base of city hall and gave it a set of stairs and a plaza out front, in which he wrote City Hall. Streets snake around the floor and some are labeled.
Can Pkway
Can Blvd
Can Street]
Trees with blue leaves line the streets.

You sketch a handsome network of sprawling thoroughfares for your citizens to traverse. The adoring population applauds its mayor's keen instincts for city planning.

You even add some lush vegetation to your city with a piece of blue chalk, because you can't seem to find a more suitable color for some reason.

W.V.: Lay a chalk foundation for Can Town's civic growth.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond stands on the side where the firefly was. On the floor, he's drawn a large checkerboard pattern and extended Can Blvd out to meet it.]

You develop westward, settling those fertile plains and claiming them for your city.

You section off a number of residential and commercial zones for civic growth, arranged in the only logical pattern that occurs to you.

You color the residential zones with your piece of white chalk, but for some reason none of the colors in the box strike you as suitable for the commercial zones. Perhaps there is an alternative.

W.V.: Use your own pee for the commercial zones.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond shakes his head and looks concerned and a little offended.]

You cannot urinate because you have not had anything to drink in quite some time. You are very thirsty.

Also that is a really terrible idea and you would not consider befouling your wonderful city in that way for even a moment.

W.V.: Use motor oil to designate commercial zones.

[Image description: The uncolored squares are now daubed sloppily with black oil. Another street, Can Drive, comes to meet the checkerboard from the south.]

You fill each empty square with a bit of motor oil to complete the zoning. It looks rather striking to you. You can hardly imagine that an up and coming young can trying to make it in the world would not be delighted to live in your fair district.

You are very careful not to get any of the unpleasant fluid on your person.

W.V.: Peel label from can of MAYO and affix to sash.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond stands near the City Hall holding the piece of red chalk. The MAYO label is now stuck to his sash of cords with an R added at the end in chalk. Now he is an official Mayor because his sash says so.]

W.V.: Survey surroundings in search of more terrain for city.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond looks past the checkerboard towards the computer he used to harass John, then back towards the wall with the containers and battery pack on it.]

It seems you have run out of territory for your western expansion. But there is still a lot of empty wall space. Perhaps your citizens would be happier with a colorful backdrop that would make them
feel more at home.

Next

[Image description: The wall and unopened purple container are colored to look like a sky. On the purple container, he drew a yellow circle surrounded by radiating white lines and a smaller yellow circle that looks to be in orbit around the larger one. On the side wall is a small black mark of oil surrounded by swirling white lines.]

Using most of your imagination and an entire piece of sky-blue chalk, you render a bright and cheerful sky full of clouds.

You have decided that very closely orbiting your city is a luminous planet, about which orbits a single moon.

You switch to another shade of blue and continue rendering on the western wall.

Next

[Image description: It shows the western wall in more detail. The black spot of oil is still there and the white lines around it are revealed to be tiny clouds. Three other planets are drawn nearby. One looks like a black gear with a red circle inside. One looks like it has a massive volcano taking up most of the surface. One is bright blue with pink bits and equally bright clouds surround it.]

Orbiting much further from your city are four planets. None of these have satellites, you have decided. Yes, that makes sense, you think.

Next

[Image description: Where the wall meets the computer, Wayward Vagabond switched to purples and pinks. He also smeared the pipes nearby with oil. In the center of the pink and purple section is a purple circle with a smaller one in orbit around it. Off to the side, John's monitor shows him bouncing the pogo hammer back and forth on the alchemiter shortly after its creation.]

And on the southern wall, beyond an impenetrable veil of darkness, occupying the furthest orbit yet, there is an ominous planet. A moon circles this one too.

W.V.: Check that rampaging boy on the screen.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond stands to the left of the 4-screened computer, watching John accidentally fling himself sky high while killing an imp.]

Oh yeah, it's that guy. You had almost forgotten about him and his confusing shenanigans.

It seems like he has things well in hand at the moment. He does not appear to need your help, and you have already concluded that he cannot help you, at least for the time being.

W.V.: Turn on the other 3 screens.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond looks at the screen, which shows John laying on the bed. A second image shows the keyboard and command prompt box.]

You have no idea how to turn these on!

There is no mouse for this weird quadra-monitored computer. It can only be operated through text commands from its keyboard.
Perhaps there is a special key or command which will allow you to switch to another monitor?

W.V.: Press Tab.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond's finger slowly moves towards the tab key.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the west side of Can Town, including the purple box that Wayward Vagabond colored on. The hatch pops open and a bunch of pink cans spill out. They're all labeled TAB.]

Next

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond holds his hands up in surprise. A pink background flashes and two TAB cans vibrate intensely in the top corners. A second image shows him holding two cans and looking quickly between them.]

W.V.: Consume several cans.

[Image description: An animation switches between three images. Wayward Vagabond pours a can in his mouth. A vibrating line of cans. Wayward Vagabond holds a can in each hand as soda pours out in arcs over his head.]

You free the heavenly brown elixir from the jewels of pink carapace and imbibe like the wind.

It is so sweet and sugary. You wonder how so much sugar can fit in one can. Whatever mighty wizard concocted this potion is truly deserving of your fear and respect.

W.V.: Welcome the rest into the city.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond stands near the City Hall. Tab cans are stacked on top of the other piles of cans and others lay on the ground nearby.]

The tabs are naturalized as loyal new citizens of can town. All cans are welcome and equal in your city, regardless of can content, and whether empty or full.

It's not like emptying a can kills it or anything. They are just cans after all.

W.V.: Hit escape.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond stands in front of the computer. The screen with John on it changes to a black screen with white text.]

-have reached an impasse
> the opener dilemma remains unsettled, most unfortunately
> but it has been a pleasure nonetheless
> oh, but thank you
> thank you so very very much, dear favorable small primate
> i shall take my leave now, john. until next time
Next View to return.]

Feeling refreshed and heavily caffeinated, you go back to work on the big computer.

You hit escape, which seems to minimize the action window thingy and reveals a history of all the commands you've entered.
DO THE POTTED VEGETABLE INSTEAD. IT LOOKS DELICIOUS.

> JOHN FLAIL ABOUT IN A DISTRACTING MANNER.

> INSPECT HAG ASH INCIDENT.

> DO AGAIN AS PURPLE WORDS SAY.

> Next

> IGNORE THIS WOMAN’S ANTICS.

> INDULGE THE DEVICE. BUT BE CURT WITH IT.

> ENOUGH STRANGE POETRY FROM THE RED TEXT.

> THE PURPLE TEXT IS LESS IRRATIONAL THAN THE RED TEXT.

> RIDICULOUS FOLLY. INEXCUSABLE.

> WHAT COLOR ARE THE WORDS THAT THIS CHUM SAYS?

> THE GREEN TEXT WAS ATTRACTIVE. NOW VIEW THE RED TEXT AGAIN.

> JOHN WHAT ARE YOU DOING. STOP DOING NOTHING.

> Next ??

> TROUBLING. INVESTIGATE THIS.

> JOHN, PURSUE ADVERSARY INTO THAT ROOM.

> THIS CHUM WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO.

> READ YOUR BOOK. STAY WARY OF THESE FOES.

> JOHN TURN AROUND!!!!!

> Next!!!

> NextNextNext!!!!!!!!!!!

> JOHN, SALVAGE YOUR WEAPON AND FIGHT ON!

> YOU SAID

> PUT THE BUNNY

> BACK IN

> THE BOX!!!!!!

> NOW EXULT. VICTORY, SPOILS ARE YOURS.

> Next

> WHAT ABOUT THAT CARD.

> OK.

> GATHER THE SCATTERED BITS OF YOUR LARGE HAMMER.

> NOW REPAIR THE HAMMER.

> FINE. NOW WHAT

> THE DOOR, JOHN. LOOK AT THE DOOR.

> INCREDIBLY ALARMING. INVESTIGATE.

> WHAT THIS IS SO OUTRAGEOUS

> INTERROGATE THIS MADWOMAN.

> Next

> GO ON. Next

> Next

> ME?? Next

> A QUEST OF FUTILITY THEN.

> Next

> Next!

> Next?

> YES I WILL HAVE TO AGREE WITH THE FLOAT HAG ABOUT THAT.
> THE HAG MENTIONED COOKIES. PURSUE HER.
> JOHN YOU DO NOT SAY NO TO COOKIES. I COMMAND YOU TO GET THEM
> JOHN. COOKIES. NOW.
> THIS IMPUDENCE IS INSUFFERABLE. GO GET THE COOKIES!!!!!!
> JOHN YOU ARE STUPID.
> STUPID STUPID DUMB
> FOR THE LAST TIME I COMMAND you to get the cookies boy
> mister john, respectfully ask that you please stand up.
> now sir boy, flee from this boorish rabble post haste.
> well done, john. polite congratulations.
> now my civil fellow, i have a well mannered query to ask
> john might i bother you for a can opener?
> fellow john, it appears we have reached an impasse
> the opener dilemma remains unsettled, most unfortunately
> but it has been a pleasure nonetheless.
> oh, but thank you
> thank you so very very much, dear favorable small primate
> i shall take my leave now john. until next time]

You use the arrow key to scroll up a bit. You can't believe how much you've already typed into this stupid contraption. What a waste of time.

Next

[Image description: It shows a different section of the command prompt. At the top is the green sburb house logo.]

> Next HOME
> Next VIEW
> Next SWITCH 2
> Next SWITCH 3
> Next SWITCH 4
> Next SWITCH 1
> Next ESC
> Next LOCK ROOM 3 PASS ********
> Next VIEW
> Next REBOOT
> BOY.
> YOU THERE. BOY.]

You scroll all the way up to your first command.

It looks like there are more commands above it. Maybe someone was entering commands on this thing before you?

There aren't many more. At the top of this list appears to be the very first command.

W.V.: Type Next SWITCH 2.

[Image description: The top right screen switches off and the top left one turns on. It shows the statue of Zazzzerpan, though his hand and part of his hat have been broken off. A second image zooms in on the screen as static overtakes it. In the bottom right corner of the screen, a white lock symbol flashes.]
You activate Screen 2.

The signal is garbled, and you have no idea what you're looking at. Some sort of filthy beggar pleading for help?

No one is around, And nothing is happening. You seem to be locked out of any sort of interaction with whatever's happening on this monitor.

W.V.: Type Next SWITCH 3.

[Image description: The top left monitor shuts off and the one below it turns on. It shows Dave standing on the roof with a strange bird creature in front of him. Lil Cal lays on the floor in tatters. A second image shows the screen flashing orange and turny static-y. A lock symbol flashes in the top right corner.]

It's another one of these rascallions. This monitor is locked too. You can't tell him what to do. Not that you really want to, since it just looks like more confusing nonsense to you.

You consider switching to screen 4, but decide against it. You have a feeling that whatever's there would just confuse you even more, and you don't even really care all that much anyway.

W.V.: Type Next HOME.

[Image description: The screen with Dave turns off, then all of the screens turn on. The sburb house is displayed in a way so that part of it is on each screen. Underneath it, a timer begins counting down.]

All four screens activate. Together they display a countdown, starting at four hours and thirteen minutes.

W.V.: Type Next REBOOT.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond pounds on the keyboard, but the command prompt just flashes red.]

You can't! Nothing is working anymore. The timer seems to have disabled the keyboard.

W.V.: Be the mayor.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond stands in his poorly drawn fantasy again. Cans are scattered all around him, including one that's an airplane. The firefly in amber sits inside the poorly drawn city hall. The top hat on his head is labeled Hat.]

Enough of this nonsense. You are an important mayor and this absurd contraption has wasted enough of your time. You've got a city to govern with a carapaced fist! (Which is to say firm, yet polished, and supple as the situation demands.)

Anyway this will help you kill some time while you wait for that clock to count down.

W.V.: Create employment opportunities for the citizen cans.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond stands in the actual Can Town. The cans that held up city hall are gone, but the book, firefly, and swing arm thing in the pot are still in place. A second image shows the checkerboard pattern on the west side of town. Wayward Vagabond has lined up cans of food on the north and south rows and placed cans of tab on the rows just in from the outer]
ones. It looks like a game of chess.

You temporarily dismantle city hall to free up all the canpower available to create a vigilant town militia. You divide them into two groups, marking them with distinct teams and ranks using the piece of white chalk and the motor oil. You then organize them in phalanx across the countryside, preparing for a stiff training regimen. When you are through with them, your forces will be a well-oiled machine. Chalk another one up to bold leadership!

[S] W.V.: Lead your men to victory!

[Image description: The song Vagabounce begins to play. Wayward Vagabond flails around, moving cans in a game of chess against himself. After a while, it changes to show the computer and timer, which rapidly counts down. Then it shows Wayward Vagabond's fantasy world in which he leads a parade of cans down the street. He then uses a can of tab like a car, then drinks it. It shows 4 images of Wayward Vagabond holding cans as they spray sodas in arcs. It slowly zooms in on the firefly, which flashes slowly. The game of chess continues. Suddenly, Wayward Vagabond sits down and the word Checkmate appears at the top of the screen. Wayward Vagabond holds a tab cans and looks at it. A thought bubble in the top right corner shows a white king symbol and a black king symbol. The white one is crossed out. It cuts to the computer, which counts down from 4 minutes, 13 seconds.

You waste more than four hours on this tomfoolery.

W.V.: Mourn the loss of citizen tab.

[Image description: A mangled Tab can takes up most of the screen. A second image shows the timer counting down from 4:09.]

Your caffeinated jittering must have agitated all the little bubbles curiously hidden in the liquid, creating too much pressure in the can. You speculate this is why it exploded as you nervously eye the timer.

You are starting to wonder what will happen when it reaches zero. Maybe it would be best not to be near it when this happens.

Minutes in the future...

[Image description: A tiny figure walks across the desert.]

Though perhaps not as few as implied by circumstance...

A Peregrine Mendicant trundles precious cargo beneath the gleam of the celestially ominous.

[Note: The last line is a link that opens a series of images. The first shows a figure that looks very much like the Wayward Vagabond, though she is taller and have a longer hood. She pushes a cart of mailboxes in front of her. The second image shows her face against a background of a washed out sky. In up in the sky, something twinkles.]

W.V.: Go outside and get some sun.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond stands near the bottom of the ladder.]

You say a bittersweet goodbye to your beloved city. It is time to move on to greener pastures. By which of course you mean an arid, sandy wasteland upon which nothing green has grown in years.
The door shuts behind you. A panel on the door becomes illuminated.

As you ponder over the marks on the panel, you hear another mechanical sound overhead.

The diagram from the door appears against a black background. It is 4 concentric circles around three rectangles that each have a small arm sticking out that connect it to a small, central circle. The top rectangle has the sburb house logo. The bottom left has a spirograph, and the bottom right has a series of interlocking triangles. An arrow inside the small central circle points to the rectangle with the sburb logo. In the top right corner is a 1 in a circle.

The LCD PANEL appears to have a touchscreen interface.

W.V.: Curiously prod the funny-looking spirograph.

It appears the funny-looking spirograph room is locked!

The floor rotates a full 360 degrees beneath you, while the surrounding wall seems to stay put.

W.V.: Select the triangley fractal.

The triangley fractal room does not appear to be locked.

The floor turns 120 degrees and the door opens.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond stands just inside another room. All that can be seen is the]
grey walls and a single purple pipe that curves towards off the left side of the panel.]

You go through the door to find another room. It's the same size as the other one you just wasted all that time in, while a clock was ticking down to something which may or may not be your doom. Maybe there is something in here that will help you escape.

Against the wall there is another perplexing contraption.

Next

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond stands in front of a complicated machine. There are two large screens, one of which shows a globe with the Americas visible. The other shows a circle with a strange arrangement of circles inside. There is a dark circle in the center with 4 lines coming off of it that go out in a plus-shaped pattern. At the end of each line there is another circle. Between the up and right lines, there's a smaller circle with an even smaller circle next to it really close to the center one. Directly opposite that pair there is another identical pair, though the second one is out beyond the large circle that contains the rest. Between these two screens is a small switch with a spirograph logo on it. It currently points to the earth screen. A screen below those two has coordinates and 4 icons.
-0.955766
-174.759521
2491.3
2009-04-13 T 12:13:00
Beside each number is a small dial. The icons are a series of vertical lines, a series of horizontal lines, what looks like a mountain peak, and a clock. There are three buttons on a panel below the third screen. A center blue button has the interlocking triangle symbol on it. On either side of the blue button, there is a green button. The left one has the sburb house on it and the right has the diagram from the ladder chute, which we now know is a map of the facility. A ruler leans against a wall nearby.]

Against the opposite wall is some sort of control panel which catches your eye.

It has two large screens, but only one appears to be active. There are fields for numbers which appear to be modifiable with the dials to the right. Some numbers are already supplied by default, perhaps entered by the previous user. There are a few buttons below, the largest one bearing the symbol marking this room.

Also it looks like there is a Meter stick propped up there for some reason.

W.V.: Attach your trusty knife to the meter stick.

[Image description: It shows the rusted mailbox arm on the end of the meter stick.]

You immediately craft a measuring spear through possibly the most advanced form of alchemy employed thusfar. This is obviously the most important thing to do first.

obviously.

Next

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond holds the meter stick and trembles. The image from the previous panel and an image of the mailbox arm in the flowerpot shake in thought bubbles over his head.]

Or it would obviously be the most important thing to do if you had remembered to bring your
You feel so insecure without your trusty knife, it makes you want to slit your wrists. Or at the very least, flog your carapace with some sort of measuring apparatus.

W.V.: Look at the other wall.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond stands by a strange purple contraption. A platform just barely higher than the floor has the interlocking triangle symbol on it and pipes come from the floor and the ceiling to hold what looks like a laser from a cartoon villain's lair, which points down at the platform. Wayward Vagabond pokes this with his meter stick.]

You examine the perplexing contraption across the room. You of course have no idea what it could possibly do.

You adopt the only obvious course of action which is to poke and prod it with your handy ruler. You are quite sure this is what science is all about.

W.V.: Press the triangle pattern.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond stands by the control panel. He presses the blue button and the screen with the coordinates on it turns blue.]

You go back to the control panel which probably obviously controls that gizmo and you push the big blue button which is obviously probably the most obvious thing to push.

Next

[Image description: The word Appearify appears on the blue screen. It cuts to an image of the contraption. White lightning flashes under the laser for a moment, and after it disappears, a pumpkin appears. The pumpkin has an outline of an animal's head carved in it, but it's incredibly stylized and has no face.]

You appearify a pumpkin.

W.V.: Examine pumpkin.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond holds the pumpkin.]

It seems this mysterious gourd was transported (appearified!!!) from a specific time and location somewhere on this planet you are on. You wonder if the machine (Appearifier!!!) will take any object that exists at whatever time and location you supply.

There is a symbol carved on the pumpkin. You don't know what it means, and you doubt it will ever prove to be relevant in any way.

W.V.: Devour pumpkin.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond stands by the control panel again, this time with the pumpkin in hand and the meter stick on the floor. The coordinates are back on the screen. A white arm sticks out from one of the pipes. A second image shows Wayward Vagabond nibbling on the pumpkin stem.]

You consider dining on the ripe flesh of the plump vegetable, but your curiosity about the appearifier gets the better of you.
You try to sneak a nibble from the pumpkin nonetheless.

W.V.: Inspect green buttons.

[Image description: It zooms in on the right side button, the one with the map on it.]

You first examine the attractive green buttons.

The icon for the one on the left is that house shape you've seen plenty of times before.

The right one on closer inspection appears to be the map for this underground facility, with an X marking its center.

W.V.: Press green button on right.

[Image description: The pumpkin sits on the floor as Wayward Vagabond presses the button. His head blocks the screen.]

You push the button. All of the numbers change.

Perhaps these are the coordinates for the location of the center of this facility, along with the local date and time? If this is the case, it would make a useful reference point for your current bearings.

W.V.: Fiddle with the dials.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond plays with the bottom dial, which changes the last digit of the number. A second image shows Wayward Vagabond holding the meter stick. Off to the side, it shows a thought bubble with a roughly drawn picture of the path Wayward Vagabond took from outside, down the ladder, to the facility.]

One way to find out would be to attempt to appearify something from this facility.

It should be easy to zero in on a location relative to the center because you have an uncanny knack for tracking precise distances you have already traversed, in whatever units you choose.

Your handy ruler gives you a good clue as to the basic unit of human measurement. You will go with that.

W.V.: Appearify your trusty knife.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond moves the dials. A second image shows the trusty knife and flowerpot on the appearifier's platform.]

You nudge the coordinates very slightly and bump up the elevation by 0.5 human measurement units. You make sure to keep the time approximately what it was to begin with.

You appearify your trusty knife.

W.V.: Appearify Can Town.

[Image description: the lightning flashes on the appearifier and a bunch of cans appear, along with the firefly in amber.]

You nudge the numbers a bit more and appearify a bunch of cans. This is so much more efficient than walking back to the other room to get them.
You are to believe that time is at a premium, after all.

W.V.: Deappearify the pumpkin.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond flails and hits himself in the head. The background is just the word Dumb repeated over and over again. In the background, drawings of the mayor wearing a dunce cap flip back and forth.]

Does this machine look like a deappearifier to you?? Honestly, the idea that an appearifier could both appearify and deappearify things is so laughably ridiculous, you would wish someone would deappearify your brain and reappearify it with a brain that is more smart and less dumb.

W.V.: Use trusty knife to carve spook schema in pumpkin.

[Image description: VW pulls the top off the pumpkin, which he carved out with the knife.]

What the hell are you talking about? That idea makes no sense at all and is basically meaningless. Try using that mushy stuff in your gourd next time.

Instead you just carve off the top, exposing a decadent cache of gorgeous, seed-laden ambrosia.

Needless to say you consume all of it rather quickly. But it turns out to be too gross for us to watch.

W.V.: Move spirograph switch.

[Image description: Wayward Vagabond looks at the control panel. He holds the knife and has pumpkin guts dripping from his face wrappings.]

You cannot move it! It has a spirograph-shaped indentation, and possibly will require a special kind of key to turn it.

+ 

W.V.: Appearify firefly out of the amber.

[Image description: The coordinates screen turns blue and says Appearify. Wayward Vagabond holds the amber in one hand and presses the blue button with the other. The screen flashes and the firefly disappears from the amber only to fly on from the left side and land on Wayward Vagabond's head.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the firefly, who flashes quickly.]

You release your blinky new friend. You will give her a name when something suitably whimsical occurs to you.

W.V.: Adjust time dial to appearify rotten pumpkin.

[Image description: It shows Wayward Vagabond reaching for something off screen while the firefly flashes behind him. A second image shows Wayward Vagabond in the room with the cans before he made can town with the words The Past across the top of the screen. Crosshairs focus in on the pumpkin in the corner.]

You and SERENITY consider new ways to waste more time with the appearifier. You are assuming she is a girl firefly even though you are not really sure that fireflies can even be girls.

You target the extremely tasty rotten pumpkin that was sitting in the other room hours ago.
It seems the appearifier cannot appearify something if it will create a time paradox.

A gelatinous ghost pumpkin appearifies and quickly dissolves into a pile of unappetizing sludge.

W.V.: Appearify the grate over the entrance to the facility.

Serenity blinks a message of urgency. You nearly forgot that while trapped in amber she was witness to all your tomfoolery and dillydallying in the other room, and knows the timer is about to expire. It is time to get this show on the road and escape.

You reset the coordinates with the right green button again, and this time only adjust the elevation by approximately 10 human measurement units.

Next

[S] W.V.: Hasten to the exit post-haste!

The mayor keeps grabbing cans.

He throws a can of tab, which lands on the reset button.

He grabs the pumpkin's lid, the meter stick, and his knife. He combines the knife and meter stick.

He waves his new weapon around before sliding it on his back under his mayor sash for safekeeping.
Serenity flashes morse code again. Is this really necessary???
Wayward Vagabond tries to put the lid on the can-filled pumpkin, but it falls off.
CHOMP CHOMP BURP. He eats the lid.
Serenity flashes. this is incredibly silly!!!
Wayward Vagabond makes a handle out of a cord and picks the pumpkin up.
He scrambles up the ladder.
Daylight gets closer and closer
Progress reverses as Wayward Vagabond falls.
The timer disappears and Wayward Vagabond lands on his butt at the bottom of the ladder. The cans tumble down around him and the pumpkin lands on his head.
The image fades to Wayward Vagabond hitting himself in the head among turning dunce cap mayors again. The word PSYCHE and two question marks vibrates in the center of the screen.]

oh wait
[Image description: It says Unpsyche. In grey text against a white background.]
You attempt the rare and highly dangerous 5X Cliffhanger Combo, and fail.
We are doing it, man.
We are making this happen.
[Image description: The song Explore begins to play. It pans across the desert, the ruined city in the background against a grey sky. It pans over footsteps in the sand. Wayward Vagabond pokes out of the hatch, the pumpkin full of cans on the sand next to him. Serenity hovers above him. It pans over to where a broken bit of statue sticks out of the sand; it's a hand holding an orb from the Zazzzerpan statue. It zooms out, showing the location from above. Suddenly, there's an explosion and sand is blasted away from the hatch. The facility launches, revealing the entirety of the white cylinder with the sburb house on the side. It flies up into the clouds. In the bottom right corner, it shows coordinates.
X 44.517677
Y -74.821422
Z 1283
The Z coordinate rapidly increases as the facility goes higher.
Wayward Vagabond stands near the edge, watching the land rush by below. It crosses over the
great lakes and the words A Continent Westward appear on screen and the coordinates appear again.
X increases slowly to 47.362101
Y decreases rapidly to -122.054144
Z stays steady at 4130

The image pans across North America and zooms in on the Pacific Northwest near Washington and Oregon. It zooms in and John's neighborhood comes into view. Text appears on screen.
And Years In The Past
But Not Many
A meteor crashes into the neighborhood, annihilating it and replacing it with a massive crater. A timelapse of the area shows all vegetation dying and the area turning to desert until the entire crater is covered over with sand. From the center of where the crater was, a white tree grows and drops a grey and green object.
The scene changes to the Peregrine Mendicant. The gleam in the sky behind her changes into the flying facility. Wayward Vagabond looks down and tries to wave, but he is too far away. It shows the Peregrine Mendicant staring up at the green and grey object, which is revealed to be an enormous apple several times PM's height with a sburb house painted on the side. Wayward Vagabond and the facility fly past, continuing westward. Words appear on the screen as it pans past the coast and towards where the Pacific ocean should be.
An Ocean Westward
And Years In The Past
But Not Many
A red X appears over Not Many.

It pans over jagged mountains with a volcano spewing lava among them. It zooms out from the planet and shows a pulsing spirograph out in space, which spits out a meteor. The meteor hurtles towards earth and crashes at the base of the volcano. Lava pours down to fill the crater halfway. The lava cools to dark rock and a tall green temple with several tall, spindly spires topped with spheres surrounding it. The temple has a large carving of a frog on top. A forest grows around the base of the temple. The lower areas between the mountains and at the base of the temple fill with water, which rises and submerges all the mountains except the volcano and a crescent shaped island around the crater. Where the crescent is open, several smaller islands cut a dotted line to complete the ring. The temple becomes dingy and grey, many of the spires toppling. A forest grows on the island and with a flash, clouds, pterodactyls, and giant water lilies appear around it. The image flashes white and when that fades, Rose is standing amongst a shower of small meteors, ash, and rain, shielding her eyes and glaring up at something. She yells in frustration and beats a fist against the generator. A flaming tree falls and smashes between Rose and the generator, knocking them both away. It cuts to Mom, silhouetted against a window looking out on the fires. It shows the burning forest with the lab in the distance. Lightning flashes. It shows Mom pressing keys on a number pad with an image of a cat's face- the code appears to be 413. It cuts to the mausoleum, where the slab Jasper's coffin once rested on slides away, revealing a ladder that descends below ground.
It cuts to the tall purple towers that half of the kernel went to. Inside one of them, two imps, one of which wears John's wizard hat and wields his fake sword, escort Dad down a hall. His wrists are cuffed in front of him with John's handcuffs. It shows a close up of Dad's hand as he wiggles his wrist and frees himself from the cuffs. He turns and brandishes a cake and a can of shaving cream at the imps, who cower away.
It cuts to Dave on the rooftop, wielding his katana. Meteors still fall on the city. The mysterious
silhouette, presumably Dave's Bro, appears and draws his sword. Bro, who is wearing a grey baseball cap and triangular anime shades, slowly looks towards the left.
It cuts back to Wayward Vagabond's flying facility as it passes the ruins of the frog temple. It begins to touchdown and the coordinates reappear.
X -0.955766
Y -174.759521
Z descends to 3077

As it lands, a small square showing the battery pack appears in the corner. It is empty.

Wayward Vagabond looks up at the ruins of the frog temple. It pans past the building, up onto the grey sky, then fades to white.]

Next

[Image description: Curtains close on the ruins of the frog temple.]

End of Act 2
Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 3: Insane Corkscrew Haymakers

Dear John,

[Image description: It shows the cover of the old Colonel Sassacre's book. A second image shows the title page, which has an image of a dapper man wearing a suit and a wizard hat standing on a stage. He drops several cards onto the ground.

Colonel Sassacre's Daunting Text of Magical Frivolity and Practical Japery
The Colonel amuses men marginally less soused than he on a sweltering Mississippi evening. In true Sassacre form he puts his astonishing julep intake to use with a textbook execution of "Butterfingers Solitaire."

A second image shows the inside cover of the book, where a note in looping handwriting is written.

Dear John,

You are no doubt reading this as a handsome and strapping young man! Why, the mangrit needed to lift the book is itself a sign of your maturity, not even to speak of the wisdom needed to grasp the nuance of Sassacre's time-tested mischief. I am so proud of you, grandson!

How I wish I could have delivered this heirloom to you in the flesh. But I am afraid it wasn't in the cards! For you see, John, like you, this book must yet take a journey! Its journey will end on the Final Day of my life, and even then will continue some. Though I suppose that will be up to your Father. Perhaps he will discuss it with you one day, when he and you are ready.

But it is your journey I am writing about to wish you luck! There will come a day when you will be thrust into another world. And once you arrive, that is only the beginning! You will soon delve even deeper into a realm of Warring Royalty in a Timeless Expanse. A realm of Agents and Exiles and Consorts and Kernelsprites. Of toiling Underlings and slumbering Denizens. A realm where four will gather, the Heir of Breath and Seer of Light, the Knight of Time and Witch of Space, and together they will Ascend.

John, if only you knew how important you were! I regret my passing came so early in your life. And yet I feel in my heart we have already met. But what I know for sure is that we will meet again!

Until then, John, I do hope your Father keeps you well fed!

With Love,
A silly girl naps by her flowers. It is quite likely that she tired herself out with a variety of silly antics, as silly girls are often known to do. She may have a silly name too. Or maybe not. It is hard to say for sure without asking her.

But since she's slumbering peacefully, it would be a shame to wake her up. You might as well just give her a name right now.

Enter name.

[Image description: It zooms in on the girl and a text box appears above her. Farmstink Buttlass
A question mark appears next to the name.]

Uh...

I guess...

I guess her name is Farmstink.

Wake up!

[Image description: A cursor comes on screen and clicks the girl, who flashes red.] You try to roust Farmstink from her slumber, but she is really down for the count!

It looks like she is holding some sort of Note.

Retrieve arms from...

[Image description: the girl's arms flash red.]
they're right there.

In plain sight.

Look, they are flashing red.

Drop pumpkin on Farmstink.

[Image description: The cursor clicks the pumpkin and drags it over the girl's head. It drops the pumpkin, but just before it lands, it disappears in a green flash and -IFY! Flashes for a moment where the pumpkin was. The girl continues sleeping.]

What pumpkin?

You see no pumpkin, and frankly it is hard to imagine there ever was a pumpkin, in plain sight or otherwise.

Anyway, that would be a really terrible thing to do to poor, sweet Farmstink.

Read note.

[Image description: The cursor drags the note from under the girl's hand. A second image shows the note, which is written in green ink and has very loopy, whimsical handwriting. farmstink????? that is incredibly silly and a little bit rude!!!!!!! my name is (an arrow points to the corner of the note, telling the reader to turn it over.)]

Try again.

[Image description: The note flips over, but before the name can be revealed, it fades back to the name enter screen. Jade Harley.]

Next

[Image description: The girl, Jade, wakes and sits up, blinking for a moment before standing. The image on her shirt is a blue pumpkin]

Examine room.

[Image description: It shows the room from a different angle, revealing more planters full of rows of various types of plants. There are squash, asparagus, peas, and pumpkins in addition to the flowers. The image on Jade's shirt is now a blue leaf. A second image zooms out on the room, showing another set of flower planters beyond the vegetable planters. An entire wall is made of windows, which look out into the sky. The room is so high up that the ground is not visible. In the top corners of the room are what looks like speakers with pictures of atoms with electron orbits outlined on them.)]

Your name is jade. You have just woken from a restful nap, and as usual, you have no recollection of having fallen asleep. You have quite a number of interests. So many in fact, you have trouble keeping track of them all, even with an assortment of colorful reminders on your fingers to help you sort out everything on your mind. Nevertheless, when you spend time in your garden atrium, the only thing on your mind is your deep passion for horticulture.
What will you do?

[S] Jade: Play a silly flute refrain.

[Image description: It shows Jade between the two flower planters again. This time, she holds the flute to her mouth, In the top right corner, the game controller appears. When clicked, it disappears and is replaced by a tiny keyboard with the word Play above it. As you press keys on the keyboard, Jade plays the flute and flails wildly.]

Next

[Image description: Jade looks skeptically at the flute. The image on her shirt is the pumpkin again.]

Wow, you really suck at this thing!

Maybe you should try playing an instrument you actually know how to play instead, like the one in your bedroom. Honestly you have no idea where this flute even came from. Things seem to appear and disappear around here all the time. Especially, to your unending chagrin, any sort of large orange gourd that might be lying around.

You consider throwing the flute down in disgust.

Jade: Captchalogue flute.

[Image description: A captchalogue card appears to Jade's right. It has the flute in it, but also a large question mark above it. Her shirt now has a blue atom on it, like the kind on the speakers in the corners of the room.]

On second thought, it was a perfectly nice flute and there is no reason to take your frustration out on it. You just need some practice.

but before you captchalogue the flute you will need to set your fetch modus first!

Jade: Set modus.

[Image description: A line of 12 fetch modi appear along the left side of the screen. At the bottom is a narrow band reading Sylladex:: Captchalogue deck. This panel is interactive. As each modi is hovered over, it pulls out of the line and a more detailed version appears to the right. From top to bottom, they are
fetch modus Boggle. A light blue modus with a 4 by 4 grid of white squares. Each square has a letter. Going across each row, the letters are BOGGEFELTCHMOSUDO, which rearranges to spell Boggle Fetch Modus.
fetch modus Pictionary. A dark green modus with a small white captchalogue card shape and a white outline of a pen. On the white card is a rough outline of a pumpkin.
fetch modus Monopoly. A light, minty-green modus with two dark green captchalogue cards.
fetch modus Yahtzee. A deep red modus with 5 white captchalogue card shapes, each with 5 dots in an X shaped pattern inside.
fetch modus Clue. A medium brown modus with 3 white captchalogue card shapes. Inside the first is a black silhouette of a man from the shoulders up. The second has the outline of a wrench. The third shows the outline of a pool table.]
fetch modus Connect Four. A bright yellow modus with a 7 by 5 grid of captchalogue card shapes. Some are filled in with red and black as if being played in a game of connect four.

fetch modus Jenga. A dark blue modus with a partially disassembled Jenga tower. To the right of the tower are 3 Jenga blocks.

fetch modus Battleship. A teal modus with a 10 by 10 grid of white captchalogue card shapes. Some of the shapes have red or black dots on them.

fetch modus Ouija. A beige modus with 6 white captchalogue card shapes in a row. Below the row is a heart-shaped Ouija pointer with a round hole near the pointed end. It points between the middle two cards of the row.

fetch modus Guess Who? A bright red modus with a 4 by 3 grid of white captchalogue card shapes. Each shape has a silhouette of a person from the shoulders up.

fetch modus Operation. A bright pink modus with a white silhouette of a person. The person has a round, red nose and a captchalogue card shaped hole over the heart.

fetch modus Memory. A purple modus with a 4 by 3 grid of white captchalogue card shapes. The second from the left in the top row and the bottom right shape each have a purple dot on them.

You have a wide variety of fetch modi to choose from. You were really excited when your grandpa bought you this modus set for christmas. He is a total badass, even if a little strict.

You typically opt for the memory modus when it comes to matters of day-to-day practicality.

Jade: Select Memory.

You set your modus to memory, and captchalogue the flute. You allot 9 cards to the modus from your deck, since that will be more than enough for your needs at the moment. The modus grabs 9 more cards for matching purposes.

The flute is split up on two blank cards, and mixed randomly into the grid. To retrieve the item you must first pick one card, and then pick its matching card.

For the typical sylladexer this modus presents a frustrating guessing game and a lot of wasted time on mismatching. But you like it because you seem to have a knack for always guessing right on the first try!

Jade: Squeal like a piglet and fertilize some plants.

It is an awfully silly idea and is basically a waste of everyone's time. You will predictably disregard this thought and focus on more sensible objectives at once.

Next
everything. A pink pig with the same hair and glasses as her also bounces around.]

oh my god this is so much fun

Next

[Image description: Jade stops between the planter with the pumpkins and a flower planter. She captchalogue the fertilizer. A second image shows the flashing grid with the flute and fertilizer before it returns to the question marks.]

You captchalogue the bag of fertilizer.

Jade: Consult colourful reminders.

[Image description: It shows Jade's hand. She has many colorful bands on her fingers.]

You tend to have a lot of things on your mind at once, and you can be a little forgetful. So you keep a variety of colored strings on your fingers as reminders. Each one means there is something different to remember at a certain time.

In fact, looking at your index finger reminds you that there is something important to remember now! It is your friend John's birthday. The green string reminds you that John's birthday package will arrive today. The blue string ALSO reminds you that John's birthday package will arrive today, though in a way that means something slightly different.

You are further reminded that you have some things to do outside your house soon. But you should stop by your room first for some supplies, and most importantly, to see if John is online and wish him a happy birthday!

Jade: Captchalogue the pumpkin growing next to you.

[Image description: Jade takes a pumpkin from her planter. Her shirt has a blue version of the slime creature from John's shirt.]

You snap up that pumpkin which seems suitably ripe for the taking. Hopefully the safety of your sylladex will prevent it from being spirited away like so many of its ephemeral predecessors.

Jade: Exit this room.

[Image description: Jade stands between the two flower planters on the far end of the room. A candy-cane striped pillar holds several hanging baskets of flowers. Just beyond the pillar is a spiral staircase that descends. Her shirt shows a blue spirograph.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out to show more of the room. There are four pillars and many hanging baskets of flowers. Part of two more wings of the greenhouse are visible, each with flower planters. Another set of spiral stairs curves up opposite the downwards stairs. In the round space between the staircases, there's a platform with the interlocking triangle symbol from the appearifier.]

You make your way to the middle of the garden atrium, where a stairwell joins the four atrium wings.

Upstairs is your grandfather's laboratory as well as your bedroom.
Jade: Captchalogue something.

[Image description: Jade stands by a different flower planter that also has a small tree with red fruit hanging off of it. She takes one, which appears in a captchalogue card in the top right corner. It's an apple with a happy looking face on it. Jade's shirt has the leaf again.]

Your MEMORY modus is hardly any fun without much stuff in it, so you decide to stock up on fresh produce to fill some more cards.

You pick a juicy red crab apple.

Next

[Image description: Jade stands near the upwards stairs and takes a fruit from another tree, this one with green fruit. It appears in a captchalogue card, revealing that it's a lime with a vaguely disappointed look on it's face. Her shirt returns to the atom.]

You go pick a nice looking Key lime.

Next

[Image description: Jade takes a happy-looking orange from a tree near the downwards staircase. Her shirt has the spirograph on it now.]

Then a delicious Mandarin orange. Those are your favorite.

Next

[Image description: She takes an ecstatic lemon from a tree near the base of the upwards staircase. The slime creature is on her shirt now.]

And finally a ripe yellow eureka lemon.

Next

[Image description: Jade's sylladex grid shuffles all the items around and returns to question marks.]

Modus fun aside, you feel it is impossible to have too many fresh fruits and vegetables on hand.

Jade: Go upstairs to bedroom.

[Image description: Jade stands on the platform with the appearifier symbol, then disappears in a green burst. Her shirt has the leaf on it.]

You almost never use the stairs.

Next

[Image description: It shows another room with spiral stairs heading upwards and the top of another staircase that goes down, though it's not clear if it is spiral or straight. To the left, there is a tall, mechanical box with 4 cones on top, one in each corner. At the top of each cone is a red ball and a white ring. In the middle of the room is another platform. Jade appears on it in a green flash, now with a blue version of Rose's squid on her shirt.]

You transportalize upstairs. Just above is your room.
Jade: Ascend.

[Image description: Jade stands at the top of a spiral staircase in what is probably her bedroom. Plushie squids like the one from Rose's shirt are scattered about the room. There's a poster on the back wall of Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff with cat faces and whiskers drawn on, which is signed "To GG from TG". Next to it, a guitar is propped up in a stand. A dresser or some sort of cabinet is against another wall and has two puppets leaning against it. One has a red body, a human face, and light blue hair. The other has a dark blue body, crab claws for hands but a human face and feet, a long blue tentacle for a nose, red hair, and blue antennae. Two more puppets like those sit on the floor nearby. One has a purple body, a wolf nose, purple horns, and yellow hair. Another has a green body, pink hair, and a pink moustache. Next to the dresser is an arch shaped window with a potted green orchid on the sill. A blue orchid sits just below the window. On the other side of the window is a purple magic chest like the one John had. Above the chest is a poster of a green slime creature with Japanese text. To Jade's left is the corner of a 4 poster bed with deep blue sheets with suns and clouds on it. A pink orchid sits in the curve of the stairway. Jade's shirt has the atom on it again.]

You enter your bedroom. On this side of the room you are immediately confronted with numerous artifacts highlighting your various interests.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out, showing more of the room. There are more puppets and stuffed squids scattered around the room. On the walls are posters for Squiddles, which has 4 of the squid creatures on it in pastel colors. Above the Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff poster is a poster of a scantily clad anime witch riding a broom. Next to the slime poster is a poster of a green, anthropomorphic wolf. Hanging planters line the edges of the room.]

You are an avid follower of cartoon shows of considerable nostalgic appeal. You have a profound zeal for marvelous and fantastical fauna of an anthropomorphological persuasion. You have an uncanny knack for nuclear physics, and not infrequently can be found dabbling in rather advanced gadgetry. You enjoy sporadic fits of narcolepsy; your love of gardening transcends the glass confines of your atrium; and you are at times prone to patterns of precognitive prognostication.

You consider very briefly the question: what will you do?

But you quickly realize this is only one half of your room, and is therefore host to only half of your interests to choose from.

Jade: Explore the other half of your room!

[Image description: It shows the portion of the room on the other side of Jade's bed. There's a poster for Manthro Chaps on the wall, which shows two of the strange puppets. Against the wall and on the floor nearby are several types of guns, including a rifle and two old style pistols. On a table against a wall are several pieces of mechanical equipment, one of which has a radioactive symbol on it and a squiddle sitting on top. Small bits of uranium are scattered around the table and on the floor nearby. One of the items on the table is a rectangular contraption divided into 2 squares, one of which is divided into quarters. Small tubes make 3 arches on either side of the contraption, which almost resembles a window. Jade's shirt shows the outline from the pumpkin that Wayward Vagabond ate.]

Over here there are yet more articles of your aforementioned interests, and then some.

Additional telltale signs of your enthusiasm for nostalgic television mingle with your assortment of
game hunting firearms. You are a skilled markswoman, though your cross-hairs would never settle on an innocent creature, anthropomorphically persuaded or otherwise.

Your worktable is littered with equipment to facilitate your tinkering. For you, experimentation is not a particularly exact science, and you lean heavily on sharp intuition for consistently and eerily optimal results. Nevertheless, you have still not been able to get that broad, flat gizmo there to work, which is a design you have borrowed from one of your grandpa's more mysterious inventions.

You are a great admirer of his, and you are not alone. Your grandfather is a world renowned explorer-naturalist-treasure hunter-archeologist-scientist-adventurer-big game hunter-billionaire extraordinaire. He has taught you everything you know.

But in spite of all his lessons, it is still difficult to escape his stern lectures when you are on the way out of the house to run your errands. He spends most of his time in the grand foyer, stewing in his own intensity and charisma.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out to show the entirety of Jade's room. In the one corner that wasn't previously shown is another pile of equipment.]

And today will likely be no exception. Among the errands you have planned is to venture out to find your pet and best friend named Becquerel. This animal must be fed and he will not be happy if he is not. And if he is not happy then you will not be happy.

But first you really should dig out your computer and say hi to John!

Now...

What will you do?

Jade: Quickly retrieve firearms from wall.

[Image description: Jade takes one of the rifles and puts it into her strife specibus, which is Rifle kind. Jade's shirt now has a blue radioactive symbol on it. A second image shows a close up of the rifle kind card.]

You equip your trusty hunting rifle. There would be hell to pay if grandad caught you leaving the house without it.

Jade: Wonder why the design on your shirt changed.

[Image description: Jade stands by the cabinet thing. As light shifts around on it, the image on her shirt changes. A pumpkin, a sun, the outline of the animal head, a flower, an atom, a slime.]

There isn't much to wonder, really. You left the Wardrobifier on its randomization setting.

Next

[Image description: It shows a 5 by 2 grid of blue designs. Above the middle column is a box with a blue question mark in it. The designs are a leaf, a spirograph, a flower, a slime, the outline of the animal head, a pumpkin, an atom, a squiddle, a radioactive symbol, and a sun.]

You may contemplate which shirt design you favor the most and commit to that setting in the near
future.

Jade: Captchalogue nearest Squiddles doll and hug it.

[Image description: Jade looks at a blue squiddle doll near the base of the Wardrobifier. It slowly begins to move towards a pink one nearby. When they collide, their tentacles entangle and their undersides press together. The words Tangle Buddies! Appear next to them. Jade jumps and smiles, clapping as they collide.]

Just before you can grab one, the powerful electromagnets concealed in their underbellies become activated, and two of them get all tangled up with each other playfully.

Next

[Image description: Jade steps towards the dolls and captchalogues them.]

You captchalogue the tangle buddies.

Jade: Lose interest in fauna and never speak of it again.

[Image description: Jade clasps her hands under her chin and looks up dreamily. In thought bubbles behind her, it shows various anthropomorphic animals, including the drawn on Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff.]

Oh, but you could NEVER do that.

What marvelous creatures they are. What a daring dream, to combine the finest qualities of humanity with the elegance and nobility of the animal kingdom. How you wish you could know their world. To hear one night those muted pawpads traipse up your stairs. A low but friendly growl unsettles your slumber, and as the sopor seeps from your eyes they detect a sharp pair of ears cutting moonlight. A mysterious wolven tongue invites. Wouldn't these ears suit you? Would not this proud long snout assist you in the hunt?

No need to answer. Words slough from the busy mind like a useless dead membrane as a more visceral sapience takes over. Something simpler is in charge now, a force untouched by the concerns and burdens of the upright, that farcical yoke the bipedal tow. It now drives you through the midnight brush, your paws whisking through creepers, unearthing with each bold stomp bright odors demanding investigation. But not for long, as you and your new friend must claim the night with piercing howls moonward.

You eat a weird bug and don't even care.

Jade: Pick up your toys!

[Image description: Jade kneels on the floor, holding the green Manthro Chap with pink hair and moustache. She holds a pipe like she's about to put it in his mouth. On the floor nearby are a tiny top hat, a tiny monocle, a tiny pair of gloves, two syringes, a vial of medicine, and a tray with a black smudge on it.]

Speaking of which, you pick up and admire one of your Manthro Chaps. They are wonderful friends and are always cheerful and pleasant fellows.

Why dear Mr. Coxcomb, how ever will you be received at the Barnyard gala without the trappings of a proper gentleman?
Each manthro chap comes with a number of accessories, including articles of formal attire, a vaccination kit, and a dishwasher-safe slop trough.

Jade: Organize all your dolls.

You gather all your dolls into a rather cozy looking pile.

Jade: Change wardrobifier setting.

You deactivate the Wardrobifier's randomization mode and set it to cycle through these three shirt designs.

The decision was tough, but you think you came to the best possible conclusion.

[Note, the phrase "Best possible conclusion" opens a screenshot of survey results.]

Pick Jade's Shirt!
Leaf 8% [144]
Spirograph 12% [208]
Flower 8% [143]
Ghost 3% [63]
Devilbeast 10% [173]
Pumpkin 10% [171]
Atom 17% [297]
Squiddle 7% [120]
Radioactive 8% [147]
Sun 12% [203]
You may select up to 3 options
Submit vote
Total votes : 1669

Jade: Look out window.

It is another beautiful day in your neighborhood. It is peaceful and quiet as usual. A rather imposing volcano looms over your house, which has been inactive for centuries.

Though dormant on the surface, the volcanic activity deep underground provides your house with a source of geothermal power. You are not sure why your grandfather decided to draw from this source of energy when he had the unlimited power of the atom at his disposal. But it has been this way for as long as you can remember.

You have chalked it up to your family's longstanding propensity for eclectic fursuits wait you mean pursuits.

Jade: Retrieve fursuit from magic chest.
What is this nonsense about fursuits!!! You do not own a fursuit. You think anthropomorphic fauna are really cute and enchanting and all, but it has never occurred to you to dress as one. Sure, it is fun to imagine what it would be like to run wild with a pack of wolves, or purr and frolic with a litter of kittens, but dressing up as an animal just seems ridiculous. It would still just be a silly girl draped in a raggedy synthetic tufty piece of crap, and seriously who are you trying to kid with that sort of baloney!

Anyway it is not a magic chest, it it your gadget chest, which you have adapted for storing a number of useful gizmos. It was once your oracle's trunk, a gift from your grandfather of course, and still contains many silly fortune telling knickknacks, all of which are completely bogus.

Jade: Open chest.

Among the fortune telling knickknacks are these items: a crystal ball plus compulsory velvet pillow, a tarot deck, a magic 8 ball, a magic cue ball, and one of your favorite books of all time, Problem Sooth.

Among the useful gizmos are of course your computer, which you keep inside a fun lunchbox for easy transport, and a couple of gizmos you keep handy so you don't always have to make the long trip to the kitchen. There is a cookalizer for preparing delicious meals, and a refrigiificator, a name which clearly is a wacky variation on the much more common household item, the refrigerificator.

Jade: Examine magic 8-ball and magic cue ball.

These things are stupid and useless!

When the magic 8 ball isn't being frustratingly ambiguous, its forecast is always wrong! You have tested it numerous times with certain facts you know to be true. This is its reply when you ask if it is your friend John's birthday today. See? Stupid!

You guess maybe it could be used as a reverse-prediction device, and always trust the opposite of what it says. But that seems dumb to you. And anyway, the thing gives you a bad vibe. You might consider smashing it, but you are a little superstitious about whatever ominous consequences that might have, even if the occult talisman in question is a cheap piece of garbage.

Next

The Magic Cue Ball on the other hand is said to make predictions with alarming precision and specificity. Unfortunately it lacks a portal on its surface that allows you to view the prediction.
You put both of these pieces of junk back in the box.

Jade: Captchalogue refrigerator.

[Image description: The refrigerator and cookalizer disappear from the chest's items. The squiddles lunchbox does too, which replaces the flute in the sylladex. The flute flies off to the side and lands where the refrigerator and cookalizer were. A second image shows the 6 by 3 grid of captchalogue cards flashing with the items in her deck.]

You take the refrigerator.

You might as well grab the cookalizer too. No portable kitchen is complete without it.

You take your lunchtop too, because obviously you're going to be using that pretty soon.

Whoops, there goes your flute. But who cares.

Jade: Feed your friend.

[Image description: Jade stands by her table of equipment. She jumps up onto it and kicks all the items off of it except for a small lump of uranium and the window-like device.

Before you go out to feed Bec, you will need to prepare a meal for him.

You clear some space on your work table so you can set up your refrigerator and cookalizer.

Next

[Image description: The 6 by 3 grid of captchalogue cards appears with Jade's head below them. The cursor comes on screen and selects the second from the right on the top row, though Jade shakes her head. It flips over, revealing a lime. It selects the left card on the second row and Jade nods. It flips, revealing the refrigerator. Red Xs flash on both cards and they turn back over. It tries again. It clicks the second from the left on the top row and Jade watches in anticipation. It reveals an orange and Jade's gaze follows it to the leftmost card in the center row, which reveals the tangle buddies. Red Xs flash on both cards and they flip back over. It tries a third time. It selects the third from the left in the center row as Jade shakes her head. It reveals a lime and moves to select the third from the right on the bottom row. Jade shakes her head furiously and looks distressed as the card flips and shows a bag of fertilizer. Red Xs flash and they turn back over. The animation then loops back to the beginning.]

Just for fun, Jade allows you to take a stab at matching the cards to use the gizmos. It doesn't present much of a challenge for her, so she figures she might as well step aside, while providing a few generous hints.

No, no... warmer. Warmer. Cooler. Cooler.

COLD.

Warmer...

Yes. NO. Cold. ICE COLD.

Warmer. Warmer...

Next
You have selected the key lime.

Way to go.

Try again.

Congratulations, you advance your matching skill to the new level: Yukon Hero: Legacy of the Frostbite Amputee.

Jade is beginning to regret breaking the fourth wall for this ill advised escapade.

Ok, one more time.

If it were known in advance how terrible you were going to be at this matching game, the author may have given second thought to preparing this cool interactive Flash application.

Look at all these fruits on the loose. Good luck trying to settle them down.

Next

You just deploy the gadgets yourself.
Jade: Stick fruits in the refrigerator to keep them fresh.

These fruits are unlikely to become less impudent any time soon regardless of where they are stored, but you stick them in anyway.

Next

You take a look at the Refrigerator's rotary interface. You wonder what he is in the mood for today?

Jade: Press the steak button.

You dial up a thick T-bone steak, which you are sure Becquerel is in the mood for because he is in the mood for steak every day and is never in the mood for anything else.

But he does like his steak well cooked.

Next

Jade: Lightly irradiate steak.

He does prefer his steak rare after all.

But you will not dignify the thought of turning the knob much further because you are not retarded.

Next

You captchalogue the Irradiated steak and save it for your trip outside.

You probably shouldn't waste much more time. You wouldn't want all those nice depleted steak isotopes to settle down.
Jade: Examine the atomic bass by your bed.

You wouldn't exactly call it an atomic bass, but it is heavily customized to accommodate a high level of musical virtuosity, the perfect instrument for the eclectically spirited.

You've tuned the strings way down of course because your stumpy arms can't reach the low notes.

Next

You switch your Eclectic bass to its advanced setting.

But you promptly switch it back, since obviously it's too complicated to play it in person like this. The default setting is your preferred mode for casual jamming.

And since you can't possibly waste enough time playing music, casually jam is exactly what you're gonna do.

[S] Jade: Play a hauntingly relaxing bassline.

You take the portable amp from the wall socket too.

Jade: Open lunchtop.

You like to make yourself comfy in your plushy pile before getting down to business with your computer.

Jade: Get down to business.
Jade: Activate Pesterchum.

Chumroll
ectoBiologist
tentacleTherapist
turntechGodhead

Chumroll has a yellow smiley face next to it and both turntechGodhead and ectoBiologist are online.

Trollslum
carcinoGeneticist
arachnidsGrip	
twinArmageddons
terminallyCapricious
caligulasAquarium

Trollslum has a red angry face next to it. All of the usernames under this list are greyed out except for the first one, carcinoGeneticist.

Off to the left side, 8 icons float. They are a very wide smile, a concerned face, an unsure face, a frowning face, a normal smile, a gasping face, a winking face with a smirk, and a red angry face.

Hey look, John is online! Hooray!

Also it looks like Dave pestered you about something yesterday but you missed it.

Jade: Pester John.


gardenGnostic: hi happy birthday john!!!! (heart)

You greet John but he does not respond. He is undoubtedly gallivanting around his house in a state of barely restrained birthday mirth. He may also be retrieving the two packages and the two envelopes which you are certain came in the mail for him earlier.
You will wait a little while and see if he returns before you head out.

Jade: See if Dave left you a sweet new rap.

[Image description: A different chat client appears over the first one.]


turntech Godhead: hey
oh
youre asleep again arent you
or do you even know if you are
i still dont know how that works]

It does not appear so, but you just never know with that crazy and cool guy.

Sooooo coooooool.

Next

[Image description: It shows a different section of the chat with turntechGodhead.]

pesterlog

turntech Godhead: hey
oh
youre asleep again arent you
or do you even know if you are
i still dont know how that works
its like nothing means anything
its so cool getting hella chumped by your coquettish damn riddles all the time
i dont know why i believe anything you say im like the grand marshal of gross chumpage
waving around my faggoty chumpductor baton
assistant director of chumpography
celebrated author ernest chumpingway
wait weak
chumpelstiltskin
uh
chumpeldipshit
yeah
youre asleep? Yes? No?
A slash S slash L?
s = species
baboon?
kangaroo rat?
if kangaroo rat yiff twice plz
ok well youre not saying anything so i guess whether youre nonawake or unasleep or whatever
youre just not around and im wasting good material
even worse im wasting a killer fursona here
like
i dont know like a wide open v shaped leotard and a fuck ton of body paint
some like sinewy back arching cirque du soleil looking motherfucker
always low to the ground gettin a good prowl on
like i dropped my keys in the dark
nimblest son of a bitch who had the gumption to glue a nasty pair of latex cat lips to his face
for a reason that wasn't a joke
jade hey
where are you
seriously im sitting here tonight with a fucking bag of kibble jacked open on my lap and primed for
goddamn bear
and youre gone
btw my name is Akwete Purrmusk
hardest buttock in the jungle
tempered steel
hey yeah just wanted to give you this remix i finished
here
turntechGodhead [TG] sent gardenGnostic [GG] file "explore remix.mp3"
sorry
you dont have to respond to any of that btw
ill probably forget half the shit i said anyway
talk to you tomorrow

[S] Jade: Open FreshJamz!

[Image description: It shows the FreshJamz window, which has a play button, a pause button, a
rewind button, and a fast forward button. There's a list of songs in the window.

Showtime Remix. 2:02 with a green slime and a red and black record next to it.
Aggrieve Remix. 2:11 with a purple squiddle and a red and black record next to it
Verdancy (Bassline). 0:52 with a blue atom next to it.
Potential Verdancy. 0:39 with 2 blue atoms next to it.
Ohgodwhat. 0:37 with a blue atom next to it.
Ohgodwhat Remix. 1:05 with 2 blue atoms next to it.
Rediscover Fusion. 1:36 with a red and black record next to it
Crystalanthemums. 1:28 with a red and black record and a blue atom next to it
(NEW) Explore Remix. 2:00 with a blue atom and a red and black record next to it.

As each song is clicked, it begins to play that song.]

You open the Freshjamz Media Player and add Dave's remix to the playlist.

Jade: Open Echidna and go to mspaintadventures.com

[Image description: It shows MSPaintadventures on a page titled ghostyTrickster: Boggle vacantly
at these shenanigans. The panel on screen is that of a poorly drawn man who looks a lot like John
wearing a poorly drawn wizard hat while sitting in a yard with 2 poorly drawn captchalogue cards,
a poorly drawn toilet full of cake, and a poorly drawn pogo bouncer in front of a poorly drawn
house. The caption reads
It begins to dawn on you that everything you just did may have been a colossal waste of time.
A link to the next page reads "End Intermission"

You open your web browser and visit MSPA.

You navigate to a random page in the middle of the latest epic.

Looks like he was just finishing up some sort of weird tangential intermission here. Whatever it
was, it clearly advanced the plot in no relevant way whatsoever.
END INTERMISSION.

[S] Midnight Crew: Act 1031

[MIDNIGHT CREW: ACT 1031]

[Image description: It zooms out from the curtains, revealing that the curtains are on top of a clockwork circle with a crescent moon and sun ticking around it like hands on a watch. The sun is in the top left corner and the moon in the bottom right. The background is a blue sky with white clouds. The word Loading appears at the bottom of the screen. The song Dead Shuffle begins to play.

The moon and sun switch places and the background turns purple as stars appear. It zooms in on the moon, which moves down to bring purple skyscrapers on screen. In the background, a bridge that resembled the Golden Gate Bridge is silhouetted against the crescent moon. Motion blurs cross the screen and it shows the 4 men from the Midnight Crew panels around the table. It shows a close up of one reaching for an Ace of Diamonds card. It cuts to his face and the card turns into a cane of some sort. His name appears at the top of the screen. Diamonds Droog.

It shows another hand reaching for a card, this one the Ace of Clubs. It cuts to the face of the short round one and the card changes into a table leg. Clubs Deuce.

Another hand reaches for the Ace of Hearts. It shows the tall round one as the card turns into a pole of some sort. Hearts Boxcars.

The last one reaches for the Ace of Spades, which turns into a cane with a horse head at the end. Spades Slick.

A fancy lit sign reading Casino flashes on screen against a black background with a spade, a diamond, and heart, and a club hovering around it. The image cuts to a wall of flame and a collection of green people wearing hats like pool balls appears. A plaque underneath them calls them the Felt. A large round one wears a white hat with an orange stripe that says 13. A tall, angular one wears a dark red hat that says 7. A rounded, skinny one wears a blue hat that says 2. A very short skinny one wears a purple 4 hat. A medium sized one wears a yellow 1 hat. A tall, narrow, angular one wears a bright red 3 hat.

The scene changes to a grey room with an empty bookshelf and a safe door embedded in a wall. Number 4 stands off to the side as Spades Slick beats number 1 with his cane. Clubs Deuce stands on the opposite side.

A new Felt, a large square one with a white hat with a red stripe reading 15 appears against the wall of flame. It cuts to Diamonds Droog shooting 2 machine guns at number 2 in an empty warehouse. Number 2 hides behind an empty crate. Number 3 comes up behind Droog and Droog turns to beat him with his cane. This gives 2 a chance to escape.

It cuts to the Midnight Crew playing in a band while people dance to their music.

The screen goes black and splatters of blood appear on it. A black spade fades into view and the words Midnight Crew appear on it.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out to show the end of the animation in the echidna web browser in Jade's computer. Another browser is open to furaffinity.net.]

You've killed a little time, but still no sign of John.

Jade: Pester Dave.

[Image description: The chats pop up over the echidna browsers.]

pesterlog

gardenGnostic: hi dave!!
turntech Godhead: hey sup
gardenGnostic: not much sup with you!!
bro! hehehe
turntech Godhead: haha
good one
s'alright being chill i guess you know how it goes
gardenGnostic: great! feeling cool today?
mr cool guy?
turntech Godhead: oh man you know it
gardenGnostic: sooooo coooooool!!!
turntech Godhead: you know shit is ice cold up in here
shit is wicked bananas i am telling you
gardenGnostic: (Very happy face)
so have you talked to john today???
turntech Godhead: yeah we were just talking a while ago about how he sucks at his sylladex
can you believe he uses stack that kid is ridiculous
gardenGnostic: lol
well that doesnt sound like much fun!
turntech Godhead: what was it you use again...
wait nevermind
i forgot whenever we talk about your goofy modusses i get a migrane. what do you want with john
gardenGnostic: (Smile)
i want to tell him happy birthday and ask him about his birthday package!
turntech Godhead: oh yeah
i was being sort of cagey and told him to check the mail cause i was wondering if mine came yet
gardenGnostic: i think it did!
turntech Godhead: yeah?
gardenGnostic: and i think mine came too
turntech Godhead: so uh
i guess you want to know if he likes it or something?
gardenGnostic: no!!!!!!!
he will not open it
he will lose it!!!
turntech Godhead: oh
uh
wow sorry to hear that i guess?
gardenGnostic: no its good actually!
because he will find it again later when he really needs it
which of course is why i sent it in the first place!
turntech Godhead: see like
i never get how you know these things
gardenGnostic: i dont know
i just know that i know!
turntech Godhead: hmm alright
gardenGnostic: anyway i have to go!
i have to feed bec which is always a bit of an undertaking
turntech Godhead: man
if i were you i would just take that fucking devilbeast out behind the woodshed and blow its head off
gardenGnostic: heheheh!
i don't think i could if i tried!!!
turntech Godhead: yeah
say hi to your grand dad for me too ok
gardenGnostic: (uncertain face)
yes i guess an encounter with him is almost certain
it is usually........
intense!!!
turntech Godhead: well yeah isn't it always with family
but he sounds like a total badass
gardenGnostic: yeah he totally is!!!
anyway gotta go!
turntech Godhead: see ya
gardenGnostic: (heart)

[S] Dave: STRIFE.

[Image description: Dave stands on his roof facing left, the sky red in the background. He takes out his sword and takes an aggressive stance. On the left side of the screen, 8 options appear. Aggrieve and aggress, which are green abjure and abstain, which are blue abuse and accuse, which are yellow And assail and assault, which are red.

Dave does a flip and moves to the other side of the screen as Bro's silhouette appears, holding a sword. Dave runs towards him, but he disappears. He reappears in a blur behind Dave and deposits Lil Cal. The song Beatdown (Strider Style) begins to play. Round 1 Strife appears at the top of the screen.

Dave grits his teeth and runs towards Cal, jumping into a front flip as he approaches. Bro comes on in a blur and moves Cal out of the way just in time to avoid the blade, making it look like Cal is moving on his own. Dave swings for Cal again and he jumps over the blade, then drops to the floor. Dave swings down at Cal, but he disappears and reappears leaning against Dave's back. Dave freaks out for a moment before resuming the assault, which Cal dodges again. Before Dave can swing again, Cal moves forward and kicks him in the face, knocking him back a few steps. Dave regains his footing and goes to swing his sword again, but Bro passes in a blur and takes it from him. Cal smacks Dave in the face and kicks him a few more times, knocking him to the ground. Dave tucks and rolls underneath Cal, somehow regaining his sword in the process. Cal falls onto the ground and Dave swings only for Cal to disappear. A split second later, Cal reappears behind Dave and goes to grab him, but Dave jumps out of the way and up off the screen. Cal drops to the ground where Dave was and Dave runs on from the left side, already swinging. Before he can land the blow, Cal disappears, then drops down on Dave from above. Dave dodges out of the way and comes back on the attack, but Cal disappears again only to reappear behind him. Dave jumps into a flip towards Cal, who disappears. Dave shouts in frustration and hits his sword against the ground several times.

Bro comes on and sets Cal on top of Dave's head and Dave freaks out, flailing his arms wildly to try and get the puppet off. He takes out his sword after a second and swings it above his head, but Cal disappears. Dave swings a few more times before realizing that his target is gone. He stops just in time for Cal to come on from the left side and smack him, knocking him to the ground. Dave jumps up into a flip and swings his sword at Cal, but Cal kicks him in the face mid-jump and knocks him back down. Cal does a flip and lands on top of Dave, dancing on him as Dave flails.]
Rose is online.

Jade: Pester Rose.

pesterlog
tentacleTherapist: I require a font of frighteningly accurate yet infuriatingly nonspecific information.
Do you know where I can find a wellspring of this sort?
gardenGnostic: hahaha yes ok but we cant talk for long!!!
tentacleTherapist: You have plans?
gardenGnostic: well yes i do but its just that you will lose your internet connection soon!!!!! and we wont talk again for a pretty long time not until you enter!
tentacleTherapist: Enter?
gardenGnostic: yeah!
tentacleTherapist: This is what I was talking about. This was the itch that needed scratching.
My avarice for the inscrutable. It is limitless.
gardenGnostic: lol what did you want to know?
tentacleTherapist: You've been insisting today was the big day.
We would all play a game you didn't know the name of. A game you said I'd get in the mail, and did.
One that would help me answer some questions. But Strider is being obtuse, I can't catch John at his computer, you don't even have the game yourself, and on top of all that, my internet is unstable.
So are you sure today is the day?
gardenGnostic: there sure are a lot of challenges but yes i am sure!!
dave is cool, you know he will come around when the time is right he just has a lot of work to do first and so do you!
youll need to keep searching for a stable signal and power source, it will be hard but dont give up!!! and dont worry about me either, focus on playing with john first it all starts with you two!
tentacleTherapist: Is there nothing else you can say to prepare me for this?
I'm sure you think little of blithely upsetting dark forces with Grandpa Moreau over there on Hellmurder Island, but honestly I've only read a few books on it.
gardenGnostic: haha dark? thats ridiculous!
i dont really know what to tell you other than its not going to be what you think it is and most importantly you will have your questions answered, but they will be the ones you haven't thought to ask yet!
just be patient and be brave youll see it will be fun!!!!!!!
uh oh looks like youve got to go take care rose! (heart heart heart)

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering gardenGnostic [GG] at 12:54 --

Jade: Be the other girl.
You are now the other girl several hours in the future.

It appears a secret passage in the mausoleum has been opened.

It's getting awfully toasty in here. You gather up your belongings, including your dead cat.

Rose: Descend.

Jade: Stop being the other girl and pester John again.

You've spent enough time for now concerning yourself with the future of your friends.

John will not be available until later. By then he will have his hands full, as will you.

Next

You pack up your Lunchtop and get ready to take care of some business downstairs.


Strife appears at the top of the screen. It zooms in on John, who begins bouncing his hammer from side to side with a Boing. He gets faster and faster until the background turns green with slimes floating across it. He jumps up and does a flip, going to hit the ogre holding the book only to be knocked out of the air by it. As the book hits John, the word Sassacre appears in small text next to it. John flies backwards and hits the other ogre in the face, then bounces to the ground. One of the ogres hits him with the book while the other spins the tire swing like a lasso and loops the tire around John. The ogre swings John up into the air as he shouts. It swings John down onto the ground then back into the air repeatedly then begins swinging him in a wide circle over its head. It swings John in towards the other ogre, who smacks him with the book and Launches him into the air. John goes flying past the edge of the platform and towards the void. He falls for a few seconds, then lands on the bed, which Nannasprite is holding in place with her eye laser. As John lands, his health bar appears, showing that he is dangerously low on health. Nannasprite moves the bed slightly and lets it hover. She turns her eye beam onto John, who is encased in a blue bubble as ghostly cookies float towards him. His health quickly increases back to full and he sits up. He takes a moment to look around before taking out his hammer and heading back into the fray.]
Try as you might, you can't stop your mind from drifting to the fate of your friends. You dwell on a particular configuration of reminders on your finger.

Also in the future...

[Image description: It shows the apple that fell from the large tree in W.V.’s time. A small circle opens up in the side and a mechanical worm snakes out of it. The worm stops halfway out of the apple and stares at something offscreen, a small question mark appearing over its head.]

But years, not hours...

Under bare white branches a sentry wakens.

[Note: the previous line opens a series of images. Peregrine Mendicant, the white counterpart to W.V. who pushed a cart of mailboxes through the desert, looks at the worm, which has come down to her eye level. A second image shows the worm's attention diverted to the mailboxes. It looks pleased but P.M. has a small exclamation point of distress over her head. Another image shows the worm chewing on one of the mailboxes with a small Nom appearing with each bite. Another image shows P.M. glaring. She reaches for a sword sheathed at her side. Both the blade and the hilt are black. The hilt is very intricate and has a small cross on the bottom of the pommel.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the Game F.A.Q. forum with more of Rose's walkthrough.]

[Z001] some stuff about captcha codes and punch card alchemy

is anyone actually reading any of this?? or are they all dead. i don't know if anyone besides us is even alive and playing the game or if anybody even really cares what we have to say!

rose said i should add some stuff to this f.a.q. if anything occurred to me, so i guess i'm doing that. i figure at the very least it will be a good reference for just us to use. but dave probably won't read any of this because he's sort of this whopping stupid horse butt. whatever.

i finally figured out what those weird codes on the back of captchalogue cards are for. well maybe not what they're ALWAYS for, but a way that sburb has exploited them for an in-game purpose. every captcha'd item stamps the card with a unique code, and a gizmo in sburb called the punch designinx will punch a unique pattern of holes in a card which is derived from that code. the punched card can then be used with other gizmos to duplicate the item and/or combine it with another item.

i got to thinking about this and with my amazing hacker skillz i noticed a trend. the hole pattern is based on a fairly simple cipher, converting the captcha code to binary and then the binary pattern is punched, where 1 is a punched hole, and 0 is an unpunched slot.

so, umm... here's the table just to be clear.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Code</th>
<th>Pattern</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
there are a couple oddball characters exclamation point and question mark at the end to bring it up to 63 (0 thru 63 = 64 total, i.e. 6 bits). cause the binary representation of the captcha code characters are 6 bits each, which have a range of 0-63.

so for instance the captcha code for the hammer is "nZ7Un6BI". look up the index for 'n' first, which is 49. The binary of 49 is 1 1 0 0 0 1. keep doing that for all the characters and you get:

```
n=1 1 0 0 0 1
Z=1 0 0 0 1 1
7=0 0 0 1 1 1
U=0 1 1 1 1 0
n=1 1 0 0 0 1
6=0 0 0 1 1 0
B=0 0 1 0 1 1
I=0 1 0 0 1 0
```

OK... that's the pattern that will be punched on the card, BUT...

the bits are arranged top to bottom, left to right, in four columns, like this:

```
1 0 1 0
1 0 1 0
0 0 0 1
0 1 0 0
0 1 0 1
1 1 1 1
1 0 0 0
0 1 0 1
0 1 0 0
0 1 1 0
1 1 1 1
1 0 0 0
```

or punched on a card, like this:

(It shows ASCII art of a punched card)

wow ok that pretty much looks like shit, but you get the idea.

so to combine two items you just overlap two punched cards. only the places where both cards have a hole will show through, so it's sort of like a bitwise AND operation on both cards. the new pattern gives you the code for the new item.

for instance combining the code for a hammer (nZ7Un6BI) and a pogo ride (DQMmJLeK) gives a new code with less holes obviously, which translates to 126GH48G. that hole pattern went on to make the pogo hammer, which is so rad you have no idea. I've also wondered if you can combine
items in other ways, like a bitwise OR. That means combining the cards to get MORE holes, not less, i.e. the new pattern has a hole for every hole on either card. This pattern would be accomplished by double punching a card!! Like, two codes, one card. I've got to try that some time.

But there are some mysterious things about all this. First of all, with all the hole slots, there are 48 bits in total, which means there are almost 300 trillion possible codes. And 300 trillion sounds huge! But when you consider it is supposed to account for ALL CONCEIVABLE ITEMS, including all the wacky combinations of stuff, it suddenly doesn't seem that big!

This leads me to believe that not every combination of item has a viable duplicate. But this is kinda obvious anyway, since there are many combinations of punch cards that will produce either a blank card (with AND) or a totally punched card (with OR). So there are lots of dud combinations out there, and many that will just lead to the same pattern. Like for instance a gun and an atom bomb could make some sort of ULTIMATE DEATH RAY, but for that matter a shoe horn and a potted plant could lead to exactly the same pattern!!!!! So weird.

Also it seems like combined items will always have patterns with either much fewer holes or much more holes than more "ordinary" items, which will occupy the vast meaty middle of all possible patterns. It is strange and counter intuitive that more complex objects have simpler patterns but hey, there you have it.

But all this sorta makes me guess this system can be cracked in some way, like if you have a complicated item and you want to "extract" simpler item components from it, there might be some algorithm for deriving the pattern you want, or at least narrowing down the possibilities. There might also be ways of charting through the simpler patterns on both ends of the bit spectrum, and pinning down the ones that will make cooler stuff. Who knows.

I want to ask Jade about this because she's really good at this sort of thing somehow even though she doesn't have my leet haxxor cred. Too bad she makes herself so scarce all the time. Jade if you ever read this let me know what you think!

(It shows ASCII art of John's slime)

**PUNCH CARD CALCULATOR**

By Gankro

[Note: Punch Card Calculator opens a new tab with an image of a blank captchalogue card on the left and the back of a captchalogue card on the right. There is a box in which to input a code, which generates the punch pattern for that code on the left and what the back of the card would look like on the right.]

Next

[Image description: It shows a grey sign reading SN in large green letters that's mounted on a green brick wall. The top curve of the S is made of a green version of the atom from Jade's shirt and the bottom curve is made of a green spirograph. Below the sign is an Exit sign over the very top of a doorway.]

Next

[Image description: Rose stands inside the room with the sign on the wall. A green glow comes from somewhere off screen and overlays an eerie green cast over everything.]

You enter the laboratory.
Rose: Look for mad scientists.

There are no scientists to be found, mad or otherwise. Or anyone for that matter. The lab appears to be deserted.

There is a kiosk though.

Next

It looks like the kiosk monitors the lab's enormous Hubgrid.

Jade: Transportalize as far down as you can go.

This is as far down as you can go.

The grand foyer is still a few floors down, but the transportalizer on that level is blocked by one of grandpa's impressive big game trophies, and you just don't think he would cotton to someone moving it.

Speaking of which, here are some of his trophies now. He has a million of these ghastly things. You really dislike them.

Jade: Proceed.

You hop down a level.
Granddad also likes to accumulate valiant knights from his travels. These are pretty cool, you guess.

Jade: Keep going.

[Image description: Jade stands at the bottom of another set of stairs in a room nearly identical to the other two. She has a concerned and disturbed expression on her face as she looks at a mummy that looks to be a misshapen ape skull and arms grafted onto a fish body. In the background are many more mummies and a few sets of armor. A second image zooms out to show even more mummies, suits of armor, and a few animal heads on walls. A pink glow comes from the archways.]

Oh yeah. How could you forget about his stash of Decrepit mummies.

God you hate these things.

Jade: Don't stop.

[Image description: It shows a close up of one of the archways on the next floor down, which glows a light teal. A large wolf head is mounted above it and on either side are faded out pictures of women's faces. Mummies, animals, and knight memorabilia flank the door as well. Another image shows Jade standing at the bottom of the stairs, looking at three more faded images of women nestled among more mummies, knights, and dead animals.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the rest of the room which contains even more pictures, animals, suits, and mummies.]

This is your grandfather's collection of what he refers to as his beauties. No lovely lady will be fit for his collection unless her portrait has spent at least 20 years bleaching in the front window of a beauty parlor, a sort of establishment he's plundered no less frequently than ancient tombs.

You guess they were sort of like your sisters while growing up, and you were always encouraged to look up to them. They are all awfully pretty ladies you suppose, but it was always hard to get as excited about them as grandpa.

"Jade, study hard and keep your rifle at the ready. When adventure summons, I know you will rise to the task and take your rightful place among the Daughters of Eclectica."

That old coot sure is a bag of wind!

Jade: Complete your descent.

[Image description: It shows a close up of a green snake with a white head, like the one from John's Typhoeus browser. It's mouth is open and it has very sharp teeth. The room behind it looks like the same architecture as the ones Jade passed through.]

Next

[Image description: Jade stands at the bottom of a staircase, next to the taxidermy Typhoeus, with an exasperated expression on her face. Typhoeus's tail goes out through the right archway and it blocks the transportalizer. The floor on this level is made of large cobblestones and torches are dotted around the room, their flames flickering. There is no downward staircase on this level.]
You reach the ground level. This is the stupid thing blocking the transportalizer. It is unspeakably hideous.

Down the southeast hall is the grand foyer. You'll have to cross through it to leave the house.

Next

[Image description: The lunchtop sits on the floor in front of Jade with an ellipsis alert hovering above it.]

Looks like someone's pestering you.

Even though you thought you logged off... ?

Jade: Answer.

[Image description: It shows the pesterchum client and a chat. Under the Trollslum menu, carcinoGeneticist is flashing.]

[Note: carcinoGeneticist speaks in all caps and in a medium grey text. The all-caps has been removed for ease of reading.]

carcinoGeneticist: Hi again, idiot.
gardenGnostic: oh noooooo

carcinoGeneticist: So I guess today is finally the day you fuck everything up.
gardenGnostic: (Offended face)
carcinoGeneticist: Is there nothing I can do to change your mind?
gardenGnostic: you can leave me alone!!!!

how can you even be talking to me after i blocked you....
AND after i logged out????
carcinoGeneticist: You don't get that I am better and smarter than you in every way, forever. You don't get that because you are incredibly stupid.
gardenGnostic: i get that youre a jerk and you should shut up!
goodbye you jerk!!!!!!!!!


Rose: Look at that kiosk.

[Image description: It shows a pixelated screen in various shades of grey. It is a checkerboard pattern divided into quarters by narrow bands, presumably to match the squares of green items and paths on the floor. A heading at the top of the screen reads SN_HUB GRID 44.519872, -74.820017. Each square is labeled with two numbers, the second always 143 greater than the first. The numbering begins in the top left corner and goes across each row, ending in 9999 in the bottom right. A pixel in the third square from the left of the top row flashes green. There is a command prompt box at the bottom of the screen.

> unlock SN_LAB 0413]

Looks like a mapping of each hub's index.

It appears one of the hubs was recently unlocked.

Rose: Go to the center and do a goofy dance.

[Image description: Rose stands at the intersection of the two paths, near the round green object,
which is revealed to be a platform with the interlocking triangle symbol on it.]

At the center, you find a little stage that looks perfect for supporting a spectacularly silly dance. Or it would if standing on it didn't make you a little nervous, and also if that didn't sound like a retarded idea given the circumstances.

It looks sort of like the various contraptions you've been deploying in John's house. You wonder what it does?

Rose: Attempt to plug laptop into nearby hub.

[Image description: Rose takes her laptop out of the root card and all of her items crash to the floor. Jasper's corpse lands on the platform while the rest land on the floor. Rose looks irritated.]

Next

[Image description: Jasper's corpse disappears in a green flash and Rose pinches her eyes shut.]

Great, you just vaporized your dead cat. Oh well. Ashes to ashes you guess.

There's got to be a better way to deal with this lousy tree.

Rose: Examine fetch modus.

[Image description: It shows the back of a lime green fetch modus. There is a large eject button at the top and two buttons below it which read Root and Leaf. Root is currently pressed. At the bottom of the card, there is a selected box next to the words auto-balance. The leaf option presses down and the root option un-presses. A moment later, auto-balance unchecks.]

Looks like you can choose between picking leaves, or awkwardly uprooting the whole tree, as you've been doing.

You select leaf. You also turn off auto-balance, since its consequences can be a little mystifying sometimes.

Next

[Image description: All of Rose's items, minus jaspers, are in her sylladex again. The pillow is in the root card with the violin in the right branch and the grimoire in the left. Below the grimoire is the umbrella and below that, the laptop.]

You gather up all your items again in an order that places your laptop in a conveniently accessible leaf. You're not sure why you didn't do this a lot sooner.

Kind of a funny looking tree now, but your concern for structural elegance is at an all time low.

Rose: Find the unlocked hub.

[Image description: Rose stands on top of one of the lighter green sections of the grid. One of the small boxes with lights and a dial pops out of place and settles on top of the rest.]

As long as you're going to plug in your computer, you might as well find that hub.

Here it is. HUB SN_LAB 0413. It is unlocked, and thus removable from the grid.

You suspect this was the same beacon transmitting the unsecured signal you were using earlier.
Next

[Image description: Rose dodges over and physically plucks the laptop card from her captchalogue tree.]

You pick the laptop leaf from the tree.

Next

[Image description: A cord now stretches from the top of the hub to the laptop in Rose's hand. She captchalogues the hub, which jostles down to a card under the grimoire. She does the same for the laptop, which settles underneath the umbrella card. A black cord loops out of the laptop card to the hub card.]

You plug your laptop into the hub, then captchalogue the hub and then the laptop.

There must be a better place around here to set up your computer. This huge grid of electronics is sort of uninviting. You look around.

Hey, what's that?

Next

[Image description: It shows a grey sign with the SN logo on it. Underneath the logo, it says Skaianet laboratory unestablished in: At the bottom of the sign, a timer counts down from 3:14, though the timer has sections for seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks or months, and years. The years section has 4 digits, so the timer may have been going for millennia.]

It's another one of these ominous countdowns. You didn't notice it when you first entered the lab about a minute ago. It looks like this one may have been ticking for years.

Whatever it's ticking down to, there isn't much time. You can only hope that when you turn on your computer again, there will be a connection invitation from one Mr. Strider.

Again in the future...

[Image description: It shows 4 screens combining to make the sburb logo, though it is sideways. A timer counts down from 9 seconds.]

Another timer winds down, sideways.

[Note: The previous line is a link that opens a series of images in a new tab. It shows the mechanical worm's head laying in the sand, wires poking out where it was severed from its body. A second image shows an open hatch in the apple like structure that fell from the tree. Nearby, Peregrine Mendicant's cart stands empty. Another shows P.M. standing in front of the screens, which have counted down to zero. She stacks the mailboxes to make a step stool so she can reach the sideways keyboard. In the command prompt, she types Home.]


[Image description: It shows Dave on the roof, Cal still dancing on him. A red abscond box appears in the top left corner. Bro's outline blurs past in the background as he manipulates Cal. Click Abscond.]
Dave jumps up into a front flip and draws his sword, flinging Cal off the screen. He dashes to the right and does a backflip to the left side of the screen as Bro appears, sword in hand. The words Can't Abscond Bro! Round 2 Appear at the top of the screen and the song Beatdown Round 2 begins to play. It cuts to Bro against a background of fast-flickering red lines. He points off screen, presumably towards Dave, then gives him a thumbs down. It cuts to Dave against the same background. He holds a green smuppnet head and drags his thumb across his throat in a slashing motion. Cal's face suddenly takes up the whole screen and the word Strife appears across the top. Dave jumps up and crosses swords with Bro. Dave deflects Bro's sword downwards and jumps up into a front flip as Bro raises his sword again. He swings down at Bro's head, but Bro catches it on his blade. Dave pulls back and swings twice more as he falls to the ground. Bro catches both on his sword. Dave runs off screen and comes back on the other side, dashing up from behind Bro. Before he can attack, Bro leaps upwards and lands behind Dave. Bro swings down at Dave, who catches it without even looking behind him. He turns around and they exchange a few more blows. Dave flips over Bro to the right side of the screen and they parry again. Dave jumps up and goes on the attack, but Bro fades out of existence only to reappear behind him and send him flying off to the left. Bro materializes in his path and gives him a flying kick, sending him soaring off towards the right. Bro jumps and intercepts him, attempting to cut him in half with the sword, but Dave disappears and reappears further right, flying back at Bro with his sword drawn. Bro tries to swing down at Dave again, but he misses and Dave lands safely back on the roof. Bro lands in front of him and they simply stare at each other for a moment. After a second, Bro jumps straight up and Dave does the same. They fly upwards level with each other and it zooms in on their faces as they violently clash in the air. Both are on the attack and defense equally as they trade blows, never landing one anywhere but the other's blade. Suddenly, Bro disappears from behind one of Dave's attacks and reappears above him, but upside down. He spins and kicks Dave, who begins flailing and falling back towards the roof. He lands and bounces hard a few times before finally coming to a stop laying down. Bro lands to his right and Dave jumps up, immediately pulling out his sword and going on the offensive. He gets close and Bro goes to block the blow, but Dave disappears and reappears slightly to the left, letting the block pass by and landing a blow that sends Bro offscreen. Before he can even stand, Bro reappears behind him and swings down. Dave dodges the blow by jumping into a flip. For a few moments, they keep trading near-blows, the other always dodging out of the way before it can land. These get faster and faster as a Bro silhouette fades in behind the battle, though Bro is still fighting too. Dave jumps up into a rapid flip and goes to swing for Bro, but Bro fades out and the silhouette becomes Bro, who jumps in behind Dave and grabs him by the collar. Dave flails, trying to get away, but Bro throws him towards the right, then appears in his path again. The second blow knocks him back towards the left and he flies for a very long time. Suddenly, it cuts to Bro standing on the roof with Lil Cal in his hand. In slow motion, Dave falls on screen from above and Bro uses Cal to slap Dave back towards the right. He goes flying and flies straight into the open stairwell door. He begins tumbling down the stairs. An image of Hella Jeff appears in the top right corner and says I WARNED YOU ABOUT STAIRS BRO!!!! The image shifts and he begins falling down stairs in the other direction. Hella Jeff appears again and says I TOLD YOU DOG!]

It Keeps Happening

[Image description: It shows Rose with a green glow behind her. In the top right corner, there are tiled images of Dave falling down the stairs.]

What does?

You don't have time to humor every random thought that pops into your head. The clock is ticking.

Rose: Look around for anything else of importance.
This looks like something of importance.

Next

It appears to be Skaianet's primary Session terminal, monitoring a great number of sburb sessions in the northeastern United States and parts of Canada. Upon further investigation you draw some logical conclusions.

It looks like each session consists of an ip address and a physical location. The colored dots on the map appear to be meteor impact sites. It seems each session corresponds with a meteor, but not all meteors have sessions.

The color of the dot appears to indicate the status of the meteor's descent. The red dots indicate meteors that have already landed. Yellow dots are imminent collisions. Green will impact later, and blue will take the longest to touch down.

Next

You use the panel to center on your present location and zoom in. Surrounding the lab are of course the hundreds of smaller meteors that have been raining down steadily throughout the evening. Most of these meteor(ite)s have either landed already, or will shortly.

Centered over the lab is a significantly larger imminent collision. You can't say precisely how imminent, but you could certainly take an educated stab at it.

Just southwest of the lab, centered suspiciously near the location of your house, is an even larger looming collision. Though this one appears slightly less imminent.

The terminal looks like it can monitor any meteor or session around the world. Search filters can be applied as well, restricting results based on size, time of impact, location, and so on.

Next

A small-ish green circle surrounds the Houston area in south Texas. A massive medium-blue circle covers much of the area of the pacific ocean in the Oceania region to the west of Australia.
You zoom way out and narrow the search based on size. The two at the top of the list appear to be the biggest by far. You examine only their coordinates.

The second biggest is centered over a US city. The biggest by a landslide is, luckily for the Earth you suppose, way out in the middle of the Pacific ocean.

Rose: Turn on your laptop and check on John.

[Image description: Rose holds her laptop with the green Hub on the floor.]

You plug the laptop into the hub again and turn it on. It is now powered and connected to the wireless signal the hub is broadcasting.

Your sburb session reconnects.

Next

[Image description: It shows the sburb client on Rose's screen, which is focused in on the living room. It is still full of imps and now there are gaping holes in the walls. The entire scene trembles slightly.]

No sign of John here. You wonder why the house is shaking.

Last time you saw him he was on one of the roof platforms. You will have to navigate via the sburb interface to find him.


[Image description: It shows the same screen as before, but this time the up arrow on the controls is flashing red and a black box beneath it reads Navigate!]

Click the up arrow.
The scene shifts to the hallway outside of John's room, where another imp stands. The zoom button now flashes.

Click the zoom button.
It zooms out through the hole in the wall onto the balcony. The alchemiter has lots of rubble on it.

The left arrow flashes.
Click the left arrow.
It shifts to the broken window in John's room. An imp clings to the tree near the pogo bouncer, which is still caught in the branches. The zoom button flashes.

Click the zoom button.
It zooms into John's room, where two imps stand. The up arrow flashes.

Click the up arrow.
It shows the roof with the magic chest where two imps stand. The up arrow flashes.

Click the up arrow.
John and the two ogres come into view. John bounces his hammer back and forth between the ogres, earning a small Boing each time. The background fades to the green stripes and floating slimes as bigger Boings appear above the ogres. John jumps up into a front flip and smacks the ogre holding the Sassacre book with his hammer repeatedly in the face. The other ogre swings the tire swing, but before it can do anything, a light blue beam comes on from the left and begins blasting at it.

It shifts to the left, revealing that Nannasprite is shooting it with her eye laser. The scene shifts upwards and Rose drags the fridge on screen. She lets it go and it falls onto the Sassacre ogre, but he catches it and uses it to hit John and send him flying off the platform. A blue Nanna-beam zaps in front of him and a blue oven appears. It opens and catches him, then angles down and sends him
flying back into the battle. John smacks the tire swing ogre with a massive Boing, then jumps off screen. It zooms out to show Nannasprite behind the Sassacre ogre. She uses a Nanna-beam to make a sphere above the ogre. Pianos, bathtubs, and toilets begin spewing out of the sphere, smacking the ogre as they fall. It cuts to John spinning through the air, then moves up past him. Rose holds the alchemiter, then turns it upside down. John lands on the platform and bounces his hammer on it to gain speed as he flies back towards the ogres. He hits the sassacre ogre with it and it explodes into a several massive build grist and shale, along with some black, teardrop shaped grist and light grey, bean-shaped grist. The other ogre begins to swing the tire swing again, but Nannasprite blasts it with her laser again. The image shifts, revealing that this beam is made of cookies from the oven that she caught John with. John jumps up and, using the beam to bounce on, smacks the ogre in the face with his hammer repeatedly. He jumps down and moments later, he ogre explodes. Rose sets the alchemiter down on the platform and John does his victory dance.]

John: High-five Nannaquin.

[Image description: Nannasprite floats in the background, but her arm floats next to John, who highfives it while holding his pogo hammer over his head victoriously. He is smeared with oil. Next to Nannasprite's arm, it says Left Hanging Long Enough. A second image shows his PDA with a chat with tentacleTherapist open.]

pesterlog
tentacleTherapist: Good work, John!
ectoBiologist: oh, hey!
you're back.
tentacleTherapist: For now. I'll have to leave again shortly. It looks like there's another large meteor headed for...
My present location.
ectoBiologist: oh, so you mean dave connected with you?
tentacleTherapist: Not yet.
I'll explain later.
But I think I've determined that activating the timer in the game is not directly responsible for summoning a meteor to your location.
The countdown seems merely to exist as a kind of warning to the player.
As well as a strange coincidence.
ectoBiologist: um, ok.
i don't really think i get it.
is this relevant?
tentacleTherapist: Probably not at the moment. And certainly not to you.
I have to go.
ectoBiologist: ok, later!
tentacleTherapist: P.S. Try not to waste too much of that grist while I'm gone.

John: Climb that echeladder.

[Image description: It shows John standing near the echeladder with a smile on his face, his arms in the air, and a large green feather in his cap. The echeladder isn't in the screen it was before. Now it's like it's a free-standing structure. The rank Boy Skylark flashes as the most recently filled. It doesn't show most of the echeladder, but the other ranks it shows are
Rumpus Buster
boy Skylark
gadabout Pipsqueak
muppet of Destiny]
You rocket up the Echeladder to the dizzying heights of the vaunted BOY-SKYLARK rung!!!
Your new feather is hard earned and well deserved. And alarmingly fashionable.

John: Collect phat lewtz.

You and your Ceramic Porkhollow rejoice in the mound of wealth yielded from your meteoric ascent up the ladder.

You are still not sure what all these Boondollars can actually get you. But when pulling in such insane loot hand over fist like this, who cares?

Not you.

John: Pick up as much grist as you can hold.

You gather up 2260 pieces of build grist, 1040 pieces of shale, 490 drops of tar, and 350 drops of mercury.

You can't wait to find out what amazing items this new supply of grist will be just barely insufficient to produce.

Next

Oh god, there's grist littered down there too. Those stupid ogres were like huge grist piñatas.

One of those big Sour Grape Electric Holocaust Fruit Gushers is jammed in the hole in the platform. You guess there's only one way to get it.

Next

NANNASPRITE: John, don't forget your book!
It is your birthright! You ought to give it a read when you have a moment. Particularly the first several pages!
JOHN: ok nanna, i will.
hey, nanna?
NANNASPRITE: Yes, dear?
JOHN: since i am trying to get up to that gate, and since you can sort of conjure floating beds and throw me around and all...
couldn't you just throw me up to the gate?
NANNASPRITE: Yes, of course, John!
But that would not serve your purpose well!
There is a very good reason why you should build up to it. And then keep building!
JOHN: oh, ok, i guess that's what i figured.
so just one more thing...
do you think that instead of telling me exactly why that is with a clear explanation, you can give me a series of really coy riddles about it and then sort of giggle?
NANNASPRITE: John, you are a very fresh young man!
Your father has done such a wonderful job raising you. I am so proud of you both.
JOHN: ha ha, i guess.
NANNASPRITE: When you pass through the first gate, everything will change. You will find the place where the constellations dance beneath the clouds. And then your true work may begin.
Hoo hoo hoo!
JOHN: i suddenly understand everything!

Elsewhere, we find a place...

[Image description: It shows a purple castle with dozens of tall, spindly towers and ornate walkways, much like the one that Dad was held captive in.]

Where a kingdom lies entrenched beyond an impenetrable veil of darkness.

Next

[Image description: Dad stands on a purple walkway, brandishing a can of shaving cream. Three imps are nearby. One sits on the floor with a cake smashed into its face, one has shaving cream all over its hat and flails wildly at the foam, and another, the one with the wizard hat and sword, trembles but holds its sword up.]

Next

[Image description: Dad pulls his fist back like he's about to punch something. A second image shows the wizard hat imp looking very nervous.]

Next

[Image description: The imp flies out over the edge of the walkway, the sword and hat trailing in his wake. A white burst at the edge of the screen shows where Dad punched him off of the walkway.]

Next

[Image description: Inside another purple room, presumably in another part of the castle, a black carapace views this incident on a screen that resembles the window-like structure from Jade's room. This carapace is also dressed in harlequin clothes, but his collar is round and puffy and the rest of his outfit is made of striped, jagged-edged layers of brightly colored fabric. A second image shows him looking at another screen, which shows John celebrating his victory over the ogres.]

Next
You are now...

You are flying westward in your peculiar mobile station. You have no sense of your bearings presently. The door is blocked by a metal column which extended through the entry shaft before liftoff.

What will you do?

P.M.: Check mail.

This message to Dr. Brinner looks pretty serious.

P.M.: Open envelope.

The mail is sacred, and sacred is the trust between the Post Man and the recipients of his precious parcels. You have made a solemn pledge to deliver this letter to the doctor, just as soon as you determine where this address is, or find any sort of discernible mailing address in this wasteland, for that matter. The mail is freedom. The mail is life. The mail is the very fabric of civiliz...

Wait.

Hold that thought for one moment...

Next

The mail is the one final hope for resurrecting a dead planet from its ashes, and the letter carriers are the brave soldiers of God in this righteous crusade. They are the defenders of the light of
knowledge, free communication, and the exchange of ideas. They are the bold toters of all those little papery conduits of freedom, the white postmarked angels that whisper a message on their deliverance, a promise to the yearning: "There is hope yet."


MAIL.

P.M.: Examine keyboard and screen.

[Image description: P.M. stands by a set of 4 screens identical to the ones W.V. used to talk to John. On the bottom right screen is a list of commands.

> Next HOME
> Next VIEW
> Next SWITCH 1
> Next SWITCH 2
> Next SWITCH 3
> Next SWITCH 4
> Next ESCAPE
> Next HOME]

It's the terminal you used to activate the station's homing mechanism. It looks like it has now returned control to you.

The default viewport displays commands previously entered, including your last and only command "Next HOME".

P.M.: Type Next VIEW

[Image description: The bottom right screen now shows Jade holding a rifle. Most of the screen is covered by green static.]

> Next VIEW
You type another one of the previously entered commands. It switches to the view of a young girl standing alone somewhere. There is a heavy amount of video interference of some sort.

The girl seems familiar to you.

Greetings.

[Image description: P.M. types on the keyboard. Greetings.]

Don't I know you?

[Image description: Jade looks towards the reader, shaking her head slightly. Most of the image is covered by green static and lightning bolts. A second image shows the command computer surrounded by lightning. P.M. looks very distressed.]

Next

[Image description: It shows a close up of P.M.'s eyes and hat. Everything flashes shades of yellow.]
Next

[Image description: It shows the outside of the apple structure, which now has a propeller coming out of the top as it flies through the air. Part of the right side explodes outward and smoke trails up into the sky.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the Skaianet countdown in the lab that Rose is in. It starts at 1:43 and counts down 9 seconds.]

Rose: Refuse to acknowledge the absurd tea set.

[Image description: Rose stands next to a flowery pink table and red chair that wouldn't look out of place in a small child's playroom. On the table and floor nearby are pink teacups and a pink teapot. A long pink scarf also sits on the floor.]

You successfully disregard the tea set because it's stupid and shouldn't be in a place like this. You probe further into the lab.

Next

[Image description: The image shifts to the left, showing a pink bed with a cat and flowers carved in the headboard and sheets with hearts and pawprints on them. A stuffed pink and grey wizard sits on the bed and a grey cat with pink clothes and a pink bow sits on the floor. To the left of the bed, there is a pink and blue dresser with a mirror and a pink hairbrush on top.]

Looks like a little girl's room. This all strikes you as a bit odd.

No time for messing around in here though.

Rose: Wear the scarf. Be the Rider.

[Image description: Rose reaches for the scarf. In a thought bubble, she rides Maplehoof the pony while wielding a knitting needle and wearing the pink scarf. A second image shows the teapot on the floor. The lid jiggles slightly. A third image shows something black with 4 eyes looking out from under the lid.]

Ok, maybe you'll do a LITTLE messing around. You are only human after aUGH WHAT'S THAT

Next

[Image description: Rose stands on the bed, squinting her eyes suspiciously. On the floor next to the table, is a small black kitten with 4 eyes.]

You are accosted by a friendly mutant kitten.

John: Resist great urge to take the wedged shale.

[Image description: John stands on the platform above the office and his dad's room. A large piece of shale is jammed in the hole Rose made when she dropped the safe on the imp. John looks at it with a small frown on his face.]

You know you should grab this thing, but...
Next

You are suddenly feeling apprehensive about entering your father's room. With all the scamperin' around it almost slipped your mind how much you hate his hideous clowns.

No use putting it off any longer. There is only one thing left to do.

Give me a 'D'.

Give me an 'E'.

Give me an 'S'.

Give me a 'C'...

John: Jump down.

Next

[Image description: A thought bubble full of fancy harlequins floats behind John, who looks a little upset.]

[Image description: Little black lines show John's jump path. The shale is gone and a small flashing notice says +50 next to the shale icon.]

Next

[Image description: It shows what is presumably a section of the grand foyer. It shows the top of an extremely ornate archway. There is a lip on top of the lintel and a roof-like pyramidal structure on top. It is split exactly down the middle, the left half purple and the right half yellow. On top of the roof portion is a framed picture of Jade wearing a yellow dress with puffy sleeves and a moon on the chest. There are black candles burning on the lip of the archway. On the wall near the archway are heads of hideous monsters. One is an oil-splattered Crude Ogre like the ones John killed. One has a massive horn coming out of it's forehead and has two pointy tusks. Two have very wide mouths, sharp teeth, and forked tongues that stick out. They also have five horns coming out of the top of their heads above slitted eyes. One of the identical heads is green and the other is white.]

Jade: Scamper into grand foyer with wild abandon.

[Image description: Jade comes running into the foyer with the words Lass Scamper at the top of the screen. She runs into a globe and falls on her butt.]

You scamper your heart out and bump into something. You don't know why he always insists on keeping it so dark in here.

Oh look, it was one of his dumb Globes. These things make it awfully difficult to navigate the foyer. We get it, granddad. You like to travel around the world going on adventures and stuff! Lousy goddamn stupid globes.

Jade: Arm yourself.

[Image description: Jade takes out her rifle. A mummy wearing a pirate hat and a suit of armor wearing a formal jacket, tie, and jeans sit on the couch. There are many other globes and mummies scattered around the room.]

Grandpa will surely have stern words for you if he catches you without your trusty rifle at the ready. That's just what you need, another one of his blustering mustachioed diatribes. You are
rolling your eyes in advance, getting them warmed up.

But ideally you can evade him altogether. All you have to do is get past the fireplace and out the front door, and you will be scot-free.

Jade: Examine those chaps on the sofa.

[Image description: Jade sneaks around the end of the sofa. In the background is the purple and yellow archway. On another couch opposite the mummy-pirate and Armor in a suit is a deer head with legs and a furry-headed creature.]

These are the manor's four distinguished houseguests. They like to gather here by the fireplace for tea time. As well as pretty much all other times. It's all very mannerly and civilized.

You know exactly what's going to happen when you try to sneak by. The fireplace is going to light up and your grandpa's silhouette is going to appear in front of the fire to give you a good spook. He is so predictable.

Next

[Image description: A flame flashes in the archway, revealing that it is in fact a giant fireplace. Jade ducks back behind the sofa as the outline of a mustachioed man wearing a hat and carrying a large gun appears in front of the flame.]

and there he goes
the old man...
HASS the flame

[Note: the text is in Comic Sans and is a salmon-y pink. It is also a link to a Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff comic, the Big Game comic to be precise.]

Sweet bro and hella jeff

Hella Jeff holds a red rectangle in his poorly-drawn hand and says
bro i got a ticket for the BIG GAME
its sports

Sweet Bro's shirt color seems to have migrated up onto his face and his skin color seeps into the background. Around him is the edge of a program window.
dog.......i AM SO JEALOUS you KNOW i love the big game.

It zooms in on Hella Jeff's face, which is suddenly pale and washed out. It's literally pasted on top of a faded copy of the first panel. He says
oh yeah

It shows a badly drawn black man in a yellow shirt and shorts carrying a basketball to a hoop that's shorter than he is.
and there he goes

It zooms in on his weird looking face.
the big man.... HASS the rock

It zooms in on his feet, one of which is red and one of which is the same color as his skin. Is he only wearing one shoe? Who even knows.
he”s driving SO HARD threw the paint DOWN TOWN!
The basketball player contorts himself wildly as he jumps towards the hoop that's probably nose height on him.
--ally-yoop-- (crossed out)
--ally-oop-- (Crossed out)
"ahlly'yoop" for the SLAM-DUNK

Hella Jeff presses his face to the back of the backboard to watch this Sick Slam Dunk. It zooms in uncomfortably close on Hella Jeff.]

Next

[Image description: Jade still hides behind the couch with a grimace on her face.]

You suppose you could still manage to sneak by the crafty old man if you are fast enough. Avoiding an encounter would be ideal.

Encounters with him are usually........

Intense.

Jade: Leap dramatically across the divide.

[Image description: Jade jumps across the gap between couches. Halfway across, she falls asleep and drops to the floor.]

WHOOPS.

You guess an encounter with him is almost certain now.

But most likely not for a while. Time to see what someone else is up to.

Oh, let's say... Dave.

[S] Strife!!!

[Image description: A loading screen appears. It's a red and black record spinning against a background that goes from red at the bottom to yellow at the top. It looks like it's been put on with a paintbrush and not blended. Suddenly, the screen goes black and it says Aw Snap.
Preloader Psycheout
It cuts to the painting of Jade above the fireplace and continues loading for a moment. It cuts to Jade asleep on the floor in front of her Grandpa's silhouette. She sits up, then jumps to her feet and pulls out her gun. She takes a battle stance as the song Dissension (Original) begins to play. Strife? Appears at the top of the screen. A green Aggrieve box appears above her head. Grandpa fades from a silhouette to a man wearing a safari-style hat, rectangular glasses, a large moustache with curled ends, a suit jacket that closes asymmetrically on the right side, and pants tucked into tall black boots. His gun is an ornate pistol-like base with an extremely plain, flared barrel. Jade bounces slightly, ready for battle, but Grandpa stays absolutely still. He can't move. He's mounted on a base that reads GRANDPA HARLEY and has a line of stitches up the side of his face. He's a taxidermy man.
Click Aggrieve.
A small keyboard appears where Aggrieve was and red arrows indicate to press random keys on the keyboard. She flails around the room with various key presses. Words appear like she fired the gun, but no bullets ever appear.
PCHOO!
Some of the keys do strange things.
N makes her play the flute with the fruit bouncing around on the floor nearby. Y makes her knock off Grandpa's hat, revealing short white hair with a fluffed section in front. L makes her stand on his head. Z makes her fall asleep. Period makes her stand on the archway next to her portrait. Forward slash makes her sleep on the archway.

Next

[Image description: Jade glares up at Grandpa while holding the rifle. The fireplace casts a red glow over everything. A second image is a close up of Grandpa's face against a background of flickering flames.]

YES i am going out with this gun!!! no i will not go get a bigger one!!! no i will not take yours! I can't even lift it!!!!!! oh that is so preposterous. do you even hear what you're saying? i will be fine! this is a perfectly deadly gun and it shoots lots of incredibly deadly bullets! oh will you just stop it. i am going now. Goodbye!!!!!!!!!!!!

(Heart)!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Jade: Abscond!

[Image description: Jade stands outside a door with the atom symbol on it. The ground beneath her is plain dirt, but green is speckled in near the edge of the panel. Jade looks incredibly annoyed. A thought bubble over her head shows a crudely drawn image of her grandpa saying BLUH BLUH while flailing his arms. His eyes are crossed out.]

He was so much easier to deal with when he was alive.

P.M.: Miraculously survive.

[Image description: P.M. sits on the floor near a hole in the wall. One of her mailboxes teeters on the edge. Everything nearby is smudged with soot. Part of her hood is on fire.]

P.M.: Peer out explosion hole.

[Image description: It shows the view from the hole. Three mailboxes tumble down towards mountains of bare rock.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the outside of the structure where another robotic snake emerges to chase the falling mailboxes.]

Next

[Image description: It caught one, which it now brings towards the explosion hole.]

Next

[Image description: It hands the mailbox to P.M., who reaches out for it with a heart over her head.]

Rose: Refuse to acknowledge the absurd kitten.
You fail miserably.

Oh look, there's some more mad science crap over here.

Rose: Insert coin.

This weird arcade gizmo adapted to this setup obviously doesn't take coins anymore, assuming it ever did.

Besides, you left all your coins on the fridge, remember?

Rose: Let's play a game.

This doesn't appear to be a game.

It appears to be an Appearifier.

Rose: Screw around with the appearifier.

You mess with the controls...

Hey, Jaspers is alive!!!

Or, at least he was in the past. According to the time-stamp this was almost nine years ago.

You try to move the crosshairs with the joystick, but it seems to be permanently locked on a specific target. You might be able to unlock it, but you clearly don't have much time to horse around with this thing.

Next

You zoom out.

It looks like you and Jaspers were having one of your sessions. You weren't making a lot of progress though, because Jaspers was no doubt being characteristically recalcitrant. You possibly jotted this phrase down in your pad. It's hard to remember though.

Wait...

Could this be THAT day??
Rose: Cause time paradox.

You attempt to appearify Jaspers. This would surely cause a time paradox, because you can plainly see that he has not told you his secret yet.

But it seems the machine has a safety mechanism to prevent such irresponsible appearification practices.

Next

The paradox ghost imprint of Jaspers appearifies instead, and quickly settles into a mound of sludge.

Next

The machine beside it sucks up the paradox sludge and begins some kind of automated procedure.

It seems whatever sort of primordial biochemical properties the sludge possesses is being evaluated by the device.

Next

The device generates a fetal paradox clone of Jaspers.

The wretched creature exhibits a number of unfortunate mutations though. The good news is that it will be mercifully unestablished along with this facility shortly. This is also the bad news.

Whoever was operating this machine in the past may have been making unsuccessful attempts to perfect the science of ectobiology.

Rose: Have a flashback.

There is no need for a flashback. Conveniently, you can watch what happened right here on the monitor.

You roll the clock forward a few seconds. Jaspers reveals his stunning secret to you in strict confidence.
Before you could ask him to clarify, he vanished into thin air. You now believe you understand why.

However, you were not the one to appearify him from this moment. Your hand was nowhere near the controls just now.

A couple weeks after he vanished, his body washed up along the riverbank. His suit was a mess. Your mother fitted him with a new one just before the absurd funeral service she insisted upon.

Rose: Trace Jaspers' whereabouts on the machine.

You roll the clock forward to a week after he vanished. It seems there is no accessible feed tracing his whereabouts during that timeframe.

You fast forward another week. There he is, just as you found him.

Rose: Fast forward to now.

The song Chorale for Jaspers begins to play. It shows Jasper on the riverbank. Baby Rose comes up to him and looks distressed as a red crosshair fades in around him. It cuts to the paradox clone floating in the vat. Rose stares at it. The mutant kitten blinks each pair of eyes separately. It cuts to the cat carving from Jasper's tomb, then shows his funeral just outside the tomb in the rain. Mom is wearing the same lab coat dress, but in black. She still holds her martini. Rose wears a black shirt and a dark grey skirt. There's a large bouquet on top of the casket. It fades to the casket inside the tomb then, in time with the meows, the flowers decay. The mutant kitten plays with Rose's scarf. It goes through a timelapse of Rose's activities in the tomb earlier. She kicks the casket off. Dave pesters her. She tries to get the code for the CD and does a Facepalm times 2 Combo! The kitten plays with her scarf more. The hatch opens. Rose stands in the passageway, then the lab, then drops Jaspers on the platform. He disappears. The image fades to Jaspers on an identical platform on a floor made of very ornate tiles.

Now back to the proper storyline.
It's Jaspers! He's alive!

Well ok, he's still dead. But his body is intact. Turns out it wasn't some kind of disintegratificator like you thought.

It's more like...

An escapilizer.

Rose: Appearify Jaspers immediately.

Good thing you finally got all this sorted out. You only have 10 seconds to spare.

Time to stash the dead cat and amscray.

Rose: Stop fooling around and transportalize out of there!

Jade: Locate and feed the devilbeast you call a pet.

Becquerel has always managed to elude your prognosticative faculties. He is completely invisible to your intuition somehow, a property almost totally unique to him.

It used to freak you out a little, but you have long since grown accustomed to it.

Next

The birthday package you were expecting from John arrived months late. And yet, right on time.
It landed over there past the crumbling monument, a satellite to the great mystic ruins at the center of the crater lagoon.

John: Triple somersault into room, etc. Stick the landing.

[Image description: John sits on a grey, neatly made bed. On it is a briefcase with paperwork and an iron. In the background, there is a tie rack with many black ties hanging from it. A poster of a man smoking a pipe is mounted above the bed. To the right of the poster there is a window that shows nothing but black with a row of black shoes below it. There's a hole in the floor that presumably leads down into the office.]

Ok, you do that. You are now in your dad's room.

Hmm... Where are all the clowns?

You spot your dad's briefcase beside you. It probably contains all sorts of clues, or at least various forms and paperwork critical to his trade as a hilarious street performer.

John: Snoop.

[Image description: John holds the papers from the briefcase and looks upset.]

Aw yeah, here come the secrets. Get ready for some MAJOR revela...

Wait a minute. These are just boring business documents and spreadsheets.

What the hell is going on here???


[Image description: The song Revelawesome begins to play. John looks up in amazement. It cuts to two hats on a coat rack. Pan over the row of shoes under the window. The screen goes grey and says Kind of a Boring Room. John looks to the left and sweats as black shoes go by in the background. The briefcase sits on the bed. The grey screen returns and says Just a Business Man. John fades in on top of the background, looking left. Another fades in holding the papers and looking up. They disappear and he fades back in looking very distressed. It cuts to a poster of a pipe above a pipe stand. The grey screen says Not All That Into Clowns You Guess. John holds his head and pinches his eyes shut. Pipes spin in a grey background behind him as he occasionally flashes into negative colors. Most Shocking Twist Yet appears at the top of the screen. Pan over a poster of Harry Anderson above a nightstand that has a picture of John and a deck of playing cards on it. It cuts to the poster above the bed. Text at the top of the screen says Who's this douche bag. John flashes on screen in various positions; holding his head, sweating and looking right, and staring into the distance with a dismayed expression. The pipe poster pulses in time with the music. The tie rack does the same. The iron does too. It cuts quickly between a rug on the floor with a hat motif, pipe racks on the wall above a box of Betty Crocker cake mix and a shoe polisher, the poster above the bed, and the Harry Anderson poster. It fades to John laying on the bed in the fetal position, rocking slowly as it zooms out. There's a pile of presents in the corner in addition to all the things shown in John's breakdown.]

John: Calm down, it'll be alright.

[Image description: John stands near the tie rack and looks down thoughtfully, a finger on his chin. In a thought bubble behind him, it shows a crudely drawn Dad juggling while wearing a jester hat and tie and smoking a pipe. Money falls into a hat that's on the ground next to him.]
So all those years, while you believed he was out busking up the corners with hilarious antics, he was working as an ordinary business man all along. He was just a man trying to make a good honest living for his son. Maybe he was too embarrassed to tell you the truth? Or maybe it was just that you'd never bothered to ask?

You guess you always just assumed...

Next

[Image description: Dad stands in the purple castle. He holds a safe above his head and an imp standing nearby looks frightened. In the background, a jail door's bars are broken open.]

The human prisoner has broken out of his jail cell yet again. Attempts to block the cell door with heavy objects have proven futile.

Next

[Image description: The imp, safe, and some rubble fall down from a tower. A white explosion and cracked walls show where they were thrown through. A second image shows the black carapace with the screens watching it on one. A third shows him looking very angry.]

You're going to need a bigger safe.

Next

[Image description: The carapace stands in front of one of the screens, his whole body now visible. On a yellow portion of his outfit approximately halfway down his chest on his left side is a black spade symbol. A red, purple, and green jester hat sits on the floor nearby. On the screen behind him, it shows Dad standing in front of the broken jail cell.]

Who's this guy?

Enter name.

[Image description: It shows yellow hands typing on a keyboard. They type SPADES SLICK. A second image shows the carapace shaking his head.]

Spades Slick?

Got a nice ring to it.

But you know your own name. And that damn well ain't your name.

Take another stab at it.

[Image description: The yellow hands type State name and rank.]

Ok.

State name and rank.

[Image description: The carapace stands in front of the screen showing Dad, who is starting to walk off the right side. It zooms out, revealing 2 more screens on either side of it. They are arranged to make most of a square, minus one side.]

You are Archagent Jack Noir. You oversee various affairs of a dark kingdom. Presently you are
determining how to deal with this prisoner, who has been a thorn in your side since he was apprehended.

You view the affairs of the kingdom through a series of fenestrated walls. You have three walls, nearly enough to form a cubicle of vigilance, which is a full and proper enclosure for an agent of your stature.

However, much to your utter contempt, your fourth wall was stolen some time ago.

Jack: Don comical hat.

[Image description: Jack glares down at the hat and nudges it with his foot.]

This frivolous headdress turns your stomach. You'd sooner stick your head in a furnace than coax it into this monstrosity's loathsome colorful maw.

It's bad enough that your Exalted Ruler ordered everyone to drape themselves in these hideous rags the moment the troublesome human with the pipe and his child showed up.

But you draw the line at the hat.

Jack: Call a minion.

[Image description: Jack looks through the back screen, watching a large carapace with a comically tiny face lift a giant safe door above his head. He is wearing clothes very similar to Jack Noir and has a conical party hat. On a yellow section of his clothing, he has a red heart. He looks a lot like Hearts Boxcars from Midnight Crew. A second image shows the carapace in the hallway with two imps behind him.]

You order one of your burliest agents to the scene. He brings something heavier this time.

Next

[Image description: Jack jumps back as his screen suddenly changes to an extreme closeup of a set of white eyes in a black face. The left eye has a large scar crossing it like the one the harlequin had. The curled, striped rim of a hat sits low on the person's forehead. A second image shows a spindly, almost insect-like hand pointing towards the hat. On the pointer finger is a golden ring with three spheres spaced equally around the edge, dividing the ring in quarters. Presumably, another is on the other side of the ring, completing the divisions. The top sphere is white while the rest are a dusty grey.]

Your transmission is interrupted.

It seems your Glorious Monarch has concerns over your wardrobe.

Next

[Image description: Jack Noir pulls the hat on with a disgusted expression on his face. He sticks his tongue out and grips the hat so hard that there are deep creases in it.]

Fine.

You begrudgingly don the comical hat.

Stupid lousy wise and just leader. What a royal pain in the ass.
Jack: Throw down hat in disgust.

[Image description: Jack stands by the screen, now wearing the hat. The screen shows a close up of Dad, who is vibrating faintly.]

You fully intend to once your superior stops breathing down your neck for a second.

Wait...

What now?

Next

[Image description: Dad holds the large carapace in a headlock and punches him in the face. The two imps look frightened.]

Next

[Image description: Jack bares his teeth and glares.]

Your blood is boiling so hot you could cook an egg on your carapace.

Looks like you'll have to go handle this yourself.

John: Investigate room for anything dad may have left behind

[Image description: John stands by the pile of 3 presents in the corner of Dad's room.]

It seems there are some unopened Birthday Presents which Dad didn't get around to giving you yet.

John: Present time! Open a present see what's inside!

[Image description: It shows a box that has a blue and black picture of a night sky as the background. On it is a grey rectangular box with 6 slots in the top in 2 columns of 3 each. On the side there is a power button. The box reads
Fetch Modus
Inventory Management System
Control Deck
Bonus Captchalogue Pack and Fetch Modus Inside!
Incredible Sylladex Behavioral Conglomeration at Your Fingertips]

The one on the right seems promising.

You open it to see what is inside and oh god yes.

John: Obtain Sweetloot.

[Note: in the title, the Es are written as 3s and the Os as 0s.]

[Image description: It shows the same grey container from the box against a white background. Above it is a stack of captchalogue cards. To the right is a light blue fetch modus Array. On it, is shows 3 white captchalogue card shapes, each with a light blue triangle inside pointing towards the right. The cards are arranged in a shallow diagonal from the upper right to lower left.]

tfetch modus
Array
You tear into this thing and put a mean peep on the sweetloot.

In addition to the modus control deck, you got a bonus array fetch modus. Plus another 12 cards, which are practically worthless by this point, but hey you'll take 'em.

Next

[Image description: John stands in his dad's room near the hole in the floor. On the floor next to him are the modus control deck, which is the grey box with slots, the Array modus, and the box it all came in. The captchalogue cards are in the top left corner, but there are so many in the stack that it extends across the screen and beyond it. The Sylladex bar is at the bottom, and it shows so many cards that it fills up an entire second row behind the original row. All that is in his deck are the Wise Guy book and his PDA.]

First thing you do is flush the extra cards into your deck.

Ok really this is just way too many cards.

John: Equip array fetch modus.

[Image description: The modus cards appear in the top right corner, the queue modus underneath the stack modus. John picks up the Array card and it goes in on top of the stack modus. His cards and sylladex turn light blue.]

The Array Modus allows you to store and retrieve any item from any card at any time. It seems exceptionally serviceable, albeit difficult to weaponize.

BOOOOOOOORING.

John: Read instructions for control deck.

[Image description: It shows the control deck with the Queue modus in the back left slot and the stack modus in the back right one.]

There's nothing to read, really. You just pop some modus cartridges in the slots, fire it up, and see what happens.

You start by putting the stack and queue modi in the slots.

Next

[Image description: John stands further back in the room and the captchalogue cards cross the screen again. The left half of each card is orange and the right half pink. The control deck sits on the floor.]

Your sylladex now behaves like both a stack and a queue. Items can be removed from either the top card or the bottom card.

Next

[Image description: It shows the Array modus in the control deck, in the slot in front of the stack modus. A second image shows John in the room again. His captchalogue deck has been split into 4 mini stacks of 6 cards each. The stacks themselves are stacked on top of eachother. The first card in each stack is light blue while the rest are still split pink and orange. The blue card of the first stack has the Wise Guy book and the blue card of the second stack has the PDA.]
You see no reason at all not to jam the array cartridge in there too. You make sure to blow the dust out first of course.

The sylladex reconfigures itself into an array of distinct queuestacks.

Now we're talking. This is just the sort of needless complexity you have come to expect from your inventory management system.

John: Unwrap the smallest present first.

[Image description: John holds one of the two wrapped presents]

You have a staunch policy of always saving the biggest present for last.

Always.

Next

[Image description: John punches the air and smiles. A box of gushers sits on the ground in front of him.]

You receive a box of delicious Fruit Gushers.

Could this birthday get any better? You don't think so.

John: Open the big one.

[Image description: John stands where the big present was and is now wearing a white suit.]

You thought wrong.

John: Fill up an entire queuestack with shoes.

[Image description: John stands by the dresser with his picture on it. The shoes are gone from under the window. The blue card of the third queuestack shows a black shoe. The sylladex is now at the bottom of the screen. The stripe at the top is light blue and the rest of it is striped orange and pink. There are 4 distinct sections of cards which correspond to the queuestacks. The top left section has the book in the first card. The bottom left section has the PDA in the first slot. The top right section is full of shoes. The bottom right one is empty.]

Ok, awesome. Queuestack full'a shoes.

John: Captchalogue Fruit Gushers.

[Image description: John captchaluges the gushers into the third queuestack. This forces out a shoe. He shouts as it smacks him in the face.]

Dang! You spaced out and put it in the wrong queuestack. Don't worry, you'll get the hang of this thing.

John: Closely inspect Fruit Gushers box.

[Image description: It shows the box of Gushers. The background is bright yellow. In the top left corner is the Betty Crocker logo, which is a red spoon with Betty Crocker written on it. Next to that, it says Boxtops for Education. A red banner in the top right corner says New in all caps. In the center of the box is a light blue banner that reads]
MADE WITH REAL FRUIT
EXCELLENT SOURCE OF VITAMIN C
FRUIT GUSHERS
FRUIT SNACKS
A rainbow banner below that reads
MASSIVE TROPICAL BRAIN HEMORRHAGE
There are bits of fruit and gusher shapes hovering all around the blue banner. Underneath the
flavor name is what looks like several yellow and red bursts of liquid.]

So delicious. You can't wait to captchatalogue one of these packs and make like a million gushers.
Screw all this building nonsense! You'd rather make candy.

Wait a minute...

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the top right corner of the box. Most of it is faded out, but the
Betty Crocker logo is highlighted.]

It...

It can't be...

Next

[Image description: The logo pulses.]

The heinous batterwitch has her gnarled claws in everything!

What do Gushers have to do with baked goods anyway??

How does this make sense???

Why????

WHYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY/YYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY YYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY
Ranch Dressing Rampage
It cuts to a background of flames with the Betty Crocker logo pulsing in the middle of it.
It cuts to a box of gushers, then a different style of box with an advertisement to Win $10000 on it.
It cuts to John's horrified face.
Back to the Crocker Logo.
To the boxes of gushers.
Everything stops, then it changes to show John in his Dad's room. He holds the box of gushers and
shrugs. This Is Stupid is across the top of the screen in red letters.]


[Image description: The song An Unbreakable Union begins to play. It shows the broken spire with
a blue package sitting nearby. Jade runs in from the left towards the package, but she jumps back.
The creature silhouetted against the hills appears, now fully visible. It is a dog, presumably
Becquerel, but it has no eyes. It stands between Jade and the package as she pulls out her rifle.
Lightning sparks across the screen as Strife appears at the top. Jade grimaces as she realizes that it's
Bec and lowers her gun slightly. A purple box reading Arraign appears above her head.

Click Arraign
A red crosshairs appears.

Aim away from Bec
It won't let you.

Aim at Bec.
No matter where you click, Jade aims at Bec's face.
BANG
In slow motion, the bullet flies towards Bec, who doesn't move. Before it contacts, it turns red and
burns off.
The purple box changes to say Ar.

Click Ar
The box completes to say Arsenalize, but everything except the Ar is grey.

Click Arsenalize.
Jade rolls towards Bec, then away, and aims again. The crosshairs appear.

Aim at Bec.
BANG
The bullet flies towards Bec. Bec fades, his outline filled with green flame as everything except
him and Jade fades to black. It zooms in on the bullet until all that's visible is its top half and
flames. Bec and Jade appear on the bullet in a flash, shrunken down to fit. The background
changes from green flame to light blue rushing by. It cuts to a map of the island, on which a red
line shows the path of the bullet with Jade and Bec on it. It flies from just south of the broken spire
to one of the many smaller islands enclosing the lagoon. Jade falls onto the ground, but Bec is
already there.
The Ar box reappears.

Click Ar
It fills in, much like before, this time with Artillerate

Click Artillerate
The crosshairs reappear.
Aim at Bec
BANG
The bullet flies in slow motion. Bec fades and his outline fills in with galaxies and stars zooming past. The background flickers green, then white with lighting bolts. Bec grows to take up the whole screen, making it look like the viewer is zooming through space. It gets faster and faster until it focuses in on a galaxy, then a planet within that galaxy. It moves closer to the planet, revealing that it's earth. It closes in on the southern Pacific ocean. The frog temple fades in and it zooms in on the frog at the top of the main tower. It cuts to the volcano as viewed from the top of the temple. Bec appears in a flash of green fire, then Jade appears, her outline filled with the universe before it fades back to her. The Ar box reappears.

Click Ar
It completes to Armamentify

Click Armamentify
The crosshairs appear

Aim at Bec.
BANG
The bullet flies in extremely slow motion. Bec's outline is filled in with the what was behind him at the original broken spire. The background flashes to different images. Jade's grandpa in front of the fireplace. The field she ran across to find Bec. Dave's rooftop with the red sky. The generator behind Jasper's mausoleum. The broken spire as viewed from Jade's house. The frog temple as viewed from the smaller island he teleported them to. The tire swing in John's front yard before he played the game. The volcano. The mausoleum. The temple. Dave's roof. The bedroom in the lab. Grandpa Harley in front of the fireplace. It repeats the images in quick succession as yellow lightning flashes across them. Bec grows larger and larger until he takes up the whole screen and Jade is suddenly standing at the broken spire again. Bec appears in a white flash in front of her. The purple Ar box reappears.

Click Ar
It fills in to Arf

Click Arf
Jade rolls to crouch next to Bec and fires away from him. Go Fetch! Appears at the top of the screen. Bec disappears in a flash of green fire and the screen changes to blue rushing by. The bullet flies across it. It fades to the field and Bec appears in a blur. The bullet flies towards him. It cuts to Jade running to captchalogue the package before Bec returns. It goes back to Bec as the bullet flies even closer. At the last second, he opens his mouth and catches it, then disappears in a blur. It switches back to Jade and the song changes to Carefree Victory. Bec drops the bullet at her feet and wags his tail. Jade pulls the irradiated steak from her captchalogue and tosses it to Bec. She smiles and claps for a few moments before pumping her fists in the air and jumping around a little as both she and Bec turn side to side. Good Dog bounces at the top of the screen. The text changes to Best Friend as Jade hugs Bec. A small green heart bounces above them. This sequence of Good Dog Best Friend repeats once more, then it cuts to a childlike drawing of Jade and Bec celebrating in the field while taxidermy Grandpa stands nearby.

Next

[Image description: Jade still celebrates next to Bec. Suddenly, she falls asleep.]

Next

[Image description: Bec stands up, grabs Jade by her collar, and tosses her onto his back. She stays
asleep.]

Next

[Image description: It shows Jade's bedroom, where Bec has apparently tucked her into bed. He sits by the edge of the bed for a moment, then disappears in a flash of green fire.]

Rose: Check self for any mixed atoms with cat.

[Image description: Rose stands on the escapilizer platform in the tiled room. The kitten swats at one of her shoes.]

Nope, no mixed atoms. Looks like you and the kitty kept your genes to yourselves.

Your new kitty whose name is...

You'll think of one later.

Hey where the heck are you anyway?

Rose: Look around room.

[Image description: It shows the rest of the room. There is a door on the right wall, which is flanked by two sets of shelves full of alcohol. There's a bar counter nearby with even more bottles on it. The kitten sits on the counter near a few of them. Outside a long window behind the bar, the forest fire is getting frighteningly close.]

Oh, you're back home. The well-stocked bar and the vantage from the window tells you this is your mom's room. Or at least what you thought was her room.

You decide not to be especially melodramatic about this revelation.

Rose: Watch the meteor impact.

[Image description: It shows the view through the window. There are heavy clouds in the sky reflecting back the red of a solid wall of fire. In the distance is the laboratory, which is somehow not on fire.]

Huh, that's funny. Shouldn't that place be unestablished by now?

The downpour of smaller meteors has stopped...

Next

[Image description: The clouds open up and a huge meteor comes crashing down. The entire screen is covered in fire.]

Next

[Image description: Rose ducks behind the counter, clutching the kitten. The window shattered with the impact and now the room is on fire.]

Better get out of here. This room is a powder-keg with all this booze lying around.

John: Get down to business.
Suddenly you are feeling very businessmanlike for some reason.

You just punched a shitload of cards in anticipation of making a whole lot of cool stuff. This time you didn't foolishly destroy any items. You just looked at the codes for some objects you rounded up, and punched them on blank cards.

You wonder how much alchemizing you can get away with before Rose gets back? As if she's got any right to tell you what to do with your hard earned grist. You're the one running around here putting your ass on the line. All she's got to do is mess around with her computer!

Anyway, you better hurry.

Jade: Dream.

Next

Next

Next

Next

You are now dreaming.

Your Dreambot is awake and active.

Jade: Obliquely foreshadow future through interpretive dance

Your silly dance foreshadows nothing and is essentially meaningless.

But it sure is a lot of fun.

Jade: Quick! Get into bed!

You are now dreaming.

Your Dreambot is awake and active.

Jade: Obliquely foreshadow future through interpretive dance

Your silly dance foreshadows nothing and is essentially meaningless.

But it sure is a lot of fun.

Jade: Quick! Get into bed!

You are now dreaming.

Your Dreambot is awake and active.

Jade: Obliquely foreshadow future through interpretive dance

Your silly dance foreshadows nothing and is essentially meaningless.

But it sure is a lot of fun.

Jade: Quick! Get into bed!
You climb into bed and try to get comfortable. But some sort of invisible force is pressing down on you, a strange feeling of cold heavy metal.

This happens every time you try to get into bed! No wonder you can never get any sleep.

Jade: Realize you can fly!

[Image description: Jade in the yellow dress floats near the window in her dream bedroom. A second image shows Dreambot using a rocket in her skirt to float in the same place in the real bedroom.]

There is not much to realize.

Of course you can fly.

Jade: Open the Package.

[Image description: Dream Jade stands on the ground next to the magic chest, the contents of which are all pink. In fact, the blue box in her hands and her yellow dress are the only things in the room that aren't pink. A second image shows Dreambot holding the real box.]

You stop all this flying around nonsense and examine John's birthday package.

Next

[Image description: Dream Jade holds the blue box. A note on the lid reads TO : GG FROM : GT]

Unfortunately you cannot open it yet! This package has an important journey to make first. You are planning on delivering it momentarily.

Good thing you already know what's inside. Otherwise you would surely be consumed by curiosity and suspense. You sincerely pity anyone who might be forced to endure such a fate.

Months in the past...

[Image description: It shows John's house, which is covered in snow. A second image shows the window in John's room. The walls and posters are covered with evil-looking faces and harlequins drawn on in what looks to be crayon. A calendar for December has a picture of Harry Anderson, which has glasses and a harlequin hat drawn on. There are three smiley faces with party hats drawn on the calendar. The first is green on December 1st. The second is red on December 3rd. The last is purple on December 4th.]

Enough for the above weather to be seasonably reconcilable...

Next

[Image description: John sits at his desk, which has pens, scissors, labels, and tape on it. On the floor behind him are scraps of blue paper.]

pesterlog
-- ghostyTrickster [GT] began pestering gardenGnostic [GG] --

[Note: ghostyTrickster speaks in the same blue as ectoBiologist.]
ghostyTrickster: hey, happy birthday jade!
gardenGnostic: yay thank you john!!!!!! (very happy face)
ghostyTrickster: whew ok, i got your present in the mail JUST on time.
plus i sent rose's and dave's too.
why do your guys'es birthdays got to be all bunched together like that?? you are running me ragged!
gardenGnostic: heheh i know but it is nice of you to think of us all like that!
ghostyTrickster: i can't wait for you to see what i got you. i don't want to spoil it or anything but hopefully it will help you solve those problems you've been having lately.
MYSTERIOUS WINK (winking face)
gardenGnostic: im sure it is great, i cant wait either!!!!!
it might take a while to get here from there but it will be worth the wait!
ghostyTrickster: oh man.
i am such an idiot, i forgot about how long it takes you to get stuff.
ARGH.
gardenGnostic: john thats ok really! im sure will get to me exactly when it needs to and it will be a nice surprise when it does!
ghostyTrickster: ok well i hope so.
gardenGnostic: (heart)......
uhhhh hold on
ok im back sorry
i had to tell someone to go away!
ghostyTrickster: oh god.
the trolls again?
gardenGnostic: yup (gasping face)
ghostyTrickster: they have been such a pain in the ass lately.
seems like there are so many.
there are either like fifty of these retards or it's one guy with a lot of alt accounts.
gardenGnostic: ive never had any sort of feeling about them or what they want which is kind of weird!!!
but it seems to me like they are probably all different people and not one guy
i have counted twelve
ghostyTrickster: what do they want with us!!
gardenGnostic: some people just like to needle others for some reason john
it is like a game i guess. they are like pranksters!!
ghostyTrickster: oh hell no, shittiest pranksters ever.
gardenGnostic: but i think they are mostly harmless
every so often they manage to get through my block filter and hassle me. its been going on for years! actually some of them are kind of funny i think hehe
ghostyTrickster: oh wow, what? years??
ok, well i am sick of them.
i've been thinking of changing my pesterchum handle to throw them off the trail.
so...
i guess i'm gonna do that.

John: Make totems.

[Image description: John stands in his room near where the bed was. His eyes are pinched shut and he's frowning in frustration. He still wears the suit he got in the present. In the bed's place are a bunch of blue totems. All of the posters have colorful scribblings on them. Fool is written across the Con Air poster. Lame Kid is written on the wall and has an arrow pointing to where the bed is supposed to be. Duhh is written across the Ghostbusters and Mac and Me posters.]
You have already carved a few totems, but you have had to return to the living room for more cruxite dowels. Your carving work is not nearly complete.

Every time you reenter your room, you shudder at the recent handiwork of some mischievous imps. You just can't turn your back on them for a second!

Rotten imps. Those posters were like children to you.

Rose: Flee room.

[Image description: Rose sits at her desk in her bedroom. The now singed pink scarf lays abandoned on the floor. The kitten sleeps in an empty spot on the desk next to her laptop and the Hub from the lab.]

At long last, you have returned to your bedroom with a stable power supply and internet connection.

Vodka Mutini purrs at your side.

You suppose you will call it Mutie for short.

Rose: Pester John.

[Image description: John sits at his computer, which has a Rose alert above it.]

pesterlog
tentacleTherapist: That's quite a totem collection.
What are you planning?
ectoBiologist: oh whoa hi!
oh...
gonna make some stuff.
are you ok? hasn't your house been on fire for like...
five hours now?
tentacleTherapist: No, that was the nearby forest, which up until quite recently would have been best described as "on fire". But you may be excited to learn that just as recently, my house finally notched that achievement.
ectoBiologist: wow, congrats i guess?
tentacleTherapist: Thank you. Have you seen Dave?
ectoBiologist: nah.
his bro is probably busy kicking his ass.
that's probably all there is to say on the matter.
tentacleTherapist: Ok.
I'm going to start putting this grist to use too.
Let's be sparing with the frivolous knickknack breeding and focus on getting you up to the gate, ok?
ectoBiologist: yeah, ok i hear you, but...
i think we'll have plenty. i've been killing imps all over the house and now its lousy with gushers.
tentacleTherapist: Gushers?
ectoBiologist: i mean grist.
serves them right for ruining my posters. the bastards.
tentacleTherapist: Which posters?
ectoBiologist: don't you see? my sweet movie posters. look at them, they're fucking ruined.
tentacleTherapist: John.
ectoBiologist: (question marks)
tentacleTherapist: Are you suggesting that imps are responsible for defacing your movie posters?
ectoBiologist: uh, YEAH?
tentacleTherapist: Your posters have looked like that ever since I first saw your room.
The moment we started playing this game.
I thought you had defaced them ironically to mock your father's interests.
John?
...?
ectoBiologist: VERY FUNNY ROSE HAHAHAHAAHAAAAHAAAAAHAHAHAHAHA

Next

[Image description: John shouts and pounds at his keyboard. The drawings hover around him menacingly.]

pesterlog
ectoBiologist: NICE JOKE
GREAT JOKE THERE ROSE
TOP OF THE LINE PRANK
HE HE
HA HA HA HA HA

tentacleTherapist: This is good.
Laughter is probably the best way to avoid being especially melodramatic about the revelation.
ectoBiologist: yes
YES
LET'S KEEP THIS JOKE GOING
BECAUSE IT IS SUCH A GOOD ONE
HA HA HA HA
OH MY
HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

Next

[Image description: The Wayward Vagabond looks up at the frog temple. The left side of the frog's face has been knocked off, but the edge is smooth like it was sliced with a blade of some sort. Serenity the firefly hovers over W.V.'s head.]

W.V.: Descend.

[Image description: W.V. stands on top of the facility with his pumpkin full of cans behind him. Several cables are knotted together and go over the edge of the building. A second image shows a wider view, revealing that the cable barely makes it a quarter of the way down the wall.]

You cannot descend from the top of your mobile station. The loose cable you gathered up and tied together is not yet long enough to allow you to reach the ground safely.

You have used all the cable you can find. You will have to come up with another plan.

W.V.: Sacrifice your mayoral sash for more cables.

[Image description: A poorly drawn W.V. shakes his head quickly while wearing a top hat and monacle. No Way hovers behind him.]

Absolutely not what are you crazy!
A Mayor does not relinquish his Mayoral Sash under any circumstances ever period!

W.V.: Appearify the temple.

[Image description: W.V. looks up at the temple again. Serenity hovers to his right.]

That's such a dumb idea. Not as dumb as using your sash, but it comes close. That temple is way too big. You'd probably just end up appearifying a chunk of useless boring rock.

Next

[Image description: Serenity flies up and flashes insistently. A black rope hangs from one of the crumbling spires near the temple.]

Wait, what's that?

There's something dangling from the top of one of the towers near the temple.

W.V.: Command Serenity to carry the rope to you.

[Image description: Serenity flashes quickly at the top of the spire. A harpoon is lodged in the rock and a lot of rope is tangled together on the ledge.]

She is a tiny insect and cannot possibly lift more than the weight of a pumpkin seed!!!

She does however inform you of what the ledge contains through a series of informative blinks. There is an old rusty harpoon lodged into the crumbling rock. Tied to it is a bunched-up jumble of handy cable. This strikes you as convenient! It is almost as if someone knew you would need a bunch of cable, and that you would have a Mayoral Sash made out of cable, and that you were particularly attached to that Mayoral Sash and would stubbornly refuse to use it.

Anyone who knew that much would surely possess a special gift! Alas it seems a bit far fetched.

W.V.: Get ye rope.

[Image description: W.V. stands in front of the appearifier control panel. A can of tab sits on the left green button, which has the sburb house logo on it.]

Ok, we just established it was a cable and not a rope, but that's ok.

You take a hasty swig from one of your delicious pawns and put down.

You then quickly adjust the coordinates to appearify the jumble of handy cable.

Next

[Image description: It shows the appearifier. A blue box appears in a flash of lightning.]

Uh...

Next

[Image description: W.V. holds the blue box and stands next to the controls. A second image shows the top of the box. It shows the label from the box Jade got from John along with another label. The new label says To Mister Mayor! In Jade's handwriting. It also has a drawing of W.V. and a heart.]
Oh, of course. The time wasn't set to the present moment. Somehow it got reset to a few hundred years ago.

It is some sort of present from the past... in the present.

Attached is an envelope. It looks extremely important.

Next

[Image description: W.V. looks between the envelope and a letter. Several question marks float around his head.]

You open the envelope. Inside is a letter and another envelope.

This is all highly confusing and you do not know what to make of it.

Still it is obviously critical Mayoral Business which you take very seriously and you will defend this package with your life.

W.V.: Try to appearify the cable again.

[Image description: It shows the appearifier platform and the tangled cable appears in a flash.]

You set the time to the present, and appearify the Jumble of Cable.

W.V.: Take obvious course of action.

[Image description: W.V. stands on top of the facility. The cable, which now reaches the ground, has the pumpkin full of cans hanging at the end of it. A second image shows W.V. rappelling down the side of the building. Serenity hovers nearby.]

You tie all the cable together and carefully lower your precious pumpkin bindle.

You then rappel down the station with the package, which must not leave your side.

Years in the future...

[Image description: A round crosshair focuses on W.V. as he makes his way down.]

Which is to say, The Present Moment Precisely...

Next

[Image description: It shows a window in the frog temple just below the frog. Something black looks out the bottom of it.]

Next

[Image description: A carapace who looks an awful lot like W.V. looks through a telescope.]

Next

[Image description: The crosshair move up and away from W.V.. A second image shows it looking at the top of the spire that W.V. took the cable from. A third image focuses on the flying apple-like facility that P.M. is in.]

Next
An Aimless Renegade prepares for company.

Rose: Build as much as you can as fast as you can.

Pesterlog
ectobiologist: ok, while i make some stuff here can you keep an eye out for imps?
just keep the safe or tub handy or something.
it'll serve them right for trashing my posters.
tentacleTherapist: I keep telling you the posters were always like that.
ectobiologist: AND I KEEP TELLING YOU HA HA VERY FUNNY
tentacleTherapist: Here, look.
http://tinyurl.com/O413nanna [Note: this link leads to one of the images from Rose's walkthrough.]
[Image description: John and Nannasprite stand or hover in John's bedroom. The strange scribblings are now on the walls where there were previously none] Sprite prototyped once more with grandmother's remains. She treats John to some helpful exposition in a friendly and maternal (grandmaternal?) manner.
http://tinyurl.com/O413weirdo [Note: this link leads to one of the images from Rose's walkthrough.]
[Image description: It shows John in the midst of his temper tantrum over cookies. The scribblings are here in this one too.] Co-player has displayed inexplicably capricious behavior since arrival. Stress-related? Contracted virus indigenous to realm? It should be noted he was kind of a weird guy anyway.
ectobiologist: yeah, i saw those, but...
they didn't look like that before. you must have changed them.
tentacleTherapist: Even if I had the motive for such a bizarre and pointless deception, where would I find the time?
I don't even have Photoshop.
ectobiologist: then why didn't you TELL me they were there???
tentacleTherapist: I had no reason to think you were not aware of them.
I thought they were strange, certainly, but was not struck by any particular impulse to discuss them.
ectobiologist: ok, it still doesn't make sense though.
implies that i drew them a while ago and then forgot and couldn't see them and now suddenly see them.
that's stupid, what would that even mean.

Next

[Image description: John pokes at his PDA while standing next to the alchemiter. A totem sits on the ground nearby.]
pesterlog
tentacleTherapist: It looks like you were in your father's room recently.
ectoBiologist: yeah.
tentacleTherapist: And how did it make you feel to discover what was in there?
ectoBiologist: oh no, i just realized!
you are going to psycho-therapify me.
well don't bother!
tentacleTherapist: Maybe I am just being a friend?
ectoBiologist: maybe...
/EYES SUSPICIOUSLY
anyway i guess you saw what's in there, it's boring and there's not much to even see.
tentacleTherapist: That doesn't matter.
What matters is how seeing it affected you.
I think it clearly has in some way.
ectoBiologist: well...
i don't know, at first i was nervous to go in and find more of his weird clowns, because of course
they are stupid and i hate them a lot.
but then when i didn't see any, it was weird.
i felt weirdly, like... disappointed almost.
tentacleTherapist: Is it fair to say this changed your perception of your father?
ectoBiologist: yeah, i guess.
tentacleTherapist: Is it such a stretch to conclude it changed your perception of other things as well?
ectoBiologist: uh no, maybe not.
but what are you getting at?
it sounds like you're saying i'm crazy!

John: Alchemize.

[Image description: The totem now sits on the small platform on the alchemiter. A purple hat that looks like a cross between one of Dad's fedoras and John's wizard hat appears. It has long ears sticking out of it.]

pesterlog
tentacleTherapist: I don't like to use the word "crazy".
ectoBiologist: oh god.
see?? this is therapy bullshit!
tentacleTherapist: That was a joke.
But anyway, whether it means you are crazy or not, consider this theory:
Your presumably longstanding tendency for scrawling this imagery is really your subconscious
trying to express something disturbing within you.
Possibly something from your past, which you have blocked out.
And since you have suppressed it, your conscious self cannot acknowledge the drawings, therefore
they have been invisible until now.
ectoBiologist: why now?
tentacleTherapist: Perhaps because you have seen evidence that conflicts with the worldview your
subconscious has constructed to obfuscate the truth.
That your dad is not necessarily the clown-loving maniac you thought he was.
All along, this negative attribute buried in your psyche may have been projected on to him, and
subsequently reviled, as a sort of defense mechanism.
ectoBiologist: but this is absurd, my dad LOVES these shitty clowns.
he's got all these statues and paintings EVERYWHERE.
tentacleTherapist: Is it unthinkable that over the years it was he who believed you were the one with a passion for clowns? Because of all the strange drawings in your room? A father then embraces a son's hobby to establish a stronger bond. Or wages a campaign of passive-aggressive mockery of your interests. Either is plausible. I don't know your dad that well.
ectoBiologist: i dunno. Not sure about all this. But I think we need to stop and acknowledge the bunny sasacre fedora I just made.
tentacleTherapist: It's awesome.
ectoBiologist: Yeah.

Next

[Image description: It shows all of the house again. Rose expanded a new walkway out of the L-shaped platform, making it more F-shaped. A set of stairs leads up from this new walkway to a small rectangular platform high above the balcony. A veritable army of imps and ogres swarms in the front yard and near the office.]

pesterlog
nectoBiologist: Wow, what are you doing by the way? Rose, sorry to say but this is all looking kind of silly!
tentacleTherapist: I'm trying to spread the upward construction around so there is a more substantial foundation for later on. But I'm starting to wonder if it will be strong enough. It's kind of starting to wobble a little. I don't think brick chimneys were meant to serve this architectural purpose.
ectoBiologist: Yeah no shit!
tentacleTherapist: I might have to adopt a different building strategy. Stick to more load-bearing walls, and blockier shapes, especially since grist has been easier to come by lately.
ectoBiologist: Okay, but you really must be running low on time by now, right?
tentacleTherapist: Right.
ectoBiologist: STRIIIIIIIDEEEEERRRRRRRRR!!!!!!

[S] Jade: Dream up extra arms and play advanced bass solo.

[Image description: The song The Beginning of Something Really Excellent begins to play. Dream Jade stands in her dream bedroom and plays the bass in advanced mode. An outline of Bec zooms in on the scene and, when it becomes Bec sized, it changes to hi sitting on a curved white surface. It zooms out to show that he's sitting on the roof of Jade's room, which is the smaller tower that branches off of the larger one. It zooms in quickly on Jade's room and shows Dreambot playing the advanced bass as Jade sleeps in the bed. It changes to split screen and shows Dreambot and Dream Jade both playing the bass at the same time. It zooms in on the keyboard section as Jade plays it with one finger in time with the music. It fades to show the speakers in the greenhouse, which pump Jade's music to the plants. They begin to grow rapidly. It fades back to the split screen. It shifts to just show Dream Jade and begins to slowly zoom out. It goes past the walls, revealing that the dream bedroom is in a yellow building identical to Jade's home, only there is no branching tower and her bedroom is at the top of the main spire. It zooms out even more, showing that Jade's dream home is the tallest building on a small planetoid crowded with ornate towers and walkways identical to the ones that Dad is being held captive in, only in yellow. A quarter of the way around the planetoid is another building identical to Jade's. It goes even further, showing a golden chain attached to the planetoid connecting it to a much larger but otherwise identical planetoid. On this planetoid there are towers with orbs at the top like the
ones that the white half of the kernelsprite flew into. The planet and its moon rotate slowly as it
zooms out. The word Prospit appears in the bottom right corner.
The screen fades to white, then another image fades in. There is an orb that contains a sky
surrounded by a grey spirograph. The yellow planetoid, which is called Prospit, and its moon orbit
around this orb.]

Jade: Change wardrobifier to cycle thru Star Heart Horseshoe

[Image description: Dream Jade stands by the pink version of the wardrobifier in her dream room
on Prospit's moon. The moon on her dress changes to a star, then a heart, then a horseshoe, then
back to the moon.]

Ok, good idea.

You leave the moon in the cycle though cause you like it.

Jade: Go explore the golden city.

[Image description: Dream Jade flies through her bedroom window and hovers above the moon.]

Next

[Image description: She hovers near her tower. A second image shows her over a different part of
the city.]

Next

[Image description: Dreambot hovers outside her real house. A second image shows Dreambot
hovering at the base of the mountain that the house is on.]

Next

[Image description: Dream Jade hovers over some walkways, where two white carapaces in blue
shirts and pointed blue hats walk. A second image shows Dreambot hovering over the field.]

Jade: Go and make a new friend.

[Image description: Dream Jade looks at the giant chain that connects the moon to Prospit. A white
carapace stands on a walkway near it's base.]

Next

[Image description: Jade looks over her shoulder. A second image shows a white carapace in a blue
striped hat standing on a walkway. It has a matching blue striped top with green and orange trim
around the collar and running in a thin stripe down the side. Across its chest, there is a thick grey
band. It also wears a matching skirt with two grey bands. There is a wide gap of exposed skin
between the top and skirt. A third image shows the carapace blinking up at Jade.]

Next

[Image description: Dreambot looks over her shoulder. A second image shows what she sees; it is
the lagoon with giant lily pads in it. Part of a spire sticks up out of the water and Bec sits on top of
it.]

Next
W.V.: Eat letter and envelope.

Will you cut that out! You have company.

W.V.: Look behind you!

See? Over there.

W.V.: Read letter.

dear Mister Mayor,

It shows what the previous panel showed; P.M. standing by her newly-landed facility, which has a hole blown in the side. A note at the bottom says Go Here! With an arrow pointing towards P.M.. A second image shows the real equivalent of Jade's drawing.

Next

Next

Next

Next

Next

Next

Next

Next
Next

[Image description: It shows the drawing again, this time with W.V. already behind the rock. Another arrow points to the rock and says Hurry!]

Next

[Image description: W.V. and P.M. both sit behind the rock. W.V. looks over at P.M.]

Next

[Image description: W.V. scoots a little closer.]

W.V.: Give present! Hooray!!!

[Image description: W.V. hands the package to P.M. A second image shows the top of the box, which has another label where the one to Mister Mayor was. This new one says to Miss Mail Lady! And has a drawing of P.M. and a heart.]

Jade: Gracefully fly to the other golden tower.

[Image description: A small yellow dot that is presumably Dream Jade hovers near the second tower on Prospit's moon, which is sideways in relation to her. A second image zooms in, showing Dream Jade just outside the window.]

You decide to check on your neighbor.

Jade: Inspect neighbor's tower.

[Image description: Jade hovers just outside the window. A second image shows her peeking in. The wallpaper is the same as the wallpaper in Jade's room, only it is blue.]

It is very much the same as your own! The only difference is that this one is home to a young boy instead of a young girl.

You peer through the window.

Next

[Image description: It shows Dream John asleep in a bedroom that is arranged in the same way as his actual bedroom, but the window Jade is looking through is where the door is. The walls have the same scribblings that cover the posters in his real room. On the bed with him is a menacing-looking harlequin doll with one arm and a scar over its eye. John twitches in his sleep and looks distressed.]

John is of course sound asleep. It looks like he is having troubled dreams as usual.

You cannot disturb his slumber though. He will wake up when he is ready!

Next

[Image description: Jade looks off into the distance. A thought bubble appears in the top left corner with a green box inside it, along with two question marks.]

Speaking of John, you wonder if he got the birthday present you sent him? Or for that matter, if you even remembered to send it?
Darn! You get so confused sometimes. If only you had some system in place to help you remember things.

Next

[Image description: It shows Jade silhouetted against the orb containing a sky. She is lit from behind and her entire front is in black shadow.]

Your moon is getting very close to skaia. You had better go inside soon. It is never a very good idea to be outside during the eclipse.

Maybe you can take the opportunity to log onto your computer and ask John about his present. You just know he will think it is awesome, and it will be a great way to thank him for the wonderful present he got you!


[Image description: John stands by the alchemiter, which has a totem on the small platform.]

That would be pretty cool, and would promote the appearance to the audience that a whole lot was getting done in not much time, but it also sounds like kind of a pain in the ass so you decide to play it straight up this time.

Rose has moved the alchemiter back down to the deck while she reworks the building project up there. Just as well because it will save you a lot of legwork. Between this thing, the designix and the lathe, that's a whole lot of scrambling around!

John: Recombine hammer and pogo ride.

[Image description: It shows the back of the pogo bouncer card. An arrow with the pogo bouncer on it points down to a punched card. Below it, it says x1 Punch! Next to it is the back of the hammer card. An arrow with the hammer on it points down towards a punched card with x2 Punch!! Written beneath it. A second image shows the Alchemy Excursus. It shows the pogo ride and the hammer with two vertical lines between them. This equation equals a Hammerhead Pogo Ride, which looks like the pogo bouncer with the slime replaced by a green hammerhead. Making this costs 5 build grist and 20 shale. A third image shows the Hammerhead Pogo Ride bouncing gently on the alchemiter platform.]

This time instead of overlapping (two ampersands) the two cards which created the Pogo /hammer, you use the two codes to double-punch (two vertical lines) a blank card, producing a different hole pattern.

The result is the Hammerhead Pogo Ride. It doesn't look like it's as much fun as the original ride, but to be fair it's probably a lot safer.

Double-punching cards creates patterns with more holes, rather than less holes by overlapping cards. This strikes you as a viable method for combining more than two items without whittling down to too few holes, or too many! Just mix up the overlaps and double-punches, and the sky's the limit.

John: Combine ghost shirt and suit.

[Image description: It shows the Alchemy Excursus again. This time, it has the suit and John's slime shirt with two ampersand between them. This creates the Green Slime Ghost Suit, which
looks exactly like the regular suit but with a green tie and a slime on the left side of the jacket. This costs 3 build grist and 1 shale. A second image shows John wearing the new suit.]

You make the Green Slime Ghost Suit.

Pretty swanky, but you are not completely satisfied with the wardrobe upgrade yet.


[Image description: The excursus is still on screen. Now it shows the Green Slime Ghost Suit, two vertical lines, and the Wise Guy book. This makes the Wise Guy Slime Suit at the cost of 1 build grist, 5 shale, and 10 tar. It is the same as the previous suit, but the suit itself is a teal-blue and the dress shirt is black. A second image shows John wearing it and smiling. A third image shows John yelling as cards fly out of the sleeves of his suit.]

You make the Wise Guy Slime Suit.

This is so much better. It seems there are lots of secret trickstery gimmicks concealed in OH SHIT THERE GO THE CARDS

John: Combine glasses and PDA.

[Image description: The Alchemy Excursus now shows the PDA, two ampersands indicating a doublepunch, and John's glasses. This makes the Serious Business Goggles, which looks like grey versions of John's glasses with tiny text on them. They cost 6 build grist, 3 tar, and 6 drops of mercury. A second image shows John wearing them and the Wise Guy Slime Suit.]

You make the Serious Business Goggles.

This is a pretty nice hands-free communication solution, and it makes you look way cooler, like one of the kids from spy kids or something.

God that was a good movie.

Real spies...Only smaller

John: Combine sledgehammer, telescope, and Sassacre text.

[Image description: The excursus shows the sledgehammer overlapped with the old Colonel Sassacre's book, then doublepunched with the telescope. This makes this Telescopic Sassacrusher, which is a giant hammer with two cubic heads that have the same pattern as the Sassacre's book's cover. The handle telescopes out. This monstrosity costs 250 shale, 10 tar, and 50 drops of mercury. A second image shows John frowning as he stares at the Telescopic Sassacrusher. The heads alone are taller than John.]

You make the Telescopic Sassacrusher, at pretty considerable expense. This thing could probably pound an ogre into crudeburger.

Of course you have no hope of lifting it whatsoever.

John: Combine gushers and blue ectoplasm.

[Image description: The excursus shows the box of gushers doublepunched with a smear of blue slime. This makes the Hellacious Blue Phlegm Aneurysm Gushers at the cost of 24 build grist, 30 shale, and 18 mercury. The second image shows the box, which looks almost identical to the
You mix your Gushers with some of the blue slime Nanna left on the wall to make a box of Hellacious Blue Phlegm Aneurysm Gushers (with Ghostly Healing Properties!) These should be convenient, if somewhat unappetizing.

John: Combine fake arm, blue ectoplasm, and PDA.

[Image description: The excursus shows the fake arm that fell from where John stuck it on the harlequin doll before he entered the game double punched with the blue slime, then overlapped with the PDA. This makes the Remote Ghost Gauntlet, which is a grey glove with a large blue arm. It costs 32 build grist and 128 tar. A second image shows John using it. He wears the grey glove on his right hand and wiggles his fingers. To the left, the blue arm moves in the same way. A third image shows him using the gauntlet to lift the Telescopic Sassacrusher.]

You make the Remote Ghost Gauntlet.

It looks like when you put on the special computer-glove it lets you control the big slimy ghost hand.

The Ghost Gauntlet appears to have a considerably higher lift capacity than your own puny arms.

John: Combine ghost gauntlet and bathroom mirror.

[Image description: The excursus shows the gauntlet doublepunched with the mirror. This makes the Left Handed Remote Ghost Gauntlet, which is just a mirrored version of the original gauntlet that costs the same 32 build grist and 128 tar. A second image shows John wiggling both.

You make a Left Handed Remote Ghost Gauntlet to complete the pair.

Because you don't see why the hell not.

John: Combine umbrella and straight razor.

[Image description: The excursus shows the umbrella doublepunched with the razor to make the Barber's Best Friend. It looks like an umbrella if the protecting part of it was replaced with long metal blades. It costs 2 shale and 8 mercury. A second image shows John opening it like a normal umbrella. It then inverts, making it look like the wind blew it inside out

You make the Barber's Best Friend.

It suddenly seems worthwhile to you to go nab that umbrellakind strife specibus that's been lying in the study for a while.

John: Combine gushers and shaving cream.

[Image description: The excursus shows the gushers doublepunched with the can of shaving cream to make the Betty Crocker Barbasol Bomb, which is a gushers-shaped container with black and white stripes and a lid on one of the 6 sides. It has the Betty Crocker logo about halfway down it and Barbasol written at the top. It costs 1 build grist and 1 shale. A second image shows John holding one that is just smaller than his head. Next to him, a giant one sits on the ground.]
You make a deadly Betty Crocker Barbasol Bomb.

Be careful with that thing! Jesus!!

John: Combine Ghost Dad poster with...

[Image description: John shouts while standing next to a poster with Bill Cosby on it. It is scribbled on like the other posters and says Idiot Retarded Dead Father

Ok, you have a cool idea for something to do with your Ghost Dad Poster, but it looks like you drew shit all over that one too without realizing it.

Lousy goddamn stupid subconscious!

Anyway, you think you have an idea how to clean it up.

John: Captchalogue slash punch Heath Ledger Joker figurine.

[Image description: It shows two punched captchalogue cards. One has the Heath Ledger Joker figurine above the top left corner and the other has the defaced Cosby poster. The ledger card only has 2 holes punched and the corresponding holes flash on the poster punchcard. A second image shows three items with punchcards hovering nearby, all of which have similar patterns to the defaced cosby poster. The top left item is a potted plant that would cost 1 build grist to make. The top right item is a crude painting of a horse fighting a football player in front of a mountain that would cost 425 mercury. The center item is the Cosby poster without all the horrible scribbles, which costs 1 build grist and 1 shale.]

If you can somehow "subtract" the code of the Joker Figurine from the code of the poster, it might work.

Luckily, the Joker code only has two holes, making the task very simple. The defaced Cosby poster shares those holes. You determine that the defaced Cosby could only result from a double-punching with the Joker, if your theory is correct. This means the original Cosby poster had one of those holes punched, or the other, or neither, making three total possibilities.

You try out all three possible codes, yielding:

- 1 Potted Plant
- 1 Painting of a Horse Attacking a Football Player
- 1 Clean Cosby Poster

Success.

John: Combine Cosby poster with computer.

[Image description: The excursus shows the Cosby poster doublepunched with the computer to make the Crosbytop Computer at the cost of 30 build grist and 10 shale. It is a laptop computer in the shape of Bill Cosby wearing a red sweater as shown from the waist up. He is leaning to the right slightly and has a strange smirk on his face.]

You make the Cosbytop Computer.

This thing is probably a useless piece of shit, but making it has caused you to feel an alarming sense of satisfaction.
John: Combine Dad's hat and Problem Sleuth game.

[Image description: The excursus shows one of Dad's fedoras doublepunched with the problem sleuth game, which shows a cartoon man firing an old style automatic gun. This makes the Fedora + Candy Corn, which is just a fedora with a few pieces of candy corn sitting nearby. It costs 5 build grist. A second image shows John looking down at the candy corn and smiling.]

You make another ordinary fedora with four pieces of candy corn inside.

John: Combine Hammer and Problem Sleuth game.

[Image description: The excursus shows the Problem Sleuth game doublepunched with the hammer. This makes an unknown item whose icon is only a question mark. It's name, too, is just a bunch of question marks. This unknown item costs 30,000 build grist, 90,000 of an unknown grist type, 6,000 mercury, 180,000 of another unknown grist type, and 1 of a third unknown grist type.]

Whatever this item is, you cannot make it yet! It requires a ludicrous amount of grist, some types of which you have not even encountered.

John: Combine iron and pogo hammer.

[Image description: The excursus shows the pogo hammer overlapped with the iron from Dad's room. This makes the Wrinklefucker, which looks like the pogo hammer with a green handle, a grey grip and slime, and hammerheads made of irons. One iron faces downwards and the other fades out. The Wrinklefucker costs 55 build grist, 44 shale, and 66 tar. A second image shows John holding it above his head victoriously as it lets out a long Hisssssssss.]

You make the Wrinklefucker.

Next

[Image description: John stands on the alchemiter platform among all the crap he just alchemized.]

So much sweet loot. You'd almost think it was simultaneously your birthday, AND Christmas or something.

Of course you know that is ridiculous and could never conceivably happen.

[S] Dave: Strife!

[Image description: The song Versus begins to play. It shows the red sky over Dave's home and begins to move backwards, buildings rushing by underneath. Final Round appears at the top of the screen. It stops zooming and focuses in on Dave, who stands at the top of the stairs holding his sword. Black birds line the edge of the building. He moves forward a few steps and the image shifts to focus on Bro, who drops down from above. It zooms out and a red and black record appears in the sky, spinning quickly as Strife! Appears above it. It focuses in on Dave's face and he lifts his sword. It changes to focus on Bro, who also lifts his sword. It changes to Lil Cal, who crosses his arms. Dave runs forward as the background changes to almost vein-like flames which flash blue and green occasionally. Bro runs forward against the same background. It cuts to a blue background that Cal falls across. Two red sections come on from either side, showing tiled Cal faces spinning. They disappear as Cal falls into the clash between Dave and Bro. They disappear and all that can be seen is motion blurs on a red screen. It cuts to the spinning record, which stops spinning and is sliced in a mostly straight line from the top right to bottom left. Bro and Dave appear in front of the now broken record. Bro crouches like he just landed from a flying attack and Dave falls on his back. His sword flies through the air above him, broken in two]
pieces. Lil Cal flies by in many pieces, apparently having been caught in the battle. It zooms in on Dave's sword and says Cheap Piece of Shit. Dave flies through the air, then skids across the roof to an eventual halt. His broken sword and Cal's head and leg land nearby. Bro drops his copy of sburb on Dave's chest, then hops on a hoverboard and flies away.

Next

[Image description: Dave still lies on the floor, but he holds his iphone and types on it with one hand.]

pesterlog
-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

turntech Godhead: bro just kicked my ass

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Dave and the phone.]

pesterlog
turntech Godhead: thats really all there is to say on the matter


[Image description: A yellow crescent moon floats in a blue sky as clouds float past. The song Ballad of Awakening begins to play. The screen flashes to white, then fades to Skaia as viewed from Jade's tower on Prospit's moon. It cuts to Dream Jade inside her tower, sitting in her pile of plushies and using her computer. The light coming in through the window fades from golden to blue. A pesterchum chat appears next to Jade.

gardenGnostic: hi happy birthday john!!

The screen flashes to white again and changes to show Prospit's moon in a slow orbit, moving ever closer to Skaia as Prospit turns. Jade's tower slowly enters the sky that makes up Skaia. It changes to a slow pan up on one of the dreamer's towers. Skaia's clouds float by and one flashes from white to green, then shows a field of stars and galaxies within it. Another cloud shows the outside of John's house with the alchemiter on the balcony. Another pops into the shape of a squiddle. It cuts back to Dream Jade in her bedroom with the chat hovering nearby.

gardenGnostic: john did you get my package??

It cuts to a split screen of Dream Jade and Jadebot, both sitting in plush piles and using the computer.

ectoBiologist: oh hey!
no, not yet.
gardenGnostic: darn! are you sure? it was in a green box...

It shifts to show only Dreambot, then zooms out to show the tower of her house surrounded by clouds. One passes over the tower and the parts outside the cloud change to be the yellow tower on Prospit's moon. The cloud passes, revealing the entirety of the Dream Tower. Another cloud shows John's house on its spire of dirt after entering the game. It zooms out to show the tower in its entirety and half of Prospit's moon. A passing cloud shows Rose's house on fire. Another shows the white tree that grew out of the wasteland and deposited P.M.'s apple-shaped facility. Two more show Dave's home and John's neighborhood. Another shows the volcano outside of Jade's home.
One pops into the shape of Bec's head and another pops into John's. The scene shifts to Jade's dream tower on top of the mountain her actual home is on, but in another time, when the volcano was actively spewing lava and the ocean wasn't there, only brown craggy rocks. It flashes back and forth between what it looks like in Jade's time and what it looks like in this dream. It cuts to an image of the sky. A cloud shows spirographs pulsing in space which then spit out a meteor. It fades back to what will become Jade's island, and the meteor lands. Lava begins spilling into the hole left by the meteor, but there is a white orb in the bottom of the crater. It cuts back to Dream Jade in her bedroom, still chatting with John.

ectoBiologist: oh, it is this game.
it's ok i guess. i'm still figuring it out.

Light flashes outside the window and the image shakes. Dream Jade looks up in surprise.

gardenGnostic: whoa what was that?????
ectoBiologist: what was what?
gardenGnostic: there was a loud noise outside my house!!
it sounded like an explosion!!!!

The scene fades to the volcano filling the crater with lava. It zooms in on the lava and something begins rising out of it. Two white, pointed ears appear, and slowly the rest of Bec's head emerges from the lava. It cuts to Dreambot in Jade's real bedroom, still chatting with John.

ectoBiologist: wow, really?
gardenGnostic: i will go outside and look....

The scene fades to Dream Jade floating near the recently erupted volcano. A split screen comes up from the bottom and Dreambot hovers in the same place in the real world. Dream Jade looks back over her shoulder. It fades to show a white spirograph pulsing inside a white orb in the lava lake, then cuts to show the base of the Frog Temple, which is in the same place in the real world. It cuts back to the lava lake as Dream Jade tries to approach it, but Bec keeps putting himself between her and it. It cuts to Dreambot being blocked by Bec in the same manner. The scene fades to white, then to Dream Jade standing on top of her tower and using her computer to chat with John.

gardenGnostic: it landed a pretty good ways from my house and i went to look at it and its pretty big!
but bec doesnt want me to go near it
so i came home

It cuts to show both towers on Prospit's moon, then to the inside of John's. He is not in his bed anymore. It fades to him floating in the skies of Skaia, still asleep. He is wearing a yellow tunic with the same moon as Jade's and a pair of yellow pants. It zooms out and shows Jade watching him from her tower. She begins to float towards him. It zooms in on John, who slowly begins to open his eyes. It changes to the cloud sequence from when he began to wake up.

The screen shows the spirograph in the center of a blue screen with rays of light coming out of it. Clouds begin to move towards the viewer, popping into different shapes. A cake. A box of gushers. A harlequin head. A slime creature. Harry Anderson. It flashes quickly between this and Jade moving ever closer to John. The screen flashes white, then fades to Jade's silhouette floating closer and closer. The silhouette occasionally flashes to show Dream Jade. Suddenly, it cuts to a split screen of both Jade and John waking up at the same time.]

pesterlog
gardenGnostic: john did you get my package??
ectoBiologist: oh hey!
no, not yet.
gardenGnostic: darn! are you sure? it was in a green box.....
ectoBiologist: oh!
yes, but it is in my dad's car and he is still out at the store.
he should be back soon.
gardenGnostic: great!!! so what are you up to today?
ectoBiologist: i am up to my neck in this sburb stuff.
TT is making a royal mess of my house.
gardenGnostic: lol!
whats sburb??
ectoBiologist: oh, it is this game.
it's ok i guess. i'm still figuring it out.
gardenGnostic: whoa what was that?????
ectoBiologist: what was what?
gardenGnostic: there was a loud noise outside my house!!
it sounded like an explosion!!!!!
ectoBiologist: wow, really?
gardenGnostic: i will go outside and look....
ectoBiologist: oh man, alright but be careful, ok?
gardenGnostic: i will! (smiley face)

-- gardenGnostic [GG] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

[Note: this timestamp heading is a link that leads to What Color Are The Words That This Chum Says? Which, again, is when this conversation happened from John's perspective.]

gardenGnostic: im back!
ectoBiologist: oh hi!
gardenGnostic: i went to investigate the explosion i heard
ectoBiologist: was it by any chance a meteor?
gardenGnostic: yes!!!!!
how did you know??
ectoBiologist: oh man, it's kind of a long story!
anyway, are you ok? did it blow up your yard or start a fire or anything?
gardenGnostic: no i am fine!
it landed a pretty good ways from my house and i went to look at it
and its pretty big!
but bec doesnt want me to go near it
so i came home
he seems to think its dangerous!
ectoBiologist: well gosh, he's probably right!
gardenGnostic: anyway what have you been up to john?
oh!!!! did you get my package yet? (open mouthed gasping face)
ectoBiologist: er...
yeah, i was trying to get it, but rose dropped my car into a weird spooky bottomless pit and the package was in the car and im really sorry about that.
ectoBiologist: oh no!
gardenGnostic: wow, ok, i guess i should start at the beginning.
see, a meteor blew up my neighborhood.
gardenGnostic: thats terrible john! im so sorry!
ectoBiologist: but i’m ok! and my house is too, sort of.
that game i was telling you about, sburb which i was playing with rose, sort of transported me somewhere at the last minute.
but now i’m trapped here and it’s weird and dark and i can’t find my dad and i just lost the car and my copy of the game in the pit and i think i have to save the world from the apocalypse!!!
gardenGnostic: (shocked face)
well.....
it sounds really crazy and kind of scary but.....
it also sounds kind of exciting!
i dont know john maybe this is your destiny
if anyone can save the world i think it is probably you!
ectoBiologist: wow, you think so?
gardenGnostic: yes!
ectoBiologist: well ok, BUT.
it's not even that simple!
i was about to connect to rose to help transport her and save her from meteors and fire and stuff.
but she lost battery power and i lost the game disc!
so i think i have to get TG to use his copy to save her!
but that jackass won't shut up and stop rapping and stuff.
gardenGnostic: hahaha
he is so silly!
ectoBiologist: yeah. anyway i should talk to him about it, so brb.

Next

[Image description: Jade sits in bed, using her lunchtop. A chat with John floats nearby.]
pesterlog
-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

[Note: this timestamp heading is a link that leads to the page where John had just gotten out of bed.]
gardenGnostic: hey!!!!
ectoBiologist: whoa, there you are!
gardenGnostic: how is your adventure going john?
 ectoBiologist: it's ok, i am making some progress, and rose finally connected again so she is helping me now.
gardenGnostic: thats good!!
 ectoBiologist: oh but, like...
i don't think i am actually saving the world here. (sad face)
i dunno what i'm really accomplishing but i guess it's not that.
gardenGnostic: hmm well i think whatever it is it must be pretty important!
dont lose hope john i think it will all turn out for the best if you stay positive....
just keep listening to your grandmothers advice!!!
 ectoBiologist: yeah, you're probably right.
but, um...
i don't think i mentioned nanna to you, did i?
gardenGnostic: oh uhhh.......
i dont know didn't you???
ectoBiologist: hmm, i dunno, maybe you talked rose or dave about it or something.
gardenGnostic: yeah maybe that was it!!
ectoBiologist: they're really weird when they talk to me about you, like they're always trying
convince me you have some spooky powers, but i'm always like no she seems like a pretty regular
girl to me!
gardenGnostic: hehehe (very happy face)
ectoBiologist: but then when i think back maybe there are times when it seems like you know
some things?
like maybe you know more about a thing than you are telling me? i dunno.
gardenGnostic: oh well john
i want to explain lots of things to you....
some things that i know
im just......
waiting!
ectoBiologist: waiting for what!
gardenGnostic: oh! john!!!
i forgot i was messaging you about that meteor that fell near my house!
ectoBiologist: oh yeah.
what ever happened with that?
gardenGnostic: oh boy.... well........
it turns out i was confused about it...
really confused! (wide eyed sweating face)
see i guess i fell asleep for a while and.....
lost track of time
that happens!!
ectoBiologist: yeah i know, tell me about it!
maybe you should like, wear an alarm clock or something.
so what was the deal with the meteor?
gardenGnostic: well.....
its hard to explain!!!
but...
i know what it is now!
and now i know everythings going to be ok!!!
ectoBiologist: so what is it???
or is this just another thing you're "waiting" to tell me???
gardenGnostic: oh gosh john i really want to tell you all this stuff!!!
but i cant yet
i really think you need to wake up first!
ectoBiologist: huh?
gardenGnostic: well ok not literally
well ok maybe KINDA literally!!
ectoBiologist: AUGH!!!!!!!!!!!!
stop being so confusing!!!!
gardenGnostic: lol (smiley face)
anyway time for you to go john
i think you have some company!!!
(heart)

Jade: Update colourful reminders.
You take a moment to gather your thoughts after your dream. While you are asleep it can get very confusing figuring out what is really happening and what isn't. Especially during the eclipse, when you are exposed to many visions of the past, present, and future through a variety of cloud mirages. It is only after you wake up that you are able to start making sense of it all, and your reminders help you do this!

But on reflection, there wasn't much in the dream about the future. You were quite surprised to see your dog in your dream though. It was the first time the crafty guardian has ever appeared in a dream! You have learned that today is his birthday, just like it is for your other best friend. You have always wondered about this, and never had the chance to throw him a party and bake him a cake. Now you can!

But if you do, it seems that you will need A LOT of candles.

Next

Bec has never allowed you to enter the Mystic Ruins for reasons you never understood. You always assumed it was on account of your protection. But your dream has strongly suggested to you that is where you need to go now!

Since your dreambot is secured in its chamber and does not need to be looked after, Bec is taking a nap in the grand foyer as he usually does. Perhaps you can take advantage of this and sneak out of the house another way?

Jade: Grab your harpoon gun.

Oh yes, of course! One of your reminders reminds you that you still have a package to deliver too. This way you can kill two birds with one harpoon gun.

Jade: Use harpoon to zip-line into the great outdoors.

Next

Next

Rose: Finish building.

[Image description: It shows John's house, which is now much taller. Rose has copied and pasted air.]
entire sections of the house and built spindly walkways and staircases to reach the spirograph floating in the sky. It looks absolutely ridiculous. Imps and ogres cling onto the house and stand on every semi-flat surface available. John still stands on the balcony with the alchemiter and all the junk he made.]

Architectural perfection.

Dave: Mourn the loss of Cal.

[Image description: Dave stands next to an air conditioning unit on his roof. The remnants of Cal, his broken sword, Bro's copy of sburb, and many black birds are scattered around him. A second image zooms in a little.]

See you little dude.

If you had any more apple juice you would pour some out for your homie.

You'll have to remember to double-check your closet for more juice.

Dave: Go get a god damn new sword.

[Image description: Dave picks up the half of his sword with the handle. It goes into his strife specibus and changes it to 1/2 blade kind.]

Perhaps you will. But if you do, it looks like you'll have to break it first.

Perfectly good strife specibus, down the toilet. Thanks Bro.

Dave: Captchalogue beta.

[Image description: Dave tries to take the beta and captchalogue it into card 6, but card 6 has the Nunchucks in it.]

You try to grab the Beta (6) but you forgot your sylladex is completely packed.

You wonder why you jammed all this useless crap in here in the first place. Maybe you assumed you would weaponize it all during one of your customary Hashrap battles with your Bro. But in retrospect that probably just would have been a huge chore and would have made the battle drag on forever.

It's like what are you made of time.

Dave: Eject your modus and set it to Scrabble values.

[Image description: It shows the back of Dave's modus. He presses the eject button and all his items explode out onto the roof, scaring off the birds. He reaches out and catches the phone before it falls. A second image shows a close up of the back of the modus.]

You dump all this crap all over the roof.

You then set your modus to the Scrabble Hash Function for some reason. This function always makes it a little less intuitive to calculate hash values for items, and therefore more cumbersome to rap with. But you guess that's kind of a moot point now that your BRO flew off fuck knows where. His mysterious ways transcend irony once again.

Dave: Get beta.
You get the BETA (3+1+1+1), now yielding a radically different hash value with the Scrabble function.

Which is to say a radically exactly the same value.

Dave: Pester Rose.

pesterlog
-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] --

turntech Godhead: ok i got it
i hope you appreciate how much gross spongy proboscis i had to fellate to get this game
hello
what are you doing
anyway im going down stairs now and installing this thing
later

Next

You have finally finished your building project. You have done about all you can do for John. You don't think you can provide much assistance against all those ogres this time, but at least now John appears to be armed to the teeth.

All there is left to do is wait for Dave.

Rose: Captchalogue and send John code for his present.

That would certainly hasten the parcel's delivery, but the gift is not finished yet!

You have spent months accelerating your knitting skills to be able to make the gift of perfect sentimental appeal. You even incorporated a cherished heirloom you have had as long as you can remember.

When he sees your staggering gesture of sentimentality he will finally understand. He will understand that in the game of facetious sentimental gestures, no one gets the best of Rose Lalonde.

Months in the past...

dear rose,
dear rose,

happy birthday!!!

thanks for being such a great friend all these years. i know you like to make it out like you're playing it cool and don't care much about the people in your life, but i know deep down you really do. hell, not even that deep down. it's like, um, like your subconscious is having a wet t-shirt contest, and you being all aloof is this totally soggy shirt doing no good at all at hiding nothin'. oh wait, it looks like two can play at this game of cracking all these high falutin psychology books! AW SNAP!!!

but yeah, i got you this because i think you're really creative and you could make something nice with it if you put your mind to it. and it might help you take your mind off a lot of all this serious business you're always absorbed in. you know, all this weirdo pseudo-gothy stuff or whatever. frankly it's kind of depressing.

anyway you're the best rose! have a rad 13th! (i will catch up with you guys soon. god you're all so old.)

~ghostyTrickster
(john)

Next

[Image description: Rose stands near her desk, which now has the blue box and knitting bag on it along with her laptop. A red angry looking face is in a speech bubble above the computer.]

Rose: Answer.

[Image description: It shows Rose's desktop. Her background is a large purple tentacle monster coming out of a cave. A pesterchum box reading Trollslum is in the bottom right corner. Trollslum:
Gallows Calibrator
Arsenic Catnip
Carcino Geneticist
Cuttlefish Culler
Centaurs Testicle
Grim Auxiliatrix
grimAuxiliatrix is flashing. In the top left corner of the screen a chat with grimAuxiliatrix is open.]

pesterlog
-- grim Auxiliatrix [GA] began trolling tentacleTherapist [TT] --

[Note: grim Auxiliatrix types in a jade green color and capitalizes the first letter of every word.]

Time Is Not That Difficult To Understand
It Is A Utility That A Universe May Resort To In Order To Advance A Desired Degree Of Complexity
Or May Not Resort To If That Is The Case
Its All Pretty Pedestrian
But No
When Time Travel Comes Up You Present The Face That A Man Shows When The Breeze
Gradually Alerts Him To His Absence Of Netherdressings
I Don't See How We Are To Properly Agitate You All If You Continue To Insist On Failing To
Understand Basic Concepts Which Common Infants Effortlessly Manage To Describe Via
Scravings In Their Own Puddles Of Sloppy Discharge
tentacleTherapist: Have we spoken before?
grim Auxiliatrix: Yes
In The Future
tentacleTherapist: You and your friends never cease to invent ways to strengthen the credibility of
your assertions.
grim Auxiliatrix: Oh My It Is Your Human Sarcasm Again
I Enjoy Listening To It And I Wish Doing So Could Serve As My Primary Form Of Recreation
There See I Just Did It Too
Saying The Opposite Thing To Emphasize My Contempt
But Suddenly I Feel More Primitive And Hate Myself A Little More
It Was Like This Funny Miracle That Just Happened In My Heart
tentacleTherapist: I would admire the sophistication of you and your fellow future-dwellers a little
more if you seemed to be aware the word "human" only functions as that sort of adjective in bad
science fiction.
But I won't be rude and change the subject.
There's a still a bit of unflagellated straw poking out of your rhetorical effigy over here.
grim Auxiliatrix: Oh Dear
No We Aren't From "The Future"
But We Are All Already In Agreement That You Don't Get It And Never Will
tentacleTherapist: I thought you said we spoke in the future.
grim Auxiliatrix: We Did
Your Future
For Me It Was Only A Couple Minutes Ago
tentacleTherapist: I understand.
You exist in some temporal stratum through which you have communication access to various
points of my timeline.
It's not that complicated.
grim Auxiliatrix: Oh That's Right
Will You Try To Talk Some Sense Into Your Idiot Friends
So That We May Proceed To Bother Them All On More Rational Terms
tentacleTherapist: I try to everyday, with mixed results.
But you see, it's not that I don't understand you.
It's just that I don't believe you.
Because it's nonsense.
Albeit persistent and coordinated nonsense.
Why would a bunch of temporally dislocated trolls want to harass a group of friends throughout
completely random points in time?
grim Auxiliatrix: I Will Admit This Campaign Of Provocation Wasn't All That Well Thought Out
Dont Tell Anyone I Said That
tentacleTherapist: Alright.
Maybe you should get some trolling tips from us humans.
Our sparing intellects are probably better suited to it.
grim Auxiliatrix: Yeah Maybe
Why Don't We Be Friends
tentacleTherapist: You want to be my friend?
grim Auxiliatrix: I Think So
I Think Were Supposed To
You Suggested As Much Earlier
tentacleTherapist: You mean I did in the future?
grim Auxiliatrix: Yes A Couple Minutes Ago
tentacleTherapist: Probably because I remembered you mentioning it in the conversation we're having now?
grim Auxiliatrix: Thats Likely
tentacleTherapist: Hmm.
Your commitment to this roleplaying scenario is intriguing.
What choice do I have but to accept?

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the blue box on Rose's desk. A second image shows a similar blue box on Dave's desk. A pair of sunglasses sits on the desk on top of a Snoop Dogg CD and a couple of copies of Game Bro.]

Next

[Image description: It shows Dave's apartment building among others. It is raining.]

Next

[Image description: Dave sits at his desk. He's wearing triangular shades like Bro's and reading a letter.]

dear dave,

[Image description: It shows the letter, which is in the same handwriting as the one to Rose. In the corner is a bad drawing of a record wearing sunglasses and saying 'Yo, sup'. It is labeled (shit).]

dear dave,

happy birthday!!!

i just wanted to take a break from telling you how much your gay butt stinks all the time and say what an awesome friend you are. seriously, on any other day i would be downplaying how you aren't really as cool as you think you are, but just between you and me i think you might actually be that cool. i think you just gotta get out of your bro's shadow and spread your wings dude!!!

so i got you these. they're totally authentic! they actually touched ben stiller's weird, sort of gaunt face at some point. i'm sure you'll dig them because i know you lollled so hard at that movie. ok so for real, this is sort of a shitty present, but it is an ironic present because i know you wouldn't have it any other way. maybe you can wear them ironically some time. they MIGHT even be more ironic than you and your bro's dumb pointy anime shades.

anyway, have a good one buddy! and stay busy being totally sweet!

~ghostyTrickster
(john)

Next

[Image description: Dave sits at his desk, now wearing the regular sunglasses that John sent him, the ones that he's been wearing through the entire comic. A red angry face alert bounces over his
Dave: Answer.

[Image description: It shows Dave's desktop. The background is three pictures of Snoop Dogg around the words Huggy Bear in a loopy font. The top right corner says Starsky and Hutch. In the bottom right corner is the trollslum.
Trollslum:
caligulas Aquarium
carcino Geneticist
apocalypse Arisen
gallows Calibrator
terminally Capricious
adios Toreador

adios Toreador is online. A chat with adios Toreador is in the center of the screen.]

pesterlog
-- adios Toreador [AT] began trolling turntechGodhead [TG] --

[Note: adios Toreador types in brown text and capitalizes everything but the first letter of each sentence or clause, which has been undone for ease of reading. Also, he uses commas instead of periods.]

at: hEYYY,
First, Ok, I think you're awful,
Let's put that fact on the table where we can both see it,
Now you have been primed for the digestive ruination that's about to take place, And the comprehensive soiling of the laundry enveloping your person,
turntech Godhead: oh my god you type like a tool
at: Yeahhh,
Now you're getting it, What you are in for,
Are you ready to be trollllled,
Within an inch of your miserable human cortex,
turntech Godhead: this is so weak im almost getting tired of wasting good material on you guys its like youve got nothing
its always one of you sprouting up and ranting about how hard im about to get trolled with no ensuing substance
you dont even know anything about us
one of you fuckers thought i was a girl
at: Ok, Yeah, But,
The thing is, That I don't care,
About your anatomical details, And things like that,
I know what you've done,
Or will do, Actually,
It's the most awful thing, The worst you can ever do,
turntech Godhead: sorry i wouldn't cyber with you dude
in the future or whatever
at: What, Wait,
Oh,
Ok, You're the one who likes to submit innuendo,
turntech Godhead: human innuendo
at: Yes, Human Innuendo,
Sorry for the lack of clarity,
turntech Godhead: so at what point in the future am i supposed to look forward to you whipping up
this titanic hankerin for my knob
adios Toreador: Uh,
turntech Godhead: be honest with me
cause im busy
and i want to know exactly when i got to clear some space in my calendar for when some fuckwit
blunders out of a magical phone booth and makes a ballad-inspiring play for my throbbing beef truncheon
at: Should I be perturbed by these allusions,
turntech Godhead: no man
look
i just need to know when to be there
when the stars come into alignment and your flux capacitor lets you finally sate your meteoric
greed for crotch-dachshund
i wouldn't want to miss it and cause a paradox or something
it'd suck if the universe blew up on account of you missing your window of opportunity to help
yourself to a pubescent boy's naked spam porpoise
at: Uhhh,
Ok, this is sort of starting to upset me,
turntech Godhead: jesus you are such a shitty troll
at: I guess I'll leave you alone,
And find another point in time to bother you,
When, I guess,
You are more emotionally susceptible, And don't have all these bees in your bonnet,
About your human sexuality,
turntech Godhead: oh no
no dude
you sassed me up
we are in THE SHIT now
together
for the long haul
at: I,
What,
turntech Godhead: we're motherfuckin entrenched in this bitch
you and me
welcome to nam
now grab my hand and shimmy your soggy ass off that muddy bank before charlie gets the fuckin drop
at: Uhhh, Who,
Who's charlie,
turntech Godhead: he's the guy whos gonna read our vows
im feeling pretty friggin MATRIMONIAL all a sudden
take a look down by your foot see that little bottle
stomp on that shit like its on fire
noisy ethnic dudes are flipping the fuck out and waving us around on chairs til someone gets hurt
im your 300 pound matronly freight-train
and my gaping furnace is hungry for coal so get goddamn shoveling
at: Oh my god,
turntech Godhead: bro look in my eyes
that twinkle
that be DEVOTION you herniated pro wrestlers sweaty purple taint
sparklin like a visit from your fairy fuckin godmother
shit be PURE AND TRUE
thats what you see
a kaleidoscopic supernova of all your hopes and dreams all swishin together
radially effevescing arms of more little boy peckers than you can imagine
turning out insane corkscrew haymakers of a billion dancing vienna sausages strong
this is how we do this
this shits more real than kraft mayo

-- adiosToreador [AT] blocked turntechGodhead [TG] --

You are now...

[Image description: The Aimless Renegade stands on top of one of the spires, holding his gun. The wall behind him is covered in hieroglyphs that look like crocodiles, frogs, and waterlilies.]

The Aimless Renegade.

You have identified a couple of unwelcome rogues outside your present stronghold. They are in violation of your jurisdiction. Despite your ordinarily striking marksmanship, you have spent your entire ammo clip without recording a single killshot.

What will you do?

A.R.: Realize that your weapon is magazine-fed, not clip-fed.

[Image description: A.R. drops his gun on the ground.]

You don't give a shit about that.

A.R.: Examine the wall behind you.

[Image description: A.R. turns around and looks at the wall of hieroglyphs. A second image shows the hieroglyphs up close. One of them looks like the sburb spirograph.]

The wall exhibits rows of ancient hieroglyphs depicting an array of amphibious and reptilian life forms.

This is illegal pictography. It makes you angry.

A.R.: Go search for more ammo.

[Image description: A.R. looks at 2 ancient looking crates. Both of them have a logo on them that looks like Grandpa's hat and moustache.]

There is plenty of ammunition stored in the various Ammo crates which you have spent a great deal of time unearthing from nearby dunes and hauling back to your stronghold. You have a large variety of weaponry and ammunition at your disposal.

Whether you can locate some more AK47 rounds quickly enough is a different matter.


[Image description: One of the small ammo boxes from within the largest crate now sits on the floor, opened. A.R. holds two pistols.]
You retrieve a pair of deadly side arms.

But you will need a longer-ranged weapon if you are to continue your enforcement.

A.R.: Find a rocket launcher.

[Image description: A.R. stands to the left of the crates, revealing even more crates and ammo scattered all over the floor. A section of the floor lifts up with three green ammo boxes on it.]

Next

[Image description: A.R. looks to the left, where a long rocket launcher is balanced on top of a crate with the Grandpa logo on it.]

Here's one.

A.R.: Befriend the unwelcome rogues.

[Image description: A.R. holds the rocket launcher on his shoulder. A second image zooms in on his face and a thought bubble shows a drawing of W.V. and P.M. jumping around to avoid bullets.]

You wonder if you should reconsider your grievance with the offenders. Perhaps you should let it slide? They seem friendly enough, and it's been so long since you've had company. It would also be quite a pity to blow up that tall attractive female.

But then again...

Next

[Image description: It shows a drawing of the frog temple with caution tape in a square around it. The two facilities sit within the boundary and W.V. and P.M. hide behind a rock between them. At the top of the frog temple, A.R. looks out.]

They are both in flagrant violation, trespassing through several zones which you painstakingly marked as off-limits while you conduct your investigation of this crime scene. It is your duty to investigate this illegal monument and get to the bottom of its illicit amphibious idolatry. Just thinking about all the sloppy footprints they are leaving in the sand makes your carapace steam.

The law is all that's left to hold on to in this unforgiving dust bowl. You cannot afford to loosen your black claw's grip lest justice slip through your fingers. Law is beauty. Order is peace. Judgment is the very basis for all that is pure and...

Hold that thought.

You need to take a moment to wear something ridiculous before you continue your spiel...

Next

[Image description: A.R. reaches for what appears to be a bunch of grey cans tied together with three rows of cable. A second image shows him reaching for a cylindrical grenade that is pierced through with a spike of some sort.]

Next

[Image description: A.R. stands behind a crate labeled Judge. He wears the cans on his head like a wig and bangs the grenade on the crate like a gavel. He has lined up ammo to be his audience and
some sit in a red box labeled Jury.]

Order in the court. You will have order in this courtroom. If everyone does not settle down you
will clear out this courtroom, you swear to god.


[Image description: A.R. stands on the moving platform, which tries to move up and down, but
doesn't get very far. A bent Atomic Bass is jammed in between it and the wall.]

It appears to be a large stage serving as a kind of elevator. But it can't go down because there's
something jammed in it. Looks like a peculiar musical instrument, probably centuries old.

But yeah, the jury agrees. You've got to go blow up those trespassers.

Jade: Place present on monument.

[Image description: Jade stands on top of the spire with her harpoon lodged in the rock behind her.
The blue box sits in front of her.]

You put John's present down in just the right spot, along with a letter you prepared a little while
ago after a particularly interesting series of dreams.

Should be any minute now...

Next

[Image description: The box disappears in a green -IFY.]

Next

[Image description: Jade aims her gun upwards. A second image shows a bullet severing the zipline
cable. A third image shows her standing next to a tangle of cable on the spire.]

You put down the time-bait. It's out of your hands now.

Next

[Image description: It shows the lagoon and island. Jade stands on one of the spires and looks
towards the main temple structure.]

You guess you could swim.

Maybe you can think of a better way across though.

P.M. : Read the letter.

[Image description: P.M. holds the box on her lap and reads a letter.]

This is kind of confusing.

Next

[Image description: It shows the letter Jade sent to P.M., which is actually a drawing.
dear Miss Mail Lady,
It is a drawing of the apple shaped facility with a second hole in the side. Part of a spire was also
blown up and both are smoking. An arrow points to the new hole and says "Go here!" A second image shows the actual facility with only the one hole and a full spire.

But you guess it's straightforward enough, even if the drawing is somewhat inaccurate...

Next

[Image description: The spire suddenly explodes near the base and topples. A second image shows the drawing of P.M. and W.V. freaking out behind the rock as the spire lands.]

Oh no!


[Image description: A.R. holds the rocket launcher and hits himself in the head with his gavel.]

Stupid Stupid Stupid

You had them right in your crosshairs. You have no idea how a crack shot like you could have missed. It is practically inconceivable.

A.R.: Be the law.

[Image description: It shows a crosshair focused on P.M., who holds her sword and the blue box. She looks angry and determined.]

You reload and take aim.

That fair carapace... how it sparkles in the desert light.

No. You cannot afford to be distracted by such thoughts. You are busy being the law.

Next

[Image description: The crosshair jerks to the side, focusing on the side of the apple shaped facility instead. A second image shows a hole being blasted in the side of the facility, making it match Jade's drawing.]

You are the law whoops

W.V.: Wave about in a distracting manner.

[Image description: W.V. stands to the right of the rock and flails around. Serenity hovers above him.]

Oh it's this guy again and his little blinking bee. So outrageous.

Next

[Image description: W.V. throws his can of Tab at the temple. A second image shows it landing short of the tower by quite a bit.]

THE CAN RUSE WAS A……
DISTACTION

[Note: The previous line is in comic sans and light blue text. It is a link to a Sweet Bro and Hella]
SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF

In the typical horribly drawn, jpeg artifact ridden style of Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff, a black man wearing yellow clothes stands in a front yard.
introducing the new friend.................. GEROMY

It shows the same Hella Jeff from the Stairs comic with a new speech bubble added.
BRO HAVE
Part of the original text is still there, so above his head it says Told You Dog!

It shows the same panel mirrored. The words in the speech bubble were hastily erased and it now says
BRO HAVE YOU SEEN MY SOCKS
The Told You Dog! Is still there, but now written backwards.

The same head is pasted onto a body that is far too small for it. Sweet Bro stands nearby playing a video game. There is a pair of grey socks on the floor. Once again, the text from Hella Jeff's speech bubble was erased. Now he says
AROUND ANYWEAR
Sweet Bro responds
no dude

Sweet Bro rears his head back and puts his hands in his hair.
AGAIN with the socks what IS it even with you and SOCKS MAN

It shows a very large Hella Jeff next to 4 and a half Sweet Bros in a row. It is Sweet Bro playing video games, but the panel of him holding his head is pasted on top, giving each one 4 arms. its like you must be TOKING UP on a joint to make you STON STONED or something i can't even think of WHO leaves all there SOCKS lying around like that.

AUUUUUUGH!

The next panel shows Hella Jeff in a horribly drawn car. Another shows him backing out of the driveway past Geromy, who hasn't moved from the front yard. It zooms in on Hella Jeff and says
THE SOCK RUSE WAS A............. DISTACTION

It shows the car on a green field. In the top right corner is a body of water.
I HAVE the car

The next panel has 9 drawings in a 3 by 3 grid. It shows him driving closer to the water. And closer. And into the water. Slowly, he sinks until almost all of the car is underwater.

P.M.: Scamper quickly to the newly created hole.

[Image description: Cartoon P.M. runs towards the new hole as W.V. distracts A.R.. A second image shows the real P.M. reaching the hole. A mechanical worm sticks out of the facility. On the sand near the newly broken spire is a smear of something black.]
you HAVE the cargo

Next

[Image description: W.V. is caught in A.R.'s sights. A second image shows the winding path a rocket fired from the top of the temple takes. It swoops around, then slams into the side of W.V.'s
facility. A third image shows W.V. flying through the air on the force of the explosion.

P.M.: Read the next step of the letter.

[Image description: P.M. stands inside the new hole in her facility, still holding the box and the letter. The next portion shows a machine that looks like an appearifier with 2 laser pieces with P.M. placing the box on the platform below them. It says Deliver Here! Yay!]

At the bottom of the letter is a series of coordinates along with further instructions.

You know what you must do.

Next

[Image description: P.M. stands near the machine with the blue box on the platform, as Jade instructed.]


Next

[Image description: The box disappears in a blur. A second image shows P.M. standing near a control panel identical to the one for the appearifier in W.V.’s facility. The screen on this one is blue and says Sendificate.]

MAIL

[Note: Mail is filled in with a vibrating background of stamps, postcards, and envelopes.]

Years in the past...

[Image description: A blue and pink butterfly hovers over a field.]

Next

[Image description: A white object sits just behind the butterfly. It looks like the top of Grandpa's gun.]

Next

[Image description: The image zooms out. It is Grandpa's gun. BLAM He fires it, destroying the butterfly in a massive burst of fire.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out even more. The gun left a massive gouge in the grass. Nearby, a young version of Jade sits on Bec's back while wearing a green party hat.]

Today is your birthday. Your grandfather has decided to celebrate by introducing you to The Thrill of the Hunt.

But suddenly you and Bec are wandering off. Where is this silly dog taking you?
You find a Present.

Next

You open it to find a shirt that is way too big for you, and... pumpkin seeds?

There is also a letter.

dear jade,

It shows a letter that John wrote to Jade. In the top right corner is a drawing of a pumpkin saying "aw dang where'd i go??". It is labeled (blarg, so terrible).]

dear jade,

happy birthday!!!

it's hard to thank you enough for your friendship over the years. heck, if it weren't for you i wouldn't even have met rose and dave, so that is like, three times the friendship! that is almost like, Too Much Friendship. ha ha. i only wish i could get you something for your birthday that could remotely make up for what you've given me, but of course that's impossible. so here are a couple silly things anyway!

i went to a weird asian store the other day and saw this rad shirt, so i got it and i'm wearing it now! but there was a blue one too which was way more awesome, and i wanted you to have it. i know you like green a lot, but maybe you'd like to try wearing blue sometimes? i bet you'd look like a million bucks! also i know you've been frustrated lately about how your pumpkins keep disappearing. well, i can't begin to explain why that's happening! all i can do is give you these so you can plant some more. don't give up, jade! wherever those dumb old pumpkins went off to, i'm sure you know the fun is in growing them and taking care of them until they're ready!

whew, got to head out to the post office now so this doesn't get to you TOO late! talk to you soon!!!

~ghostyTrickster
(john)

Next

Who is this John claiming to be your friend? And these other friends he mentions?

Whoever he is, you think he might be on to something. Blue is a very pretty color! Also, growing some pumpkins sounds like it could be fun. Maybe you will ask Grandpa if you can use the atrium to do some gardening. This will be exciting.

WHOP
Next

You bear the vicious brunt of this story transition directly in the face.

You are getting really tired of this feisty man and his busy fists.

Jack: Kill John's dad yourself.

Here, stick this in your pipe and bleed to death slowly.

Next

He bares his teeth and Dad reaches on with a lighter. He lights Jack's hat on fire, making Jack cringe away.

Next

Jack stands to the side, now hatless, and watches Dad spray the burning hat with shaving cream.

Next

Dad stomps on the foamy, smoldering remains of the hat and Jack looks distinctly less angry. He has also put away the knife.

Next

It zooms in on the smoking remains of the hat.

Next

Jack looks vaguely annoyed and points behind him down the hall.

You release the prisoner. He is free to go.

Jade: Play guitar to summon giant lily pads.

Jade stands on top of the spire and plays her bass. A second image shows a speaker dangling down by the water and causing ripples with the sound.

Next

It shows most of the lagoon, now with a line of giant lily pads making a path between the spire Jade was on and the main temple. A drawing of a frog with Jade's hair and glasses hovers in the corner, ribbiting.

Next

Jade stands in front of a black door inscribed with tiny runes and hieroglyphs. The area around her glows faintly.
Dave: Install beta.

[Image Description: Dave sits at his desk with a spirograph notification over his computer. A second image shows Rose at her desk with a sburb house notification over her laptop. Vodka Mutini still sleeps on the desk nearby.]

pesterlog
turntech Godhead: alright im installing this game finally
tentacleTherapist: Where doing this man?
turntech Godhead: yeah you could almost say
turntech Godhead: where making this
tentacleTherapist: Go on.
What is it where making this?
turntech Godhead: TRANSPIRE (sunglasses emoji)
tentacleTherapist: Excellent.
Let's make shit take place.

[S] Enter.

[Image description: The song sburban Jungle begins to play. Rose sits in her room, looking at her laptop, which has the sburb house notification over it. It cuts to Dave at his computer with the spirograph notification. A bottle of apple juice sits on the desk nearby. The spirograph notification grows larger and takes up the whole screen. The loading sequence for sburb plays. It cuts to the sequence reflected in Dave's sunglasses. This scene shrinks to the top right corner and the main image shows Dave popping the lid off of the bottle of apple juice. It cuts to Rose, who leans her chin into her hand and watches her laptop. Vodka Mutini sits next to her. The smaller image of Dave's glasses reflecting the loading sequence shifts down and an image of Dave drinking juice through a straw appears in the top right. The glasses image shifts to the left and the juice one moves down for a picture of Jade in front of the door to appear in the top right corner. The images all shift clockwise and an image of John holding up the Wrinklefucker appears in the top right corner. It zooms in on the loading sequence playing in Dave's shades, then cuts to Dave's desktop as the sburb client loads. The client expands to take up the entire panel and continues loading. It cuts to Jade looking up at something while bathed in green light. She fades away and the room that A.R. had his ammo in fades in. There is no ammo in it now, only the elevator and the hieroglyphs. Jade runs on from the right and stops on the elevator. It cuts back to the loading screen. The loading client becomes smaller and Dave's desktop reappears. In another window, he draws Hella Jeff. Two small images come on, the top right one of Dave moving his mouse and the bottom left of Jade in the temple, slowly descending on the elevator. The mouse one shifts to show Dave concentrating, and it grows to take up the whole screen. The small image of Jade shifts to the top right and one of Rose using a ball of yarn to play with Mutini comes on the top left. The Rose one grows to take up the screen and the Jade one descends to the bottom right. The image of Hella Jeff flies across the screen, then it cuts back to Dave's desktop as he finishes the drawing. Jade's descent on the elevator takes up the whole screen as she comes to a halt and runs off left. It cuts back to the loading screen. It once again shows Jade looking up at something in green light. The image changes to show a large pink lotus flower that is tightly shut. It fades to the loading screen, then to Rose's room, where she still watches her laptop. It zooms in on the fire outside her window. The loading screen appears in the background, then everything goes black. sburb appears in the center of the screen. It's done loading. A meteor appears behind it and sburb fades. The image cuts to Rose's house on fire. Rose looks angry as the select cursor controlled by Dave picks up her bed and tosses it into the]
flames to make room for the totem lathe. It cuts to the observatory, where he places the cruxtruder. Rose looks out the window, watching him do this and a picture of Dave appears above her head with question marks on either side of it.

Rose runs into the observatory as Dave places down the cruxtruder, still looking angry. It changes to a split screen of the cruxtruder and the closed lotus, which is sitting on a base with a timer on it. The timer has room for thousands of years, but is down to the last 4 minutes and 26 seconds. It counts down 3 seconds as the image shifts to only the lotus with Jade standing beside it.

It cuts to the outside of Rose's house as Dave puts the alchemiter on the roof. Rose looks out the window and looks frustrated. It cuts to her shouting and banging on the wall of the observatory as STRIIIIIDDEEEERRRRRRRR!!! Rolls across the bottom of the screen. She jumps back as the wall she was hitting turns into a door. It cuts to the roof, showing that Dave has built stairs and a door to give her access to the alchemiter. It pans over the Zazzerpan statue, which Dave picks up and uses to smack the cruxtruder, releasing the kernelsprite. He tosses the statue out into the yard, where it's arm breaks off. A fire tornado passes by Rose's house. A pink kernelsprite hovers over the cruxtruder, but it follows Rose as she runs off. The cruxtruder's timer counts down from 4 minutes and 13 seconds. It changes to a split screen of the cruxtruder and the lotus, which have the same amount of time left. It changes to just show the lotus with Jade asleep on the floor next to it.

It cuts to Rose's bedroom, where Dave drops the pre-punched card for her. Outside the house, the fire tornado picks up the Zazzerpan statue and spins it around. Dave drops the now carved totem on the alchemiter. It cuts back to Zazzerpan spinning in the storm. In her room, Rose shouts as she throws Jasper's corpse into the kernelsprite. The screen flashes white and a cat face within the kernel appears. It briefly cuts to the alchemiter, which has a pink liqueur cabinet on it. It ejects a pink bottle, then the screen goes white again. It cuts to a cloudy sky with Zazzerpan's broken arm flying across it. Rose fades in and looks down as the scene resolves itself into a reflection in a puddle. Four drops land in the puddle, sending red ripples across the surface. Inside the living room, Dave picks up the eldritch princess doll. On the roof, Zazzerpan's hand flies and knocks the pink bottle off of the alchemiter and sends it flying across the cloudy sky. It flies towards the waterfall that runs underneath Rose's house. Rose spots it. Suddenly, it cuts to John's yard, where Nannasprite hovers next to a Colonel Sassacre's book. She opens the cover and uses her eye laser to print her Dear John letter on the first page.

It cuts to Dave's room, where a bunch of black birds fly around. Dave shouts and tries to shoo them away with no success. It goes back to Rose, who gets a determined smirk on her face. She runs towards the edge of her house over the waterfall as the bottle flies in that direction. She hurls herself over the edge.

It returns to Nannasprite, who drops the Colonel Sassacre book over the edge of the cliff and watches it fall into the void. It fades to Rose falling over the waterfall. She catches the bottle as it cuts back to the book falling into the ash. The ash parts and it cuts back to Rose falling. A pink tentacle shoots out and wraps around her to drag her back to safety. She lands on the edge and looks up at her kernelsprite, which has been prototyped with both Jasper and the Eldritch Princess doll.

It fades to a split screen of the cruxtruder and the lotus, both of which have 20 seconds left. It switches to the lotus and a white and blue countdown appears in the top left corner.

19 seconds
18 seconds.

The lotus opens, revealing a glowing white spirograph. It cuts to Jade waking up and looking up at the lotus. A grey and white timer appears in the top right, counting down the same time as the other.
17 seconds.

It cuts to meteors hurtling through space.
16 seconds.

Rose holds the bottle on her shoulder like she's about to smash it.
15 seconds.
She looks up at the kernelsprite. It cuts to Dave.
14 seconds.
The meteors streak across a night sky.
13 seconds.
The spirograph in the lotus pulses.
12 seconds.
Rose goes to smash the bottle. In the background, the meteors fly.
11 seconds.
It cuts to Dave, then Jade
10 seconds.
It shows a facility like W.V.'s descending into a tube in the sand. The meteors and a green spirograph flash over top of it.
9 seconds.
It lands and sand blasts away, revealing that the tube is the neck of a giant bottle and the facility is the cork.
8 seconds.
It shows a wasteland with the spirograph pulsing over top of it.
7 seconds.
6 seconds.
It shows Rose's house. Many fire tornados spin nearby.
5 seconds.
4 seconds.
Rose completes the downswing with the bottle in slow motion.
3 seconds.
The bottle hits the ground and explodes white. The timers disappear and Rose's house turns white. The meteor lands and the entire screen goes white. It shows the impact crater.
It cuts to Jade standing by the lotus. The white spirograph bursts and Dave's copy of sburb falls onto the flower.
It cuts to John, who is smeared with oil. He is wearing the Remote Ghost Gauntlets and his Wise Guy Slime Suit. He carries the wrinklefucker and looks angry and determined. He runs up a set of stairs and kills an imp in a single blow. He uses the force to propel him into the roof, where he kills more just as easily. He grabs all the grist they dropped and ducks inside a room that Rose built. The whole place is swimming with imps and he kills them all easily.
It pans over his entire house, showing that there are still plenty of imps left. It cuts to an ogre inside a room. John uses the gauntlets and sassacrusher to kill it in just a few blows. Meanwhile, John is quickly killing all the imps in his path out on some balconies. He runs by to grab the grist from the Ogre, then continues his ascent. As he goes, he uses the gauntlets and Sassacrusher to kill an ogre on the platform just below the blue spirograph. On his way up, he stops to punch an imp who took one of his Dad's hats. This also makes his gauntlet knock an ogre off the edge. He captchalogues the hat, which throws the Cosbytop from his sylladex and knocks an imp off the edge, taking the Cosbytop with it. John ascends the last set of stairs and does a flip over the imps in his path. He slams his wrinklefucker into the balcony, which throws him through the air and through the spirograph. He pinches his eyes shut and everything disappears into a blue orb that floats in the center of a black screen, then fades away.

Next

[Image description: John's house sits on its spire above the wasteland.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out, showing half of a planet that the house's spire is on.]
Next

[Image description: It shows the whole planet, which is shrouded in ash clouds. John's house stands above everything.]

[Image description: Red curtains close on John's planet.]

END OF ACT 3
4. Intermission 1

Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Intermission 1: Don't Bleed on the Suits

[Note: Every mention of The Felt or the names of various members are written in bright green.]

INTERMISSION

[Image description: It zooms out, showing the curtains against the clockwork sun and moon. They tick for a few moments before the sun moves to the bottom right corner and the moon to the top left as the background changes from a blue sky to a midnight purple with stars. It zooms back in on the curtains, which open on a large, green victorian mansion. A tendril of smoke wafts up from the bottom.]

[I.] Next

[Image description: Spades Slick stands inside the mansion. He is wearing a wide black fedora. Fire comes through an archway and part of the rug he stands on is smoldering. In the background are several grandfather clocks.]

Your name is Spades Slick. You are the leader of a notoriously vicious gang of mobsters called the Midnight Crew. A rival gang known as the Felt recently knocked over one of your favorite casinos. Your long quest of revenge has finally taken you through the front door of the mansion belonging to their loathsome boss, Lord English.

Your subordinates, Clubs Deuce, Diamonds Droog, and Hearts Boxcars have been dispatched to various locations throughout the mansion to begin carrying out your mission. Your objective is to locate and crack English's Secret Vault, and plunder its mysteries.

That's the business end of it. The pleasure will be painting this ugly house red with the blood of those miserable green motherfuckers.


[Image description: Spades Slick stands near the clocks, nudging the smallest one with his foot.]

Stupid gang and their lousy obsession with clocks. The sooner all these idiots stop being alive the better.

You wonder where they are. It's awfully quiet in the mansion, sans all the dreadful ticking.

You obviously have no idea what that means.

If it's some smartass way of saying to pick it up, forget it. You are already carrying an item. It is your trusty Deck of Cards.

[I.] SS: Build fort with clocks.

You have an idea that is so much better.

Clocks Destroyed: 4 of 1000

[I.] SS: Check for traps under the billiards rug.

What is under the rug is much worse than any trap you can imagine. It is a member of a species that you do not recognize, with a ghastly furred upper lip.

[I.] Next

You cover the unsightly individual back up and try to forget it ever existed.


You would need a Deck of Cards to play that infernal game.

Fortunately all you have is your War Chest, which you deploy on the floor.

[I.] SS: Open war chest.

You cover the unsightly individual back up and try to forget it ever existed.


Fortunately all you have is your War Chest, which you deploy on the floor.
You rummage around. It's no unusual assortment of belongings, and nothing any mobster worth his salt would be caught plotting and scheming without. Certainly nothing eyebrow raising.

Bunch of blades, some playing cards, and a variety of other miscellaneous stuff.

Also your Vendetta Itinerary and your Heist Map.

[I.] SS: Scavenge war chest for fancy headwear.

[Image description: Spades Slick holds a black hat identical to the one he's wearing. Two small items drop out of it and land on the rug. A second image zooms in on the items, which look like dog-shaped pieces of licorice.]

If there are any elaborate headdresses in here, you'll eat your haberdasher.

But of course there is only a plain and serviceable Backup Hat, which naturally conceals two Licorice Scotty Dogs.

Which makes you think that maybe you are wearing your Backup Hat, and this is your usual one? Hell if you know. They are the same damn hat.

[I.] SS: Hide inside your war chest.

[Image description: All of the items from the war chest are scattered on the rug and Spades Slick sits inside it. The chest shakes slightly.]

You cannot hide properly inside the chest because you cannot close it while you are inside.

Instead you momentarily pretend it is a really cool automobile that commands the fear and respect of larcenous adversaries everywhere.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

All aboard the idiot wagon!

[I.] SS: Start up the Crosbytop.

[Image description: Spades Slick kicks the Bing Crosby thing.]

Is that what this thing is? You've had it for some time, and don't quite remember how you got it. You never knew the identity of this pipe-smoking creature.

Perhaps it could be the same species as the character you just saw under the rug. But you know that is impossible, because this one does not feature the same bizarre furred lip. They are probably differing species within the same genus.


[Image description: The Crosbytop opens and a small screen shows the first page of Homestuck. A clock in the bottom right corner shows that it's 4:13 am. A second image shows a few stills from S Enter. Dave's glasses reflecting the loading screen. The meteor. Dave shooing the birds. Rose leaping off the edge. Rose's kernelsprite with Jaspers and the Eldritch Princess. Jade looking up with the timers at 10 seconds. John beginning his ascent through the house. The cosbytop knocking an imp off the edge. John jumping into the spirograph.]

You don't know why you are wasting time on this website. It is for little children who poop hard in
their baby ass diapers.

Also you don't understand what the hell is going on or who all these characters are. It's all a lot of nonsense.

[I.] SS: Delete the time setting on the crosbytop.

[Image description: A knife is stabbed into the clock on the laptop, cracking the screen.]

Clocks Destroyed: 5 of 1000

[I.] SS: Take the spade key.

[Image description: A white notecard pops out of the item slot. A second image shows the front side, which has the rules of blackjack, and the back, which has the same barcode from Spade Slick's and W.V.'s wrists, just like on all the black carapaces.

Basic Rules of Blackjack

The object of Blackjack is very simple: to achieve a total that is greater than that of the dealer, and which does not exceed 21. Even if other players are present at the table, the dealer is your only opponent in the game.

There are relatively few decisions to make when playing Blackjack. You must consider your cards and your dealer's card and remember, if you go over 21, you "bust", and if you "bust" you lose.

Play progresses as follows:

1. A card is dealt, face up, to each player in turn and then one to the dealer. The dealer's card is face down and called the "hole" card.
2. A second card is then dealt, again face up, to each player.
3. Starting from the player to the left of the dealer, each player decides whether to draw further cards.
4. After all players have completed their hands, the Dealer proceeds to draw cards to complete the Dealer's hand.

You win if:

Your total is higher than the Dealer's total
The Dealer goes over 21 or "busts" (provided you have not previously busted yourself.)

If your total is the same as the Dealer's, then it is a "stand-off" and you neither win nor lose.

If you go over 21, or the Dealer's hand is better, you lose.]

You take the Rules Card for Blackjack.

You have possessed this item for as long as you can remember. You do not yet know its significance. Though you can hustle up a mean game of blackjack when you need to.


[Image description: It shows the piece of paper with the felt on it. 15 of them are shown, but number 8 is missing. 1 has a yellow bowler hat, 2 has a blue top hat, 3 has a red hat, 4 has a purple bowler hat, 5 has an orange hat, 6 has a dark green bowler hat, 7 has a maroon angular hat, 9 has a white hat with a yellow stripe, 10 has a tiny white bowler hat with a blue stripe, 11 has a white flat-
brimmed hat with a red stripe, 12 has a white bowler hat with a purple stripe, 13 has a large white bowler hat with an orange stripe, 14 has a white top hat with a green stripe, and 15 has a large white bowler hat with a maroon stripe. The top picture is in a row all by itself and is just a white question mark on a black background. Number 7, 11, and 14 are crossed off.

These are the mugshots of everyone you are going to kill.

You got a head start. You already offed Crowbar (7), Matchsticks (11), and Quarters (14), depleting them of some of their muscle. You've still got to watch out for the others, and stay wary of their desppicable time shenanigans.

Itchy (1) has given you the slip repeatedly. Doze (2) you've captured and interrogated just as repeatedly, to no avail. Trace (3) has broken into your secret hideout more times than you can count, while Fin (5) always seems to be a step ahead of you and scoops your heists. Clover (4) has all the intel and is highly cooperative. You might need him to crack the vault. He'll be guarded. Best to avoid Die (6) in any direct confrontations unless you want a temporal mess on your hands. But if you need any repairs, you could always get to Stitch (9) and "persuade" him. And you might need to if you can't kill Sawbuck (10) with a clean shot. Eggs (12) and Biscuits (13) are morons. But they are dangerous morons. Cans (15) is a tank and your crew'll probably need more ammunition than you packed to take him down.

No one knows what Lord English looks like. But that'll be corrected tonight.

You've got dibs on English. He's all yours.

[I.] SS: Wonder where the number 8 mugshot went.

[Image description: Spades Slick glares at a photo in his hands, though it's turned so the reader can't see it.]

It's right here.

But you aren't gonna kill Snowman (8).

It's out of the question.

[Note: the O in snowman is written in white.]


[Image description: It shows a very complicated floor plan, presumably that of the mansion. Dotted lines run around it and the Midnight Crew's heads flash in various locations. Spades Slick is in the main entry way. Diamonds Droog is in the righthand wing, Clubs Deuce is in the lefthand wing, and Hearts Boxcars is at the back of the mansion next to a safe door. Some clocks are drawn near the back of the house and have red lines over them. They are labeled Smash More Stupid Clocks. Green and red blobs are in one of the front rooms and are labeled Lots of Dead Green Torsos.]

On review, your schemes seem a bit convoluted. But you wouldn't have it any other way.

Deuce and Droog split up to neutralize as many Felt as they can find. Your heavy muscle and expert safecracker, Boxcars, is headed straight down to the vault.

[I.] SS: Use radio device to check on unscrupulous cohorts.

[Image description: Spades Slick sneers and talks into a walkie talkie. The chest is packed up and
You put the word out to your cronies for a status report. No response yet.

You clean up all your junk and prepare to get this show on the road.

[I.] Next

[Image description: The chest turns into a pack of playing cards and the weapons and Item menus appear. The Blackjack card drops into the deck of cards from the Item slot, then the deck takes its place in the Item slot.]

You slip the Spade Key back into the Deck of Cards, then pocket the War Chest.

Smooth as clockwork, and every bit as logical.

[I.] SS: Enter the hallway near the main entrance.

[Image description: Spades Slick stands among a bunch of broken clocks at the bottom of a set of stairs. The clocks are riddled with bullet holes and blood is splattered all over them and the carpet. A Clubs alert flashes next to Spades Slick's walkie talkie.]

Funny, you didn't hear any commotion or gunplay. But it looks like there's already been some action in here. Or there will be. You can never take tense for granted with these goons.

13 of 1000 Clocks Destroyed. Apparently.

Looks like Clubs Deuce is getting back to you.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Spades Slick talks into the walkie talkie.]

He says he's got Doze tied up for interrogation.

You ask him what else is new. Capturing that guy is like shooting a paralyzed monkey in the face.


[Image description: Clubs Deuce stands in a ballroom with Doze, the Felt member with the number 2 hat, tied to a chair. The background shows many statues and clocks lining the walls. Clubs Deuce wears a smaller version of the same hat Spades Slick has.]

You are now Clubs Deuce.

[I.] CD: Rough him up.

[Image description: Clubs Deuce holds a table leg and taps Doze's leg with it. His weapon and item menus appear. In his weapons menu, he has 2 nightsticks, 2 playing cards, and a table leg. His item slot has a deck of cards in it.]

He remains tight-lipped, so you deal him a senseless shin-drubbing with your Crook of Felony.

Oh the humanity. You can barely watch.
He's probably still using his special ability to slow time down for himself.

He can't feel a damn thing, and certainly isn't saying anything. Apart from a very low noise which could be him saying "ow" very, very slowly.


Why would you do that? All of these clocks are lovely. You see no reason to harm them.

987 of 1000 Clocks Unharmed


You begin a feeble campaign of psychological warfare. Perhaps compromising his fashion motif is the way to get to him.

Nope. Looks like he's still in his weird state of stasis and doesn't care.

Either that or it's driving him nuts. Just very slowly.

[I.] CD: Dump the contents of your war chest over him.

War chest? What are you talking about. All you've got is this simple, unassuming Deck of Cards.


Don't be stupid. To play solitaire you'd need a Deck of Cards.

I don't see a Deck of Cards, do you? All I see is your Battledrobe.

[I.] CD: Throw the hat down and stomp it mercilessly.

Oh no. It's Itchy, and it looks like he's all wound up.

He unties Doze and quickly swaps everyone's hats around.

[I.] Next
Doze proceeds to make a fleetfooted getaway.

The Chase

Is On


Someone has replaced your plain and serviceable hat with a silly and undersized one. An outrage beyond compare.

You're sure you know who the culprit was. You can still smell his overly caffeinated blood...

986 of 1000 Clocks Shown Mercy

[I.] SS: Lift left leg and hold it a little ways in the air.

Oops.

[I.] Next

4 of 15 Green Torsos Dead

[I.] SS: Wear CD's hat on top of your current one.

You are already wearing Deuce's hat you fool. The one on the floor is Droog's hat. This is exactly why you always keep a Backup Hat on hand.

This son of a bitch on the floor here has played his last game of musical hats. Soon these lugs will learn to show you some respect. You made this town what it is after all. Wasn't nothin' but a bunch of dust and rocks before you got here.


[Image description: Spades Slick pulls out his war chest and sets it on top of Itchy's corpse. His backup hat pops out and lands on his head, knocking Clubs Deuce's hat to the floor. A second image shows his hand, which has several licorice dogs in it.]
You deploy your chest and swap this dinky little hat for one more suited to your tastes.

Wait a minute...

Thank god. Your precious Scotty Dogs are still here. You don't know what you'd do without them. You don't want to even think about it.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Die (6) appears in a flash. He holds a white voodoo doll with several pins stuck in the head. A second image shows him blinking down at Itchy's corpse with a horrified expression.]

Die makes his usual sort of entrance. The nonplussed, vaguely bewildered sort.


[Image description: Clubs Deuce stands in the ballroom. His Battledrobe has popped open, spilling explosives and playing cards all over the floor. Doze still moves incredibly slowly away from him.]

You got it. Clubs Deuce it is.

You have opened your Battledrobe in search of your Backup Hat. You also need some more rope to retie Doze, who is absolutely tearing through the mansion as we speak. If you don't hurry, he may clear the chair within the hour.

But it's a big mess. You mostly just see a bunch of bombs and cards.

[I.] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Clubs Deuce, who has a question mark over his head. A second image shows him reaching towards a 7 of clubs, a Jack of Diamonds and a king of spades. A smear of oil is on the floor next to them.]

You're not sure what's what. You can never remember which card to pick up.

You can't believe how shitty your memory is.

[I.] CD: Grab the deuce of clubs.

[Image description: He holds two licorice bears.]

You pick up two Licorice Gummy Bears.

These need to be stored for safe-keeping as soon as possible. Finding your Backup Hat has never been more urgent.

[I.] CD: Pick up all of the cards and throw them at Doze.

[Image description: Clubs Deuce throws a handful of cards at Doze. As they land, they turn into bombs and a magazine. The magazine is for Black Inches and features a roll of licorice on the cover.
Black Inches
Licorice
Licorice]
You pick up a bunch of cards and fling them Doze-ward.

Didn't accomplish a whole lot, other than put some of your private reading material on embarrassing public display.

[I.] CD: Pick a card, any card.

[Image description: Clubs Deuce picks up a card and a pack of a plastic explosive appears on his head. A second image shows the Jack of Diamonds and King of Spades still on the floor.]

You're a busy guy so you just pick up any old thing and put it on your head. Since you are in a big hurry you will assume that it is your Backup Hat.

You stand nearby the two remaining cards on the floor, an Off-suited King and Jack.

[I.] CD: Pick up card depicting stately blonde-haired fellows

[Image description: Clubs Deuce picks up another card and his hat pops into place on top of the explosive on his head.]

You aren't going to stand around jack king off all day long, so you grab the Jack of Diamonds.

Oh.

Here's your Backup Hat. Problem solved, you guess.

[I.] CD: Forget you are CD. Believe you are Hearts Boxcars.

[Image description: Another member of the Midnight Crew, Diamonds Droog, stands in a hallway lined with clocks. A line of blood crosses the tiles and goes up a curved set of stairs. Diamonds Droog wears Itchy's yellow hat.]

You suddenly remember you are Diamonds Droog.

Whoever took your hat is about to discover he's the unluckiest man on earth. He better hope you find him dead. What you're gonna do to him will be much less painful that way.


[Image description: Diamonds Droog's weapons and items appear. He has two automatic rifles, a pool cue, and two playing cards in his weapons slot and a deck of cards in his item slot. The deck of cards pops out and a small mausoleum appears next to him. It has a red diamond painted on the side and several black spikes on the roof.]

You don't have a Backup Hat all you got is this Deck of Cards oh wait yes you do.

It's stashed away in your Brawlsoleum.

[I.] DD: Retrieve hat from brawlsoleum.

[Image description: The Brawlsoleum is now open. Several handguns, a rifle, a bunch of playing cards, and several black cowboy hats spill out of it. Hanging inside are several suit jackets and three white ties. Itchy's hat falls onto the floor and one of his Backup Hats pops onto his head.]
You are the only member of this band of thugs who is civilized enough to keep more than one Backup Hat, as well as an extensive array of Finely Tailored Suits.

The Brawlsoleum seemed like the best storage option for your exceptional wardrobe. If there's any better sort of compartment to keep your wardrobe in, you'd love to hear it.

Also there's a shitload of guns and cards in there too.

You put on a Backup Hat.


[Image description: He holds the 2 of diamonds card.]

Whew. Your Swedish Fish are there.

This is why it's a good idea to always store your candy in your Backup Hat rather than your usual one. Other members of your gang have learned this the hard way and they're finally starting to catch on.

[I.] Next

[Image description: A large WHOP suddenly hits him in the face. He pulls out his pool cue and waves it around, then stops.]

Suddenly you get coldcocked in the face from the future.

You'd know the knuckles belonging to that suckerpunch anywhere.

[I.] Next

[Image description: This scene is labeled The Future. Trace (3) stands at the bottom of the stairs, looking at a red ghostly version of Diamonds Droog. A red line shows the path he took through the house. Clubs Deuce peeks out from behind a pillar.]

Trace always knows where you've been.

The spineless rat likes to follow your Past Trail around and mess with you.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Diamonds Droog talks into his walkie talkie, which has a clubs alert next to it. His brawlsoleum is put away.]

Trouble is, whenever he does, he lets you know exactly where he's going to be in the future. This time you'll be ready for him.

You radio Deuce for backup. Give him a time and place, and exactly what path through the mansion to take.

[I.] DD: Resume pursuit of wounded felt member.

[Image description: Diamonds Droog stands a little closer to the stairs.]

You don't know if the wounded guy went up the stairs, or came down. Or who wounded him, and when. Might have even been you, for all you know.
[I.] DD: Follow trail of blood up the stairs.

[Image description: He stands on a balcony at the curve of the stairs.]

Can't overthink this time stuff.

You go with your gut and head upstairs.


[Image description: Clubs Deuce stands next to his Battledrobe. Doze is once again tied to the chair, this time with some sort of long-armed doll. A diamond alert flashes over Clubs Deuce's walkie talkie, which sits on the floor next to a cane.]

After giving a quick 10-4 over the radio, you take another look at your prisoner. He lucked out. Looks like round two of your brutal interrogation will have to wait.

You couldn't find any rope, so you tied him up with a Stretch Armstrong Doll which you happened to have lying around. You don't remember how you got it.

It looks sort of dumb, but it will have to do.

[I.] CD: Just lock Doze in the battledrobe.

[Image description: Doze, still tied to the chair, sticks halfway out of the battledrobe. Clubs Deuce hits him with a cane to try to get him fully inside.]

Time to hit the road. You beat your hostage into the back of your Battledrobe with the Bull Penis Cane.

Wait this is a Bull Penis Cane?

[I.] Next

[Image description: Clubs Deuce flails around as a picture of a bull pulses behind him. The cane flies around him. Bull Penis Cane flashes at the top of the screen.]

You flip the fuck out over the fact that this is apparently a Bull Penis Cane.

[I.] Meanwhile, running roughly parallel with present events.

[Image description: Itchy and Die stand around a small table with a green tablecloth. A single bare light bulb lights the room. On the table are a deck of cards, 5 cards in a row, and two stacks of poker chips. Each of them holds 2 cards in their hand. A second image shows Itchy’s hand, which has the king of diamonds and king of hearts. The third shows Die’s hand, which is the ace of diamonds and ace of hearts. The fourth image shows the 5 cards on the table, which are the 8 of hearts, the king of spades, the ace of clubs, the 6 of diamonds, and the 2 of spades.]

[I.] Next

[Image description: The 2 of spades card is replaced by 2 licorice scotty dogs. In a blur, the 8 of hearts changes to the king of clubs. A second image shows Die glaring at his voodoo doll, which has three pins in it. One is white with a maroon stripe, but the other pinheads aren't visible. He holds three more pins in his other hand. One is white with a purple stripe, one is yellow, and one is orange. A third image shows them glaring at each other as Die holds the yellow pin near the doll.]
Itchy always cheats. But he's always cheated for the last time.

You're gonna jump to a timeline where he's dead.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Die pops into the timeline where Spades Slick just beat Itchy to death.]

Looks like he got what he deserved.

But, uh...

As usual, you find yourself in a bit of a predicament.


[Image description: Spades Slick holds his horsehead cane and stands next to Die, who lays on the ground with a large round gash on his forehead that trickles blood. He twitches slightly.]

You introduce your Cast Iron Horse Hitcher to your new friend.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Die holds 4 pins in his free hand. The heads are a red diamond, a red heart, a black spade, and a black club.]

Die scrambles for a pin he's been saving for a special occasion.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Die sticks one of the pins in his doll and the background flashes from the house to a red sand wasteland. In the distance is the green silhouette of a city and two planets take up a large portion of the sky. One is pink and the other is green. Pink rocks stuck out of the sand.]

How many times does he have to tell you. He made this town.

[I.] HB: Stop being SS.

[Image description: Hearts Boxcars stands in front of a giant vault door. In his weapons slot, he has a long, skinny black item that might be a cane, a battle axe, a flail, and two playing cards. His item slot has a deck of cards in it.]

You stop not being Hearts Boxcars.

You have made your way to the Felt's Secret Vault. It's bigger than you were expecting. You doubt you will be able to rely on your usual safe-cracking method, which is prying it from the wall with your bare hands. You'll have to think of something else.


[Image description: Hearts Boxcars does a dance that involves lots of turning and flailing of arms.]

This is just absolutely the most ridiculous thing you could possibly choose to do right now. I mean come on.

Why don't you take a closer look at that safe...
Seriously stop that.

[I.] HB: Pry the wall from the safe.

[Image description: Hearts Boxcars looks at the safe door. The center of it is a giant clock.]

That notion is even more ridiculous than the last one. Wait who are you kidding no it isn't.

Looks like the combination to the safe is entered via the hands of the clock. And you somehow doubt spinning the hands around manually is going to cut it. Knowing these guys, you've got to alter the flow of time itself to make it work.

Which of course is bullshit. You think you'll just blow it up instead. Time to get Deuce on the radio.


[Image description: The deck of cards pops out of his item slot and a grey bathtub with part of a floor attached lands on the ground beside him. It is dotted with red hearts absolutely everywhere. It is filled with battle axes, cards, a hat, a walkie talkie, and a Red Cheeks Magazine that has a pair of red buttcheeks on the cover, which is drawn in a way that makes them look like a heart.]

You deploy the Wrathtub.

[I.] HB: Retrieve two of hearts from backup hat.

[Image description: He holds two pairs of lips in his hand.]

You retrieve your pair of Wax Lips.

If anyone tried to steal your Wax Lips, you would eat their eyeballs and deliver an angry lecture into their empty sockets.


[Image description: It zooms in on the Red Cheeks magazine.]

Just glancing at it gives you palpitations.

Literature for avid Cardioficionados such as your self. Those burgeoning red humps... that mischievous little tail... the snug, welcoming cleft...

The saucy imagery is hard to beat. Harder than what you beat inside your chest now. Your heart is what you're beating.

You beat it to Red Cheeks Magazine pretty regularly, you'd say.

[I.] HB: Call Clubs on nearest card.

[Image description: Hearts Boxcars holds two cards and talks into them. A Clubs alert flashes next to them.]

You radio Deuce on the 10 4 cards. Let him know you need a powdermonkey on the double.

You hear ticking. And it's not coming from the big Vault Clock above.
You hope it's not what you think it is...

[I.] Next

[Image description: A white and orange oven sits to Hearts Boxcars' right. A clock alert bounces above it.]

Oh no. Oh God.

It's Biscuits. His Oven Timer is ticking. This is no good.

[I.] Next

[Image description: the oven timer buzzes and the door pops open. Biscuits (13), a giant member of The Felt with a white hat with an orange stripe pops out.]

Ugh, there he is.

This idiot thinks his special oven transports him into the future by the amount he sets on the timer. Well, he's sort of right. But in reality, all that's happening is that he's hiding in there until the timer's up, then pops out.

You guess he's relatively harmless if he's alone. You can take him. What you really have to worry about is if he teams up with...

Oh no. That ringing. That godawful ringing. You can hear it...

[I.] Next

[Image description: Eggs (12) appears in front of Biscuits. He holds a purple timer that rings. A moment later, another version of him wearing one of the Midnight Crew's hats appears behind Hearts Boxcars. This one has blood dripping from his mouth and his right eye is swollen shut. He also carries one of Hearts Boxcars' battle axes along with his timer. A third version of him with a chunk torn out of his white and purple hat appears in front of the second one. This one carries Biscuits' oven and his timer.]

Eggs.

Son of a FUCK.

You might as well just grab one of your axes and kill yourself now.


[Image description: This scene is labeled The Future. A faded Diamonds Droog Past Trail goes down a hallway. A more substantial Clubs Deuce Past Trail crosses from one room to the next. Trace stands near where the two paths cross. Above Past Clubs Deuce's walkie talkie, a heart alert flashes.]

In the future, you've already followed the path through the mansion that Droog told you to.

Trace followed Droog's Past Trail even further back, but found a much fresher trail crossing his path.

Looks like this little guy's talking on the radio. Says something about how he'll be right there once he gives Droog a hand.
Trace decides he'll trace this guy for a while, see what he's up to. And then mess with him of course.

[I.] Next

[Image description: The real Clubs Deuce stands in the hallway with the heart alert flashing over his walkie talkie.]

In the present, you talk on the radio. Say something about how you'll be right there once you give Droog a hand.

[I.] DD: Take a good look around the new room you're in.

[Image description: Diamonds Droog stands in what appears to be a parlor. The walls, a fireplace, and several grandfather clocks are riddled with bullet holes. The blood trail ends and blood is splattered over several of the clocks.]

Looks like the trail of blood ends here. Or originates. Whatever.

Something went down here in the past. Or... is about to go down in the future? You know what, never mind.

21 of 1000 Clocks Destroyed, Apparently

[I.] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on a green, triangular object in a small puddle of blood.]

Hang on. There's a tooth on the floor. You know that tooth. You've felt its bite before.

Fin was here.

And judging by the forensics of the scene, the angle it hit the floor, the direction of the blood splatters and how dry the blood is, you think you know Exactly what he's about to pull.

Or more specifically, what he's about to already have pulled.

[I.] Next

[Image description: This scene is labeled The Past. An orange trail shows Diamonds Droog entering the room, then moving off to the right. Fin (5) stands near it.]

Fin always knows where you're going.

He's followed your Future Trail here. He likes to mess with you from the past.

Trouble is he tips you off to where he's been. This time you're ready.

Wait for it. Wait...

[I.] Next

[Image description: Diamonds Droog takes out his pool cue and holds it at the ready. Fin pops into the room for a brief moment just as Droog swings it, smacking Fin in the chest.]

NOW.
Predestined bullet holes are convenient. Gives you something to aim for.

7 of 21 Clocks Redestroyed

Die realizes there is a cost to settling the score with you in this way. The cost is having to live in a desert amidst the ruins of a dead civilization for the rest of his life.

He thinks that's stupid, so he pulls your pin.

You grab his Voodoo Doll, and stick his pin in there for good measure. Might as well keep track of everyone you've offed this way too.
Not that you intend to abuse its power to settle your score. What's the point if you're not gonna get your hands dirty.

Still, it might come in handy down the road. Lord English is supposedly indestructible. He's rumored to be killable only through a number of glitches and exploits in spacetime. The doll may ultimately help you work the system if it comes to that.


[Image description: The clocks from the room are all piled with Itchy and Die's corpses in a giant bonfire.]

29 of 1000 Clocks Destroyed
5 of 15 Green Torsos Dead


[Image description: Droog stands in the room where he shot Trace.]

Problem with that is, he'll just see your Future Trail following him, and that'll be nothing but a loud invitation for him to mess with you some more.

Besides, better to leave him alive. You think you know where he'll lead you to. Just got to be a little more subtle about tracing his Blood Trail. Keep your Future Trail out of his line of sight.

[I.] SS: Return to being Hearts Boxcars.

[Image description: This scene is labeled The Present. Trace stands near Droog's Past Trail as Clubs Deuce watches from behind a pillar. A second image shows Trace following the trail and leaving footprints of blood behind him.]

Spades Slick cannot return to being Hearts Boxcars because obviously Diamonds Droog is too busy being Clubs Deuce.

You just watched Trace throw a punch into thin air for some reason. That guy's awfully silly!
He then skulks off somewhere.

You don't realize he's following Droog's Past Trail through the mansion until he gets to the point where it intersects with your trail, at which point he'll start following you.

But we all realized it. Because it's obvious and couldn't possibly be more clear.


[Image description: Clubs Deuce steps out from behind the pillar. Doze, still tied to his chair, is beside him.]

You follow Droog's simple instructions. So simple even a forgetful nincompoop like you can remember.

There's a blood trail on the floor that goes in a different direction than Trace went. You decide to follow it, because that sounds like a really good idea to you.

If there was something you were supposed to do after helping out Droog, you'll be damned if you
remember what it was.

[I.] Next

[Image description: In The Future, Trace stands next to Doze, who Deuce left behind. Past trails show Deuce walking away from Doze and Fin walking by to leave the trail of blood. Doze trembles.]

Trace catches up to where you were. But you're gone already. All he sees is the long, gross rubbery arm of your Past Trail stretching through the room.

He finds his comrade tied up with the stretchy rubber arms of a small man. But there is nothing gross or unpalatable about that in the least.

Doze unslows himself and begins mumbling something feverishly.

About his hat.

[I.] Next

[Image description: The scene is labeled The Future. Trace holds Doze's hat, revealing a bomb on his head. Doze trembles violently.]

[I.] Next

[Image description: It shows the outside of the mansion where an explosion blasts away part of a wall. A second image shows the mugshots. Doze (2) and Trace (3) are now crossed out.]

7 of 15 Green Torsos Dead

107 of 1000 Clocks Destroyed

[I.] Next

[Image description: In The Past, Fin stands at the end of his blood trail. There are many Future Trails that overlap.]

Fin makes his way through the mansion to get some help.

He wonders where this little guy is going. Deuce's Future Trail is headed in the same direction he's headed, by sheer coincidence. Fin decides to follow him for a bit, keep an eye on him. For as long as Deuce's path matches his, that is. There's pretty much no chance he's headed to the same place, though. That would be statistically improbable.

He's got no idea what these other goons are up to here. Funny, their Future Trails end here. He's not gonna stick around long enough to find out why. He's a bit too woozy from the blood loss to sort out this mess anyway.

[I.] CD: Follow the red-blood road.

[Image description: In The Past, Clubs Deuce's Future Trail takes a winding path across a ballroom with checkerboard tiles on the floor and a massive clock in the center of the room. Fin follows the trail, holding a gun. In the background, Spades Slick's future trail goes down a hallway at the edge of the room.]

It's uncanny. This little guy is matching Fin's route every step of the way.
He Must Know Something.

Fin decides he's got to take him out.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Fin holds his pistol to the back of the Future Trail's Clubs Deuce. The image shifts in and out of focus.]

But he can't get a clear shot. Too dizzy, and with all that C4 under Deuce's hat, firing would be a bad idea.

My God He's Thought of Everything.

Clearly dealing with a criminal mastermind here.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Clubs Deuce stops to admire the massive clock, explaining the winding path he took across the room in his Future Trail. A path of blood goes across the room. In the background, Spades Slick is about to go down the hallway.]

You stop to admire this gorgeous clock. It is so pretty. Too bad it's not ticking like so many of the clocks in this place. Not that you can blame them. There are so many clocks in this mansion it would obviously be impractical to make sure they all work properly.

Oh look. A trail of blood.

You think you'll start following it.

[I.] HB: Waste exactly four hours on this tomfoolery.

[Image description: Many Eggs and Biscuits with various weapons and in various states of injury crowd around Hearts Boxcars, who flails at them. Timers ring and buzz all around him.]

YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL
YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL
YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL
YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL
YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL
YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL
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YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL
YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL

[I.] Next

[Image description: Clover (4) stands on top of the vault and watches the scene below.]

Above, a spectator has appeared at the strike of 4 and has been giggling at your foolishness for a number of minutes.

Clover would have been tickled to help you open this vault! At the cost of answering a few of his
clever Time Riddles, needless to say.

If only you'd thought to seek his help first, rather than charging like the silly brute you are into this deadly trap of stable and not so stable time loops. Mostly unstable, really. These guys are way too dumb to maintain even elementary looping stability for more than a couple iterations.

If you weren't so preoccupied, Clover could tell you that you could use Crowbar's help to pry anything out of a time loop, stable or otherwise.

If you weren't so preoccupied, and if he weren't so dead! Hee hee hee!

[I.] Next

[Image description: Stitch (9) stands in a sewing workshop, looking at a large green overcoat on one of his white mannequins. Bands of flashing striped material ring the cuffs and line the openings. There are many flashing patches on the coat, and several rips in need of patching. Stitch holds a few pins in his mouth and glares at the rips in the coat.]

Stitch mutters to himself in his shop. He guesses Eggs and Biscuits are roughhousing again, because the fabric of spacetime is tearing something fierce on Lord English's Cairo Overcoat. This sort of thing is exactly why he keeps a Backup Coat, and always leaves Stitch with one of them.

Any gang does well to have an in-house doctor on hand. But if you deal in time travel you better have a damn good tailor too.

[I.] HB: Call Spades for backup.

[Image description: Hearts Boxcars holds his radio up to his face and shouts into it. A spades notification hovers next to it. The flailing Eggs and Biscuits crowd closer around him.]

You tell Slick to get his scrawny ass to the vault. It's goddamn bedlam down here. You tell him you asked Deuce for backup but surprise surprise he's nowhere to be found. Big surprise, you tell him. You tell him that was sarcasm. He says he knows.

Slick says he'll be right there. He'll see if he can round up Droog for support.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Spades Slick stands in the entryway near smashed clocks. He talks into his radio, which has a diamond alert hovering next to it, and carries Die's Voodoo doll.]

Droog says Deuce is tailing Fin, while he is tailing Deuce. He'll be there to help out Boxcars as soon as he and Deuce take care of business with Stitch. Couldn't be simpler.

Oh yeah, he also mentions he pumped Fin full of lead so you can cross him off the list. You roger all that.

[I.] Next

[Image description: In The Future, Fin stands in Stitch's workshop. Behind Stitch, a bunch of mannequins hang from green ropes around their necks. There are 4 white ones with a purple hat, a white and maroon hat, an orange hat, and a white and blue hat. The orange-hatted one is riddled with bullet holes. Two black ones hang with them with a yellow hat and a green hat. The yellow-hatted one has a large hole ripped in the side of its face and the green-hatted one's body lies on the floor underneath it.]
Fin busts into Stitch's workshop blubering something about watching out for the little guy who's about to come in here. He says to watch out because he's got a bomb on his head which is undoubtedly quite volatile and even the slightest spark would surely set it off.

Stitch sees Fin's obviously in pretty bad shape, and checks his Effigy. Sure enough, the thing's in tatters. But he should be just fine if it can be patched up before he bleeds to...

[I.] Next

[Image description: Fin falls to the ground and his effigy turns black in a puff of smoke. A second image shows Spades Slick placing the orange pin into Die's Voodoo doll. A third shows the wall of mugshots with Fin's crossed out.]

Death.

8 of 15 Green Torsos Dead


[Image description: Clubs Deuce bursts into Stitch's workshop, waving his bull penis cane. Stitch takes out a machine gun and points it at Deuce.]

Everybody out of the god damn way. You got a hat full of bomb, a fist full of penis, and a head full of empty.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Clubs Deuce freezes and Stitch moves a little closer, still aiming his gun at Deuce.]

Stitch says drop the livestock knob and settle the hell down.

He says you do realize C4 is a stable explosive and won't detonate with gunfire, right?

You say oh.


[Image description: Diamonds Droog stands behind Stitch with an AK47.

Drop it and get in.

Don't bleed on the suits.

Stitch says huh?

[I.] Next

[Image description: Stitch lays on the ground, bleeding from his mouth. Droog stands over him like he just hit him with the butt of his gun. His Brawlsoleum appears next to Stitch.]

You admit the thought of carrying an imprisoned tailor wherever you go is gratifying for personal reasons.

But in this case keeping him alive should be useful in dealing with English later.

[Image description: Eggs and Biscuits flash by, carrying copies of Red Cheeks magazine. In the background, Biscuits’ oven smacks Hearts Boxcars repeatedly.]

This predictably accomplished nothing!

Taking your smut out of hiding turned out to be a very bad idea. Now copies from the future are appearing left and right and these clowns have their paws all over it.

Slick Where the Hell Are You

[I.] SS: Remove Crowbar's pin.

[Image description: Spades Slick reaches for the maroon pin in Die's doll.]

[I.] Next

[Image description: Slick disappears from the entry hall in a flash.]

[I.] Next

[Image description: Crowbar (7), Stitch (9) and Sawbuck (10) use ammo crates for cover on the left side of the screen, and the Midnight Crew does the same on the right side. Crowbar holds a red crowbar. They all fire large guns at the other side except for Slick, who just stands there holding the voodoo doll.]

Crowbar's alive again. And a whole bunch of other stuff is different.

You forgot this gang almost seems halfway competent when he's running the show.

The good news is you get to kill him again.

[I.] SS: Insert and quickly remove Snowman's pin.

[Image description: Spades Slick glares down at a black pin with a white dot on it.]

You have no idea how much you'd like to. But even you're not that crazy.

Still, kinda tempting.

[S][I.] Next

[Image description: A black circle fades into view and a white circle with the number 8 slowly fades in on it. Three In The Morning begins to play. The background fades in to show the two gangs firing at each other. The 8 ball moves up over the scene, then fades away as a landing on a stairway comes into view. It zooms in on the landing and a carapace woman fades into view. She wears a long, black and green tailcoat and a black hat with an 8 in a white circle on it. She flashes out of the scene, then reappears slightly to the right and walks down the stairs while holding a cigarette in a long, thin cigarette holder, like the ones that were popular back in the early to mid 20th century. The two gangs stop firing as she walks down the space between their two barricades. She disappears again, then reappears standing just opposite of Spades Slick, who glares at her. A black text box appears at the bottom of the screen and text slowly fades in.]

Hold Still, Slick.

In time with the beat, it flashes to images of each of the midnight crew against a purple background with purple splatters on it. It ends with Slick, who looks up and narrows his eyes. It fades to a pan
up on the woman and the text box reappears.

Something in Your Eye.
It cuts to Spades Slick and the woman slashes her cigarette holder across his eye, then stabs it in. Her hand looks like the queen's; insect like and spindly. Slick yells and the background flashes red and purple. It cuts back to the entire scene and the woman smokes her cigarette, sans holder, as Slick yells. She disappears, then reappears slightly to the left and begins walking away. Before she goes off screen, she disappears. The scene fades to black and a large grey spade shape appears in the center.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Both gangs stare at each other across the gap. Slick still has the cigarette holder in his eye.]

Everyone always ceases gunplay when Snowman's around.

If you kill her you destroy the universe.

[I.] SS: Remove knife from eye.

[Image description: Spades Slick holds the cigarette holder. His injured eye is pinched shut and splattered with blood. It twitches slightly.]

It's not a knife. It's Snowman's Cigarette Holder.

All you know is she's gonna have a hell of a time getting it back.

[I.] SS: Give it to Sawbuck.

[Image description: Slick holds the cigarette holder, which is suddenly much larger, and throws it at Sawbuck (10). It sticks in the right side of his chest and the seven behind them changes to Stitch and Crowbar carrying boxes in an otherwise empty room.]

You chuck the Lance at Sawbuck.

But of course it's only a fleshwound. Seems like that's the only sort of wound you can ever inflict on the corpulent lummox.

Consequently you and he both jump to a random point on the timeline. This looks to be in the recent past, when Stitch and Crowbar were setting up the crates for the imminent gunfight. Which was very thoughtful of them.

Your goons should be showing up any minute with the heavy firepower. For now you've got the drop on everybody.

[I.] SS: Kill something out of rage and frustration.

[Image description: Slick stands to the right of Stitch, who lays on the ground with a sword sticking out of his chest. Crowbar stares down at him. The Lance has returned to cigarette holder size, but is still stuck in Sawbuck's chest. A white arm sticks out of the wall nearby.]

Stitch gets the business end of your Saber Rattle. He's dead. In this timeline at least.

[I.] SS: Bring knives to the gunfight.

[Image description: Sawbuck stands closer to Slick, but Slick kicks him back. He pulls out a large
sword and a scalpel. The sword in Stitch's chest is now a playing card.]

Where do you think you're going, fatty?

You'll deal with him in a minute.

You whip out your Double Edged Sword and Occam's Razor.


[Image description: Slick throws the scalpel at Crowbar, who deflects it with his crowbar. As he does, it turns into a playing card and stabs into Sawbuck's head. Slick, Sawbuck, and Crowbar are transported to the red desert Die was in before. In the background, a black carapace stands near the horizon.]

Crowbar deflects the King of Spades into Sawbuck's unmissable carriage. You jump far into the past.

[I.] Years in the past...

[Image description: It zooms in on the carapace, who glares through a slit in his wrappings. He has a black spade on his outfit and something white hanging from underneath them.]

Which is to say the present, for the time being...

A Scurrilous Straggler eyes impromptu desert skirmish.

He dismisses them as a bunch of ill-mannered rogues warranting no further investigation. Although he gives a small nod of approval to the plain and serviceable hat worn by one of the combatants which strikes him as an absolutely smashing display of good fashion sense.

[I.] SS: Hit Crowbar in the head.

[Image description: Spades Slick stands over Crowbar while holding his horsehead cane like he just hit Crowbar in the head with it. Crowbar's crowbar disappears from the ground next to him and appears in Slick's weapons menu. Sawbuck begins to walk off right. The cigarette holder in lance form and Occam's Razor in scalpel mode are still stuck in him.]

You can't kill him yet. You need him alive to return to the original timeline.

You will be taking that Crowbar though.


[Image description: The War Chest sits on the ground where Crowbar was. Green arms and legs stick out of it.]

You cram him in the War Chest.

Sawbuck you need to keep alive too, for the moment. Not to return to the right timeline, but the right time.

Speaking of which, where's tubby think he's waddling off to.

[I.] SS: Just go stab Sawbuck until the time shenanigans stop
You treat him to a bit of the old Bait and Switchblade.

You appear in the future. You guess this is after the gunfight is over. The gunfight that never took place since you killed slash kidnapped everyone who was supposed to be involved. Looks like only Boxcars is here.

[I.] SS: Carry Sawbuck like Titan Atlas would carry the world

You order Hearts to drop his tub on the double before this fat lard puts you in a wheelchair.

If you take Sawbuck back to your own time and kill him there, that should save you the trouble of hunting him down. Might as well take Stitch too.

Maybe. You're not really sure if that's how it works. You don't really care though.

[I.] Next

You dump them in the Wrathtub, then stick the tub in your own Deck of Cards.

But you give Boxcars back his sordid literature, which he'd carelessly left in plain sight. No one will ever catch you leaving your smut around. And even if you did, that copy of Terrier Fancy Magazine could belong to ANYBODY. No one could prove nothin'.

[I.] SS: Stick Crowbar's pin back in again.

You go back to your original timeline.

But now, stuffed in your chest you've got a live Crowbar from another timeline. Brought to the timeline where he's supposed to be dead... so you guess now he's alive in this timeline which is in part defined by his death? Ok, whatever. You should probably just kill him again anyway.

Also Sawbuck from another timeline is in there too. So you guess now there are two Sawbucks? This is getting kind of dumb.

[I.] Next

You open the chest releasing them both. Crowbar doesn't look too pleased.
[Image description: Crowbar fires his gun and Slick deflects the bullets with his horsehead cane. They hit Sawbuck instead and they flash to a time when none of the clocks were smashed and another Sawbuck was in the room.]

You deflect his gunfire into the awesome gravitational pull of Sawbuck's astonishing girth.

Everybody into the past!

[Image description: The new sawbuck pulls out a gun to fire at Slick at the same time that Crowbar fires. Slick dodges out of the way and the new Sawbuck and Crowbar disappear. One of the clocks is now shot and splattered with blood.]

You dodge his next round too.

It seems Sawbuck from this timeline (i.e. the "real" Sawbuck) was in this room at this point in time. He and Crowbar exchange bullets. Off they go.

They no doubt go on to spend the rest of their ammunition peppering each other throughout the timeline, destroying all these clocks in the process between now and the present. You guess that explains the mess when you got here. Thank God you figured that out. You'd have surely lost sleep over it.

20 of 107 Clocks Redestroyed. For the first time. Eventually... You know what, never mind.

[Image description: Slick stabs Sawbuck in the side with his sword. Suddenly, all the clock are destroyed and another Spades Slick stands in the background. This new Slick holds the voodoo doll.]

Ok you think you got one.

Time travel sure can be a...

Double Edged Sword.

(sunglasses emoji)

Wait, that was awful. Really really bad. You're sure you can do better than that.

[Image description: The two Slicks stare at each other as Sawbuck shakily raises a gun.]

Let's see... sorry to... no... time's running... no wait... fuck.

You ask yourself from the past for a little help. Time's... something about time. Time being up. No wait, how about some kind of clock pun. No, dammit, will you just listen. You were almost onto something. Time... time is...

Screw this. Too many cooks in the kitchen.
Oh and just what does this quivering mound of blubber think he is up to?


[Image description: Spades Slick stabs Sawbuck in the shoulder with a small knife. They disappear, leaving the New Slick in the room by himself.]

Just as you hear your past self asking what happened to your eye, you jab Sawbuck with your Butterfly Effect Knife. You remember a little while ago asking yourself about your eye, and not giving yourself an answer just before disappearing. Maybe if you stopped and thought about it for a second, you could have warned yourself and avoided the whole mess, albeit in the process of creating a paradox. But your strict policy of stabbing first and answering questions later prevented it. You're sure your past self understands slash understood. You are sure of this because you very clearly remember understanding slash understooding.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Spades Slick still stands in the room his future self and Sawbuck just vacated through time shenanigans.]

You are now Past Spades Slick... again.

You were just about to pull Crowbar's pin. You guess all that stuff with your future self and Sawbuck originally happened in this room while we were all off watching someone else, like Diamonds Droog or something. That makes sense.

[I.] PSS: Remove Crowbar's pin.

[Image description: Slick removes a pin and disappears. A second image is just a collage of various important scenes from the past few pages.]

A whole bunch of shit happens that we already saw.

[Note: the previous sentence is a link to the page where Slick removed Crowbar's pin.]

[I.] PSS: Be Future Spades Slick.

[Image description: It shows Spades Slick stabbing Sawbuck. They flash into the room at a point in the future. The room is soaked with blood, the clocks are even more destroyed, and half of Sawbuck's torso and Crowbar's head sit on the floor.]

Being your future self is a lot more constructive because you get to do stuff you haven't already done.

Looks like you're in the future. It's a bloody mess in here. The clocks are more bullet-riddled than ever. And it seems Crowbar and both Sawbucks have been decapitated. You're almost certain this is something you will be, or were already, responsible for. Which of course means more time traveling.

Looks like the tub and chest are gone. Which means future-you must have packed up and left already. Got to take note of these sorts of things so you know where you are in the timeline.

You notice something on the wall over there...

[I.] Next
One of the clocks that wasn't destroyed before is now bloodied and full of holes.
Not especially noteworthy. You just have a feeling you should register this fact.

108 of 1000 Clocks Destroyed

[1.] SS: Quickly remove lance from Sawbuck.

You pry the Cigarette Holder from his torso. Whoops, another time jump.
This tub of goo keeps going for his gun. Widebody's gotta settle his big ass down.
You really should incapacitate him without inflicting another wound.

[1.] SS: Knock Sawbuck unconscious.

Count Some Sheep Bitch
Wait... the clock on the wall...

[1.] Next

It hasn't been destroyed yet.
But it's about to be. It's ticking down to the time it's stuck on in the future.
Maybe if you time it just right, you can end this whole mess in one fell slice.

[1.] Next

You've even got an ice-cold one-liner to dish out when the time comes. You've been working pretty hard on it.
Wait for it... wait for it...
Hate to cut and...
Wait, no. Not yet.
Wait for it...
Hate to... no.
Wait...

Hate to cut and DAMMIT. Not yet.

Hate to cut and run.

...

SHIT.

Hate to...

Hate to...

[I.] Next

[Image description: Spades Slick holds the cigarette holder in his mouth. A moment later, the Sawbuck and Crowbar who were shooting each other appear. Slick pulls out his sword and decapitates Crowbar and both Sawbucks in one slice. This flashes them all to a time where the clocks are more destroyed and the room is soaked with blood. Crowbar's head lands on top of the deck of cards.]

Hate to chop all of your heads off with this sword. Real sorry about that. My bad.

You slay them all with your Rapier Wit.

[I.] Next

[Image description: It shows the wall of mugshots. All of the mugshots except 4, 12, 13, 15, and Lord English's question mark are crossed out. Someone has drawn in the spot where Snowman's (8) mugshot should be. It is a really rough drawing of her flailing her arms and saying Bluh Bluh. It is labeled Huge Bitch. This drawing is not crossed out. Doze (2) and Trace (3) have a note written above them that says Still Waiting to Explode, I Think. but Yeah, Dead. Crowbar (7) has been scribbled over, crossed out a second time in grey, and labeled Deader. Stitch (9) is crossed out in grey and labeled Uh...(question mark) Sorta Dead. Sawbuck (12) is crossed out twice, once in red and once in grey, and labeled Dead X 2.]

9 of 15 Green Torsos Dead

2 of 9 Green Torsos Deadened Twice

1 of 15 Green Torsos Dead for the first time, but it's an alternate universe torso, so you guess maybe it doesn't count(?)

7 of 108 Clocks Gratuitously Redestroyed

[I.] Next

[Image description: Spades Slick stands among the carnage. The Wrathtub and pack of cards from under Crowbar's head are gone.]

You grab the tub and chest and move on. That is Altogether Enough of this nonsense.

[I.] DD: Call Spades.

[Image description: Clubs Deuce and Diamonds Droog stand in Stitch's workshop with Stitch
between them. Deuce, who no longer has the bomb under his hat, pokes Stitch with his bull penis cane. Droog talks into his radio, which has a spade alert over it. In the background are two white effigies wearing copies of Diamonds Droog and Spades Slick's hats. The Slick one has a tear on its head where an eye would be to match the gash Snowman gave him. A second image shows Slick standing in a hallway and talking into his own radio, which has a diamond alert above it.

You check up on Slick's status. Slick says he killed Crowbar again, Sawbuck twice, and Stitch once. You ask him if it was an alternate timeline Stitch. He says he guesses so. You say that doesn't count. You've got the real one here. He mutters some foul language you can't quite make out, but you tell him never mind and hurry down to meet you at the vault.

He says he took some damage from Snowman. You say you know. You're having some Effigies made of yourselves with your backup hats. Deuce brought Slick's crumpled backup hat which he wound up with somehow. Not sure what happened to Deuce's. Boxcars is obviously tied up at the moment, so you can't get your hands on his yet.

Slick says he's got both their hats and he'll be down ASAP. You say alright. He says in the meantime see what you can do about this eye.

[I.] DD: Have Stitch patch up SS's effigy.

[Image description: Droog aims a gun at Stitch, who holds a black needle in his hand. Deuce has put away his bull penis cane.]

Get to work, threadmonkey.

[I.] SS: Have right eye patched up.

[Image description: A line of stitches appears over Slick's good eye, leaving the gash on the other still open.]

Dammit.

Your sprite was flipped the wrong way.

You get Diamonds on the radio and tell him to undo it and wait until you're turned around. He says it's the right eye, right? Were you facing left or right? You say it's only right when facing left. It's the left eye when facing right. He says oh, so it's the left-right eye. You say yeah, but hang on a minute, you'll turn around so it's right-left. He says ok, he'll wait.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Stitch stands closer to the effigy. The gash is now stitched up with yellow thread. A second image shows Slick in the hallway, but facing the other direction. The stitches are now over the correct eye.]

That's better.

[I.] SS: Arm yourself, in case Cans shows up.

[Image description: Slick holds Snowman's lance and his horsehead cane.]

If Cans shows up, none of these weapons you've got are going to do any good.

You admire the Lance for a moment. It's a pretty sweet weapon with outstanding craftsmanship. At
least you got something out of the eye-gouging. She'll have to pry this thing from your rigid severed arm if she wants it back.

[I.] SS: Ride around on horse hitcher pretending to joust.

[Image description: Slick flails around with the cane between his legs and the lance in his free hand.]

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA...

[I.] Next

[Image description: He freezes as Snowman stares in through a window.]

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW OH SHIT.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Snowman disappears.]

[I.] Next

[Image description: Slick throws his hat on the ground with a small Pof.]

You can't BELIEVE she saw you horsing around like that. You will never live this down.

[I.] DD: Shoot up biscuit and eggs's effigies.

[Image description: Clubs Deuce, Diamonds Droog, and Stitch stand in the vault room, which is full of time travel copies of Biscuits and Eggs surrounding a single Hearts Boxcars. Clover (4) dances on top of the safe. Deuce and Droog shoot the Eggs and Biscuits closest to the edge of the crowd while Stitch stands behind them.]

Stitch keeps their Effigies in a big warehouse several miles away because of their ridiculous duplication tendencies.

You're sure as hell not going to drive all the way over there, so you just shoot at them in person.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Deuce and Droog stand in the crowd of Eggs and Biscuits near Boxcars. Timers and buzzers go off all around them. Some of the Eggs begin to flash purple.]

This was such an unbelievably terrible idea.

[I.] Next

[Image description: At the edge of the crowd, Stitch holds a lighter and stares at the effigies of Spades Slick and Diamonds Droog.]

[I.] SS: CHARGE!

[Image description: Slick charges in and stabs Stitch in the chest with the lance.]

This is incredibly delirious biznasty.

(A green skater bro points towards the reader. It is the same skater bro from Bro's video game.)
[Note: The line is a link to a page of Problem Sleuth, one of the other comics on the website. It shows a man being knocked off of a giant chess piece by a lance. He spills a cup of tea as he falls. It is captioned 'This is incredibly silly'.]

[I.] Next

[Image description: A scene labeled The Present shows the outside of the mansion and an explosion blasting away a wall. A second image shows the mugshots. The note above Doze (2) and Trace (3) is crossed out and replaced with Dead!!!!. Their Xs become much thicker. The note on Stitch (9) is also crossed out and replaced with Dead!!!!. A red X appears over the grey X on Stitch.]

[I.] SS: Start whacking things with the crowbar.

[Image description: Slick uses Crowbar's crowbar to hit a timer out of one of the Eggs' hands.] The first thing you whack is Egg's Egg Timer.

[I.] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the timer, which Slick beats with the crowbar until it breaks.] You do this because of course you know that Crowbar's crowbar will destroy any temporal artifact and completely negate its effect on the timeline.

[I.] Next

[Image description: It shows the crowd of Eggs and Biscuits. In a flash, all but one of each disappear.]


[Image description: Hearts Boxcars stands near Eggs. Boxcars opens his mouth, revealing large, pointed teeth, and bites Egg's head off, spraying blood on the floor.] Your attempt was an overwhelming success.

[I.] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Biscuits, who is sweating.] Biscuits is looking a tad snug in his muffin tray.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Biscuits disappears into his oven in an orange flash.] He thinks it's about time to poke a broomstraw in this battle. His dough will live to rise another day.

See You in the Future, Suckers!!!!!


[Image description: The entire Midnight Crew stands around Biscuit's oven as Spades Slick smacks it with the crowbar, leaving a dent in the top. Eggs' headless corpse lays on the ground behind them.]
You deal the oven a wicked flogging but not much happens.

The oven doesn't really have any magical time properties to be negated. It just travels into the future at a rate of one second per second, like everyone else.


[Image description: The oven door opens and Clubs Deuce shoves a bomb inside before closing the door.]

You set the bomb to go off in a few seconds, when both it and Biscuits are released from it in a few hours.

[I.] CD: Turn up heat on Biscuit's oven.

[Image description: Clubs Deuce looks at the oven with a question mark flashing over his head. A second image shows him wheeling it away on a dolly.]

You're pretty sure this oven doesn't actually work at all.

You just wheel it off somewhere else in the mansion so it can explode in peace.

[I.] Next

[Image description: A scene labeled The Future shows the outside of the mansion, where another explosion rips another hole in a wall. A second image shows the mugshots. Red Xs appear over Eggs (12) and Biscuits (13). The only ones not crossed out are Lord English's question mark, the drawing of Snowman, Clover (4), and Cans (15).

12 of 15 Green Torsos Dead

Probably some more clocks destroyed too

[I.] SS: Use crowbar to pry the safe open.

[Image description: Spades Slick holds the crowbar near the safe. Clover (4), who has jumped down from the top of the safe, flails nearby.]

Since your expert safe cracker apparently spent the last five or six hours being totally useless down here, you figure it's time to take things into your own hands.

Huh? What's this little fella all worked up about?

[I.] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Clover shaking his head as a small green exclamation point flashes nearby.]

Clover insists that you reconsider! Using that to pry open the vault would be EVER so much bad luck! Like breaking a thousand mirrors all at once! The sort of mirrors that tick and have numbers and tell time and stuff. That is the worst kind of mirror to break, luckwise.

[I.] SS: Politely ask Clover to remain calm.

[Image description: Clover begins doing something that looks like a cross between flailing and dancing. The background turns into two spirals spinning in counterpoint and clocks, pool balls, and
question marks hover around him.

He refuses outright and starts doing a really frisky jig!

DOO DEE DOO DEE DOO DOO
DOO DEE DOO DEE DOO DOO

He begins spinning a fanciful series of riddles illuminating the true path to opening the vault. Mysterious music fills your ears as your mind assumes the shape of a pretzel.

DOO DEE DOO DEE DOO DOO
DOO DEE DOO DEE DOO DOO
DOO DOO DOO DEE DOO DOO DOO
DOO DEE DOO DEE DOO DOO

This is how the music would sound if we were listening to it right now.


[Image description: Diamonds Droog points a gun at Clover, who freezes.]

You ask Clover to open the safe.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Clover giggles and covers his mouth.]

What's this? Hee hee! You think you can shoot Clover? He is so lucky the gun will probably jam or something predictable like that. Nice try though!

[I.] Next

[Image description: Diamonds Droog begins smacking Clover in the head with a rolled up newspaper.]

You just start whacking him with a newspaper instead.

You don't have to be all that unlucky to get whacked around with a newspaper. It's sort of a gray area.

[I.] DD: Check personal ads of periodical.

[Image description: It shows the newspaper, which is the Gazette. Awful Tragedy of the Sea at Night in Midocean - Wireles Brings Aid, But Too Late to Save All - The Crew Stuck by the Ship… Another newspaper is underneath it. The Gray Ladies "All the nudes that's fit to print"
Late Edition
Volume Number 54,231
No Clothes, No Shame, No Chroma. It shows a woman standing and looking coyly towards the camera. She is naked, but her breasts are covered by a bouquet and her arm and she covers her genitals with her free hand.
Her Gray Area Exposed. on Page 9. It shows a naked woman laying on her front on a floral sofa in front of a bookshelf. She smokes a cigarette and looks towards the camera. You No Hue'll Get Excited. It shows the same woman from the previous picture sitting at a table and smoking a cigarette. Her breasts and genitals would be visible, but the corner of the Gazette paper covers her.

This isn't a real newspaper. It's just a wrapper for your private sordid literature, which no one can ever see.

Uh oh, it's slipping out a bit. Your appetite for Monochrome Beauties is nearly on public display. Gotta keep a lid on that smut! Especially with Clover around.

[.]

[Image description: The Gray Ladies newspaper sits on the ground and Clover stares down at it as his hat bounces off of his head. A red dotted line leads from his eye to the paper and is labeled Ogle. The entire room shakes.]

Suddenly the whole vault room is shaking. You wonder what it could be.

It sounds suspiciously like Cans is about to plow through the wall Kool-Aid Man style. You pray to God that it is not Cans about to plow through the wall Kool-Aid Man style.

[.]

[Image description: Cans (15), who is easily 3 times as tall as Spades Slick, busts through the wall.]

All of a sudden Cans plows through the wall Kool-Aid Man style.

[.]

[Image description: Cans punches Diamonds Droog in the face and he disappears.]

Oh No!

[.]

[Image description: A calendar takes up the entire panel. In Monday the 13th of whatever month this is, it shows Cans punching Droog. Monday the 20th shows Droog in an aisle of shelves. A second image shows him from the 20th, where he sits on the floor of a grocery store.]

He punches you into next week.

You find yourself going about your business a week later. Looks like you're doing a little grocery shopping.

You're a bit confused, having no memory of the previous week. You have no idea what is on your grocery list. Are you out of milk?? What kind of produce do you need to stock up on?? It is all a little overwhelming.

And to make things worse,

the selection has too many

........

PRICES and VAULES
SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF
go shopping

A white box with a pink border says (in "SBahHJ go shopping). This is the only thing in the first panel of the comic.

Sweet Bro stands in a poorly drawn grocery aisle, though half of him sticks out past the right border of it. To the left of the shelves, Geromy stands on top of poorly erased grass. He is labeled with his name.

Sweet Bro walks towards the right, carrying two cans. He says not all the cans are the same

It zooms in on the two cans, which both say Beans. what's the difference

A squished picture of Sweet Bro stands among flying cans. A bright yellow text box above his head reads this selection has too many

PRICES and VAULES

Several panels are smushed together on a black background. The first shows Sweet Bro holding his head like he did when complaining about socks. In fact, it is the same panel, but flipped.
Gog Damn
The second shows him holding his head while facing the other direction.
Its like
Who needs this fuckeng bullshit
The third shows him looking towards the left with multiple five pointed stars superimposed on his shirt.
It is so
INFUUUUUURATING
Shit whare's the manager.

Hella Jeff looks through a shelf where the products have been moved so he can see through from the next aisle.

It zooms in on him.
and there he goes
he has... the managers attention

Hella Jeff stares.
and now. the police are involved. jesus chris

A slightly more jpeg artifact ridden version of the same image.

AHAHAHA omfg

Literally the same image again.

i cant BELIEVE what he made take place
The last panel is a 3 by 3 grid that shows Hella Jeff slowly fading from his gap in the shelves until the gap is just black. The last slot is empty.

[I.] HB: Use Eggs' body as bait for Cans.

[Image description: Battle Technique flashes red and yellow at the top of the screen. Hearts Boxcars throws Eggs' corpse, which is labeled Torso Flail in flashing red and yellow.]

You flail the torso Cans-ward in an attempt to placate him with the red meat.

[Note: 'Placate him with the red meat' is a link that opens a page of Problem Sleuth. It is titled AD: Use half-dead body as bait for that monster. The top of the screen has the same Battle Technique banner. It shows a man in a suit and white fedora throwing the top half of a similarly-dressed man around a corner to where a monster stands. Torso Flail is written above the alive man. The monster has two almost bird-like legs, a slug-like body, tiny arms that extend from its neck, and two longhorn-like horns that face downwards. Its eyes are incredibly wide set and small and it's mouth has blood dripping from it.]

[I.] Next

[Image description: Cans punches Hearts Boxcars and he disappears. It shows the calendar again, this time with Boxcars punched so hard he busts through the lines between the rest of the days of the week, then out of the calendar itself. The third image shows him landing in the cover of another calendar.

The Spirited Horse
It has a picture of a chestnut colored horse with a black mane looking left.
The wind of Heaven is that which blows between a horse's ears.
-Arabian Proverb]

It doesn't work!!!

Cans clocks Boxcars entirely out of the current calendar year. You land in a totally different outdated calendar.

[I.] Next

[Image description: It shows the back of the calendar, which shows all 12 images from the calendar in a 4 by 3 grid. The caption at the top reads

The Spirited Horse brings to life in vivid imagery the true nature and spirit of the horse. Demonstrating the legendary allure of horses in spectacular photographs, this new calendar from Sellers Publishing will answer the call of the wild and inspire equine enthusiasts to dream of sunlit fields, rhythmic hoof beats, flowing manes and the shared exuberance for freedom. Each photo evokes the strength and majesty of the horse; from the poise of a strong and graceful neck, to the seemingly whimsical and bold strides of a horse at play. Accompanied by appealing quotes, this is an essential calendar for horse lovers as well as those who enjoy fine art photography. No other animal inspires so many as fierce and bold a passion as can The Spirited Horse.

Two dark brown horses walk through the snow near several snow-covered fir trees. Hearts Boxcars stands near them.
Horse, thou art truly a creature without equal, for thou fiest without wings and conquerest without sword. The Koran.

A white horse turns its head to the right. Boxcars stands behind it.
In every line and curve of his body there was a little wild gracefulness, an exultant beauty that was strength and swiftness and freedom. Herbert Ravenel Sass.

Boxcars stands next to a medium brown horse that has one of its forelegs pulled up. Far back, far back in our dark soul the horse prances... The horse, the horse! The symbol of surging potency and power of movement, of action. D. H. Lawrence.

Two brown horses with white bellies and faces jump around in a field. Boxcars, as with all the others, stands nearby. The horses paw and prance and neigh, Fillies and colts like kittens play, And dance and toss their rippled manes. Shining and soft as silken skeins. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A chestnut horse stands in front of trees with yellow leaves. Boxcars stands to the left. Kissed by sunlight, embraced by open fields, the horse is the center of all beautiful things. Author Unknown.

Two white horses run across a meadow. Boxcars stands behind them. The Horse. Friendship without envy, beauty without vanity, nobility without conceit, a willing partner, yet no slave. Author Unknown.

A chestnut horse with a black mane looks to the left. Boxcars is not in this picture. The horse, with beauty unsurpassed, strength immeasurable and grace unlike any other, still remains humble enough to carry a man upon his back. Amber Senti.

A black horse with red-brown spots runs across a beach. Boxcars rides on its back. They are more beautiful than anything in the world, kinetic sculptures, perfect form in motion. Kate Millett.

A white speckled horse runs around a corral. Boxcars rides on its back. A lovely horse is always an experience. It is an emotional experience of the kind that is spoiled by words. Beryl Markham.

A black horse looks towards the camera. Boxcars is not in this one. Through his mane and tail the high wind sings, fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings. Shakespeare, Venus and Adonis.

A chestnut horse and her foal stand on a hill. At the base of the hill is Hearts Boxcars. The horse through all its trials has preserved the sweetness of paradise in its blood. Johannes Jensen.

The same horse from the cover looks left. Boxcars stands behind it. The essential joy of being with horses is that it brings us in contact with the rare elements of grace, beauty, spirit and freedom. Sharon Ralls Lemon.

Looks like this one's themed with Spirited Horses. You'll be up to your ass in horses for a whole year. Just great, this is just what you need to be doing. Farmin' all these goddamn horses. Fuckin' pain in the ass.

[I.] SS: Ignore him and just pry the safe open.

[Image description: Slick begins prying at the safe. Purple and white lightning crackles over its surface and Clover jumps around nervously.]

You don't care what the consequences are. You're going to crack open this safe and be done with it.
This whole intermission was starting to get a little punchy anyway.

[I.] Next

[Image description: The vault stands open with Spades Slick at its base. The rest of the house is in ruins. Three pillars of smoke come up from the ruins. It shows the mugshots again. Everyone except Lord English and Snowman are crossed out. Another lineup shows the Midnight Crew. Everyone is crossed out except for Slick.]

The massive release of temporal distortion from the vault transports you to a highly unfavorable timeline. Looks like the entire mansion was leveled, except for the vault and its enclosure. Everyone's dead except for you and you know who.

But at least the safe's open.

1000 of 1000 Clocks Destroyed
14 of 15 Green Torsos Dead
3 of 4 Black Scofflaws Offed

[I.] SS: Enter the vault.

[Image description: Slick stands in a small grey room. There's a hole in the floor where it looks like bricks were removed. Underneath the hole is a trapdoor with a spade shape around a keyhole.]

There's nothing in here except an opening in the floor. There is a door with a keyhole, and you have a feeling you know how to open it.

You only wonder why English's treasure would be locked behind a door with a spade on it.

[I.] SS: Dramatically use the spade key.

[Image description: Slick holds a black key in his hand. The end of it is shaped like a spade. You guess this is what the Spade Key was for all this time. You dramatically wield the Spade Key in a matter of fact manner.]


[Image description: Slick stares down at the trap door. The keyhole is gone, replaced by a small square with three small red laser lights coming out of it.]

What Keyhole? It was clearly a Barcode Scanner all along. Like the kind they sweep groceries over at supermarkets. That reminds you, you should really do some shopping next week.

You're not going to peek inside because the lasers could blind you in one eye. OH WAIT


[Image description: Slick holds the Rules for Blackjack card so the barcode on the back is facing the reader.]

This was never a problem because there is clearly a barcode printed on your Rules Card for Blackjack.
As well as your arm. But there's nothing wrong with a little redundancy you guess.

[I.] SS: Get on with it.

[Image description: Something white suddenly shoots through the barcode on the playing card. Spades Slick looks towards the left and a question mark appears next to him.]

Huh?

[I.] Next

[Image description: Snowman stands in the vault door, holding a smoking gun and a whip. She glares at Slick.]

[I.] Next

[Image description: Slick sneers and holds up the cigarette holder.]

Oh are you looking for this well come and get it you contemptuous she-witch.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Snowman uncurls her whip. A second image shows the end hurdling across the screen.]

Snowman's Black Inches no doubt have been responsible for more than a few Red Cheeks.

[I.] Next

[Image description: The whip wraps around Slick's wrist, the one with the barcode, and he looks at it in confusion. A bullet streaks across the screen and hits him in the shoulder, weakening it enough for her to rip his arm off with her whip. The background turns red and he starts screaming.]

[I.] Next

[Image description: Snowman and Jack's arm are just outside the vault door. Snowman begins to disappear, but just before she does, the door slams shut.]

[I.] Next

[Image description: Slick glares at the door. The lasers from the barcode reflect off his forehead.]


[Image description: Slick stands in the middle of the vault and turns the other way. Suddenly, his left arm reappears and his right arm is missing. Turn-Ways Sprite Flip appears at the top of the screen.]

you got to FLIP it TURN-WAYS

[Note: This caption is in comic sans and is a link to a sweet Bro and Hella Jeff comic.]

SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF

Hella Jeff lays in a bed and clutches a purple blanket. A purple and brown thought bubble is above his head.
He stands in the middle of a basketball court.
in my dream
i am the star.
its me

The black basketball player from the Sports comic comes onto the court.
and THEN
the big man comes
for a little one on one

The basketball player jumps up over Hella Jeff with the word Dunk next to him.
but it turns out to be CRAZY what kind of dunks this guy has

The same picture of the basketball player flies over Hella Jeff towards the basket, which is
suddenly much taller. Poorly photoshopped flames are where the player was.
im telling you. . . . air like that is UNREAL, it doesn't even HAPPEN.
most of the time
the coart is on FIRE

It zooms in on Hella Jeff
dude come get the ruler check this out

Sweet Bro comes on and measures Sweet Bro's width
ok dude
no

The picture is suddenly much darker.
Your holdung it wrong
dude..................
no dude..

It shows the same picture.
dude
dude hurry
look he'ss escaping from above

Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff begin fighting for the ruler.
dude no ../.
let me show you
no
fuck
no
dude

It shows the same image.
no...
fuck
dude...
you got to FLIP it TURN-WAYS
FUCK
The basketball player goes so far up that half of him is off screen.
jesus
fuck
dude

The conversations repeat fractally as the basketball player escapes gravity.
The last image shows Hella Jeff asleep in bed again, but this time ringed by a golden frame.

[I.] SS: Scan the barcode.

[Image description: The hatch is open and a cylindrical tube identical to the one W.V. found in the desert is underneath it. The spirograph-bearing lid leans against the wall.]

[I.] Next

[Image description: A ladder descends down the tube.]

[I.] Next

[Image description: A blood trail leads away from the bottom of the ladder. Cables, some broken and some not, hang from the ceiling. A smudge of something black is on the floor.]

[I.] Next

[Image description: Spades Slick stands in front of a command prompt station like the one WV found. This one has 12 screens in a plus-shaped arrangement, like a 4 by 4 grid with the corners missing. The third monitor in the second row is the only one on. It shows a black haired boy with a black shirt and grey pants. His skin is grey and there are two small orange spots in his hair. A creature with crablike claws and head stands so it is partially off screen. Windows on the wall behind the boy are in the same plus-shaped arrangement as the monitors and two captchalogue cards sit on the floor.]

This guy again?
Been a long time.

[I.] Next

[Image description: Spades Slick types at the keyboard with one hand. His stump drips blood onto the space bar and edge of the table. A second image shows what he typed. > hey kid]

[I.] yeah you

[Image description: It shows the boy from the monitor. The crablike creature is now fully visible. It is grey and has a tail like that of a sprite. It hovers off of the floor above a white sicle. A grey cylindrical object like a cruxite dowel sits underneath the window. The boy blinks and opens his mouth like he's saying something. He has yellow eyes and the orange things in his hair are actually small horns that have a gradient from red at the base to yellow-orange at the tips. Outside the window are purple clouds and rain.]

[I.] Next

[Image description: It shows a shittily drawn version of the room with the grey boy in it. The boy is sitting on the floor.]
CG: Boggle vacantly at these shenanigans.

It begins to dawn on you that everything you are about to do may prove to have been a colossal waste of time.

A link within the picture reads END INTERMISSION

[Image description: Red curtains close over the drawing.]

END INTERMISSION.
 chapter notes

AO3 decided that Act 4 is too long, so there will be a chapter '5.5' for the second part.

Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that’s probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 4: The Flight of the Paradox Clones

[S] ACT 4 Next

[Image description: The song Doctor begins to play. Fireflies blink inside dark clouds. The image slowly pans down over a dark blue landscape that is speckled with blue-green, glowing patches. Spires of grey rock stick out of the land near black rivers. Text appears at the bottom of the screen. Land of Wind and Shade
It pans down further, onto a mountain, and the scene changes. John, wearing his Wise Guy Slime Suit, appears on a path of dark blue rock. Behind him, glowing blue and green mushrooms and plant roots cling to boulders. Just to the east, the blue gauntlet hands hold the sassacrusher. A creature that looks like an imp, but with a cat’s head, a tentacle beard, and tentacles for arms walks around. It is wearing a grey jacket in addition to the harlequin hat all the other imps wore. There are a game controller icon and a captchalogue card icon in the top left corner and a green spirograph in the top right corner. A red arrow points to the game controller icon.

Click controller icon
A black text box with a blue checkerboard border appears.
Use Arrow Keys (or WASD Keys) to walk. Spacebar to attack. Hold Shift while attacking for dual-wielding.
Hold Spacebar to charge mangrit.
Press Z to expend boypluck.
Press X to open sylladex, Arrow Keys to navigate, Spacebar to select.

Click the text box
The message changes.

Drawin' and writin' and stuff by Andrew. (DUH)
Programming by Alexis Beingessner. (damn he is good)
Additional art assets by Cindy. (hooray!)
Music: “Doctor” written by George Buzinkai, remixed by Michael Vallejo and Clark Powell. (round of applause)
The captchalogue opens. It is still in the combination mode John made with the blue cards and cards split between pink and orange. Queuestack 1 has the Wise Guy book and the old Colonel Sassacre’s. 2 has the telescope, the PDA, and the Serious Business Goggles. 3 has the box of gushers and 5 shoes. 4 has one of Dad’s hats, candy corn, the barbasol bomb, and the Barber’s Best Friend.

Click an item to drop it.
Click elsewhere to close the captchalogue.

Click spirograph
A blue and black text box appears again. Nannasprite’s head hovers over it. Each click changes it to the next line of dialogue. Nannasprite speaks in her normal light blue text and John speaks in white.

Nannasprite: John, hello! Can you hear me?
John: yeah, nanna. where are you?
Nannasprite: I am still in the house, dear! I'm afraid I cannot accompany you on your journey. But I can talk to you like this, if you ever need me to provide a puzzling half-answer to one of your questions!
John: oh, ok. thanks, nanna.
Nannasprite: You should begin exploring and talking to locals! They will be able to provide you with some new insight into your quest, and may illuminate some matters on which I have remained coy to this point! HOO HOO!
John: yeah, what's up with that, nanna? did the game make you all coy and prankstery when you became a sprite or were you always like that when you were alive?
Nannasprite: Oh, wouldn't YOU like to know, dear! HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO!
John: ha ha ha... ok.
The dialogue box closes.

Click John
A black text box appears.
I am told your name is John. Is that correct?

Click the box
A black and blue text box appears.
Yep. That's right.

Click John
A black text box appears.
It's nice to meet you, John.

Click the box
A black and blue text box appears.
John isn't directly cognizant of your greeting, but I'm sure he would feel likewise.

Click John
A black text box appears.
Ok, John. Let's explore this place!

Click the box
A black and blue text box appears.
Ok, have at it! If you're at a loss, click the controller button up there.

Walk left and attack that imp!
John takes out his wrinklefucker with every press of the space bar, or the wrinklefucker and pogo hammer with shift and space and beats the imp to death, earning 6 shale.

Walk south.
The land curves around to the west and John passes many glowing trees and mushrooms along the path, which is bounded by an outcropping of blue rock on the north side and a black river to the south. The path curves back up to the north and a yellow, bipedal salamander stands there, turning back and forth and stomping its feet occasionally. A fallen blue tree makes a bridge across one of the rivers, but finish exploring this island before going anywhere!

Click the salamander.
A black box appears.
Approach amicably.

Click the box
A black and blue text box appears and the salamander begins blowing bubbles in its mouth.
Glub Glub Glub Glub

Click the Salamander again.
A black box appears.
Approach amicably.

Click the box
A black and blue text box appears and the salamander begins blowing bubbles in its mouth.
Glub Glub Glub Glub Glub Glub Glub Glub Glub Glub Glub Glub Glub

Click the Salamander again.
A black box appears.
Hear what this fellow has to say.

Click the box
A black and blue text box appears and the salamander begins blowing bubbles in its mouth.
Oh hey.

Continue along the path to the north.
The path branches into two paths, one to the west and one to the east. At the junction, two small grey pipes stick out of the ground and a Salamander moves around.

Click the Salamander.
Introduce yourself

Click the message.
A black and blue text box appears and the salamander begins blowing bubbles in its mouth.
Glub Glub! Sure is windy here! Often, wind skims the voids of the Pipes, as if grazing the hollow of a cut reed, or say, a plundered Parcel Pyxis. It is a lovely sound and brings back fond memories of my childhood. Which was a couple days ago.
Clicking the salamander again just brings up the same response.

Take the east branch.
There is a larger clearing not too far from the salamander. A blue imp that is otherwise identical to the one killed earlier stalks around a grey pipe that sticks out of the ground. To the north, another one sticks out, but this one has a red mailbox arm thing and a lid. This is a parcel pyxis.

Kill the imp!
This earns John a small bit of build grist and a new type of grist called Cobalt. The grist item for this type looks like a royal blue gusher.

Go to that parcel pyxis
Hooray! This one contains a prize! Another success for the postal system.

Click the message,
You got a Jar of Bugs!

Walk over the jar of bugs
The jar is captchalogued into the blue card of the second queuestack.

Continue following the path as it goes northwest.
A black imp without a grey jacket blocks John’s path.

Kill the imp!
This earns John some shale and build grist. Another imp, this one with a cat’s head, a princess outfit, and grey skin, stands to the north.

Kill it!
John gets some mercury and some build grist.

Follow the path as it curves west.
The only thing on this path is a cobblestone bridge to another island, but John hasn’t finished exploring this island yet!

Return to the branching path and follow the west one.
This path butts up against a black river and curves north.

Follow it!
The path branches again, one to the west and one to the east.

Go east
Not far past the junction is another parcel pyxis. This one’s arm is down.

Click the pyxis.
There is nothing inside. Should we put something in?

Click the message.
Put something in?
Yes? No?

Click no.
The box closes.

Click yes.
The captchalogue opens.

Click anywhere else and keep your items. Go down the west branch.
John returns to the clearing with the black imp and the grey princess imp. They have respawned.

There’s a blue mushroom on the ground. Walk over it and pick it up.
It goes into the first slot of the second queuestack.

Ignore the imps and go back down that west path.
The screen fades to black as a new section of the map loads. It fades back in and John stands near an empty pyxis and a black princess imp.

Kill the imp!
John gets build grist and shale. South of the imp is a full pyxis.

Click the pyxis.
This is great! Something is in there. Take a look.

Click the message.
You got a Cog!

Walk over the cog.
This captchalogues the cog into the first card of the second queuestack.

Follow the path to the east.
A grey imp stands near a salamander. To the west, another path branches off.

Kill the imp, then talk to the salamander!
The imp drops several drops of mercury.

Walking north to the salamander reveals more along the northern path.

Talk to the first salamander.
The stars are moving? What do you mean? What are these things you call stars? Oh! You mean the Fireflies. They became trapped under the clouds when The Slumbering One cast a spell on them.

Talk to the second salamander.
How did he cast a spell on them when he was asleep? Well, he wasn't ALWAYS asleep, you goofball! When he was awake he was asked by some really terrible guys to commission a whole bunch of Underlings. He then went about befouling our land with all this sludge, clogging up all our beautiful Pipes, and now it can barely breathe. He was sort of a huge dick. Once he tuckered himself out with all that I guess he decided to take a nap.

Talk to the third salamander.
The terrible guys? They are a bunch of mean fellows who like to push people around. They are called Agents. They aren't usually a problem but they sure did put a spring in their step when the Heir showed up. Whoever that is. If I ever meet him I wouldn't mind punching him in the snout to... well, to accomplish some purpose I suppose. I don't know. What were we talking about?

Talk to the fourth salamander.
Yes, the spell! The spell I'm sure you've heard from a reliable source cannot be broken unless The Slumbering One is first woken up, and then slain. Then the Breeze will again flow through the Pipes and the Fireflies will be released and allowed to go home. But I do not envy the adventurers who will presumably take on this responsibility!

Talk to the fifth salamander.
The Pipes are sacred to us for reasons you probably consider primitive and stupid. In fact, they probably are primitive and stupid, objectively speaking. But I am ok with that.

Talk to the second salamander.
As the Consorts of this Land we are predictably persecuted by dark forces, and require a hero for our salvation. Alas there is no hero in sight. Wait a minute it is you. You are the hero aren't you. Of course you are. I was so foolish to speculate otherwise through dubiously solicited monologue!
Duh!

Talk to the last salamander, who stands in a large patch of mushrooms with a hoe and a bag of mushrooms on his back.
Farmin' these goddamn mushrooms. Fuckin' pain in the ass.

Return to the place where you just killed the imp and follow the west path.
There’s another mushroom. Walk over it.
It captchalogues into your second queuestack, expelling the Serious Business goggles. Click one of the other stacks, expelling the first item from that stack, and walk over that item and the goggles.
This captchalogues them into the selected queuestack.

The west path dead ends. There is a cobblestone bridge across one of the rivers.

Cross the bridge.
On the other side is a black cat squid imp and a salamander wearing a crumpled top hat.

Kill the imp!
John gets some shale and build grist for this Heroic Feat.
Below the imp is a parcel pyxis, but it is empty.

Talk to the salamander!
I have renamed myself Crumplehat. I have dishonored my ancestors beyond comprehension with this frivolous accessory.

There is a bridge to another island made of half of a grey pipe to the east and a path that goes south.

Go south and return to the bridge later.
Not far to the south is a blue imp in a princess outfit.

Bash that imp into grist!
John earns several chunks of cobalt. The path dead ends just a little past that.

Return to the pipe bridge and cross it!
On the other side is a black cat squid imp in a princess hat and grey suit jacket.

Smash the imp into oblivion
John gets a tiny amount of build grist.
The path branches. One goes south and the other goes east.

Go south.
At the end of the path, there is a pyxis with the red arm thing up.

Click it
How exciting! A parcel for you. Retrieve it!
You got a Chunk of Amber!
The chunk has a little firefly trapped inside.

Go back and take the east path.
The screen goes black and loads another section of the map. John appears on a small sliver of island across a river from the west side of the first island.

Follow the path as it goes south
A little way down the path, there is a filled pyxis and a salamander.
Click the pyxis
This is great! Something is in there. Take a look.
You got Illegal Contraband!
The contraband is a small green frog. Walk over it and pick it up.

Talk to the salamander
Hey, nice suit, champ. I will buy it from you for 1 Boondollar.
Click the message.
Sell suit for 1 Boondollar?
Only one option appears.
No.
Click No.
I should have known only a shrewd business man would wear such a garment. I have been chagrinned in ways I never imagined possible.

Continue south.
It loads another section of the map. John now stands near a place where the black rivers empty into a small black lake. A black princess cat imp stands nearby.

You know the drill! It’s imp bashing time!
John gets some shale and build grist

A full pyxis is to the north. Open it.
You got a Chisel!
There’s now only one more open slot in the captchalogue.

Keep following the path.
A small peninsula pokes out into the lake and a salamander with a blue cruxite dowel stands on it.

Talk to the salamander.
I am freaking out here. Do you know what this is??? It is a huge log of Cruxite. More than I have ever seen. It is the most precious material in existence. Why if I had access to a means of producing an unlimited supply, I would be the richest salamander in the Land.
Click the message.
Just kidding. It's completely worthless. Here, you want it? It's free.
Walk over the dowel. Now the captchalogue is completely full.

A cobblestone bridge goes across the lake. Go down it.
It curves around to a small island in the lake. There’s a blue cat squid imp in a grey jacket and harlequin hat.

Make it dead!
John gets a little bit of cobalt.

Two paths branch off of the island. One goes to the northeast and one to the east.

Take the northeast one.
It leads to another small island with a full pyxis on it.

Open the pyxis!
You got the uncarved minitablet!
The minitablet looks like a piece of white stone carved to look like a captchalogue card. Now your captchalogue is full. You need to get rid of something.
Put a shoe in the pyxis and retrieve the tablet.
Once again, the captchalogue is full, but now with one less shoe and one more tablet.

Keep following the path.
It meets up with the eastern path off the other island and they both lead to the other side of the
lake, where a salamander wrapped in John’s ghost sheets stands.

Talk to the salamander.
I am a secret wizard. Behold my robes.
Click the message.
An option appears.
Behold Robes?
Yes? No?

Click yes.
You wonder what the hell a secret wizard is. This guy is making you a little nervous. You don't
think you'll ask him for your bedsheets back.

Click no.
You wonder what the hell a secret wizard is. This guy is making you a little nervous. You don't
think you'll ask him for your bedsheets back.

The same outcome happens for both, so it really wasn’t much of a choice, was it?

To the north is a grey harlequin imp. Smash it.
John gets a bit of build grist.
John is now on the other side of the estuary from where he started. A path leads north.

Take the path.
It loads a new section of the map where a black princess imp, a filled pyxis, and a salamander are.

Kill the imp
John gets a little bit of shale from the imp.

Talk to the salamander
This thing right here? You have never seen a Parcel Pyxis?
Incomprehensible! Ok I'll play your pretend game for a minute. It is a receptacle connected to our
network of Pipes. We use them to send stuff to different places. They are fully intertwined with our
customs and social practices.
If there is something we want, we chisel it on a minitablet and drop it in. Who receives it? Hard to
say! But if you encounter a minitablet and you possess what is chiseled on it, it is considered only
polite to drop it in the Pyxis!
Similarly, if you encounter a Parcel Pyxis that has a prize in it already, you are obligated to keep
the prize for yourself! Consider it to be a gift to you from the Breeze. This is just the way things
work...
Whenever one of us is standing near one of these, we feel compelled to give this little speech about
it.

The spirograph flashes. Click it.
Nannasprite: John, their economy of anonymous, intraglobal pipe-based bartering may seem
quaint, but you'd do well to get accustomed to it! The true Heir must learn the ways of the peoples
of the Land to progress through the Gates!
John: wait... so i'm the heir?
Nannasprite: Didn't I tell you, John?
John: no!!
Nannasprite: HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO!
      HOO!
      HOO HOO.

Open the pyxis
You got a minitablet!
The tablet falls on the ground. On it is a carving of a hat. You have a hat. Following the traditions of this strange place as explained to you by one of its inhabitants, you are obligated to place a hat into the pyxis.

Place hat in pyxis.
Now you have space for the minitablet! And no empty spots, once again.

Keep following the path.
It curves west and a hyperactive black cat harlequin imp stands there.

Smash it!
There’s a fallen tree making a bridge over a black river. Crossing it brings you back to the first salamander you encountered on the first island.

Don’t cross it! Keep following this path!
The path curves back around to the east and a blue princess imp blocks your way.

Clobber it into tiny pieces…. Tiny pieces of grist!
It drops a large chunk of build grist.

Keep going
A black harlequin imp stands at the junction of two paths, one that goes north and one that goes to a clearing just east of you.

Imp slaughter time!
John gets a little piece of build grist.

Go north
A salamander stands at the end of the short northern path. A light blue cube and a small purple chunk of something sit next to it.

Talk to the salamander
Not long ago all these Underlings started creeping out of the pipework, and they have been a nuisance to say the least. But just a few moments ago they began spilling from the Land in greater supply, wearing more flamboyantly preposterous outfits than ever. Why you ask? On account of a series of mysterious and arcane wytchkraft-majyspelles. Ha ha just kidding. I have no idea.

Pick up the chunk.
You can’t! You have no room in your captchalogue!

Okay, fine. Backtrack to a pyxis and put two shoes in it so you free up space in your captchalogue.
Done.
Now go pick up that chunk and that blue cube while you’re at it.
That blue cube doesn’t go into the captchalogue, so it must be some kind of grist.

Now go into the clearing.
There’s a grey cat squid princess imp thing.
Kill it like all its brethren.
John gets a couple of drops of mercury for defeating this one.
Two paths branch off of the clearing. One goes north and the other is a set of stairs leading south.

Take the stairs.
Nannasprite’s text box appears.
Nannasprite: John, this will lead you to new frontiers in this Land. Are you sure you are done with this place and ready to move on? There may have been some things you missed!
An option appears.
Exit?
Yes? No?

Click no.
We’re not done here yet.

Okay, then. Take the north path.
There’s a full pyxis and a cat squid imp in a grey jacket and princess hat.

Open the pyxis first this time.
It opens and a bunch of oil spills out of it. Gross.

Ignore the oil spill and kill the imp
John gets a bunch of shale
At the end of the path is a fallen tree bridge that leads to a new island.

Cross it.
A grey squid imp in princess clothes and a harlequin hat blocks the way.

Death to the imp!!
It drops a single piece of mercury.
From where you are, you can see the gauntlet hands and sassacrusher. Apparently you are in a previously inaccessible section of the first island.

Click the sassacrusher.
What in blue blazes is this absurd looking thing?

Click the message.
You have deactivated your Ghost Gauntlets for the time being. It gets pretty distracting flailing them around all the time when all you're trying to do is explore.

Follow the path to the north.
It opens into a clearing with a large grey pipe embedded in the ground. Black stuff flows into the pipe. Or perhaps out of it. Beyond the pipe is a grey harlequin imp.

Click the pipe.
Peer into large opening?
You think you can make out a very faint noise below. Is it... snoring?

The spirograph flashes. Click it.
John: nanna, there are more imps than ever down here, and they seem to be getting stronger.
Nannasprite: Yes, dear. There are plenty of imps up here too. I had to start giving them some cookies because I baked too many. I hope you don't mind!
John: no that's ok. also they look different.
Nannasprite: That is because a new prototyping has taken place.
John: huh?
Nannasprite: Your pretty young friend has joined you in the Medium!
John: whoa, wait, rose is here? where is she? will i find her down here somewhere???
Nannasprite: oh, settle down, all of you. there are more than enough cookies to go around.
John: nanna! dammit, will you stop messing around with those stupid imps for a second!
John: nanna? sigh...

Smash the imp with your hammer.
It drops a piece of build grist.

There is a full pyxis nearby. Open it.
You got an Elegant Pipe!
It's literally just a small grey pipe. Luckily you have space in your captchalogue for it. Never know when a small pipe will come in handy.

There's a cobblestone bridge across a river that leads to another island to the north. Take it.
A princess squid imp blocks the path.

It's time to smash some imp face!
It drops three small pieces of build grist.

Just north of it, there is a filled pyxis. You have no space in your captchalogue but open it anyway.
You got an Exquisite Pipe!
Drop another shoe in the pyxis to make room for it.

The path curves to the west. A salamander holding a harlequin statue and a black imp with a princess hat and a grey jacket stand at a junction. One path goes north and the other south.

Kill the imp, then worry about the salamander.
It drops some build grist and shale.

Try hitting the salamander with the hammer, just to see what happens.
Why would you even think that, you monster? Besides. The game won’t even let you.

Talk to the salamander with the statue. And don’t hit it.
Wanna buy this? It fell from Skaia. I guarantee it.
An option appears.
Buy harlequin figurine?
Yes? No?

Click yes.
Ok that will be 5 million Boondollars. Oh what you don't have that much? Ha ha ha of course not no one does! It's impossible.

Click no.
Fine I'll just be over here sitting pretty with this choice clown thing or whatever it is. And you will be there wallowing in pitiable destitution.

Ignore this shrewd businessman… er, business salamander? Either way, ignore it and keep following the path north.
A new section of the map loads. A salamander stands nearby.

Talk to the salamander.
Glub!!! That's my way of saying go over there and check it out. 'Glub' can basically mean anything
I want it to mean. It's really cool having a bullshit language.

Pass the salamander and go to the northwest.
There’s an empty pyxis next to the edge of the island, which is apparently a plateau that looks out over more of the planet. An alert with the telescope in it bounces to the west of the pyxis.

Juggle your captchalogue until you have access to the telescope.
The view through the telescope pans up from the rocky plains with glowing plants and mushrooms and moves over a tall dirt spire with John’s house at the top, reaching up above the clouds. So this was what was below the ash. Not void, but the salamanders and the Land of Wind and Shade.

The spirograph flashes. Click it.
John: nanna, are you there?
Nannasprite: Yes!
John: i just saw my house from below. what gives? why did the gate take me down here?
Nannasprite: All the gates do, John. To ascend, each time you must first descend!
John: huh. alright. so i guess i scramble around down here until... uh, until what?
Nannasprite: Until you find the next gate. It is hidden somewhere in the Land.
John: ok, so i get to that gate and go in. then what? where does it take me? uh... further up maybe? but i haven't even built that high yet.
Nannasprite: So you see why you had to build in the first place, John? You must have a little faith in your dear old nanna!
John: yeah, well, i do nanna but i'm still not really getting it. does the next gate down here take me back up to the house or something?
John: please don't say hoo hoo hoo
Nannasprite: HOO. HOO HOO.

The salamander now stands closer to the edge. Talk to it.
That weird white boxy thing appeared up there a little while ago. Then it gradually became even boxier, and also taller. They say that's where the Heir lives. Who's they? Wise folk I guess. Maybe elders or something like that. Man I don't know. Also, isn't it funny how I'm sort of taking your existence here in stride? I'm treating it like it's no big deal.

Leave the lookout.
Now go down the south path instead.
A fallen tree makes a bridge over one of the black rivers. Cross it and keep following the path.

Now you’re in another previously inaccessible section of the first island. A set of stairs is at the north end of the path and makes a bridge over a river. On the bridge is another chunk of purple something. You have no choice but to pick it up as you cross the bridge. Leave whatever falls out on the ground. You can come back for it in a minute. There’s a salamander and a filled pyxis just northeast of the bridge.

Go talk to the salamander.
This thing right here? You have never seen a Parcel Pyxis?
Incomprehensible! Ok I'll play your pretend game for a minute. It is a receptacle connected to our network of Pipes. We use them to send stuff to different places. They are fully intertwined with our customs and social practices.
If there is something we want, we chisel it on a minitablet and drop it in. Who receives it? Hard to say! But if you encounter a minitablet and you possess what is chiseled on it, it is considered only polite to drop it in the Pyxis!
Similarly, if you encounter a Parcel Pyxis that has a prize in it already, you are obligated to keep
the prize for yourself! Consider it to be a gift to you from the Breeze. This is just the way things work...
Whenever one of us is standing near one of these, we feel compelled to give this little speech about it.

Open the pyxis.
You got a minitablet!
This tablet has a shoe carved in it. Luckily you saved one. Juggle your captchalogue cards until you can get at a shoe.

Dump the two carved tablets on the ground. You already fulfilled their requests, so you won’t need them again. Then go pick up the item you dropped for the chunk of purple stuff.

Follow the path west and kill the cat princess imp in your way.
John gets three little pieces of build grist.

To the west of where the imp was is an oil splattered, decapitated frog statue. A chunk of purple stuff sits in front of it, a salamander stands to the west of it, and a black harlequin imp in a grey jacket stands to the southwest.

Grab the chunk, then slaughter the imp!
The imp drops two massive pieces of shale and a little bit of build grist.

A piece of the light blue cube grist sits on the ground behind the salamander. Grab it.

Okay, now talk to the salamander.
Look at this! Another Cherished Idol profaned! Such sacrilege has become commonplace with the recent glut of Underlings. It would bring a tear to my eye if I were not so clearly fit to be tied with these hyperactive mannerisms and severe attention deficit oh my god look a bug.

Click the statue.
This was sacred and precious. It is very sad to look at now.
Click the message.
A black and blue text box appears.
Looks like the imps made short work of it. Or judging by the damage to the stone, probably something bigger. Man these guys must really hate frogs.

The spirograph flashes. Click it.
John: what's up with this thing?
Nannasprite: Amphibious and reptilian life forms play a special role in your quest, John.
John: what kind of role? like frogs and stuff?
Nannasprite: ESPECIALLY frogs, John.
John: (several question marks)

To the southwest of the statue and salamander is a cobblestone path. It is the first cobblestone path you found, the one on the first island. No need to go back there.

Make your way back around to the exit stairs. Just ignore the imps on the way.

Go up the stairs.
Nannasprite: John, this will lead you to new frontiers in this Land. Are you sure you are done with this place and ready to move on? There may have been some things you missed!
It gives you an option
Exit?
Yes? No?

You could stay in this walkaround if you wanted to, but everything’s been done.

Click Yes.
The screen goes black. End of walkaround.

Map.

[Note: Map is a link that opens a map of all the islands, in case someone gets lost while trying to play.]

In a future settled askance of the present...

[Image description: It shows the frog temple against a yellow sky. The level of decay indicates it’s in W.V, P.M, and A.R’s time. A blue laser beam comes out of nowhere and decapitates it.]

Collateral desecration mars the sacred slash illicit.

Next

[Image description: The blue laser flails around the screen as A.R aims from the tower. A second image shows that it’s one of the mechanical worms shooting it. A third image shows A.R jumping around to avoid being hit by it.]

Next

[Image description: He fires another rocket, which hits the worm. A second image shows its mangled mechanical body lying in the sand. A third image shows P.M looking through the newer hole in her facility and looking very distressed.]

Next

[Image description: A rocket flies through the air. A second image shows W.V, Serenity, and his pumpkin doing the same. A third shows him landing in the sand with his cans scattered around him. His pumpkin lands on his head with a Flop. A fourth image shows him in the crosshairs of A.R’s gun.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the carving of Bec’s head in the pumpkin. A.R tilts his head to get a better look. It shows the carving rightside up. A.R recognizes this symbol and puts down his gun in surprise. He climbs down from his tower and greets W.V with his arms up in the air. W.V just looks a little confused by this sudden change in behavior.]

Next

[Image description: W.V stops celebrating and looks to the side. P.M lunges towards him with her sword.]

Next

[Image description: W.V and Serenity flail in the background. P.M holds A.R pinned to the ground and glares at him. She looks like she would be willing to stab him if he so much as breathed wrong.]
In the mystic ruins of an era pre-desecration...

An ancient Time Capsule has blossomed. You find nested in its petals a juice-stained sburb Beta once belonging to one of your friends.

What will you do?

Jade: Take the discs.

You captchalogue the sburb Beta. It uneventfully tucks itself into your sylladex.

You think you're getting kind of bored with this fetch modus. You like to mix it up now and then. Maybe you'll peruse your selection and try out another one.

[Note: “Peruse your selection” is a link to Jade: Set modus, which is the page where all of her modi were shown.]

Jade: Switch to Jenga modus.

You swap your modus to Jenga, ejecting your sylladex in the process.

Looks like the Time Capsule has reset itself. It is sprouting a new bud. Presumably something else will come out when it blooms again in about 400 years.

Too bad you won't be around to find out what it is!

Next

[Image description: a tower of white jenga blocks appears next to her. She captchalogues the tangle buddies and the card splits into three. Three blocks in the jenga tower turn pink.]

Your modus grabs the 18 cards needed to set itself up. It divides each card into three Captchalogue Blocks.

You begin picking up your items. The item is captchalogued, chopped into three blocks, and distributed randomly into the block tower.

Next

[Image description: All of Jade’s items are the in the sylladex now. She stands next to the tower of blocks, which has three blocks highlighted pink.]

You gather up the rest of your items. Might as well try it out!

You go for all the blocks containing your Tangle Buddies.
Careful... careful...

Next

[Image description: Jade teeters for a moment, then collapses forward onto the tower, asleep. The Jenga logo flashes on screen, then all of Jade’s items explode out around her. Fertilizer is everywhere and the tangle buddies land on top of her.]

Jade: Switch to Pictionary modus.

[Image description: Jade sits up with the tangle buddies still on her head. The Pictionary fetch modus is in the top right corner.]

Yeah, that one's obviously not going to work.

You switch to Pictionary, a choice based on a strong whim from the mysterious ethers of democracy.

[Note: the phrase “mysterious ethers of democracy” opens a page that shows the results of a poll. Pick Jade's new modus
Boggle 3% [7]
Pictionary 21% [48]
Monopoly 11% [25]
Yahtzee 1% [3]
Clue 19% [42]
Connect Four 2% [5]
Jenga 17% [39]
Battleship 10% [23]
Ouija 7% [17]
Guess Who 4% [8]
Operation 4% [10]
Total votes : 227]

Jade: Try out new Pictionary modus.

[Image description: Jade looks at her lunchtop, which has a red angry face alert over it. She jumps on top of the lunchtop and kicks the alert off screen, then pulls out a tablet that looks like a green and white captchalogue card.]

Ok, you start by trying to grab your Lunchtop.

After you ditch an unwelcome solicitor first, that is.

You've got to concentrate here!

Jade: Draw Lunchtop.

[Image description: It shows the tablet, which has a rough drawing of the lunchtop on it. Off to the left side, there are several buttons. There are 4 rectangular ones in a row, then a round one within a circle, and another set of rectangular ones. All the rectangular ones have strange symbols next to them.]

You draw a really nice looking Squiddle lunchbox on the Captchalogue Scribblepad.

Next
The modus recognizes what you were trying to draw and snaps it right up. Nice going!

Jade: Captchalogue the beta.

Look at these fabulous beta envelopes you just drew!

Your sylladex thinks they are fabulous too!

YEAH!!!!!!!!!!!!

Jade: Quick! Random scribbling!

You do a very quick doodle of nothing in particular.

The Scribblepad appears to be processing the shapes.

Next

Is that... Is that Charles Dutton?

Next

Since you do not actually have a Dutton Photo lying around, the pad captchalogue a Dutton Photo Ghost Image. It is not a tangible item, and can never be used ever. It seems to be more of an imprint on the card itself, like a watermark.

However, the back of the card does seem to contain a viable Captcha Code for a real Dutton Photo, for whatever it’s worth.

Which is very little.

Jade: Draw a pumpkin.
You sketch a beautiful, succulent Pumpkin, knowing perfectly well that a Pumpkin Ghost Image will be captchalogue, because you are quite sure there is not a Pumpkin in this room, and there surely never will be.

Next

[Image description: She holds the pad, which shows a ghost image of a pumpkin. A second image shows the pad itself with the Yay crossed out.]

You captchalogue a Pumpkin Ghost Image.

At least you have the Captcha Code for it on the back in case you ever want to replicate a real one.

Next

[Image description: It shows the back of the card, which has a pink and green checkerboard background with green and white lines crossing it. There are hundreds of letters and numbers on it, but they're all washed out or very small. There is no code for a pumpkin.]

oh nooooooo

Jade: Get the rest of your items.

[Image description: It shows the pad with a drawing of tangle buddies on it, which the pad analyzes. A second image shows the drawing replaced with two intertwined gloves with coins where the squiddles eyes were.]

You start by drawing your Tangle Buddies.

But... it looks like it's having trouble understanding the shapes?

Darn! You wanted those!

Jade: Captchalogue bass on card with Dutton ghost image.

[Image description: Jade stands by the Eclectic Bass. A second image shows a slightly inaccurate drawing of it on the pad.]

It's not up to you to say what card it goes on! The modus decides! All you get to do is draw.

Anyway you try sketching your Eclectic Bass. It's kind of hard to draw accurately.

Next

[Image description: The drawing pops into an image of a normal bass. A second image shows a more detailed drawing of the eclectic bass.]

No, that's just a ghost image of an ordinary bass. That's not right.

You try again, focusing on getting all the mechanical details just right.

Next

[Image description: The drawing pops into a ghost image of a robot of some sort. It has a spindly body, two triangular treads for movement, and thin arms with three fingers.]
A.RGH!

Next

[Image description: Bec appears in the room in a green flash and Jade turns to look at him.]

Oh No Busted.

The jig is up.

Next

[Image description: Bec flashes green, then expands. As he passes over the room, it changes to Jade’s bedroom. Once he’s done with his magical teleporting, she stands on her bed.]

You are returned to your bedroom without the rest of your loot. You doubt you'll have time to go back and get it. You guess you have inadvertently left your own time capsule there for whatever party may find it in the future. Lucky bastards!

Jade: Install Beta.

[Image description: Jade sits on her bed and types at the holographic keyboard on her lunchtop. Two beams of green light hold the server and client CDs and a rectangle flashes various points of the loading screen.]

You get started installing both discs. Might as well get a jump on it to avoid the sort of future drama that results from poor time management decisions.

Jade: Pester chums.

[Image description: The pesterchum client appears and Jade looks upset. In the Trollslum, three names flash. carcinoGeneticist arachnidsGrip terminallyCapricious]

In the meantime you decide to touch base with your pals.

Ugh, no, not those pals. The Trollslum can just sit tight for now.

John: Pester Rose.

[Image description: John stands at the top of the stairs from the walkaround. He’s wearing the Serious Business Goggles. One lens has a Jade alert floating next to it and the other has a Rose alert with three pink question marks under it.]

pesterlog ectoBiologist [E.B] began pestering tentacleTherapist [T.T]

E.B: rose?
are you there?
i went through the gate, nanna said you might be here too.
are you in kind of this spooky glowy place with oily rivers and stuff?
let me know ok.

gardenGnostic [G.G] began pestering ectoBiologist [E.B]
G.G: john hi!!!!
E.B: hi jade!
guess where i am.
G.G: are you on the ground below the clouds yet?
E.B: yeah!
wait how did you know that's where the gate goes...
did you talk to rose? can she still see me while i’m down here?
she won't answer.
G.G: no i haven’t talked to her yet but id like to soon
ive got a lot of catching up to do with all of you!
sorry ive been so scarce ive just been so busy running around like crazy and looking after my dog
and stuff all day!!!!
i think he just locked me in my room actually (uncertain face)
E.B: oh man.
he sounds like such a handful.
G.G: yeah
E.B: but it’s ok, i think he is mostly just looking after you.
like a guardian angel or something.
if i were you i would take him out behind the woodshed and give him a big hug.
G.G: (Very happy face)
hey john can you hold on i have to talk to dave and start playing this game with him
E.B: oh? what game?
G.G: sburb!!!! duh what else!
E.B: what, i thought you didn't even know what sburb was!
G.G: oh jeez i was asleep when i said that silly!
of course i know what it is
E.B: oh ok.
where did you even get it?
G.G: from the ruins
its daves copy
E.B: wow.
the thing you just said doesn't even make the slightest bit of sense.
G.G: i know right! hehehe
oh!!!!
that reminds me since i'm setting the game up with dave to be his server you are going to need to
do the same thing for me
E.B: oh really?
this is news to me.
G.G: can you see from where youre standing the place your dads car would have fallen?
E.B: oh yeah, i think so. it'll be kind of a long walk though, this place is huge.
G.G: you should go there and get your copy of the server and set up with me.....
oh and also get your package!!!!!! (smiley face)
E.B: okay.
wait, how did you know my dad's car fell down here?
G.G: johhhhn will you stop trying to trap me!!!
you TOLD me the car fell remember?
jeeez
E.B: jeeeeeeeeeetz!
G.G: JEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEZ!!!!!
E.B: ok fine well color me suspicious anyway.
miss knowitall mcpsychicpants.
G.G: john im not any more psychic than you though
E.B: ok sure i am convinced.
you have convinced me.
(PSYCHIC PSYCHIC PSYCHIC)
also i told you the package was in the car but i never mentioned that the game was there too.
so kind of totally busted i guess.
GIVE ME A P
GIVE ME AN S
G.G: hahahaha oops ok!
i mean i know lots of things but im really serious its no more information than what you have
access to
but you dont know it yet
anyway we can talk more about it soon.....
i wont have to be so coy with you anymore because i’m pretty sure most of the stuff that was
supposed to happen has already happened
i couldnt tell you about it because it would have messed it up!
E.B: ok, that is fair.
G.G: just give me a few minutes while i set up this game!
and say hi to the salamanders for me
(heart)

Next

[Image description: John looks distressed. His Serious Business Goggles have a red angry face alert
over them.]

oh shiiiiit

Dave: Pester Rose.

[Image description: Dave sits at his desk. His computer has a Jade alert, a Rose alert with question
marks, and a sburb house alert. Birds still stand in his room.]

pesterlog
turntechGodhead [T.G] began pestering tentacleTherapist [T.T]

T.G: hey
will you open your laptop already
see
this is why you need a phone or something
that alerts you to important messages
instead of leaving them trapped
under three inches of fucking yarn
laptops dont need cozies
nothing needs cozies
cozy is a goddamn adjective
maybe ill crochet myself an iphone snuggly
what is this place anyway
what are you doing
i can see your whole damn house here if you want to get filled in or something im sort of the guy
with the big picture here
dont make me bop you on the head with a wizard
i’ll do it
ok no i wont
yet
i guess ill bone up on the faq for a while
so i dont do anything stupid and deploy like 10 crux flangers and fuck up the whole game
oh my god
so many words
do you think like the pulitzer committee is secretly scouring the dregs of the Game F.A.Q. archives
or something
damn
i cant read this shit im sorry

gardenGnostic [G.G] began pestering turntechGodhead [T.G]

G.G: yo yoooooooo!!!!!
T.G: whoa ok hey
G.G: so youre finally playing the game with rose?
T.G: yeah
but she wont answer me
G.G: she’s probably just exploring i’m sure she will come around soon....
but its great that you got her out of there in time!!!
T.G: pretty much you have no idea how much i fuckin own at this game
i bested no less than three flaming tornados and broke a huge wizard
G.G: so how does it feel to be a BIG TIME HERO
mister braveybrave mcheropants
T.G: it feels like
i am in sports
all alone
and i am the star
its me
and then the big man comes
G.G: hehehe
but it turns out to be CRAZY what kind of basket ball this man plays!
ummmm....... the HOOP IS ON FIRE...
ok i forget how it goes
T.G: no you got it
we're good
reference secured
G.G: yes!!!!!!
so now it is my turn to be the star!
i will be your hero
its me
T.G: wait what
G.G: i installed the game!
im connecting to you as the server player
T.G: oh man
this is ridiculous
i just set this shit up with rose and now i got to do like
some double duty thing
i mean i own at the game and all but cant i just relax for half a second
G.G: dont worry!
you can keep playing with rose while i just set up a few things
i figured id get a good head start to avoid all the drama you guys are always getting into
such a bunch of drama queens!!!
T.G: what
look i was getting my ass handed to me by my bro on the roof for like an hour and a half
i got served like a dude on butler island
G.G: (DRAMA DRAMA DRAMA)
T.G: wait does this mean theres a big meteor coming soon
G.G: yes!
T.G: when you activate the thing will it start the countdown and summon the meteor
G.G: ill come when it comes regardless of what we do
the timer really just lets you know when its coming
T.G: are you totally sure about all this
G.G: yes look here it is!
http://bit.ly/d7kXrQ [This link opens an image in a new tab. It is one of the clouds of Skaia with
the image of a meteor inside it. The caption at the top reads Dreambot Video Log Recorded 08-26-
2008.]
T.G: ok yes that image is definitely conclusive proof of something and is 100% understandable by
anyone who looks at it
how big is this thing
G.G: it is REALLY REALLY big
T.G: like the size of rhode island or texas or what
i need some context to know how much crap i should be shitting into my pants
G.G: ok i dont actually know (sad face)
T.G: well as if like one the size of a bus wouldnt kill me anyway
G.G: hehe yeah....
T.G: wait hold on rose is finally opening her stupid laptop
so do your thing i guess
have fun
G.G: thanks i will! (heart)

John: Answer troll.

[Image description: John stands a little further down the path, shouting in frustration. An alert next
to his glasses shows the head of the strange horned, grey-skinned creature from the screen in the
facility that Spades Slick found in Lord English’s vault.]

pesterlog
carcinoGeneticist [C.G] began trolling ectoBiologist [E.B]

C.G: hey john.
calm the hell down.
E.B: aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaauggghhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!
how did you find me??????
C.G: find you?
what do you mean.
E.B: i changed my chum handle to ditch you guys.
how did you find me?
C.G: oh.
ha ha!
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!
this is the little word humans say repeatedly when something tickles their absurdity palate, right?
E.B: uh...
lame.
C.G: we never lost you.
your ruse didn't fool us.
it just so happens we didn't particularly give a shit about talking to you in that timeframe.
E.B: what, the last few months?
C.G: we have the entire continuum of your existence to choose from when contacting you.
the period was unremarkable.
sort of like your whole life. But I guess I mean it was especially unremarkable.
this has been explained to you so often it would make me sick to my human stomach if I had one of
your human stomachs.
E.B: ok, this time i'll believe you that you aren't human.
because the skepticism center of my brain is starting to wear kind of thin i guess.
but you're still a major asshole and i don't actually want to talk to you, so bye.
C.G: wait.
but I'm not here to troll you this time.
we're friends ok?
E.B: hahahahahaha!
oh man, look at this outburst of little human words i'm saying!
from my human mouth!
C.G: fine you can think I'm a fucking douche and maybe I am but here's the fact, idiot.
I've already had lots of conversations with you.
in the future. I mean your future.
I've kind of been working backwards here for a while.
and it's a little frustrating.
every time I go further back you know less and less, and you don't remember anything I said
because it hasn't happened yet.
and I have to repeat myself a lot.
and I'm getting pretty fucking sick of it.
E.B: that's the dumbest thing i've ever heard.
C.G: well it's not like I mapped out this trolling onslaught very well in advance.
I mean, when you troll someone you just sort of do it. You don't start drawing flowcharts and
diagrams and stuff.
E.B: wait...
you have something to do with this game, don't you?
i should have known.
C.G: oh god.
not again.
no, fuck no, I am just not going to explain this to you again.
you'll get plenty of dirt on all this from me in future conversations.
tedious conversations.
one's I've already had with you.
where your demeanor will gradually become inexplicably and revoltingly friendly towards us.
and so I guess it just was kind of infectious and now we're all buddies I think.
it's really weird.
this human emotion you call friendship.
E.B: friendship isn't an emotion fucknuts.
C.G: see, that is what I'm talking about.
you're much more tolerable a guy than I thought at first, ok john?
E.B: why are you kissing my ass?
what do you want? why don't you just tell me what's going on.
are you in the medium?
C.G: ok, fine. Yes we are.
E.B: like, here in this land, with the clouds and oil and stuff?
C.G: more of this narcissism.
you always think everything revolves around you.
we have nothing to do with your dumb little windy planet or your petty little quests.
or for that matter your entire game session.
you aren't the only ones playing the game.
every group of players gets their own distinct, blank slate session.
as will be explained to you many times.
E.B: so why don't you just explain it again so i know...
so i don't ask so much in the future???
C.G: no.

fuck this shit, just no.
I'm ending this conversation because I've said it all too many times.
and because you can't understand.
because you are dumb.
E.B: wow, yeah you're totally not trolling me, bro!
i see now we are bffs forever.
C.G: the fact that you are dumb
is an immutable fact I am stating for the record.
it does not mean animosity is what is taking place here.
E.B: oh, ok.
so what do you want.
C.G: I need you to tell your friend jade to talk to us.
she won't answer our messages in this timeframe.
it's important.
E.B: yeah, i don't blame her for not answering.
she pretty much can't stand you guys.
because of all the trolling you did before.
remember?
C.G: ok, our bad on that.
just tell her we're sorry.
and to get her gross and totally unattractive human butt off her ugly human high horse and answer
my messages.
E.B: maybe.
we'll see.
i'm still not really sold on this friendship thing yet.
but i've got to go now and get on with my petty little quests.
so talk to you in the future i guess.
jerkface.

John: Search for your father's car.

[Image description: John stands at the bottom of a set of stairs that leads up through a shallow
canyon of blue rock. On the top of the ridge is a dense forest of blue-green trees. Behind one of the
rocks, something blue and white glows.]

It's going to be a hike.

There's something up ahead through the forest.

W.V: Settle this dispute in a rational, diplomatic manner.

[Image description: W.V, P.M, and A.R all sit together. A.R and P.M sit on rocks while W.V sits
on his pumpkin. They each hold a can of tab and a can of food. A.R has a can of gravy, W.V has a
can of peas, and P.M has a can of corn. She still holds her sword, but the tip of it has gravy on it,
like she used it to open the cans. Serenity sits on top of W.V’s head, flashing slowly.]

You settle the dispute in the only way you can presently imagine how to settle a dispute. With cans of lukewarm sugary liquid and centuries-old rations.

If only you had access to some means of heating things up.

But it matters not. You warm yourselves in the glow of this human emotion called friendship.

Next

[Image description: It shows Dave’s apartment building. The roof is covered in crows, the remains of Lil Cal, and all the junk Dave left up there after ejecting his sylladex. Meteors hail down rapidly on the rest of the city. The sky is now purple and pink with the sunset.]

Jade: Deploy alchemiter.

[Image description: Jade sets the alchemiter on top of the air conditioner.]

It's almost as if this broken Air Conditioning Unit was scaled to be a perfect fit for the Alchemiter all along.

WEIRD!

Jade: Deploy cruxtruder in Dave's room.

[Image description: Jade starts to set the cruxtruder down in Dave’s room, right in the center.]

pesterlog
T.G: do you think like the pulitzer committee is secretly scouring the dregs of the Game F.A.Q. archives or something
damn
i cant read this shit im sorry
T.T: Hold please.
T.G: hold what
i see you at your computer typing
what are you doing
dang
hold on
no seriously stop talking to me for a second it looks like jade is dropping the doomsday tube thingy in my room
brb gotta make sure she doesnt break all my shit

Next

[Image description: Dave types on his phone while standing near his closet. Jade still holds up the cruxtruder, which she couldn’t put down. The cables that snake across the floor flash red.]

pesterlog
T.G: hey wait
G.G: these darn birds are in the way!
what are they doing in your apartment anyway!!!
also they are adorable
T.G: i always keep birds in here its sort of my thing
G.G: ohhhhhhh
kind of like all those silly naked puppets are your bros thing?
T.G: no no thats irony this is like
sincere honest to god psychosis
im training to be a lame gothy supervillain
G.G: also i think i cant put it down because of the wires on the floor.....
T.G: ok
well maybe you should take the opportunity to put it somewhere that isn’t stone cold retarded
G.G: i wish i played more games
this is hard!!!!
T.G: no its not
G.G: (sticking out tongue face)

Jade: Move Dave's bed to the roof.

[Image description: Dave stands in the center of the room and watches as Jade picks up his bed and takes it away.]

pesterlog
T.T: Jade is connected with you?
Where did she get the discs?
T.G: i dont know how does she do any of the loopy batshit nonsense she does
maybe she pulled them out of the volcano over there on bloodmonkey mountain
T.T: Wait.
So you mean to tell me she was able to connect with you in a timely fashion, without waiting until
you were on the brink of annihilation?
T.G: we went over this
i was a little bogged down
in the epic swaddle of legendary puppet taint
T.T: I've done nothing but wait for boys to play this game with me all day.
First John lollygagging with the client, and then you with the server, downright filibustering my
existence with unending fraternal melee.
And yet a girl, one who didn't even own the game, was able to connect with you minutes after you
connected with me.
T.G: whoa wait
what the hell is she doing
she’s taking my bed what the hell
T.T: And there she goes.
She HAS the karma.

Jade: Deploy the cruxtruder in its place.

[Image description: Jade sets the cruxtruder down where the bed was.]

pesterlog
T.G: so seriously what were you doing just now
T.T: I was talking to someone.
T.G: who
T.T: You remember the trolls?
T.G: yeah
T.T: One of them messaged me, so I indulged him slash her slash it for a moment.
T.G: oh i see you opted to chat up one of those dbags instead of talk to the guy who saved you from
a swirling shitstorm of angry flaming wizards
i was worried your priorities might have been out of whack but no i was dead wrong
T.T: I also took a moment to check on John.
T.G: how is he
T.T: I can't see him anymore. Just his empty house.
But I did talk to him briefly.
T.G: i should probably text him soon
see whats up
because
i love him
T.T: I know.
T.G: so this place youre at now
its the same place he's at right
T.T: It's hard to say for certain.
But I think I like it here.

Jade: Replace television with totem lathe.

[Image description: Jade selects the totem lathe. A second image shows it in place in the living room. It’s crushing a blue smuppet and pinning a red one to the wall.]

Jade: Organize Dave's puppets.

[Image description: Jade starts to click the green smuppet on the edge of the futon, but she pulls away.]

This whole place is a disorganized mess. It kind of reminds you of your room but full of weird and ironic stuff instead of cute and great stuff. Your stuff is so much better.

You're pretty sure these are all Dave's Bro’s puppets. You better not mess with them. Frankly his brother makes you a little nervous.

Jade: Tidy up Strider's apartment a little.

[Image description: It shows the bathroom. Jade picks up a towel and drags it into the toilet with a slosh.]

What the apartment needs is a woman's touch. You grab a Towel you found lying around and dampen it with water from the toilet. This is how ordinary people clean ordinary houses, right?

Oops, you dropped it.

Next

[Image description: She clicks the toilet and rips it out of the floor. Dave’s grist cache appears in the bottom right corner. Jade’s action uses up 2 build grist of the 2000 he started with.]

pesterlog
G.G: oh fuck!!!!!!

[S] Next

[Image description: The song Endless Climb begins to play. Pastel yellow clouds with baby pink shadows rush towards, then past the viewer. Beams of sunlight cross a pastel blue sky. The clouds all rain down onto a vibrant turquoise sea. Smooth white rocks stick out of the water occasionally. The entire scene feels very dream-like. Text appears at the bottom of the screen.
Land of Light and Rain}
The scene fades to white, then fades back in with the direction changed. Now, the clouds and rocks fly across the screen to the left and the rocks are larger and more frequent. The movement slows as it reaches a small island with small, black, leafless bushes and baby pink rubble on it. The scene fades to white, then to Rose as a white silhouette against the rain. Her headband, eyes, and the squiddle on her shirt flash rapidly pink, blue, and yellow. It fades to white again, then to the broken Zazzerpan statue half buried in white sand. It fades to Rose standing on her roof and zooms out.

Her house is on the largest island among a collection of smaller islands. Four streams of pastel yellow, blue, and pink water pour down from somewhere offscreen onto the north side of her island. It combines into a pastel river, which flows under her house like the waterfall did on earth. A small river branches off from it before it goes under the house and flows down along the east side of the house.

The Land of Light and Rain is to Rose what the Land of Wind and Shade is to John.

A.R: Cautiously drink TAB.

[Image description: A.R pours the can of tab into his mouth. His teeth are very sharp.]

Blech. Too warm. Need to find something to chill this down with.

Something to heat up your delicious Gravy would be nice too.

A.R: Retrieve mysterious artifacts from ruins.

[Image description: W.V and P.M watch as A.R walks away from them. This makes W.V very distressed. A second image shows A.R in the ruins, holding an old cookalizer and refrigerator. Two squiddles pressed together as Tangle Buddies lay on the floor nearby. They are just as dirty and faded as the cookalizer and refrigerator. A speech bubble over his head switches between a picture of P.M and the tangle buddies.]

You excuse yourself for a moment and retrieve a few of your personal belongings. These should really impress your visitors.

That musty old toy on the floor ought to make a nice peace offering for the feisty tall one too. You are quite certain that ladies like squishy useless things like that.

W.V: Introduce new friends to John.

[Image description: W.V stands in the hole A.R blew in his facility, waving his arms. P.M still stands near where they ate.]

The yellow bandaged fellow seems to have slogged off somewhere. But the tall mail carrier with the lovely white complexion would probably get a kick out of your big computer with the weird boy on it.

You show her inside.

Next

[Image description: P.M, W.V, and serenity stand inside the hole. To their right, there is a strange machine. A second image shows them standing in front of the machine. It has a large spirograph with an atom in the center on the right side. Underneath it is a power bar that only has a tiny bit filled in red. The left side has a grey frog flanked by two small spirographs. An arrow points from the frog to each. Underneath that, there is a dial currently set to the spirograph on the right. There is also a control panel with a single, blue button in the center. The front of it has three lights on the right side. On the floor is a circular design with a spirograph in it.]
The hole blown into the station by the caution guy's rocket leads into the third room, which had been locked.

Unsurprisingly there is another sort of gizmo in here and you have no idea what it does. The station is very low on power so you don't think you'll be able to find out.

Next

[Image description: W.V and P.M both stand in the small ladder tube. A second image shows them standing in front of the control panel W.V used to talk to John. John’s screen in the upper right is currently on and shows him in the starting location of the walkaround. W.V holds a hand to the screen below John’s and trembles excitedly. P.M looks pretty much indifferent.]

You unlock the third room from the inside, and go to the computer room.

There he is! The funny boy you were talking about. His name is John.

You encourage your alabaster friend so say hi to him using the human keypad communication system.

Next

[Image description: P.M stands near the chessboard and mural W.V made with chalk. A second image shows her looking at the 4 planets he drew. The lower right one has a color palette that looks identical to that of The Land of Light and Rain.]

But instead she takes note of your nice chalk drawings and pays you a compliment.

You are somewhat mystified by the fact that she is be more impressed by your silly drawings than your amazing technology.

Maybe simple things are the key to the heart of a lady. You do not know because you do not know anything about ladies really. They are a riddle draped in a mystery wrapped in post-apocalyptic shroudwear.

Next

[Image description: They stand near the control panel again. On screen, John is clobbering an imp. W.V hands P.M the package of chalk and Serenity flashes something in morse code. Dash Dot Dash Dash. Dot Dash. Dash Dot Dash Dash!! This translates to Yay!!!]

You decide to give her the chalk. She is grateful for the colorful present and thinks it looks like fun.

Next

[Image description: W.V holds his hands up to his face in surprise and a white wiggle crosses the screen. A second image shows him following it towards the hole in the wall.]

Suddenly a powerful aroma hits your nonexistent nostrils. Someone is cooking something delicious. It demands investigation.

Next
You stop and examine the kind mayor's device. It is quite similar to the one in your station, before the unfortunate accident. The one with the familiar looking girl on it. Perhaps this one is best left alone.

Still, there is something familiar about the boy on this monitor too.

I am told your name is John. Is that correct?

Yep. That's right.

It's nice to meet you, John.

John isn't directly cognizant of your greeting, but I'm sure he would feel likewise.

Ok, John. Let's explore this place!

Ok, have at it! If you're at a loss, click the controller button up there.

This may or may not mean anything to you depending on your current perspective.

This is great! Something is in there. Take a look.

You got a minitablet!

There is nothing inside. Should we put something in?

You drop in one of your precious Shoes. You hate to see it go, but you have to follow the custom and give it what the tablet asks for.

This one's empty. Perhaps a delivery is in order?
Same with this one you guess. At least this Hat didn't technically belong to your Dad. You made it yourself.

Introduce yourself to the local amphibious fauna.

[Introductory text: John stands near the salamander by the lake, the one with his ghost sheets wrapped around himself. A command is on screen. Introduce yourself to the local amphibious fauna.]

"I am a secret wizard. Behold my robes."

Behold robes?

Y slash N

Y

[Introductory text: It zooms in close on the salamander’s face.]

You wonder what the hell a secret wizard is. You don’t think you’ll ask him for your bedsheets back. Hooray! This one contains a prize!

[Introductory text: John stands by the pyxis on the island in the lake. One of the commands is on screen. Hooray! This one contains a prize! Another success for the postal system. A second image shows him standing in front of the pyxis with the uncarved tablet on the ground next to him.]

You got an Uncarved minitablet!

Open it! Open it!!!

[Introductory text: John stands by another pyxis. A black princess cat imp stands nearby. A chisel sits on the floor next to John and a message hovers above it. Open it! Open it!!!]

You got a Chisel.

How exciting! A parcel for you. Retrieve it!

[Introductory text: John stands by a different pyxis. A blue and black text box is on screen. You got a Chunk of Amber!]

You got a Chunk Of...

Why am I repeating myself?

Converse.

[Introductory text: John stands near the salamander with the crumpled top hat. A message is on screen. Converse. A second image shows a blue and black text box on screen. I have renamed myself Crumplehat. I have dishonored my ancestors beyond comprehension with this frivolous accessory.}
A third zooms in on Crumplehat as he blows bubbles.]

He has renamed himself Crumplehat. He has dishonored his ancestors beyond comprehension with this frivolous accessory.

A good place to keep lookout?

[Image description: John stands on the lookout spot. His captchalogue is open and the telescope is selected. A second image shows his house on the spire.]

sprite log

John: nanna, are you there?
Nannasprite: Yes!
John: i just saw my house from below. what gives? why did the gate take me down here?
Nannasprite: All the gates do, John. To ascend, each time you must first descend!
John: huh. alright. so i guess i scramble around down here until... uh, until what?
Nannasprite: Until you find the next gate. It is hidden somewhere in the Land.
John: ok, so i get to that gate and go in. then what? where does it take me? uh... further up maybe? but i haven't even built that high yet.
Nannasprite: So you see why you had to build in the first place, John? You must have a little faith in your dear old nanna!
John: yeah, well, i do nanna but i'm still not really getting it. does the next gate down here take me back up to the house or something?
(please don't say hoo hoo hoo)
Nannasprite: HOO. HOO HOO.

Seer.

[Image description: It shows Rose’s house in the Land of Light and Rain. A message is on screen. The box it’s in is identical to the others, but the font is a loopy, spindly form of cursive that is incredibly elegant.
Seer.]

Seer, can you hear me?

[Image description: It shows Rose on her roof. She looks towards the reader. A message is on screen in the same cursive font.
Seer, can you hear me? The question mark is more of a feathery swirl than a question mark.]

Apparently she can.

Though usually she goes by Rose.

Have a look around, Rose.

[Image description: Rose runs up the stairs from the roof to the observatory. A message is on screen.
Have a look around, Rose.
A second image shows her looking through a window from inside the observatory. Pink beams of light come through the window.]

You have much to discover.

[Image description: It shows Rose looking through the window as viewed from the outside. She
smiles slightly. The light on her shifts rapidly between pink, blue, and yellow. A message is on screen. You have much to discover.

John: Go over the river and through the woods.

[Image description: John holds his hammer. An orange light reflects off his glasses and casts shadows on him.]

Next

[Image description: Three large creatures and several imps are attacking a salamander village, which is made of pipes for buildings with thatched roofs, which are on fire. The creatures are a Copper Giclops, which is a large brown creature easily 6 or 7 stories tall with a single giant eye beneath a jutting brow. It has a tiny mouth with three sharp teeth and three horns in a row on it’s head, almost like a mohawk. The last horn is cut off by the edge of the panel. It is dressed in brightly colored harlequin clothes like many of the other creatures have been. The other two creatures are Tar Basilisks, which look like snakes with legs. They have the same type of head as the snake-like ones on Grandpa Harley’s wall. One wears harlequin clothes and a harlequin hat and the other wears a princess outfit. The harlequin one breathes fire and the princess one sticks out its forked tongue. Several salamanders flail in distress, trapped in the burning village by the creatures. Beyond the village, the path continues into the forest.]

Jade: Drop the toilet in Dave's room.

[Image description: Jade drags the toilet over the roof. Suddenly, it cuts to Jade at her computer. She falls asleep and drops the toilet, which punches a hole through the roof.]

Next

[Image description: The toilet falls onto the cruxtruder and knocks the lid off. The timer appears, set at 4:13. The toilet falls on the floor and sprays toilet water all over the room. A small exclamation point appears above Dave’s head.]

Next

[Image description: An orange kernel flashes above the cruxtruder. Dave stands next to the toilet frantically typing on his phone.]

pesterlog
T.G: this is the worst shitting thing ive ever seen
the thing that just happened
G.G: hi dave!!!!
T.G: jesus
and the worst thing is
all that juice i drank
i mean
you just HAD TO FIGURE all that juice was going to come back to haunt me
like frankenstein's incontinent fucking ghost
it was like
chekhovs juice
G.G: hehehe what??
T.G: let me be perfectly clear
what i am trying to say is
its like fucking christmas up in my bladder here
and where do i find my toilet
oh look here it is
amputated in my room
gagged with a towel like a fucking prison hostage
and now the cruxploder is counting down
T.G: 4 hours oh i guess thats not that bad
G.G: 4 hours until what?
T.G: what
oh god
are you asleep

Next

[Image description: Jade sits on her bed, asleep. Dreambot sits next to her. They both make motions like they’re typing on keyboards, but Dreambot is the only one with the keyboard. Jade just types on air.]

pesterlog
G.G: ummm....
i............... i think i might be!
T.G: ok
ok lets just
not panic here
G.G: im not panicking i feel fine!
T.G: lets try to play it cool
and not break all my shit
also dont put anything weird in the seizure kernel
im going to go find somewhere to pee
dont watch me ok
G.G: (incredulous face with a bead of sweat)
T.G: like i know you dream about me enough already
lets keep some shit left to the imagination ok
G.G: i wont look ok jeez!!!!!
T.G: the last thing i need is for your weird brain webcam to be snapping shots of my dong
your grandpa was a sick fuck why would he build a voyeurbot for a little girl
fuck
G.G: stop being a huge baby and go peeeeee!!!!!!!!!!!!

Dave: Use now empty apple juice bottle as pee receptacle.

[Image description: Dave holds the empty apple juice bottle away from him.]

You begin to hatch a brilliant plan.

Next

[Image description: It shows a picture of the Howie Mandel monster peeing into the bottle, but it’s head flips between the blue, horned one and Dave’s. A second image diagrams his plan. It shows a bottle of something yellow on a captchalogue card and has an arrow pointing to one next to it, which is turned over. It has scribbles all over the back and says Some Code. An arrow points from Some Code to a drawn version of a pesterchum chat. In red, it says]
hey dude here is a sweet code
In blue below that it says
hey dude thx 4 the sweet code
An arrow points from the chat over to a bottle of something yellow with John doing a victory dance next to it.]

Once you're done you'll captchalogue the bottle and send the code to Egbert and tell him it's something really important. Then he'll make it and be like, oh man yes apple juice I am so thirsty!!!

Next

[Image description: It shows a crudely drawn John rearing back and shouting Bluh. The bottle hovers near his hand and the yellow liquid flies everywhere.]

But he will not be drinking delicious juice, oh no. He will be choking down a world of hot piss and it will serve him right for liking all those dumbass movies unironically.

Next

[Image description: Dave stands inside the shower and closes the door. The bathroom floor is covered in puddles of toilet water and there’s still a hole where the toilet was ripped out.]

But that all sounds like a big waste of time so you just go in the shower.

Dave: Kick that puppet out of the shower.

[Image description: The puppet sits in the sink.]

pesterlog
G.G: oh noooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
(sad face)
dave
T.G: what
G.G: (sad face)
T.G: what is it
G.G: dave this poor bird
T.G: what bird
G.G: the one with the sword through it!!!
T.G: i wouldn’t know anything about that
G.G: but isn’t this your sword?
T.G: that could be anyones sword
G.G: (blank face)
T.G: what does it look like
is it a cheap piece of shit
cause i only bother with high quality blades
forged by stoic asian masters
hells of rude kinds of expensive
G.G: all i know is........
its sharp and its through a bird and its a sword
end of story!!!!!
i am going to help the poor bird
T.G: wait
what do you mean
Jade: Retrieve Dave's copy of sburb and the impaled crow.

Jade: Put something weird in the seizure kernel.

Next

T.G: wow awesome
so now i guess instead having of a wise or helpful spirit guide sprite thing
im stuck with this brainless feathery asshole
G.G: what do you mean i just brought the cute birdie back to life!!!
isn’t he great?
T.G: we need to wake you up
youre not very logical like this
kind of dumb really
G.G: gosh im SOOOO SOOOORRY!!!!!!!
i was tired!
T.G: yeah but come on you sleep like 20 hours a day
G.G: well you are out of luck.....
i will wake up when im good and ready!

Jade: Wake up.

T.G: where are you sitting
are you on your bed
G.G: yes why
T.G: what side
G.G: ummmmmm....
the right side...
why??
T.G: ok heres what i want you to do
just humor me
raise your left hand
G.G: okaaay......
T.G: now
just kind of swat the air to your left
G.G: …
Next

[Image description: Dreambot gives Jade a Robo Slap. A second image shows Jade sitting on the floor in her room with Dreambot on the bed. Apparently she was slapped so hard it knocked her onto the floor. The computer is currently off.]

A.R: Use gunpowder and empty crates to make a campfire.

[Image description: A.R and W.V sit around a campfire that uses bullets for fuel. On the ground around them are an empty can of peas, an empty can of corn, several cans of Tab, the happy lime, orange, lemon, and apple from Jade’s garden, the tangle buddies, the cookalizer, the refrigerator, and W.V’s pumpkin with his knife-yardstick combo leaning against it. A.R holds a ham and a turkey and W.V holds a head of lettuce and a large stalk of broccoli. Serenity sits on W.V’s hood.]

Next

[Image description: P.M walks up from behind W.V. A second image shows A.R waving at her. A speech bubble over his head flashes between a picture of P.M and a picture of the tangle buddies. A third image shows an uncomfortably close close up of the tangle buddies.]

A.R: Win over that fine carapace in grey.

[Image description: A.R stands up. He holds the tangle buddies and shows P.M how they attach and detach. In the center of the screen is a heart. When he pulls the buddies apart, it splits into two pieces, one blue and one pink to match the color scheme of the squiddles. When he puts them together, they turn into a red heart.]

Next

[Image description: He hands the blue squiddle to P.M. A second image shows W.V looking between them in distress. As he turns his head, a speech bubble over him changes between a picture of A.R and a picture of P.M. A third shows Serenity frowning sadly with a W.V speech bubble over her head.]

Next

[Image description: P.M looks at the blue squiddle.]

You are vaguely reminded of something. It's hard to remember. It was so many years ago.

So many years ago, entrenched in the temporally oblique...

[Image description: A black carapace in a very neat princess harlequin outfit stands near the crushed remains of Dad’s car in the Land of Wind and Shade. The carapace carries a pink nightstick on its belt and has a black pentagon on its shirt. A white arm sticks out of one of several small pipes nearby.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the carapace.]

What have we here? An illegally parked vehicle.

You sure hope this guy's got a swollen porkhollow. He just landed himself in citation city.

A.R (question mark) : Surround the scene with caution tape.
This looks much more orderly. Public safety has been assured. Your sworn duty as an Authority Regulator has been upheld.

A.R (question mark): Write the owner of this vehicle a ticket.

Hello. What have we here?

You discover a couple of Unauthorized Parcels in the cabin of the vehicle. You confiscate them immediately.

You are a simple Parcel Mistress on one of your routes. Today is another day of uneventful but highly satisfying deliveries.

You stop in your tracks. It is a dangerous Agent from the enemy kingdom. Perhaps you should avoid him.

But you notice he is holding two parcels. You recognize one of them. You have spent a long time looking for it.

It looks like you are going to need to get that package from him somehow.
doesn’t make a dent in their health bars. A second image shows a ghost gauntlet beating up the Harlequin Basilisk with the sassacrusher.]

Sons of bitches are harder to kill than you thought they’d be.

Next

[Image description: The Giclops roars as he snatches the sassacrusher from the gauntlet. A second image shows John inside the mouth of the Princess Basilisk.]

Next

[Image description: A white object pokes on screen against a background of purple rocks and green roots.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out, revealing that it is a gun much like Grandpa’s, but with a laser sight on it. It fires with a Blam and spews out a cone of fire.]

Next

[Image description: John sits on the ground among the grist and oil remains of the basilisk. It’s head sits off to the side.]

Next

[Image description: A crosshair centers on the giclops’s eye.]

Next

[Image description: The giclops rears back and roars, soot and smoke coming out of its eye. It’s health bar ticks down about an eighth.]

Next

[Image description: The giclops turns away from the village. Both basilisk heads lay on the ground among splatters of oil and lots of grist.] The giclops absconds.

Next

[Image description: A man who resembles Grandpa Harley stands in the forest, the red light of the fires reflecting from his glasses and moustache. A second image shows him walking away with the gun on his shoulder and a copy of Colonel Sassacre’s under his arm. A third shows him even further away near the banks of a black river.]

Next

[Image description: John stares, blinking occasionally.]

You could have sworn that strange man was holding your copy of Colonel Sassacre's.

It is a clear and peaceful night. A delicious meal has been shared with new friends. The glow of the ammunition fire gradually subsides. All is well.

But you can't shake the feeling there is something familiar about all this. There is something you are forgetting.

Next

Of course. Now you remember.

You must deliver a message to John right away.

Next

You conclude you have no choice. You will march right up to him and ask politely for the package.

Wait a minute...

What's this?

Next

It is a carved minitablet.

The carving is not especially clear to say the least. But your wealth of delivery experience allows you to decipher it immediately.

It is the other parcel the agent is holding. It appears you will need to acquire both from him now. It is your sworn duty.

P.M (question mark): Ready sword.
You do not have a sword. You are quite sure it would never occur to you to carry a sword or resort to violence under any circumstance.

You will have to take a more diplomatic route with this fellow.

A.R (question mark): Doff your hat to the attractive female.

You doff so furiously you are in danger of starting a Hat Fire.

Probably not the best idea around all this oil. Especially without any sort of flame suppressant handy.

[Note: The words ‘flame suppressant’ opens a link to a google image search for barbasol.]

P.M (question mark): Retrieve both parcels.

He cannot give them to you. They are Illegal Contraband, and if you wish to petition for their release, you must consult with his superiors.

Next

You show him the carved minitablet. As he can plainly see, you have signed authorization to deliver one of the parcels.

He gives you the Envelope. But he retains the Package.

Next

You quickly drop the Envelope into an empty Pyxis. It is out of your hands now. The Breeze will know where to take it.

Next

You follow the agent. You must not lose track of that parcel.

John: Chase the man, you want your book!
salamanders flail about their burning village.

You have some questions for that guy, whoever he is.

But the village is still burning. You've got to help these salamanders put out this fire.

John: Save the lizards!

[Image description: John chucks the Barbasol bomb at one of the burning roofs.]

Ok you Just Said they were salamanders.

Anyway, thank goodness for your Barbasol Bomb. The cooling lather should work its magic in no time...

Next

[Image description: John turns away in confusion and distress as the barbasol bomb explodes, sending shaving cream and fire spewing everywhere.]

Oh God How Can Shaving Cream Be So Flammable

Next

[Image description: More fire is spread across the village and the surrounding forest. All of the salamanders and John flail in distress. A second image shows wind blowing across the village, putting out all of the fires. A couple of fireflies get blown along with it.]

A big gust of wind conveniently comes along and blows out all the fire.

It is really convenient.

Next

[Image description: John sits on the shoulders of the salamanders, who all crowd around to celebrate, including the Secret Wizard and Crumplehat. Many of them blow bubbles.]

The townspeople rejoice and are more than willing to give you all the credit. You suspect it is probably because they are not all that smart.

John, the uncarved tablet you retrieved.

[Image description: It zooms in on John. A message is on screen. John, the uncarved tablet you retrieved. Do you still have it?]

Why yes, it appears you do.

Great! I would like you to carve something on it.

[Image description: It shows the tablet, which John holds. A message is on screen. Great! I would like you to carve something on it.]

You seem amenable to this request. It's a little wobbly up on top of all these dancing lizards though.

Not that it matters because you suck at drawing anyway.
Rose, find your sprite.

[Image description: Rose stands in her living room with bands of flashing light coming in through the window. A message with the cursive handwriting is on screen. Rose, find your sprite.]

Your deceased pet.

[Image description: Rose stands on a broken walkway over the little river that branched off before it became the waterfall. A message is on screen. You wished to speak with him, did you not?] Jaspersprite is nowhere to be found. He always was a little cagey, even when he was alive.

Is it not why you are here?

[Image description: Rose stands on the balcony area just above the waterfall. A message is on screen. Is it not why you are here? A second image shows her standing a little bit further back from the edge with Mutini on the ledge above her. Faint footprints lead away from the house. Her capatchalogue cards are on screen. On the leaf of the left branch is her laptop, which has a Dave alert underneath it.] Someone is pestering you. But you are oblivious to the message because your laptop is buried under three inches of fucking yarn.

There are footprints in the white sand.

Follow them.

[Image description: Rose follows the footsteps up the sand dune. She uses her umbrella to pass through the rain, which only falls in sections beneath a cloud. Mutini follows her, but isn’t in the rain. There is a message on screen Follow them.] It looks like they lead out back to the mausoleum.

Examine your pet’s tomb.

[Image description: Rose stands by a grey rectangle in the ground with another grey rectangle on top of it. Mutini sits on top of it. A message is on screen. Examine your pet's tomb.] The mausoleum was destroyed by the explosion. The secret passage remains.

You have no idea where it leads, but it sure isn't the lab anymore.

Enter.

[Image description: Rose stands in the earthen passageway that once went to the lab. Mutini sits a few feet further down it. Flashing pink, blue, and yellow lights come from a doorway near the end and cast long shadows down the hall.] Next
out from a brown cliff that’s topped with white sand. Rose is silhouetted in the doorway. On the
dock is a rope tied to one of the posts and a martini glass near the end.]

Next

[Image description: Rose looks down at the rope and glass. Mutini plays with the end of the rope.]

It seems someone has recently untied a boat.

A mother will do whatever is best for her children.

[Image description: Rose looks out over the water at two small islands in the distance. A message
is on screen.
A mother will do whatever is best for her children.]

W.V: Become the mayor of Exile Town.

[Image description: W.V kneels among a new, grander Can Town… er, Exile Town. The town hall
is still roofed by the half-eaten manners book, but now it rests on top of two mailboxes which, in
turn, rest on his pumpkin. Inside the back mailbox is the happy orange. The flower pot is on top of
the city hall again, but now the flag is an envelope stuck under the binding of W.V’s ruler-knife
combo. Mailboxes, cans, and bullets are stacked all around along lines in the sand that make streets
and a plaza around the city hall. A.R stands behind W.V, who holds A.R’s gavel. A bit of caution
tape is stretched between two stacked pairs of Tab cans in front of the city hall.]

You build a bigger and better town to preside over. All expatriates are welcome, no matter what
happened in the past, regardless of professional persuasion or metallurgical affiliation. You cut the
town's ribbon with an official Judicial Bayonet, which is stuck inside a grenade but you are kind of
nervous about removing it.

This should catch the eye of the tall nice lady.

The grumpy yellow guy thinks this is dumb.

Next

[Image description: A.R turns around and looks at a bunch of bullets and small rockets he’s lined
up in the sand.]

He thinks it is dumb because any town without a proper militia is as good as conquered.

As such he prepares one begrudgingly. It's a dirty job, but someone must be charged with the
defense of the innocent.

W.V: Fondly regard desert night.

[Image description: W.V looks up at the sky. It changes to a view of the stars and suddenly a
massive egg-shaped facility appears in a burst of red lightning. A red shockwave bursts out from it,
then disappears.]

The stars twinkle over the freshly christened Exile Town. It is a beautiful evening and the future is
so full of promise you can't imagine what could possibly oh my god a huge eggy looking thing just
appeared in the sky.

Next
Jade: Give Dave punch card of an eggy looking thing [sic].

Ok, you do that and then he makes a totem with it and then some other stuff happens and then...

EGG!

Dave: Pester Jade.

pesterlog
T.G: oh man
awesome
its awesome where you put that
i was worried we were on the verge of getting some shit done
G.G: duuurrrrrr dave i was going to build some stairs up there duurrrrrhhhhhh
T.G: well where are they
you say there will be stairs
and yet
i see no stairs
G.G: gosh i dont know i guess i didn’t find the time to make them because i keep getting punched in the face by robots and stuff!!!!!!!
T.G: sorry
G.G: (winky face sticking out tongue)
T.G: am i supposed to break that thing
or hatch it
or what
G.G: i dont know!
T.G: also what happened to all my shit
the stuff scattered all over the roof
did you put it somewhere
G.G: nope....
T.G: i mean not that i care
it was a lot of mostly useless garbage
G.G: what was it doing up here?
T.G: i was going to use it to fight my bro with
but i guess i forgot in the heat of battle
also he was too fast

Dave: Make the world's largest omlette.
Whoops, looks like that dumb idea isn't going to happen!

A brainless feathery asshole swoops down and carries the egg away.

Next

The kernelsprite moves in quickly with a Ca-Caw and looks like he’s about to snatch the egg up in its beak.

pesterlog
T.G: ok so
the egg is now in a nest made of shitty swords and soft puppet ass
please advise
G.G: i think your sprite wants to hatch it!
awww
T.G: do you think that'll take more than four hours
G.G: hmm...
i dont know it looks like its pretty warm where you are
T.G: its hot as the sizzle side of the steak
G.G: maybe not too long then????
i guess we'll find out!
T.G: maybe i should try to get it back
and put it in the microwave
G.G: (sad face)

Next

The kernelsprite hovers above the radio tower behind the AC unit. It has collected all the junk Dave left on the roof and piled it up there. A second image zooms in, showing the egg sitting in the pile.

Jade: Deploy Punch Designix.

Jade drops the microwave full of smuppets, several single smuppets, and a game bro magnet off the side of the building.

You can't! You'll need some Shale for that.

Jade: Check unknown objects.

Next to the designix is the Jumper Block Extension, which costs 1000 build grist. It looks like a captchalogue card shaped prism with 8 black slots set in an indentation. Next to the Jumper Block Extension is a white CD with a green hexagon on it that costs 100 build grist. On the next row is the punch card shunt, which is a red captchalogue card shaped machine with a slot in the bottom. It costs 10 build grist. Next to that is the holopad, which costs 10,000 build grist.
looks like a round platform with a hexagonal symbol on it. Connected to it is a slanted control panel. The last item is the Intellibeam Laserstation, which looks like a laser cutter of some sort. It costs 100,000 build grist. Behind the menu, Dave still types on his phone.

pesterlog
G.G: ok some of these things we can deploy but some things we dont have nearly enough grist for!
T.G: you mean the jumper block thing
G.G: no no weve got enough for that.....
but its still pretty expensive
T.G: wait what
the thing costs 1000 for me
G.G: yeah me too!
and we have 2000 to work with
G.G: ok 1998 (shamed face)
T.G: what
man i only got 200 to splash around with in roses rainbow world
what the hell
G.G: ohhh...
how much did rose start with? when she was playing with john?
T.G: hang on ill ask
G.G: k
T.G: she says 20
G.G: i guess we keep getting more with each server/client connection!
T.G: yeah
so i guess you can buy everything now
G.G: no!!!!
i cant buy the holopad thingy and the intellibeam laserstation
T.G: ok now i know youre making this shit up
G.G: hahahaha no theyre right here!
they cost a fortune
T.G: well all i got here is the designix which i cant deploy cause i dont have any purples
and the expensive as hell jumper thing and the cheap shunts which i assume do dick all without the jumpers to put em on
T.G: oh also this cd which is 100 but i didnt drop cause it seemed like a stiff allocation of resources for now
G.G: yeah ive got that too!
i will deploy it
T.G: so with each new connection in our player chain i guess new weird deployables are introduced
G.G: yes i think that is how it works
when john connects with me he will probably get some cool new things too!
T.G: hey look we're learning stuff

Jade: Deploy green and white compact disc.

[Image description: Jade sets the CD down on the roof in front of Dave. This brings the grist cache down to 1898 build grist.]

pesterlog
T.G: what should i do with these beta copies
i dont really need them anymore
G.G: i suppose just hang on to them for a while.......and then later
just do whatever you are naturally compelled to do with them!
T.G: wow that was a weird answer
but ok

Next

[Image description: Dave puts the CD in card 5 of his sylladex and the Beta in card 6.]

You take the Beta and the CD.

Jade: Deploy circuit board looking thingy.

[Image description: Jade holds the Jumper Block Extension. A red ghost image of it flashes next to the alchemiter like it’s supposed to connect to it. This would put it over empty space because of the placement of the alchemiter.]

It was obviously labeled as the Jumper Block Extension.

It appears to be deployable only as an extension to the Alchemiter. Looks like you're going to have to move it.

Damn, and it looked so nice up there!

Next

[Image description: Jade moves the alchemiter from the top of the AC unit to the roof, bringing the grist cache down to 1798 build grist.]

You expend another relatively affordable 100 Build Grist to relocate it.

Next

[Image description: Jade sets down the Jumper Block Extension, leaving 798 build grist in the cache.]

You then pay the steep fee of 1000 Build Grist to deploy the Jumper Block Extension.

Jade: Attempt to deploy captchalogue disk drive.

[Image description: Jade sets down a red punch card shunt in front of Dave, who is standing by the alchemiter and extension. This brings the grist cache to 788.]

Again, the name of the thing was right there in plain sight.

You deploy the Punch Card Shunt for peanuts.

Looks like a captchalogue card is supposed to fit in the slot.

Dave: Insert card with the CD on the slot.

[Image description: The shunt now sits on the extension in the second slot from the right in the closest row to Dave. Part of a yellow card sticks out of the slot.]

You put the card in the slot and stick the shunt on the jumper pins.

Nothing happens. You might need to stick a punched card in there, probably allowing the holes in the card to affect the flow of current through the circuits. And to punch cards you'll need to get a
designix somehow.

Dave: Insert disc into computer.

[Image description: Dave sits at his computer. An alert showing the white CD hovers above it. A second image shows his desktop. In the back window, part of a Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff comic is open for editing. The sburb server window shows Rose fighting a white cat princess imp and two white harlequin imps. In the bottom right corner, a loading screen reads Reading Disk.]

Dave: Install software.

[Image description: A black window with a green border appears.

sbrub Client
Inventing Rubber Hoists
Relating Pull Reflectors
Updating Vises
Persuading Bulbs
Graduating Chain Sealants
Publicizing Aether Remotes
Governing Archetype Dimmers
Launching Manifestation Systems
Next

Plug-in detected...

Installing grist tor dot e x e

Next

[Image description: A white window takes up the whole screen. A banner at the top reads gristTorrent in bright green letters. To the left of the name is a green hexagon with a downwards pointing arrow in it. In the main window, there are four columns. The first three headings say Seeding and have spirographs next to them. The first has a blue spirograph, the second a purple one, and the third a red one. The last one says Offline and has a white spirograph. In each column there are a few grey rectangles showing various types of grist, presumably what the player represented in that column has in their cache at the moment. The blue column has 13800 build grist, 10862 shale, 4058 tar, 1890 mercury, and 322 cobalt. The purple one has 154 build grist and 22 white cube grist. The red one has 788 build grist. The white offline one shows nothing. There are two white boxes at the bottom; a square one on the left and a rectangle that crosses the rest of the screen. The rectangle is empty, but the square shows details of the program.

All (0)
Downloading (0)
Completed (0)
Active (0)
Inactive(0)]

Gristtorrent is now running.

Dave: Illegally pirate some of John's shale.

[Image description: The shale in the blue column is highlighted green and a shale bar appears highlighted red in the red column. The blue column shale decreases as the other increases. The numbers beside some of the text in the square has changed.

All (1)
You start leeching off John's Shale at a pace of 4 grist per second.

Not the fastest download rate, but then again you don't need a whole lot. In one second you already collect enough for a Punch Designix.

Dave: Download a bunch of grist from John. He has plenty.

[Image description: Dave begins downloading some of John’s build grist too.]

You set the application to leech off John's Build Grist because he's obviously got too much for his own good.

It cuts the download rate in half though.

You guide the Heir. Consult with him.

[Image description: Rose sits at the end of the dock. She has her laptop and the hub out. She also took out the pillow and grimoire. She uses the pillow to sit on and the grimoire as a desk. She uses the umbrella to shield herself from a passing raincloud. Mutini takes a nap on top of a post behind her. An alert above her computer cycles between three notifications; John, Dave, and the red angry face for someone from the trollslum. A message in the elegant cursive is on screen. You guide the Heir. Consult with him.]
ectoBiologist [E.B] began pestering tentacleTherapist [T.T]

E.B: rose?
are you there?
i went through the gate, nanna said you might be here too.
are you in kind of this spooky glowy place with oily rivers and stuff?
let me know ok.
T.T: I guess one could use those words to describe it.
If armed with a predilection for the inapt.
E.B: bluh bluh bluuuuuhhhhh.
ok, what words would you use, miss wordypants mcsmartybluh.
T.T: Eerily iridescent?
E.B: umm...
T.T: I certainly don't see any oily rivers.
There's an ocean though.
E.B: i haven't found an ocean yet.
but i dunno, the place is really big.
it's like a whole planet down here.
oh man, which reminds me.
i just got hounded by a troll.
T.T: Yes, one of them is bugging me now.
I thought it was odd timing.
E.B: yeah well, they say they want to be friends, also they're playing sburb but like not the same
session as ours or something.
oh also they're moving backwards in time, which sounds really retarded, but whatever.
T.T: Color my curiosity piqued, I guess.
E.B: yeah, i guess answer him if you want. or not.
but anyway, it's great you made it here alive and stuff!
so dave came through?
T.T: Eventually.
Pardon the envy I'm about to vent in your direction.
E.B: for what?
T.T: For finding yourself at the mercy of a rational orchestrator.
E.B: oh, haha.
yeah, i'd feel kinda weird if dave was watching me too.
T.T: You don't feel weird when I watch you?
E.B: rose i feel weird when you're just TALKING to me, when you're watching me it's just like the
weird frosting on the big weirdo cake.
T.T: I can't see you now, for what it's worth.
E.B: yes i'm freeeeeeeeee (very happy face)
ok, i'm going to go over this river and through these woods.
you talk to your troll i guess.
we'll compare notes later.
T.T: Ok.
Bye, John.

Who is this bothering you?

[Image description: It zooms in on Rose. Her laptop has an alert above it that shows a teal Libra symbol. The symbol looks like an equals sign with a bump in the center of the top line.]
gallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling tentacleTherapist [T.T]

[Note: gallowsCallibrator speaks in a bright teal text, replaces all As with 4, Is with 1, and Es with 3. She also types in all caps. This has been undone for ease of reading.]

Gc: hey lalonde
stop crying in your moms beverage
she hates you and has left you forever
heheheh (very happy face with wide eyes and furrowed eyebrows. It looks very mischievous.)
T.T: now I'm confused.
on the surface, this appears to be another contrivance from a troll desperate to offend.
but john said you wanted to be friends.
and if you knew me, I suppose your remark could be construed as a ploy to elicit agreement.
and soon, rapport.
not that it would actually work.
Gc: god
you really do talk too much
T.T: so which is it?
Gc: ooooooooh
your text smells good
is that lavender
T.T: you smell words?
Gc: you dont???
Gc: yes its easy to forget
given our "rapport"
and how much we really have in common
I forget that you humans actually communicate with speech instead of releasing clouds of fragrant gases
and smelling each others sentences
T.T: gross.
Gc: ahhaha so gullible
youll believe anything I tell you
of course we talk dummy (mischievous smile with furrowed eyebrows)
T.T: still not sure if I'm being courted or trolled here.
Gc: im going to go with the latter
I hate you all quite a lot
but I think
the others will eventually realize that itll be mutually beneficial for us all to work together
and so theyll probably be all friendly like later on
T.T: by later on, you mean now?
Gc: yeah
thats probably what john was hearing
and maybe theyll even mean it and want to be friendly
but I intend to stay pissed at you forever
even if I seem helpful
T.T: then you're in luck.
because you don't.
Gc: hehe no but I will be
the fact that I will be helpful
is an immutable fact I am stating for the record
it does not mean friendship is what is taking place here
T.T: John was told you were moving backwards through time. Was he gullible to believe this? Or is the fact that I'm asking just further indication of my own gullibility? Feel free to continue shifting the definition of the word to suit your convenience.

Gc: We haven't even been talking to you for long like a few minutes from my perspective if there are some of us who decided to start talking to you at the end of your adventure right off the bat instead of at the beginning like what's logical then that's their stupid business I'm staying linear cause weird time stuff gives me a headache oh also it's pointless

T.T: Alright, let's continue milking my human gullibility and say I believe you. You're the sensible one who's decided to communicate with us in linear lockstep with our timeline in order to help us out.

How can you help me?

Gc: You just entered your medium right

T.T: Yes.

Gc: Ok

T.T: Does it seem like there is a subtle voice in your head urging you to do things

T.T: Yes.

Gc: It's not so subtle, actually.

Gc: Yes!!!!!!! (open mouthed, wide eyed shocked face with furrowed eyebrows) For me too it was more loud and clear than for the others you see we are meant to be best hatefriends forever

T.T: A beautiful soulgrudge this cosmic was surely authored by the constellations.

Gc: They all thought I was crazy but hahaha it turned out we all were in our own ways that helped us realize the particular destinies the game put together for us in the vocabulary of like the hyper flexible mythology it tailors to each player group

T.T: You mean, for instance...

If a player were to learn she was a "seer"?

Gc: Yeah exactly! Seer of mind page of breath knight of blood maid of time etc etc etc 12 for us but obviously 4 for you every session is different

T.T: And this voice?

Gc: Oh yeah it's an exile

T.T: Exiled from what?

Gc: It took us forever to figure this out because they aren't meant to be an obvious aspect of the game they're on your dead planet just like they're on ours years after its reckoning their role is to help you on your quest in some ways the obvious way is by directly guiding your actions but maybe the more important ways are these little things they do probably without even realizing it actions that complete loops in the timeline
cogs in paradox space
T.T: paradox space?
Gc: oh hell
listen the universe will eat paradoxes for breakfast
and so will this game
get used to it
by now you should realize this whole mess was a big self fullfilling clusterfuck
a huge orgiastic mobius double reach around
T.T: I'm starting to see that.
so the exiles are on earth? Does that mean our goal is to get back there too? To resurrect it somehow?
Gc: no no no
see ironically they get to do that
after they're done helping you that is
your job is of greater consequence to say the least
but part of their job is to rebuild life and civilization there
and if they're successful in thousands or millions of years the technology is unearthed and the
planet is ripe for seeding all over again
T.T: you never answered the question. Where were they exiled from?
Gc: from the two kingdoms in the incipisphere
expatriated during the reckoning
former agents
T.T: what are agents?
Gc: I think
this will be more constructive
if I contact you again in a little while
when you know more
and I don’t have to explain so much
T.T: when?
Gc: in a couple of seconds
for me
but not for you
sucker
gallowsCalibrator [GC] ceased trolling tentacleTherapist [T.T]

Meanwhile, the past pulls a mean double reach around...

[Image description: It shows Jade sitting in a field outside her house. She has her lunchtop out and
an alert over it flips between two notifications. One is John, and the other is a grey cancer symbol.
The symbol looks like the number 69 turned on its side so the top one has its circle on the left. A
second image shows John at his computer, which has a Jade alert. His desk has tape, labels, and
pencils on it, indicating that it’s the day he sent out Jade’s birthday package.]

pesterlog
ghostyTrickster [GT] began pestering gardenGnostic [G.G]

GT: hey, happy birthday jade!
G.G: yay thank you john!!!!! (very happy face)
GT: whew ok, i got your present in the mail JUST on time.
plus i sent rose's and dave's too.
why do your guys'es birthdays got to be all bunched together like that??? you are running me ragged!
G.G: heheh i know but it is nice of you to think of us all like that!
GT: i can't wait for you to see what i got you. i don't want to spoil it or anything but hopefully it will help you solve those problems you've been having lately.
MYSTERIOUS WINK (winky face)
G.G: im sure it is great, i cant wait either!!!!!
it might take a while to get here from there but it will be worth the wait!
GT: oh man.
i am such an idiot, i forgot about how long it takes you to get stuff.
ARGH.
G.G: john thats ok really! im sure will get to me exactly when it needs to and it will be a nice surprise when it does!
GT: ok well i hope so.
G.G: (heart)......
uhhhh hold on
carcinoGeneticist [C.G] began trolling gardenGnostic [G.G]

C.G: wait god dammit don't block me.
I mean not that blocking me would do anything.
but just listen.
G.G: what do you want?????
C.G: I just have to deliver a message and then I'll go.
it is a message from you, so you probably ought to listen.
G.G: this is nonsense
every time I believe something you say you laugh at me and call me a gullible human!!!!
its so childish
C.G: ok fine I admit it, I completely shit the bed here.
I get that.
and I can't promise I won't keep trolling you.
cause I will, in weeks or months or whatever.
I'll keep giving you a hard time, but see that won't be present me.
that's past me.
from like a half hour ago or so, when I was more hot and bothered about all this, ok?
G.G: (very distressed face)
I dont know what youre talking about at all.....
it's another prank
C.G: whatever, fine, think it's a prank.
as long as you remember this conversation.
see we're trying to talk to you in the future, and it's important, but you won't answer us.
so we talked to you waaay in the future to ask how to get in touch with not-so-future you.
are you following?
G.G: no
C.G: she said to talk to you now and tell you this.
you know your robot?
G.G: you mean the robot you think is stupid?
the one you've mocked me for having on a number of occasions???
C.G: yeah, well I still do think your robot is stupid.
but that's besides the point.
later on it will blow up for some reason. It doesn't matter why.
G.G: this is the worst prank you've ever pulled!!!!!
C.G: quiet.
anyway, when it happens you won't know what to do.
the thing to do is to contact us.
and we'll tell you what to do.
G.G: why should I do that?
C.G: because that's what you told us to tell you.
whatever, believe me, don't believe me, I did my job.
I'm out of here.

carcinoGeneticist [C.G] ceased trolling gardenGnostic [G.G]

G.G: ok im back sorry
i had to tell someone to go away!
GT: oh god.
the trolls again?
G.G: yup (small shocked face)
GT: they have been such a pain in the ass lately.
it seems like there are so many.
there are either like fifty of these retards or it's one guy with a lot of alt accounts.
G.G: ive never had any sort of feeling about them or what they want which is kind of weird!!!
but it seems to me like they are probably all different people and not one guy
i have counted twelve
GT: what do they want with us!!!
G.G: some people just like to needle others for some reason john
it is like a game i guess. they are like pranksters!!
GT: oh hell no, shittiest pranksters ever.
G.G: but i think they are mostly harmless
every so often they manage to get through my block filter and hassle me. its been going on for
years! actually some of them are kind of funny i think hehe
GT: oh wow, what? years??
ok, well i am sick of them.
i've been thinking of changing my pesterchum handle to throw them off.
so...
i guess i'm gonna do that.

[Image description: It shows the grey skinned boy with horns from one of the 12 screens in the
bunker Spades Slick found. The boy is sitting at a computer, scowling and looking very annoyed.
He has heavy bags under his eyes like he’s very tired. A grey cancer sign is on his black shirt.]

Next

[Image description: A green box appears next to Jade with an orange -IFICATE. She looks over at
it in surprise.]

The package from your pen-pal appears again. You've been wondering when it was going to show
up. It has been months since you last worked on it!

Hopefully your friend has made the final modifications you require. You'll have to mail it soon so it
reaches John in time!

[Image description: John sits at his computer on the day he sent the presents. An alert over his
computer shows a libra sign.]
pesterlog

gallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling ghostyTrickster [GT]

Gc: hehe
Gt: uuuuugh
Gc: hahah
hehehehe
Gt: (question mark)
Gc: lol!
hehehehehehehe
(mischiefous smile with furrowed brows)
Gt: well
I guess you're not too bad a troll if this is all you do.
just laughing and stuff.
Gc: heeheehee!!!!
hahahaha
Gt: hehe
Gc: aahahaahahahahahahahahaha
Gt: hehehehehehe
Gc: john
why would you laugh at a blind girl
Gt: uh...
Gc: you have no idea how much you disgust me
you're a total disgrace to the field of ectobiology
if we ever meet
im going to cut your throat
and listen to you bleed while I smell you die

pesterlog

gallowsCalibrator [GC] ceased trolling ghostyTrickster [GT]

Next

[Image description: John sits at his computer looking distressed.]

You think it's time to change your chumhandle.

To what, though...

Gotta be something they'll never suspect. What was that thing she said you were a disgrace to?
You have kind of a hard time reading shitty leetspeak in spite of your awesome hacker cred.

Next

[Image description: Another grey skinned person sits at a computer. She wears red, almond-shaped
glasses and black lipstick. Her hair is a little bit below shoulder length and messy looking. Her horns are a bit longer than the grey boy’s, but hers are pointed. Her shirt is black with a teal libra symbol on it.]

P.M (question mark): Follow the agent.

[Image description: It shows a section of the purple castle with a round purple transportalizer
platform flanked by two imps. One is a cat squid princess with a grey jacket and the other is a red-
tinged cat harlequin. P.M appears on the platform with the parking ticket in hand.]
You have followed the Authority Regulator into enemy territory. It is a risky move and this dark palace makes you very uncomfortable. But it is imperative you press on and recover that parcel.

You have brought along a Parking Citation. If confronted, you will say you are only here to deliver payment and leave.

Next

[Image description: She walks down one of the walkways, passing a black carapace in a grey suit and a cat ears headband. He has a red diamond on his suit and looks suspiciously like Diamonds Droog.]

You have no idea where you're going. You are too nervous to ask anyone.

Next

[Image description: P.M stands in a long hallway next to a very wide bright red carpet that runs the length of the hallway. Two bands of gold decorate it near the edges.]

You take a turn somewhere and find an especially regal looking red carpet. You wonder where it could possibly lead.

Next

[Image description: She follows the carpet and, in a large room, it intersects with an identical one going perpendicular to it. Where they meet, there is something black with two small towers sticking out of the top and long black things of some sort sticking out of the sides. Perhaps cables? Or tentacles.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the item, which is actually a throne with a carapace sitting in it. The throne itself is grey and very boxy with very little decoration. The outside has a faint checkerboard pattern that fades out halfway up the back. On the backrest is a carving of a pentagon with four towers sticking out of the top and a stylized crown with four spikes in the center. The carapace is the Black Queen, the one who scolded Jack Noir for not wearing his hat. Her limbs look incredibly insect like, and she only has one arm. She also has a tentacle coming from each side near the bottom of where her ribs would be. They are banded pink and black until about an arms length down them, at which point they are completely black. The queen wears a short, strapless dress with a striped purple, yellow, red, and green bodice, a black belt, and a red skirt with pink bands at the waist and hem. She also has a black harlequin hat that’s missing a tip.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the Black Queen’s face, who glares. A second image shows P.M looking very nervous and holding up the parking ticket with a trembling hand. A bead of sweat rolls down her face.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the black queen’s hand with the ring. She points towards something off screen. Her ring, which previously only had one white ball out of a presumed four, now has two.]

The Black Queen directs you to the office of the Archagent. He is in charge of most of the tedious
paperwork around here.

Rose, I must leave now.

[Image description: It shows Rose’s screen with the sburb server and a chat with Dave open. sburb shows Nannasprite in John’s kitchen surrounded by piles of cookies and a few imps. The chat is T.G: so seriously what were you doing just now
T.T: I was talking to someone.
T.G: who
T.T: You remember the trolls?
T.G: yeah
T.T: One of them messaged me, so I indulged him/her/it for a moment.
T.G: oh i see you opted to chat up one of those dbags instead of talk to the guy who saved you from a swirling shitstorm of angry flaming wizards

A message in the cursive is on screen.
Rose, I must leave now.]

This is the last you will hear from me.

[Image description: Rose stands at the end of the dock. Her laptop, hub, grimoire, and pillow still sit nearby, but she looks out to sea instead. Mutini sleeps on her newly vacated pillow as cats tend to do. There is a smudge of something black near the pillow. A message is on screen. Find your sprite. Realize your purpose.]

Next

[Image description: Rose looks thoughtfully off into the distance with a hand on her chin.]

You return to a more typical mindset. You suddenly feel empowered to make important decisions on your own without supervision. Parental or otherwise.

Rose: Sip martini thoughtfully.

[Image description: She still looks thoughtful, but now she holds her mom’s martini near her mouth.]

Such as this one.

Just a tiny sip couldn't hurt...

Next

[Image description: Rose rears back and shouts Bluh, dropping the martini, which hovers near her hand. The drawing is almost identical to how Dave imagined John reacting if he drank piss that he thought was apple juice.]


[Image description: It shows the red sand desert and a curved white wall that’s presumably part of the egg shaped facility that just landed. A white carapace appears in a gentle red pulse. She, unlike the other exiles, doesn’t appear to have improvised clothing. Her dress is faded, but neatly tailored. It wraps around her to a little above knee length in the front, but the hem comes to a point at about mid calf in the back. It comes to loose folds around the collar, where it has a hood that is currently pulled up. She seems tall compared to the other exiles and has very insect like limbs, though only}
A Windswept Questant suddenly appears.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out, showing the Windswept Questant in front of her egg shaped facility.]

Next

[Image description: W.V and A.R look at each other in surprise.]

P.M: Command John to put the carved tablet into a pyxis.

[Image description: P.M looks at the screen in W.V’s facility. John’s screen is on and shows him standing next to a pyxis in the Land of Wind and Shade.]

You follow the command telling you to command John to put the carved tablet in the pyxis and type, "John, put the carved tablet into the pyxis."

You successfully do that, and he successfully does that too. Everyone is friendly and cooperative.

Next

[Image description: P.M falls backwards as the ground shakes. The vibrating Egg text appears next to her.]

What the hell was that???

It almost sounded like a huge egg appeared in the sky and landed, and then someone mysterious teleported out of it.

P.M (question mark): Locate the Archagent.

[Image description: P.M stands in another section of the castle. In the background, there are the 3 screens Jack Noir used to view areas of the castle. Between them and P.M is a purple desk with piles of parking citations and the green package on it. A mannequin stands near the desk with a new outfit on it. The outfit consists of a dress with puffy pink sleeves, a round collar, a bodice made of the same jagged-edged fabric pieces as the previous outfit, and a pink skirt. It also has a pink hat with two cones on it that come together in a V shape. A piece of light pink fabric drapes down from one of the tips. On a yellow section of the bodice, there is a black spade symbol. This is presumably Jack’s new uniform. After all, Rose joined the session, so everything must be updated to match her sprite as well as John’s.]

You find the agent's office. But he is nowhere to be found.

You eye something on the desk there.

P.M (question mark): Grab the box and run!

[Image description: P.M stands near the desk, looking like she’s about to grab the package. Suddenly, she jumps and turns around. Jack noir comes on and glares at her. He isn’t wearing his colorful outfit anymore. Now he wears a simple black jacket with a striped collar and three buttons.]
If you act quickly enough maybe you can grab the package and get out of here before Can I Help You

Next

[Image description: Jack glares.]

Mr. Noir tells you that ticket had better be notarized and punched in triplicate and presented with the full boondollar penalty plus processing fees, or you are wasting valuable time he could otherwise spend shirking his clerical duties.

Next

[Image description: P.M sweats and drops the ticket. She looks very nervous.]

Ticket? Oh, this thing. Ha, ha, look at that, you are holding a ticket. How did that get in your hand? It belongs on the desk with the others. No, you are not here to pay a parking ticket.

You explain to the frightening man that you are here to pick up that green parcel.

Next

[Image description: Jack stands closer to P.M and holds a sword up. The sword looks like the one P.M wields in the Exiles era.]

Jack makes it clear he would rather stab something to death than process the avalanche of paperwork needed to release the confiscated freight. Also any legit courier would have the pickup forms ready to go. In spite of how he's supposed to be dressed now but isn't, he ain't nobody's fool.

Next

[Image description: Jack Noir holds out two white slips of paper. One has the crown symbol from the back of the throne and the other has the plus symbol with the horizontal line from the parking citation.]

But perhaps an Understanding can be reached.

He gives you a Hit List.

Next

[Image description: Jack hands P.M his sword. P.M holds it uncomfortably and looks at the white papers.]

Bring him the crowns. He'll give you the box.

Jack: Examine package.

[Image description: Jack holds the package and looks down at it.]

The Parcel Mistress departs with her mission of double agency. You wonder if she'll actually be so foolish as to attempt to uphold her end of the lopsided bargain. You make a policy of handing out a Regisword and a Hitlist to just about everyone who enters your office. But you never think anyone's actually going to Go Through with it.

You wish you could watch. She's a deadwoman.
You wonder why she's so desperate to acquire this package. What could be inside?

Jack: Open it.

[Image description: Jack’s eyes go wide as he looks down into the now open box, but the contents are still hidden from the reader’s view.]

Dave: Punch some cards.

[Image description: Dave stands in his hallway, which now has the punch designix in it. The designix takes up most of the space and partially blocks a doorway. There’s a collection of random junk around Dave including an empty bottle, a blender, a photo enlarger (which looks like a camera mounted on a pole above a square base for photos to be put on), a camera, and many pieces of smuppets. A pile of punched cards sits on the designix.]

You've leech more than enough grist from John to afford a Punch Designix, which for some reason Jade put in the hallway making it kind of hard to walk through your apartment, but whatever. You also have plenty of grist for messing around with the Alchemiter to manufacture some new gear if you want. But you'd like to figure out what the Jumper Block does first.

Jade keeps dropping a weird assortment of objects for you to captchalogue and punch. You've given up trying to identify any rhyme or reason to the thought process behind it.

Dave: Put a punched card in a shunt.

[Image description: Dave stands out by the extension. A card is in the slot again and it shows a picture of a blender on top of the shunt.]

You put the punched Blender card in a shunt just for the hell of it, and stick it on the jumper pins.

Next

[Image description: The laser scanner on the small platform is gone, replaced by a blender. The totem for the egg is inside the blender, which then turns on and grinds it into small cruxite chunks.]

The Alchemiter is fitted with the Blender Upgrade.

This upgrade doesn't seem all that useful. Looks like all it does is grind up your totems.

Dave: Use a punched Gamebro Magazine card.

[Image description: Another shunt is on the extension next to the blender one. This one has a picture of a Game Bro magazine on it. A second image shows the alchemiter with a large statue of the guy pointing from Bro’s video game on the platform.]

The Alchemiter is upgraded with a huge metal bust of this awesome bro.

The device has been reduced to an utterly useless heap of shit.

Time to yank out all the shunts and start over.

Jade: Draw the punch designix.

[Image description: Jade sits on her bed with her lunchtop open. The punch designix is on her screen and she draws it on her pad. A second image shows the pad. The drawing is surprisingly accurate.]
Your inscrutable thought process leads you to draw the Punch Designix on your Scribblepad.

Next

[Image description: The drawing changes to a ghost captcha image. A second image shows the back of the card for the ghost designix. The background is a magenta, green, and orange checkerboard with dozens of tiny black lines, two yellow lines, and two blue lines across it. The code is L229BxoG.]

The pad recognizes the drawing, but there is no designix around, and even if there was, it would obviously be way too big to captchalogue.

Instead, the Ghost Image of the designix is captcha'd, along with its captcha code on the back.

Jade: Send the code to Dave.

[Image description: Dave tries to squeeze through the door from the living room back into the hallway, but the designix is making it very difficult. It pins the door partially shut.]

pesterlog
G.G: dave here punch this code!
L229BxoG
and then put it in the jumper shunty thing and see what it does
T.G: ok

Dave: Punch code and put it in the jumper shunty thing.

[Image description: Dave stands up by the alchemiter, which no longer has the statue or the blender on it. Instead, it now has a punch designix on one side of the base.]

pesterlog
T.G: so i guess this is just a built in designix
which is sort of cool i guess
since i wont have to go downstairs and bang the hallway door into the thing and squeeze through
every time i want to punch a card
because of course you couldnt have just put it next to the alchemiter in the first place
but then i have to go downstairs anyway to make totems and get cruxite and stuff
so really who cares
G.G: well i think this is only one way to consolidate all the gizmo features....
hang on i’ll give you more codes!!!

Jade: Draw the holopad.

[Image description: It shows the open menu Jade got the extension and shunt from. The Holopad is selected. A second image shows another surprisingly accurate drawing on Jade’s scribble pad.]

You don't have nearly enough grist to deploy the Holopad, whatever it does. But maybe you can get it as a freebie upgrade to the alchemiter.

Next

[Image description: The drawing turns into a ghost image of the holopad and is captchalogueed into Jade’s sylladex.]

Looks like it worked! You love your scribblepad.
Dave: Upgrade alchemiter with holopad.

[Image description: Dave stands by the small platform on the alchemiter, which now looks like the holopad and has a slot for a captchalogue card, which has a card in it. A hologram of a blender wavers above the platform.]

The totem pedestal is converted into a holographic projector. It projects an image of the item the punch code represents.

This seems useful for previewing an item a code will produce, without spending the grist on it. You test it out with the blender card.

But it still renders the alchemiter unusable. At least without further upgrades.

Jade: Draw the totem lathe.

[Image description: It shows Jade’s pad, which has a ghost image of the totem lathe on it. A second image shows Dave at the alchemiter. A third shunt is now on the extension. A small version of the totem lathe now sticks out of the small platform, though this one is designed to carve vertically rather than horizontally. The hologram now projects a cruxite totem.]

You captcha the lathe ghost image and apply the upgrade.

Now the holopad projects a hologram of the totem that a punch card will create!

This appears to turn the alchemiter into a one stop-shopping hub. You just punch a card, stick it in, and get your item. Nice!

Jade: Draw the jumper block.

[Image description: It shows Jade’s pad with a drawing of the extension. It turns into a ghost image and captchalogues into the last card in her deck.]

You get the code for the jumper block extension to upgrade the alchemiter with... uh... the jumper block extension?

Ok that's kind of a crappy drawing but it seemed to work anyway.

Dave: Upgrade.

[Image description: The extension now has four jumpers on it, but it quickly disappears into the alchemiter. Now on the side where it was there are simply eight slots for cards, four of which are filled.]

This is getting a little abstract.

But it appears to economize on space. Now all you have to do is stick a card in a slot to apply an upgrade. Don't have to bother with the shunts anymore.

Jade: Draw the intellibeam laserstation.

[Image description: It shows the menu with the Intellibeam Laserstation selected. A second image shows Jade’s drawing of it, which is more or less accurate but still not exact on the details. Now that it is larger, though, more detail is visible. It looks somewhat like a combination of a few microscopes and a laser cutter. It looks like something out of a very complex sci-fi show.]
This thing looks kind of complicated.

Next

[Image description: It turns into a ghost image of a transformer.]

DAMMIT!

Dave: Captchalogue enlarger.

[Image description: Dave grabs the photo enlarger from the hallway full of stuff and captchalogues it into card 9.]

You grab the Enlarger from your dismantled photography lab.

Dave: Upgrade.

[Image description: Dave stands out by the alchemiter again. Now there is an enlarger mounted on a pole to one side of it. The enlarger has a knob where it connects to the pole, which is probably used to move it up and down. The enlarger itself looks like a combination of a camera and a microscope.]

You apply the Enlarger Upgrade.

Jade: Draw air conditioner on roof.

[Image description: It shows a drawing of the AC unit on Jade’s pad, which then turns into a ghost image.]

You ghost-captcha the huge air conditioner and give Dave the code to mess around with.

Dave: Make air conditioner unit.

[Image description: Dave stands next to the alchemiter. A red hologram of the air conditioner appears on the platform. As the enlarger moves up and down, the AC unit changes size and cost. It’s shown in sizes that cost 100, 1000, 10,000, and 10 build grist.]

Size of the object you make is now variable. The bigger, the more expensive, as one would expect.

Next

[Image description: Dave stands on the platform next to a tiny air conditioner. It’s about knee height on him.]

You make a tiny Air Conditioner.

This was totally not a waste of time!

John: Find the car.

[Image description: John stands by his dad’s car in the Land of Wind and Shade. A captchalogue card in the top left corner shows his Serious Business Goggles, which have an alert showing the grey skinned girl with red glasses.]

You find your father's car near the base of the rock pillar. It is surrounded by caution tape for some reason. You are reminded to be cautious.
You cautiously inspect the vehicle. To no one's surprise but yours, the package and the game are missing.

Someone is bugging you.

Next

[Image description: It shows John against a background of trees. He is now wearing the serious business goggles, which show a reversed image of a pesterchum chat.]

pesterlog
gallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling ectoBiologist [E.B]

Gc: john its me again
E.B: who?
oh, that's right...
the leetspeaking blind one.
go away!
Gc: john dont make fun of my handicap
E.B: which one, the blindness or the leetspeak.
Gc: I am sensitive about both
E.B: sorry.
Gc: you can make it up to me
by letting me help you
E.B: wow, you drive a hard bargain!
but noooooooooo.
Gc: before you keep typing more stupid o's in that word
just listen and do what I say
you know youre going to eventually anyway
because youre a nice guy and kind of a total weenie pushover
E.B: yeah, well you're a huge...
oh man, whatever, what do you even want.
Gc: im motivated by self interest
to help you advance more quickly
because ive got your whole adventure right here in front of me
E.B: do you have a braille screen or something?
Gc: shhhhhhh!
anyway the point is
its long and boring
and you could stand to skip some steps
E.B: I don't really understand.
so you can "see" my whole future there, right?
by just like, scrolling around on some computer thing that lets you pick what time to talk to me?
how can you be bored by my long boring future, why don't you just scroll around to wherever you want like the other weirdos are doing?
Gc: ok I can do that
and I am
I guess what I really mean is
I just want to mess with you
E.B: oh ok, that sounds really great and helpful!
Gc: I mean mess with the timeline
my friends all think that you cant really change anything
that your timeline we're chat-hopping around is set in stone
no matter what we say or when we say it
and they're probably right
but I don't care
I want to mess with it and taste what happens
(Mischievous very happy face with furrowed eyebrows)
E.B: sounds dumb.
but if it means you're going to help me, then go ahead and help me I guess.
Gc: let's get you to the gate first
it's not far
I sniffed out a map of your planet
E.B: whoa, you've got a map?
where'd you get it?
Gc: john we are so much better than you in every respect it's ridiculous
E.B: can I have it?
Gc: it's huge
and mostly irrelevant
here let me draw you a small section of it
showing you where to go
E.B: ok.
gallowsCalibrator [GC] sent ectoBiologist [E.B] the file "GO HERE JOHN dot G I F"

Next

[Image description: John looks confused. The image in his glasses just looks like a bunch of colorful scribbles. A second image confirms that the background is mostly just colorful scribbles, but some of the lines are actually meant to be things. A green line makes a rough outline of a landmass of some sort with John standing near the west. The drawing of John is basically a stick person with hair and a face, but each part is disjointed, like someone didn't line up layers correctly. A bunch of disjointed blue lines make the approximations of trees in several places on the landmass. A dotted yellow line traces the path John is supposed to take. It goes northwest of him and crosses off of the landmass as it turns west, then curves down to the south and re-enters the landmass. It continues down onto a peninsula, then leaves the landmass again to cross a large bay or sea of some sort. It comes back onto the landmass and points to a green colored pipe with black stuff spewing out of it. The pipe is almost directly south of John and he has a nearly straight shot to it if he were to not follow the path.]

pesterlog
E.B: this is the worst crap I have ever seen.
what am I looking at here?
Gc: it's the best I can do
Gc: (frowny face with furrowed eyebrows)
E.B: ok sorry but it's useless.
what's with these colors.
Gc: I picked ones that smell nice
E.B: couldn't you just, like...
crop the world map.
I thought you guys were the best.
Gc: shut up my map is fine
look it's not even that far away
i'll lead you to it
it's a big pipe
you jump in
the wind will take you to the gate
its a shortcut
E.B: you mean the breeze?
Gc: yeah whatever
lets get moving john
are you ready to fuck up the timeline???
E.B: sure.

Next

[Image description: John walks down a path, the same path that A.R took while P.M watched.]

Rose: Strife.

[Image description: Rose stands on a balcony of her house with an imp on either side of her. She has her knitting needles out and looks angry and determined. The imps are labeled with black boxes with red text above their heads. To her left is a Chalk Imp, which is a white cat princess. To her right is a Marble Imp, which is a white squid harlequin imp with pink bands all across its body in a marble-like pattern. Rose jumps forward and stabs the Chalk Imp twice, then rolls back. She dashes forward once again and stabs it with both of her needles, killing it. It drops build grist and a few white cubes. Rose does a backflip off screen to the right, then comes back in with a flying leap. Purple yarn is now on her needles, and she catches it around the neck of the marble imp. She jumps and stabs down into the top of its head, killing it. It drops build grist and white cubes with pink bands.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out, revealing another foe to the right. It looks like a Crude Ogre, but with white skin and black teeth instead of the other way around. It is wearing a harlequin hat and a pink shirt with green and yellow sleeves. A label above it names it a Lime Ogre. Mutini swats at the waterfall as it flows out from under the house but can’t reach the water.]

Next

[Image description: Rose does a flying leap, trailing yarn behind her knitting needles as she aims for the ogre’s face. A second image shows her stabbing into it’s eyes.]

Next

[Image description: The ogre roars as Rose does a flip over its head, leaving the needles in its eyes but holding the yarn. A second image shows her landing on its back and using the yarn like reins.]

Rose: Knit the scarf. Ride the ogre.

[Image description: Rose rides the ogre over the waterfall. A second image shows it landing in the pool of water below with a large splash. Rose is still safely on its back.]

Next

[Image description: Rose still stands on the Ogre, which lays face down in the water. A captchalogue card appears in the top left corner, showing her laptop with a Dave alert.]

Rose: Answer Dave.

[Image description: It shows Rose’s entire house with the ogre laying in the shallow sea in front of
it. A second image shows her sitting on its back with her grimoire and pillow making a makeshift desk again. Her laptop now shows 2 alerts, one for Dave and one with a medium brown Taurus symbol, which looks like a circle with two faintly curved bull horns. A third image shows Dave, who sits at his desk. His computer has a Rose alert and one with a jade green Virgo symbol. The virgo symbol looks like a skinny lowercase M with a loop next to the bottom of the final line that looks like how someone might draw a simple fish shape.]

pesterlog
T.G: im building up your house
by the way why do you live in this weird compound
do you host east european industrial raves
nevermind the point is
im out of grist
so if youre done whipping that ogre like a rented mule
maybe you could convert it into a grist windfall
T.T: Right now?
The spoils would sink.
T.G: i dont know beach the thing first i guess
unless you were planning on sailing that ogre down the mississippi with a runaway slave
T.T: And then what?
T.G: what do you mean
you kill it
release a shitload of grist
maybe take one of your needles and puncture the base of its skull
does it even have a skull
or a brain stem
can you find out
T.T: That sounds malicious.
T.G: what
but you just rigged the thing with an oedipal harness and rode its torso like a log flume ride down a magical rainbow
T.T: That was self defense.
Murdering a wounded behemoth in its sleep strikes me as unseemly.
T.G: this is bullshit its an unfeeling monster who gives a fuck
T.T: Maybe you could replicate a pillow I could use to smother it.
Make it a clean hit.
I would use one of mine but they've all mysteriously gone missing.
T.G: wow fuck ok
you can either kill it for the loot or wait a couple hours for gristtorrent to steal more of johns
but then again ill be pretty busy in a couple hours so make up your mind
T.T: Does John know we've been sapping his grist yet?
T.G: no but he’s still got a ton so screw him
T.T: Hold on, someone's messaging me.
T.G: yeah me too

Dave: Answer troll.

[Image description: Dave leans in over his keyboard. His computer still has the Virgo alert. A black bird sits on his desk and stares at him.]

pesterlog
G.A: You Command The Seer
So You May Have Some Insight Into Her Disposition
T.G: who
G.A: The One Who Is A Little Snooty
T.G: oh yeah sure
i command her alright i am like the pimpmaster hustledaddy of all snippy bookshrews
G.A: Thats An Exotic Title
I Thought You Were The Knight
T.G: wrong what do you want
G.A: Have You Found Her Demeanor To Be Chilly
On A Basis Of Personal Interaction That Hypothetically Extends Beyond The Context Of A Short
Lived And Lackluster Trolling Effort
T.G: what the hell
G.A: I Thought Your Familiarity With Her May Allow You To Furnish Me Insight
She And You Are Familiar Isn’t That Right
She Perhaps Even Regards You With Uh
Endearment
T.G: you have no idea dude she is so in my grill
like a stray hotdog that rolled down there
and now its too much trouble to fish out with the tongs
so you just watch it like crack and turn black
G.A: Um Is This
A Common Sort Of Practice In Human Courtship
Watching Oblong Meat Products Tumble Into Places They Dont Belong
T.G: man wait
whats this about
you have a thing for her dont you
dont deny it bro its obvious
G.A: Am I Being Accused Of Falling Prey To The Human Dysfunction Of Amorous Inclination
T.G: hahahaha so terrible
what a transparent dodge
all hiding behind your alien shit
just admit it
you want me to help you win her over
G.A: I Just Would Like To Gather
Some Means Of Gauging Her Sincerity
T.G: ok well its easy
for everything she says take her to mean just the opposite
see not everybody always means literally what they say the way john and jade always do
G.A: Maddening
How Do Humans Forge Meaningful Relationships Using Such Communication Patterns
Perhaps It Is The Human Riddle That Is Truly The Ultimate Riddle
T.G: oh my flipping christ
ok if you want rose to dig you you got to leave that crap in the shitty scifi novels where it belongs
G.A: It Was Not A Sincere Remark
I Have Been Practicing
Your Human Sarcasm
T.G: oh ok
that was pretty good
maybe even too deadpan but its a start keep at it
G.A: Very Well
I Am Beginning To Feel As Though I Am The Only One Working On Our Friendship
T.G: hahaha yes youre on a roll
G.A: That Was Sincerity
T.G: oh
alright look
if you want to keep her attention you got to pull out all the stops
reverse psychology mind games all sorts of machiavellian bullshit
i mean unless youre really smooth and inherently likeable like me which youre not
G.A: Then
Keep Saying The Opposite Things
T.G: thats kind of the obtuse alien way of getting it but yeah
be like
an antagonism ninja
like her
i dont know you sort of remind me of her anyway so maybe thats a good thing
it could be a horrible thing though
G.A: It Sounds Like
You Are Advising Me To Troll Her Again
Which I Have Tried
It Proved To Be A Fruitless Endeavor
T.G: yeah i guess i am
i guess im saying be a less shitty troll
G.A: Okay
I Believe I Understand How To Proceed
T.G: good luck bro

Rose: Answer troll.

[Image description: Rose still sits at her laptop, which still has the Taurus alert.]

pesterlog
adiosToreador [A.T] began trolling tentacleTherapist [T.T]

A.T: hiiii, so,
you get bossed around by the knight, ok, given that, I have a question,
T.T: who?
A.T: oh, the one who's supposed to be "cool", I think,
the sun glasses guy,
T.T: why would someone wear sunglasses while using a computer?
A.T: iiii didn't say anything about a computer, but,
yes, haaaaah,
I thought the same thing about how asinine that is,
so, you know that guy, ummm,
T.T: I know that anyone committed to such an affectation could only be striving to mask a severe
insecurity complex, and likely harbors a crisis of self-image.
I've been known to lend my charitable attention to such people, but only "bossed around" by them
insofar as the psychiatric professional has cause to humor the demented for analytical purposes.
r maybe as a lab chimp commands the zookeeper's interest in its shit by forcing him to duck under
its trajectory now and then.
A.T: ok, wow, I didn't understand those things,
but, uhh, I mean dave,
oh, that guy.
yeah, ok, given that, I have a question,
bout him,
I want to know about his emotional vulnerabilities, and, um, what are the tender spots that all those, uhhh, devices he employs to conceal them, uhh, like all the things he says he thinks are funny, T.T: tender spots? your word choices are evocative. is your design to couple with this gentleman? A.T: whoaaaaaaa, no, no, whoa, ok, no, that just made me feel upset to think about, I just want to really try to bother him, it's hard, T.T: if you're trying to get his goat, you should know he only stocks the animal in the first place for ironic purposes. A.T: no, I'm not really interested in his earth goat, but if that was a figure of speech then I guess that's ok, T.T: then we're agreed; you are hellbent upon literally seizing his shrill, bearded livestock. I'll assist you. A.T: uhh, T.T: if you really want to burn him, I recommend poetry. A.T: what, poetry, as in like those human word bunches, T.T: yes. They are the most delicious bunches we have. I suggest you serve these crisp bunches of honey and verbal annihilation to him as part of a complete breakfast. A.T: oh, and, will this breakfast injure his shrill barn beast, I mean this figuratively, just to be clear, T.T: a deft cluster-bombing of this sort will leave nothing wriggling from the razed earth. except sulfurous tresses while it cracks and turns black. A.T: you mean, like, the surface of an overcooked protein object, T.T: yeah. I suppose what I'm saying is this. drop some hard, peer-reviewed motherfuckin' science on his ass. some seriously government funded shit. it will destroy him. A.T: aaaaahahahah, yes, this is the idea that I like, T.T: your obvious cunning with words should depants strider with such vivid empyrean tempest, a nether-regional sonic boom is certain inevitability. but even so. consider me at your disposal to help craft a comeuppance of such unqualified devastation, the angels will weep pearstrings of little urban fellows cantillating an unbroken chorus of oh snaps. A.T: pleeease, I think I am perfectly capable of manufacturing these alleged "dope" human rhymes, and starting some sick fires, I don't need your charity, that you said you lend, to, uhhh, earth monkeys who toss around poop, or something like that, you're pretty snooty, thanks for your help, but I don't need your help, adiosToreador [A.T] blocked tentacleTherapist [T.T] adiosToreador [A.T] unblocked tentacleTherapist [T.T] A.T: oops, sorry, I didn't mean to block you,
T.T: ummmm,

Next

[Image description: It zooms out to show the entire island. The ogre she’s sitting on has drifted around to the opposite side of the island, but Rose has yet to notice. A Virgo alert hovers over her computer.]

Rose: Answer troll.

[Image description: The ogre pumps to a halt just behind the four streams of water that become the waterfall. The Virgo alert is still there.]

pesterlog
grimAuxiliatrix [G.A] began trolling tentacleTherapist [T.T]

G.A: Your Dark Spectacled Friend Has Advised Me On A More Effective Method For Trolling You
I Think His Contention Is That This Strategy Will Have The Opposite Of The Intended Effect And Precipitate A Sort Of Bond Between Us That Is Established In Mutual Antagonism
What Do You Think About This
T.T: I think you're shrewd to have recognized his ploy of sabotage, and you've earned my compliments.
G.A: Ah See It Is Working Already
T.T: What is?
G.A: Ive Listened To His Advice And Have Resolved To Modify The Approach Slightly
I Know What I Have To Do
What We Have To Do Really
T.T: What's that?
G.A: Remember The First Time We Spoke
T.T: Yes, but you said it wasn't the first time you spoke to me.
We'll graciously omit my embarrassing skepticism however.
G.A: The First Time You Spoke To Me Was The Second Time I Spoke To You
T.T: This conversation doesn't sound like your first time either.
G.A: This Is Your Second Conversation With Me But Is My Seventh With You
T.T: And when exactly does your maiden encounter take place?
G.A: Thats Next Time
T.T: So to clarify.
If the matching of my first with your second is denoted by 1=2, then the sequence would be:
T.T: 1=2, 2=7, 3=1, 4=?, ...
G.A: Yes And The Rest Of The Sequence Is Simply
4=3, 5=4, 6=5, 7=6
Unless My Future Self Stowed Another Conversation In Between One Of Those Which Is Entirely Possible
But Urrgh I Dont Want To Think About That
T.T: Why is it that when the subject of temporal mechanics is broached your sparing troll intellects etcetera etcetera.
G.A: See That Is What I Mean Rose You Are Not As Dumb Of A Girl As I Was Initially Lead To Believe
T.T: You mean based on the first impression I am apparently about to make in our next conversation?
G.A: Yes
T.T: What could I possibly say that will leave such an imprint?
G.A: That Is Why I Have Contacted You Now
I Will Send You A Copy Our First Conversation Directly From My Chat Log

grimAuxiliatrix [G.A] sent tentacleTherapist [T.T] the file "Conversation With A Very Stupid Girl dot t x t"

T.T: I guess being forced to cooperate with a stable time loop is the only plausible explanation for my remarks.
G.A: Yes And Then I Found It Sort Of Curious That During My Next Conversation With You Your Various Mental Endowments And Wherewithals Were Not As They Seemed
I Suspected The Stratagem Might Be A Counter Trolling Measure But Then Was Not So Sure And Further Examination Grew Warrant
T.T: And what if my counter-counter measure is to choose not to transcribe this dialogue accurately in the future-first place?
G.A: But See I Have Edited The Copy Already In Ways That Will Remain Secret For Now But You Will Discover Once You Type It
So You Are Destined To Edit It No Matter What And What You Submit Will Be What I Once Read Regardless
!
T.T: Unless I decide to copy it word-for-word!
G.A: Yes Unless I Lied About Editing It In The First Place
Either Way Through Knowledge Of What You Will Say I Have Precisely Engineered The Nature Of Your Transgression
!!!
T.T: So your trolling strategy now is to put idiotic words in my mouth through the machinery of temporal inevitability, and cause me to excruciate over how to subvert the transcription?
G.A: Yes
T.T: While being perfectly up front about it?
G.A: Yes I Suppose Its That Sarcasm All The Time Seems Laborious To Me
T.T: I'll admit, it's a more advanced tactic than I gave you credit for.
G.A: Yes And The Providence Of This Antagonism Ninja Vice Grip Pinching Your Larynx Has Already Begun To Supply My Purpose With Fruit
The Chilly Frost Shimmering On Our Tree Of Human Friendship Has Begun To Thaw
T.T: Mixed metaphor aside, usually ninjas don't announce what they're doing when they're doing it. Like when stalking an emperor to assassinate him.
Or befriend him.
But that's fine.
I guess the only pointless question we haven't exhausted is, why?
Why the convoluted artifice?
G.A: Dave Raised Insight Into The Human Psychology Of Friendship Development
By Allotting You Your Side Of The Conversation I Have You At The Disadvantage In Your View
And You Will Seek To Reclaim Higher Ground
In Successive Conversations
4=3 And 5=4 And Such
Your Demeanor Will Be Terse If Not Saturated With Disdain And It Will Cause Me To Be Confused And Question Your Motivation
But Now I Know Your Motivation Because I Am Supplying It Here And Now
They Will Be Simple Acts Of Friendly Human Retaliation
T.T: So you're not only rigging the first impression I make on you, but orchestrating my revenge for the rigging as well?
G.A: Yes
It Seems Friendship For Some Humans Is A Basic Aggregation Of Shallow And Insincere Hostilities
T.T: That's an interesting take on it.
But now I know for sure Dave isn't behind this plan.
It's too complicated.
G.A: I Don't Understand
Who Better To Coordinate Such Events Than The Knight Of Time
T.T: You're awfully quick to his defense.
Are you sure you don't have a thing for him?
It's ok, bro. You can admit it.
G.A: I'm Hopping To 8=8
Ideally You Will Have Long Since Discarded This Train Of Thought
T.T: Ok.
I'm going to talk to my dead cat.

Next

[Image description: a grey girl with horns sits at a computer. Her eyes are yellow, she has black lipstick and two small fangs sticking out. She has short, neat hair with edges that are arranged into tidy swirls and points at her temples and down the sides, like where baby hairs would be. Her horns are longer than the other girls, and they curve inward slightly. One has a small spur at the tip, like someone began carving a flake off and stopped halfway through the cut. She wears a black long sleeve shirt with a black tee shirt on top. The tee shirt has a jade green virgo symbol on it.]

Next

[Image description: dave sits at his desk with the bird still staring at him and the taurus alert still over his computer.]

Dave: answer troll.

[Image description: dave is using the fill tool on his art program to color in various parts of a panel of hella jeff for a sweet bro and hella jeff comic. In the background, a chat with adiostoreador is open.]

Pesterlog
adiostoreador [A.T] began trolling turntechgodhead [T.G]

A.T: okayyyy, my bromo sapien,
ru ready,
to get straight in, flat down, broad side, school fed up the bone bulge,
by a dope smacked, trinked out, smother fudging,
trolllllllllllllllll,
T.G: dont care
A.T: ok, let me,
organize my notes here,
okayyy,
(turn on some strict beats maybe, it will help to listen to them while I destroy you,)
when the police man busts me, and pops the trunk,
he's all suprised to find I'm toting sick billy,
whose,
goat is that, he asks, while he stops to thunk
about it, and I's just say it's dave's, you silly
goose,
but the man says, goose! Where, let me see your hands,
and I say shit sorry, I didn't know it was honktraband,
wow, ok,
I am getting off the point, which was,
about this hot mess dave, that you got landed in,
like the cop I mentioned, but instead of your badge,
and your gun, it's your ass that you handed in,
(and then got handed back to you,)
cause that's how humans get served,
and guys like you deserve to understand that it's,
a circle and horns in your butt that got branded in,
(umm, before I gave your ass back to you, I did that, is what I mean.)
but I mean, getting back to the point, or maybe two actually,
the first is you suck, and the second is how I smacked you fully,
(oh yeah, that rhyme was so illlllllllllllll)
but no, just joking, let's see, how can I put this tactfullully,
I mean the points on the horns on my head,
coming at you through traffic,
aimed at the target on your shirt that is red,
we're about to get mad hornographic,
(i mean sort of like a graphic crime scene, not like,)
(anything sexual,)
(err, whoaaaaaa,)
nevermind,)
ok, getting back to the actual, tactical, vernacular smackcicle,
I'm forcing you to be licking, (and liking,)
rab my horns and start kicking, like you're riding a viking,
cause I'm your bully, and you're not in charge,
you think you're in charge but you're not in charge,
'rn in charge, cause I'm charging in,
your chinashop,
breaking, uh, your plates and stuff, which I don't really know,
what the plates are supposed to represent, but,
(fuck,)
it's just that you think you are the cock of the walk's hot shit
but when in fact you are not, more like you are,
something that rhymes with the cock of the walk's hot shit,
but is so much worse than the cock's shit,
so, given that, let me be the first,
to say you act like you're gold from prospit,
when you're really cold shit flushed from derse,

Next

[Image description: It shows another grey skinned person at a computer. This one has short, faintly
spiked hair that’s shaved around the base of his horns. The horns themselves are quite large and go
straight out from his head, then curve upwards in a 90 degree angle. He has a smug, satisfied look
on his face. He wears a black tee shirt with a brown taurus symbol on it with a short sleeve black
button up over it, though it’s left open.]

You just started some sick fires, bro
John: take shortcut.

Image description: John flies out of a large grey pipe along with the bunny Dave sent him, the box of gushers, several shoes, a Wise Guy book, his pogo hammer, and a copious amount of black goo. The word Flurp vibrates above the pipe in white text, presumably the sound it made as it spat out John and his stuff.

Next

Image description: The bunny begins falling. A second image shows it landing in a black river and being carried away.

Next

Image description: It begins to flow into a pipe, but a ghost gauntlet hand comes out and snatches it up before it can disappear into the depths of the planet.

John: reunite with your loving wife and daughter.

Image description: John holds the bunny out like he’s offering it to someone behind the reader. In a thought bubble behind him, it plays a gif of a beat up Nicolas Cage with long curly hair looking up. A second image shows two salamanders standing in front of John. One is much smaller than the other. A thought bubble plays a gif showing Cage looking at a blonde woman and a blonde child. The woman looks over at Cage, then it cuts to the child looking at him, then back to the woman as she looks down at the girl.

John: give dear sweet Casey the bunny.

Image description: John holds out the bunny. A thought bubble shows Cage holding out a stuffed bunny. A second image shows the salamander child vibrating as John holds the bunny right in front of her face. Two thought bubble shows Cage and little girl both looking away, but the gifs are so short and fast that they’re basically just vibrating.

I got a present for you, casey. It's a little dirty.

A little rough around the edges

Just like your dear old ex con dad

With a heart of gold

[Note: The caption is a link to a youtube video. Nick Chinlund: Con Air (1997) - Last Scene “How do I live”. The song “How do I live” plays. Nic Cage with long curly hair turns around. He’s very dirty and beat up and has a bloody bandage tied around his right bicep. The scene cuts to a bus passing. When it’s gone, it reveals people milling around in front of a brightly lit building. A blonde woman and little girl are in the center of the shot. It cuts back to Cage, who looks surprised and relieved. It zooms in slowly on him. It cuts to the blonde woman, who looks towards the camera. It cuts back to Cage, who does the same. He begins to slowly walk towards the camera. It cuts back to the woman and child. Cage walks into the shot and goes towards them. The woman looks a little nervous, but not frightened. It cuts to the little girl, who looks uncertain and a little confused. It then cuts back to Cage, who walks up to the woman. She says “Hello, Cameron”. ]
There is a pause, then he says “Hello, hummingbird.” It cuts to Cage as his gaze shifts down towards the girl, then to her. It returns to Cage, who looks back up at the woman. He says “I meant to get a haircut.” It cuts to the woman, then to the girl, then back to Cage. He says “I got a present for you, Casey” and he hands the girl a stuffed bunny. She turns away and partially hides behind the woman. Cage looks upset, but not angry. He says “It’s a little dirty” and it cuts to a wide shot as he wipes the bunny on his equally dirty shirt. The woman says “Casey, sweetie, you take your daddy’s present now” and brushes the girl’s hair back from her face as she looks up. It cuts to Cage, who shakes his head and says “no, no, no, honey, it's ok.” The woman looks at him to make sure and he nods. It cuts to the girl, who says “I got a picture, a picture of you.” Cage smiles and says “I got a picture of you too.” The girl and the woman both stare at Cage for a moment, then the girl reaches out and slowly takes the bunny. He says “happy birthday, darlin’.” She stares at the bunny for a moment, then up at Cage. He holds out an arm and scoops the woman into the hug. It cuts between both of them and they’re both crying as they hug. It cuts to the girl, who is also crying. It cuts to a wide shot of them hugging, then to a man who’s standing off to the side and looking sad. It cuts back to the hug, then fades to black.

John: surrender to overwhelming emotions.

[Image description: John cries and hugs the salamanders, who both look confused and distressed. A captchalogue card with his Serious Business Goggles is in the top right corner and two alerts hover nearby. One is the first grey boy and the other is the grey girl with red glasses.]

John: answer C.G.

[Image description: John puts on the glasses, which show an image of the grey boy looking angry. In the background, the grey boy sits at his computer and pounds on the keyboard.]

Pesterlog
Carcinogeneticist [C.G] began trolling ectobiologist [E.B]

C.G: john what the wet bag of human horse shit to the face do you think you're doing. oh my lord.
oh no wonder you losers all fuck up this game so bad.
E.B: what?
I am just acting out a scene from an awesome movie and having some fun, what's wrong with that?
C.G: what kind of crappy earth movie is this.
stupid rabbit asshole screws the pooch?
E.B: no, it's about these criminals on a runaway plane, and they've got to be stopped by nick cage and john cusack together as a team.
C.G: oh.
ok, that actually sounds pretty good I guess.
E.B: it is sweet, so sweet, you would probably like it.
C.G: I've heard of john cusack I think.
wasn't he in serendipity?
that was pretty great for a human flick.
E.B: hahaha, oh man, that sucked so bad!
C.G: ok I don't see how we're supposed to be becoming friends if you recoil from my olive branch like I'm wiggling a gnarled tree monster's dick in your direction.
E.B: don't you have alien movies from your alien planet?
C.G: yeah of course, we have tons of movies and they are infinitely superior to your primitive cinematic neanderthrashings.
E.B: ok, so what is a really good one?
C.G: you'll probably laugh if I tell you the name of one.
E.B: well, I already laughed when you said the name of one of ours, so who cares?
C.G: ok fine.
one that is amazing and is a classic is...
wherein numerous vigilantes confront peril; one of them betrays the others; (but it turns out to be part of the plan all along);
several attractive female leads provoke romantic tension; four major characters wear unusual hats;
one holds plot-critical secret;
47 on-screen explosions, one resulting in demise of key-adversary; 6 to 20 lines that could be construed as humorous;
E.B: wait...
this is the title?
C.G: it goes on.
they tend to be more literal and informative than your titles.
E.B: how do you even say them in casual conversation?
C.G: well we don't obviously.
it's like someone says, hey guys why don't we go see a movie, and then everyone just ends up there.
watching it.
not saying it, that's dumb.
john, try to think outside your minuscule cultural bubble for a change.
E.B: ok, I just think it's still cumbersome and completely illogical.
C.G: yeah that's what happens when you start running out of movie titles after racking up thousands of years of film history.
you know I think your civilization just didn't mature enough or something.
before letting this earth arabian you call a genie out of the bottle.
must explain why it sprouted such a miserable crop of players.
instead of basically gods like us.
E.B: well, I've got one of your godly players helping me now, so we can't be in such bad shape.
C.G: what are you talking about.
E.B: gc gave me a map.
and showed me a shortcut.
C.G: what the hell is she doing.
this isn't what we talked about doing at all.
hold on let me ask her about this...
E.B: ok.
C.G: ok...
now she's just over there giggling at me like an imbecile.
what are you two up to, why are you in cahoots now?
E.B: umm...
C.G: ow fuck!!!
ok she just walked over and punched me.
and said it was from you.
E.B: uh, sorry I guess?
C.G: I told her to stop these shenanigans...
but it seems like whatever she was doing with you she already did a while ago.
from my perspective at least.
E.B: I don't know why you guys are doing this to yourselves.
all this time jackassery, it's giving me a headache.
C.G: ok if you talk to her again when she tries hatching more plans give her a message into the past for me.
E.B: ok.
C.G: tell her to polish my heaving bone bulge and set a table for fucking two on it.
its for our candle light hate date.
E.B: I like how you guys have basically resorted to trolling each other, through us.
C.G: fuck you.
E.B: oh, did you talk to jade yet?
C.G: jade, what why would I want to talk to her?
E.B: ummm, that's what you said you wanted to do last time you talked to me, I dunno.
C.G: oh dammit.
are you sure?
E.B: yeah, you told me dude.
want me to paste the conversation?
C.G: no no, god no, I hate it when we start going down that road.
ok this is going to require further investigation.
I've got to go.
E.B: ok.
but next time you talk to me, you might want to tell me to calm down first so I don't just block you.
back then I won't really want to hear from you.
C.G: ok, I'll do that.
E.B: later.

John: answer GC.

[Image description: It shows the same picture but with the grey boy replaced by the grey girl with red glasses. The reflection in John’s glasses shows the girl’s mouth, which is in a mischievous, open-mouthed smile. She has many small, sharp teeth.]

Pesterlog
gallowscalibrator [gc] began trolling ectobiologist [E.B]

Gc: hehehehehe
john stop hugging those salamanders and being so stupidly adorable
we are on a strict cheating timetable here
wait who are you talking to now
is it one of us
is it me???
E.B: it was carcino.
Gc: hahahahaha
I bet he is confused and grumpy
E.B: yeah, sorta.
he has no idea what you're doing.
Gc: I hear him over there banging on those keys
I think this whole thing is just a way to vent some frustration
he has no purpose yet
not like you and me john (very happy face with furrowed brows)
E.B: oh, he said to give you a message...
Gc: oh (face with a question mark for a mouth and furrowed brows)
E.B: he wants you to touch his bone lump or something.
Gc: what!!!
E.B: and that he's pretty much basically in love with you.
Gc: wait
did he actually say that
in confidence
E.B: yeah, I dunno, pretty much.
Gc: can you copy exactly what he said
E.B: ohhh no, we're not going down that road!
besides, it was a private conversation among private gentlemen colleagues.
oh, also you're going to punch him.
Gc: I am
when
E.B: I guess in your future.
but in your pretty soon future I think.
it's when he says stuff to you and then you laugh at him.
Gc: but im always laughing at him
how will I know?????
E.B: also he says you said it's from me.
Gc: from you
do you want me to punch him john
E.B: pffff, I don't care!
I'm just the timey-wimey messenger here.
Gc: im sure many highly justifiable and well deserved punches will be thrown in due time
but lets stick to the gameplan for now
john take a look at where the shortcut took you
turn around (smiley face with furrowed brows)

John: turn around.

[Image description: John looks at an almost castle-like structure. It is set on a small plateau surrounded by a deep gorge. Many grey pipes snake across the land and burrow into the side of the plateau, but there is no way across. The remains of a bridge dangle from the castle side of the gorge, but there is no other bridge. The main walls of the castle are made of teal bricks and have swirl designs carved in a few places. Small, semi-circular holes in the bottom of the wall let out streams of black liquid. From inside the walls, two dozen grey pipes stick out. The tallest ones are straight with tops cut at an angle, but the rest curve out gently. It looks like a pipe organ. Near the broken bridge, a blue spirograph bobs up and down.]

Pesterlog
E.B: oh, wow.
what's that?
Gc: its your denizens palace
E.B: my denizen?
Gc: every planet has a denizen
that lives deep underground
sleeping
and guarding a huge grist hoard
E.B: ok...
Gc: the way down to its lair is through the palace
E.B: so you want me to go down there and kill him?
won't that be, uh, kinda hard?
Gc: hahahahahaha
ordinarily youd have absolutely no chance
at your meager level
but you have an advantage
E.B: oh?
Gc: usually how its supposed to go is
over the course of your quest
you will wake the denizen
and then finally you go through the seventh gate
which is the only way into the palace
then you go down and fight the denizen
and kill it
releasing the hoard
E.B: so what's my advantage?
Gc: you wont bother waking it
we will skip right to the seventh gate
find its lair
and kill it in its sleep
E.B: um, ok.
what's the point of releasing the grist hoard?
is it just so I can make tons more sweet loot?
Gc: hehe no way
the hoard contains so much more grist than you could ever use in an alchemiter
I mean you could I guess
but thats not the point
its for the ultimate alchemy
E.B: what's the ultimate alchemy?
Gc: its nothing for you to worry about now
see that gate over by the broken bridge
go check it out
E.B: alright.

John: examine gate.

[Image description: John stands at the end of the path opposite the broken bridge, looking at the spirograph. The young salamander with the bunny stands behind him.]

Pesterlog
E.B: so this is the seventh gate?
that'll take me into the palace and down to the sleeping denizen?
Gc: nope (smiley face with furrowed brows)
this is just a simple return node
there are lots of these around
just hop in
dont worry ill get you to the gate soon after that

John: hop in.

[Image description: It shows John’s bedroom. The window is still broken and glass litters the floor. The red box the bunny came in sits on the floor with the certificates of authenticity nearby. John appears near the window in a pulsing blue spirograph that quickly disappears.]

W.V, A.R: prepare gift for the W.Q.

[Image description: One of the black exiles hits something pointed with A.R’s gavel. A second image shows A.R and W.V in front of the town hall. W.V kneels on the ground and holds the gavel. They both look down at bent bits of metal, one of which resembles a crown.]

Next
[Image description: W.V and A.R hold up their completed crown. The spiked section curves into a circle with a red and grey striped band at the bottom. A second image shows them trembling as they offer it to W.Q, who sits on one of the rocks nearby. In the background, P.M looks out through the hole in W.V’s facility.]

Next

[Image description: P.M pulls out her sword and stares towards W.Q. A white exclamation point flashes over her head.]

Next

[Image description: P.M steps out of the facility with her sword in hand.]

Meanwhile, in a long discarded memory...

[Image description: P.M in the past stands in the same position, but in an ornate yellow hallway.]

A Parcel Mistress seeks audience with royalty.

Next

[Image description: A white carapace sits in a throne identical to the one the Black Queen was on. This carapace looks identical to the Black Queen other than her color and clothing; she has the scar over one eye, an insect-like look to her limbs, tentacles, a harlequin hat, and an amputated arm. She wears a short blue top with light green, flowing sleeves that end in a band of gold material about halfway to her elbow. She has a stiff, pink striped collar that sticks up from the back of the shirt to about halfway up her head. Where the black queen has pink stripes on her tentacles, the White Queen has thin gold ribbons wound in opposing spirals to make an X shaped pattern to about an arms length down them. Her skirt is a simple blue striped wrap that falls to about knee length in the front. The way she is seated makes the back of the skirt brush the floor. She has one leg crossed over the other and rests her hand on the arm of the throne. On her pointer finger is a ring identical to the one the Black Queen wears.]

Next

[Image description: P.M holds out the hit list papers. A second image shows P.M with her arms up in the air and looking very distressed. In the background, it shows the Black Queen, the package, a black carapace in a princess hat with green, yellow, and purple triangles, Jack Noir, Dream Jade, a skyline of Prospit, and Jade’s drawing of the package that says ‘Please deliver this to’.]

A flurry of disquieting happenstance is related to the Adored Sovereign. With no other options, her counsel is all that is left to be sought.

Next

[Image description: The White Queen examines the hit list.]

Next

[Image description: The tip of one of her tentacles reaches towards the ring on her finger.]

Next

[Image description: She takes off the ring and holds it on her tentacle. In a flash, the harlequin hat, scar, and tentacles disappear. Her face changes shape slightly, becoming more rounded and losing
two small spurs on her cheeks. On her head is a white crown instead of the hat and her missing arm reappears.]

Next

[Image description: P.M holds the White Queen’s crown and stares down at it in surprise.]

Abdication is never ideal. But in the face of inevitable conquest, conceding ground can supply the only remaining advantage.

The final hope for victory lies in patience and planning.

Next

[Image description: The White Queen drops her ring into P.M’s hand.]

The White King of course can be found on the Battlefield. His Crown may be retrieved there.

The Ring must be designated for protection. He will supply further instruction on this matter.

Next

[Image description: The White Queen stands next to P.M, who is down on one knee. She holds the crown under one arm, Jack Noir’s sword in one hand, and the ring in the other. She stares down at the ring.]

The royal duty has been accepted.

Next

[Image description: In the Exiles era, P.M kneels in front of W.Q the same as she did in the previous panel, but without the crown and ring. A.R and W.V stand behind her, watching. W.Q holds the crown the two black carapaces made like she’s about to place it on P.M’s head. This time, P.M looks up at her former monarch.]

And in time, fulfilled.

Next

[Image description: W.Q sets the crown on P.M’s head and P.M puts a hand to her mouth. A second image shows Serenity flashing quickly as A.R and W.V look between each other and the makeshift coronation.]

Next

[Image description: In the Land of Light and Rain, it shows the origins of the four streams of water on Rose’s island. Four pink turtle shells float in the sky and streams of water pour out of the head holes.]

Rose: Consult with Jaspersprite.

[Image description: Jaspersprite hovers in the sky. He has a pair of tentacles coming from where whiskers would be on a cat and two small ones coming from either side of his chin. He wears a pinstriped white suit with puffy sleeves and a conical hat with a bit of fabric draping from the tip.]
Jaspersprite: Meow.

Next

[Image description: Rose does a double facepalm.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out, showing them both on a white sand beach near where the ogre beached itself. Mutini sits behind them. A second image zooms in. Jaspersprite has one tentacle arm in the water and one petting Rose’s head.]

spritelog
Rose: Is that all you have to say?
Jaspersprite: Purr purr purr.
Rose: I thought you were supposed to be more helpful after your resurrection. Like a ghostly spirit guide. Wise, if frustratingly cryptic.
Jaspersprite: Purrrrrrrrr.
Rose: Actually, cryptic behavior would be welcome at this point. This is just inane.
Jaspersprite: (Smiley face with a 3 for a mouth. A happy cat face.)
Rose: Should I report to the others that my Kernelsprite is a Lolcat? Maybe Dave can take some screen captures and overlay some poorly spelled captions. Assuming he hasn't already.
Jaspersprite: Meow.
Rose: What are you doing there, by the way?
Jaspersprite: Im fishing!
Rose: Oh. So you can talk.
Jaspersprite: But sadly there are no fish i think. They were all eaten by the Denizen!
Rose: Who?
Jaspersprite: It ate everything in the ocean and got so full that it took a long nap. No there is surely not a single living thing left! Which is too bad because im pretty hungry.
Rose: I think there might be some tuna in the cabinets.
Jaspersprite: Oh good idea i will look there!
Purr purr.
Rose: Jaspers, the message you gave me years ago before you disappeared...
What did you mean?
Jaspersprite: Meow.
Rose: Sigh...
Jaspersprite: (happy cat face)
Rose: I don't understand.
Is there some meaning to these responses, or are you just being obstinate?
Jaspersprite: You will understand when you wake up!
Rose: Am I asleep?
Jaspersprite: Yes!
Rose im just a cat and i dont know much but i know that youre important and also you are what some people around here call the Seer of Light. And you dont know what that means but you will see its all tied together! All the life in the ocean and all the shiny rain and the songs in your head and the letters they make. A beam of light i think is like a drop of rain or a long piece of yarn that dances around when you play with it and make it look enticing!
And the way that it shakes is the same as what makes notes in a song!
And a song i think can be written down as letters.
So if you play the right song and it makes all the right letters then those letters could be all the
letters that make life possible.
So all you have to do is wake up and learn to play the rain!
Does that make sense rose sorry i disappeared for so long.
Rose: Sort of.
It sounds like you aren't exactly in complete command of this information yourself, so I won't press
you on it for now.
You're a pretty good cat, Jaspers. I missed you.
Jaspersprite: Purr purr purrrrrrr.

Rose: Pester Jade.

[Image description: Jade lays in her bed, asleep. The beta disks are on her bed, but the lunchtop
isn’t.]

pesterlog
T.T: I spoke with Jaspers.
I didn't understand what he told me.
He said I'll understand once I "wake up".
For some reason this made me think of you.
G.G: hehehe......
yeah i bet he’s right!
T.T: We wouldn't happen to be talking about awakening in a sort of breezy, philosophical sense,
would we?
Is my dead cat concerned with my enlightenment? Should I prepare to shed this coil of ignorance
and suffering?
G.G: wow no i dont think so...
he’s being a bit more literal than that!
what did he say?
T.T: I doubt I could reproduce the statements with fidelity.
It was like listening to a five year-old describe a dream.
The content manages to take a back seat to the simple heartwarming spectacle of the moment.
G.G: (smiley face)
well what he meant was.....
that you have a dream self
who is supposed to wake up whenever your real self goes to sleep
all do! all four of us i mean
but see your dream self still stays asleep when you go to sleep
because you haven’t woken up yet!
T.T: I think I get it.
I take it your "dream self" is wide awake when you sleep?
G.G: yes
T.T: And would I be out of line in additionally presuming this has been the case for many years, at
least as long as I've known you?
G.G: no you would not be out of line!
in fact im asleep now
T.T: That was to be my next wild presumption.
G.G: (tongue sticking out face)
T.T: So when I wake up, can I look forward to being able to message people in my sleep too?
G.G: no only i can do that!
because of my robot
T.T: Oh, right.
I forgot about your robot.
My short term recall seems to eschew the profoundly ridiculous.
G.G: you guys can probably make your own i guess......
but you need to wake up first for it to matter and maybe by the time that happens you might not
even need them!!!
T.T: I'm not sure if necessity is a concept I'd associate with such a contraption even under some of
the more obscure scenarios imaginable.
But good to know I guess.
Here's another question, which I'm sure will look stupid once I've finished typing it.
If my dream self is asleep, does that mean she's dreaming, and if she is, who's dreaming the dream,
her or me?
G.G: um.......
ok well i dont really know how to answer the second part but yeah she’s dreaming!
she’s most likely lying in your bed troubled and restless
about things burdening her
which is to say you!!!!!
things about who you really are and what your purpose is
but you cant start figuring those things out yet because youre not awake because youre not ready
yet
that's why you have such terrible dreams all the time rose!
T.T: Ok. How do I wake up?
G.G: im sure it would help to start piecing together the clues to nudge your subconscious
or maybe face some things you haven’t faced yet?
i dunno! its for you to find out
maybe the stuff you wrote on your walls can give you a clue?
T.T: What stuff?
G.G: the....
er
didn’t dave tell you?
Tell me what?
G.G: (blank face)
T.T: Are you saying he said I defaced the walls of my room?
While not appearing to be cognizant of the scrawlings?
Like John?
I really hope that's not what you're saying.
It might freak me out.
G.G: he said he was going to tell you (side eye with a bead of sweat)
T.T: Hold on.

Rose: Pester Dave.

[Image description: It shows Dave’s room. The timer on the cruxtruder counts down from 4:13 to
4:08. Birds are still perched on the toilet. A Rose alert hovers over his computer.]

pesterlog
T.T: Strider.
I need you to do me a favor.
Can you take a capture of my bedroom and send me the file?
For no reason in particular?
pesterlog
T.T: He's not answering.
G.G: yeah he's pretty tied up right now!
T.T: Can you hassle him via sburb and tell him to talk to me?
Bop him on the head with a puppet or something?
G.G: nooooooooooooooooooooooo

Next

pesterlog
G.G: he made me promise not to bug him while im asleep!
T.T: Can you do it anyway?
G.G: but he will find a way to be clever and make me punch myself in the face again (sad face)
T.T: Did he tell you what I wrote on the walls?
Wait.
What?

Next

pesterlog
Gc: john see that big piece of junk there
E.B: the rocket pack?
Gc: yeah captchalogue that and send me the code
I got the codes for all the other earth crap stuck inside it from your friends
from different times
when they were feeling cooperative
I can make it work for you (smiley face with furrowed brows)
E.B: ok...
but you can't just "subtract" object codes from other codes!
it's like, mathematically, um... ambiguous.
like just reverse and/or'ing the flower pot alone could make hundreds of possibilities.
subtracting all three could be millions!
Gc: yeah well im not saying im anywhere near as huge of a dork as you
or that I understand any of that
computer codes taste to me like
lots of tiny needles and batteries
E.B: wow, what?
Gc: im giving all these codes to our hacker guy
E.B: oh man, you have a hacker??
I bet he is the best!!!!
hackers are always the best.
Gc: hahahahaha
well he sure thinks he is
E.B: who is it?
have I talked to him?
Gc: no he says he doesn't want to talk to any of you ever
because he hates you
but he will do this
because he won't be able to resist the challenge
E.B: uh, ok.
brb then.

John: Captchalogue rocket pack.

[Image description: John captchalogues the rocket pack. Two imps stand on the staircase next to
the balcony.]

pesterlog
E.B: ok here...
dskjhsdk
Gc: thanks
wait
those kinda seem like random key mashings
are you messing with me john (face with furrowed brows and a question mark for a mouth)
E.B: um, no.
they sort of are random.
but it's the right code, I promise!
Gc: oh
ok be back in less than one second
pchooooo

Next

[Image description: John stands at the bottom of the stairs with his wrinklefucker out. Build grist
and shale cover the stairs. On the balcony, three imps surround Casey, who blows bubbles in
distress.]

pesterlog
E.B: hello?
Gc: what
E.B: it thought you said you'd be back in less than a second?
Gc: I was
I gave you the code
its pchooooo
it took a while for him to figure out
but I gave it to you instantly from your perspective
why would I make you wait???
that would be so inconsiderate (frowny face with furrowed brows)
E.B: oh...
I just thought that was just you going off to get the code...
and making like this rockety noise or something, I dunno.
because you're kind of goofy.
Gc: well youre kind of
welcome
you ungrateful earth horses noisy butthole!!!
E.B: oh gosh, I'm sooooo sorry!
this is just a stupid code, I'm sorry.
are you sure it's right, it seems kind of...
obvious.
Gc: he was convinced this is the right code and had some unflattering things to say about the
intelligence of your species for not being able to figure it out
which I will keep to myself because unlike you I actually have some fucking manners
E.B: bluuhh, oh man, I got so served, bluuuuuuuuuuh!
Gc: I am unfazed by your human bluhs
anyway if it was so obvious why didnt you guess the code?????
E.B: well you see, the explanation is perfectly simple and scientific.
it was because shut up.
shut up is why.
Gc: (very happy face with furrowed brows)
E.B: I guess I'll make this rocket now.
and see if this dumbass code actually does the trick.
Gc: ok john
once you make it im sure even you and your underdeveloped bone nook will be able to figure out
what to do
Gc: talk to you on the other side (smiley face with furrowed brows)
gallowsCalibrator [GC] ceased trolling ectoBiologist [E.B]

John: Make rocket pack.

[Image description: John stands on the alchemiter platform next to a rocket pack without the junk
embedded in it. A few imps stand on the floor near Casey. A Dave alert hovers over John’s serious
business goggles.]

John: Answer Dave.

[Image description: John’s strapped into the rocket pack. Casey and the imps all crowd closer to
the platform.]

pesterlog
turntechGodhead [T.G] began pestering ectoBiologist [E.B]

T.G: ok im in
E.B: in where?
T.G: the medium
E.B: oh, already?
T.G: what do you mean already shit took 4 goddamn hours
E.B: huh, i guess time flew by while i was doing other stuff. how did it go? with you and jade i guess?
T.G: i dont want to talk about it imagine the worst day of my life just stood up and clinked a glass like it was about to give a speech then took a shit in my dinner and passed out with its pants down
E.B: ew dog! ewwww!
T.G: yeah
E.B: so nasty! gross dude!!!
T.G: stfu what are you doing
E.B: i'm in a rocket pack and i am about to blast off into space.
T.G: ok
E.B: it should be sweet.
T.G: i need some advice my kernelsprite which was this brainless feathery asshole with a sword in it turned into this bigger like ghostly feathery asshole with a sword in it it seems to want me to prototype it again not sure what to do
E.B: hmm... have you asked rose?
T.G: shes asleep for some reason E.B: wow, really?
T.G: yeah i saw her there all tuckered out like she got smacked in the face with a pillow case full of the snooze wizards beard dander cause obviously its fuckin prime time for swiping some shuteye about now like a few hours into her magic stupid quest anyway what do you think
E.B: i don't really know, i mean... it's supposed to be like your ghostly spirit guide or something. unless you have the remains of a wise old dead grandparent lying around, i'm not sure what to tell you!
T.G: ok fine but it seems to be suggesting something here and i guess im kinda weirded out by its suggestion E.B: i don't know, just do what it says! it knows stuff about the game, so it probably knows better than i do... i gotta go! gonna blast off to the seventh gate. and, uh, win this game i guess.
T.G: ok well it definitely sounds like youre fucking something up over there but alright later
E.B: later.

John: Captchalogue Casey.
This is absolutely no place for children. You take dear, sweet Casey into protective custody.

John: Blast off.

This shows a wide shot of the house and several spirograph gates hovering above it. A line of red smoke leads up from the house. It zooms in on John as he flies up, leaving smoke in his wake.

Pchooooo

Next

This shows John flies past 3 gates far outside of the planet’s atmosphere. He looks upwards determinedly.


The song Atomyc Ebonyrre begins to play. It cuts to square structures of metal scaffolding with gears mounted on the side and lava pouring from places on them. They all stick out of a lake of lava. It pans slowly over them as a name appears on screen. The Land of Heat and Clockwork. It pans up one of the structures and a grey gear appears. A red spirograph pulses on top of it and Dave appears in a flash. He’s wearing a white suit with a broken record on the breast and carrying a broken sword with a turntable at the hilt and four metal pole sticking out from the turntable. He crouches low like he’s about to attack.

It cuts to him standing up against a background of lava and gears. It cuts back to him on the gear platforms. Two yellow imps stand on nearby gear platforms. One is a normal harlequin imp, but it has wings. The other is a squid princess imp with growths like a sword is stuck through it. They are both labeled Amber Imp. Dave jumps up and slashes the bird imp. It bursts into build grist and yellow drop shaped grist. Dave dashes to pick up the grist, then goes in for a flying attack on the stabbed princess imp. As he moves down, another imp comes into view. This one, labeled Rust Imp, is a red-tinted cat squid imp in a princess tunic, a harlequin hat, and with a sword stabbed through it. The screen goes black, and red motion blurs cross it. When the scene returns, Dave is standing where the imp was and build grist and red cubes litter the platform around him.

The scene shifts to the right and two more come into view. One is a rust imp with wings in a grey suit and harlequin hat and the other is a stabbed amber imp with harlequin clothes. It cuts to the imps, which both look scared, then to Dave who stares blankly. It cuts to the rust imp frowning, then to a yellow ogre. It zooms out, showing another one behind it. They’re both wearing princess tunics and harlequin hats. They have the label Sulfur Ogre above their heads and the first one shown has a sword sticking out of it.

Suddenly, it cuts to Lil Cal, but Lil Cal looks different. Now he’s entirely white with orange outlines. It zooms out, revealing that Lil Cal has wings and a sword stuck through him. Lil Cal is Dave’s sprite.

Calsprite faces the two ogres and moves forward. He opens his mouth and an orange beam filled with smuppets comes out. The ogres flash red as he takes down their health. Suddenly, he stops firing and flashes white. He morphs into a giant white and orange smuppet and crashes into the ogres. He bashes them again and they burst into giant chunks of build grist and yellow droplet grist.

It cuts to Dave mid-jump. As he crosses the screen, the broken tip of his sword crackles with yellow light and suddenly a completed blade comes out of the end. The new segment is slightly narrower than the base, but it’s just as deadly looking. He slashes at two sulphur ogres on the way
down, then jumps back up to finish them off. The burst into grist. Dave launches himself from a
platform and leaves red ghost-daves in his wake. He flashes for a moment, his sword returns to its
broken state, then it cuts to him standing on a gear platform surrounded by grist with his sword
fully extended. Suddenly, a second Dave, one with the broken sword, drops in on the platform and
collects the grist. The first Dave pulls his sword back and looks offscreen. It cuts to the Dave with
the broken sword collecting more grist off a platform. Once he has it all, he stops and two floating
turntables shaped like gears appear on either side of him.
It cuts to him spinning the turntables and a black record appears behind him. The background
fades to red fire, then flashes white. Suddenly, two orange basilisks are on the platform behind him
and Dave immediately goes in to attack. He kills the first with a few slashes of his sword and does
a flip towards the second. He bashes it once, then extends his sword and jumps into a flip. The
screen goes black and several motion blanks cross it. When it cuts back to Dave, he has landed in a
crouch and the basilisk is gone, replaced by chunks of build grist, yellow drop grist, and orange
cube grist. It shifts to the left and another Dave with a broken sword drops down to collect the
grist. The time loop is complete.
It cuts to a red Giclops staring up in horror as Dave jumps towards it, sword pulled back to slash its
head. The name Ruby Giclops hovers over its head. The screen fades to black, then to gear
platforms. Red gusher shaped grist rains down onto the platform and Dave lands on it in a crouch.
He stands up and his glasses reflect a bit of light for a moment. The scene shifts to the left and
Calsprite comes on screen. A square speech bubble showing Lil Cal’s regular face appears above
him.]

Dave: Consult with Calsprite.

[Image description: Calsprite laughs at Dave.]

spritelog
Calsprite: HAA HAA HEE HEE HOO HOO
Dave: shut up
Calsprite: HOO HOO HAA HAA HEE HEE
HEE HEE HAA HAA HOO HOO
Dave: no
just
god damn it
Calsprite: HEE HEE HEE HEE HAA HAA
HEE HEE HOO HOO HEE HEE
Dave: please
just once
shut the hell up
Calsprite: HOO HOO HAA HEE HEE HOO
HOO HOE HEE HAA HAA
HAA HAA HAA HAA HAA HAA
Dave: shut up
Calsprite: HEE HEE HEE HAA HAA HAA
HOO HOO HOE HEE HEE HEE
Dave: shut
Calsprite: HAA HAA HEE HEE HOO HOO
Dave: the
Calsprite: HAA HAA HEE HEE HOO HOO
Dave: fuck
Calsprite: HAA HAA HEE HEE HOO HOO
Dave: up
Calsprite: (Cal face emoji)

Dave: Pester Rose.

[Image description: Dave sits on the ledge of one of the structures. His sunglasses now have the apple logo on them. A second image shows them glowing faintly.]

pesterlog
turntechGodhead [T.G] began pestering tentacleTherapist [T.T]

T.G: that's it i can't take it anymore
it was such a huge mistake prototyping seppucrow with this useless mindnumbing jackass
i'm going back
T.T: Already?
T.G: what do you mean already shit took 4 goddamn months
or something
i don't know i'm kind of losing track of how long it's been with all this time hopping
T.T: It just sounds like you're making a rash decision based on temporary aggravation with a
laughing puppet.
I thought we planned to progress as far as we could before you went back.
To gather information, and avoid repeating mistakes.
T.G: what else is there to know
we lost
can't finish the game with a dead heir and witch
T.T: We don't know Jade is dead for sure.
T.G: yeah well she had a big fucking meteor bearing down on her and we never heard from her
again
or the trolls for that matter
after they tricked john into skipping way ahead and getting his ass handed to him by the denizen
i guess once they managed to sabotage us they were done with us
and since john died he couldn't get jade in on time so whether she's alive or not she's as good as
dead from our perspective
only thing left to do is change all that
T.T: Are you sure you're ready?
You'll remember the plan we discussed?
T.G: there's not much to remember
i go back and tell john not to be an idiot and get trolled like such a gullible stooge
i don't know what he was thinking
even we couldn't kill one of those things yet
with our higher levels and all our sick gear
T.T: It still seems hasty to me.
Maybe I'm just not as comfortable with time travel as you.
T.G: nah it'll be fine don't worry
T.T: After you go, what do you think will happen to me?
Will I just cease to exist?
T.G: i don't know
i mean your whole timeline will
maybe
T.T: Maybe?
Is there a chance it'll continue to exist, and I'll just be here alone forever?
I'm not sure which outcome is more unsettling.
T.G: the thing with time travel is
you can't overthink it
just roll with it and see what happens
and above all try not to do anything retarded
T.T: What do you think I should do?
T.G: try going to sleep
our dream selves kind of operate outside the normal time continuum i think
so if part of you from this timelines going to persist thats probably the way to make it happen
T.T: Ok.
T.G: and hey you might even be able to help your past dream self wake up sooner without all that fuss you went through
T.T: I think the true purpose of this game is to see how many qualifiers we can get to precede the word "self" and still understand what we're talking about.
T.G: the true purpose is to make a sprite that doesn't make me want to flog myself raw with my own brain stem
anything else is gravy
T.T: If my past self can wake up sooner, maybe I'll be the one to visit you first this time.
I'll fly by and remind you you're already awake and don't know it.
T.G: yeah that'd be cool i guess
im gonna go now
T.T: Good luck.

Dave: Reverse.

[Image description: Two Daves, one in the regular style and one in a slightly more realistically proportioned style, stand against a background of red flames. Both of them have the floating gear turntables out.]

Next

[Image description: It shows another structure poking out of the lava lake. This one looks like the top floor and roof of Dave’s apartment building on tall stilts. A second image zooms in a little, showing Dave standing on the roof with the remains of Lil Cal and the crow sprite.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms closer, focusing in on Dave and the sprite. Dave holds his broken katana and his iphone. The tattered remains of Lil Cal sit on the floor. All that really remains is part of his shirt, his head, and a leg.]

pesterlog
turntechGodhead [T.G] began pestering ectoBiologist [E.B]

T.G: ok im in
E.B: in where?
T.G: the medium
E.B: oh, already?
T.G: what do you mean already shit took 4 goddamn hours
E.B: huh, i guess time flew by while i was doing other stuff.
how did it go?
with you and jade i guess?
T.G: i dont want to talk about it
imagine the worst day of my life
just stood up and clinked a glass like it was about to give a speech
then took a shit in my dinner and passed out with its pants down
E.B: ew dog! ewww!
T.G: yeah
E.B: so nasty! gross dude!!!
T.G: stfu
what are you doing
E.B: i'm in a rocket pack and i am about to blast off into space.
T.G: ok
E.B: it should be sweet.
T.G: i need some advice
my kernelsprite which was this brainless feathery asshole with a sword in it
turned into this bigger like ghostly feathery asshole
with a sword in it
it seems to want me to prototype it again
not sure what to do
E.B: hmm...
have you asked rose?
T.G: shes asleep for some reason
E.B: wow, really?
T.G: yeah i saw her there
all tuckered out
like she got smacked in the face with a pillow case full of the snooze wizards beard dander
cause obviously its fuckin prime time for swiping some shuteye about now
like a few hours into her magic stupid quest
anyway what do you think
E.B: i don't really know, i mean...
it's supposed to be like your ghostly spirit guide or something.
unless you have the remains of a wise old dead grandparent lying around, i'm not sure what to tell you!
T.G: ok fine but
it seems to be suggesting something here
and
i guess im kinda weirded out by its suggestion
E.B: i don't know, just do what it says!
it knows stuff about the game, so it probably knows better than i do...
i gotta go!
gonna blast off to the seventh gate.
and, uh, win this game i guess.
T.G: ok well it definitely sounds like youre fucking something up over there
but alright later
E.B: later.

Next

[Image description: John stands on the alchemiter just before taking Casey into protective custody.]

pesterlog
T.G: WAIT
E.B: what?
T.G: dont go yet
somethings up
E.B: ugh…

Next
pesterlog
T.G: ok its me from the future
E.B: huh?
T.G: its me
i just appeared
from the future
wearing a rad suit
he says dont go
or youre gonna die
E.B: pfftttt.
lame.
what kind of gullible stooge do you think i am?

Next

pesterlog
T.G: he says i dunno gullible enough to trust a leetspeaking troll who wants you dead and strap on
a rocket pack cause she said to
E.B: this is like some terrible april fools prank.
but 13 days too late.
remember, you are talking to the pranking MASTER.
T.G: ok that was probably the dumbest thing you ever said just now
E.B: if future you is real, then why don't you let me talk to him.
T.G: do you hear what youre saying oh my god
this guy is me if i get him to talk to you youre just talking to me again jesus it proves nothing
E.B: hold on, someone else is bugging me.

turntechGodhead [T.G] began pestering ectoBiologist [E.B]
T.G: john stop being a tool and unbuckle yourself from that piece of shit
if our friendship means anything youll listen to me and past dave
this is future dave by the way
E.B: hahahaha!
wow, you're really pulling out all the stops for this stunt!
using your phone and computer at the same time to message me.
you're kind of going through a lot of trouble actually, i don't know why you're bothering with this.
T.G: yeah exactly why would i bother
this sort of cornball horseshit is your cup of tea not mine
dont make me track you down through time and stop you in person
E.B: you can't track down through time WHAT YOU CAN'T CATCH!
pchoooooo!
T.G: oh god did you just blast off
E.B: no...
but that would have been sweet if i did just then.
T.G: ok well just dont ok
im turning this timeline over to past dave
and helping you all stay alive and do this thing the right way this time
just stay on the goddamn ground for fucks sake
E.B: ok, i guess...

Next

[Image description: Future Dave gets down onto one knee and puts down two stacks of captchalogue cards. They’re all split between orange on the right side and yellow stripes on the left. The top cards show the gear shaped turntables and the broken turntable sword. Future Dave’s clothes turn back into the broken record shirt and jeans that Dave is wearing and he launches himself into the crow sprite. Orange beams shoot out from the sprite as it prototypes a second time and the screen fades to white.]

Next

[Image description: Dave’s sprite now has Dave’s head along with the wings, feathers, and sword through the chest. Davesprite bobs his head slightly.]

sprite

Dave: hey
Davesprite: sup

Next

[Image description: John flies through the void with the rocket pack. A green Pchooo is written next to him. A second image shows him flying past gates outside his planet’s atmosphere, but this time he’s shouting and This Is Stupid flashes over his head.]

Rose: Pester Dave.

[pesterlog
T.T: Strider.
I need you to do me a favor.
Can you take a capture of my bedroom and send me the file?
For no reason in particular?

T.T: He's not answering.
G.G: yeah hes pretty tied up right now!
T.T: Can you hassle him via sburb and tell him to talk to me?
Bop him on the head with a puppet or something?
G.G: nooooooooooooooooooo
he made me promise not to bug him while im asleep!
T.T: Can you do it anyway?
G.G: but he will find a way to be clever and make me punch myself in the face again (sad face)
T.T: Did he tell you what I wrote on the walls?
Wait.
What?

Rose: Prepare for nap.

[Image description: All the clothes that were scattered across the room are now in a big pile next to
Rose.

You bundle up your knittings into a cozy nest. You aren’t all that tired though. It's hard to imagine falling asleep without the luxury of Harley's narcolepsy.

Future Dream Rose: Cease to exist.

[Image description: A version of Rose wearing a purple tunic with a lilac moon on the chest, white stripes on the collar, and a white swoop design at the hip stands in a purple version of her bedroom. The laptop on her desk is green and has an atom symbol on the back. A larger version of Mutini sits on the floor nearby. Slowly, everything except Rose gets darker and darker until all that's left is Dream Rose standing in nothingness. Then, Rose flashes white and shrinks down to nothing, leaving only blackness.]

[S] Next

[Image description: The song Bed of Rose’s begins to play. Rose stands in her room next to the pile. Dream Rose flashes over her for a moment as the rest of the screen flashes black, then everything fades back to normal. Rose drops down into the pile of clothes and instantly falls asleep. A purple speech bubble with a lilac moon in it hovers above her head.]

Davesprite: Troll GC.

[Image description: It zooms in on Davesprite’s face. He still has the sunglasses with the apple logo, but now they are orange. The glow faintly around the edges.]

pesterlog
turntechGodhead [T.G] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [GC]

[Note: Davesprite speaks in orange text, but otherwise the same as Dave.]

T.G: dont talk to john anymore he’s an impressionable doofus your plan didn’t work I mean it did but then suddenly it didn’t so you might as well quit trying Gc: you smell like orange creamsicles T.G: what youre aliens do you even have orange creamsicles Gc: of course what kind of awful civilization wouldn’t invent orange creamsicles not one id want anything to do with T.G: ok pretty far fetched but whatever no more hijinks from you cause ill make sure they wont work Gc: well obviously I knew it wasnt going to work my friends have been talking to john from the future your future where hes not dead Gc: so there was no way what I did was going to kill him I just wanted to mess with him and stuff T.G: I dont think youre following you did kill him sort of then I went back in time to stop him Gc: yeah I guessed there was a chance something like that might happen T.G: alright but
did you guess that by trolling john to his grave
and making me splinter us off into an alt timeline
that you were basically complicit in making our timeline go the way it was supposed to go all along
where future me is now helping dave and we just keep playing
and our actions ultimately lead to the trouble youre all in now
thus leading you all to troll us incompetently
Gc: oh
no (sad face with furrowed brows)
I didn’t think of that
T.G: yeah
see
none of you ever thinks anything through
whos in charge of timeline management there
I gotta give him the business
Gc: she doesn’t want to talk to any of you
and has misgivings about this whole thing
not all of us are that enthusiastic about trolling you guys
and the ones who are sort of suck at it (blank face with furrowed brows)
T.G: well at least you got john to off himself so I guess youre not totally incompetent like the others
like that awful rapper
Gc: so john actually did what I said?
T.G: yeah
im telling you
huge pushover
he will do what you say
unless it happens to be for his own good
then all a sudden he’s a tough nut to crack go figure
Gc: now I feel kinda bad
are you sure I cant talk to him
even if its just to apologize
would that be ok with you sir brave knight (face with furrowed brows and a question mark for a mouth)
T.G: yeah thats fine I guess
no more coy bullshit antics though
not even like
an idiotic angry winking emote
Gc: or what
youre going to hunt me down through time oooooh oh no
(smiling winky face with furrowed brows)
T.G: yeah
Gc: you do realize im way higher on my echeladder than you
even if you are from the future
are you sure you want to get your clocked cleaned by a blind chick
T.G: ok even if thats true
I just merged with an impaled orange goddamn bird and now I got all these crazy powers
Gc: ugh
self prototyping so dumb
this is why you all screw up so bad
always bending the rules like that
oh well cant stop you now so might as well drop it
hey dave
T.G: what
Gc: ive been researching some of your earth soap operas
is this you [Note: This line is a link. It opens an image of Wheeler from the animated series Captain Planet and the Planeteers. He has orange hair and is wearing a yellow striped shirt and an olive green jacket. There is a fire and a column of smoke in the background.]
T.G: oh jegus fuck no
why would that breathtaking douche remind you of me at all
Gc: but he has a fiery personality
sort of brash and impetuous
and in your face
like fire itself (very happy face with furrowed brows)
T.G: now I know youre bullshitting me
do I seem like the kind of guy whod accept a magic ring from whoopi goldberg
to awaken some egregious homofantasy for a ripped blue dudes mammoth eco friendly bulge
that guys an asshole and needs to be sealed in a dufflebag and whipped something ungodly with a bamboo chute
Gc: whos whoopi goldberg
T.G: who cares
Gc: ok I made some modifications
this is so you dave come on admit it [Note: This is also a link. It opens the same image, but this time with a few alterations crudely drawn in. Now a broken sword hovers next to him, there is a misaligned broken record on his chest, and red glasses hover slightly to the right of where they're supposed to be.]
T.G: aahahahahaha
ok yeah that is pretty much fucking spot on
youre actually a pretty good troll
as long as you dont bug john I guess thats all there is to say on the matter
Gc: thanks dave
be fair
im sure every one of us wishes we thought of future self prototyping first
so
youre not really all that terrible (smiling winky face with furrowed brows)

Davesprite: Chill with Dave.

[Image description: Dave stands on the roof next to the remnants of Lil Cal. He now wears the broken record suit. The stacks of captchalogue cards are gone, presumably added to Dave’s deck. Davesprite hovers nearby.]

spritelog
Dave: who were you talking to
Davesprite: just telling a troll to step off
Dave: ok cool
so now that youre a sprite
do you know everything about the game
Davesprite: well i knew a lot anyway
cause im from the future
but yeah i know more stuff now
like things meant specifically for sprites to clue players in on
but packaged in these like
i guess riddles
im supposed to be cagey about it
but i dont really feel like it
ask me anything go ahead i'll give you a straight answer
Dave: alright
here goes
why are we so fucking awesome
Davesprite: that's the best fucking question anybody ever asked
Dave: yeah
so is everything cool with this john business
is he gonna be ok
Davesprite: that's up to him
if he decides to wise up and listen to us
if not then we just bail everyone out yet again
Dave: ok
Davesprite: all that gear you picked up should let you breeze through the first couple gates
even at a low level
later you'll unlock the ability to bring your sprite down with you
and well take care of shit together
til then i guess just mess around and let jade build up or whatever
ill go kill some time
maybe draw some comics
Dave: like what
Davesprite: i don't know
whats the last one you did
Dave: i was in the middle of the nancho party arc
Davesprite: oh yeah
i gave up on that half way through
Dave: yeah that was sorta the plan
making a ten part story about nachos was always a bullshit idea
Davesprite: let's do some brainstorming later
blow everyones minds
Dave: yeah sure

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on their hands as they fistbump. The word Bunp is written above them in bright blue comic sans.]

Meanwhile, hundreds of pages ago...

[Image description: John holds a razor in his right hand and looks down at the red package, which is open. The top of the bunny’s ears stick out of the box.]

You open the package. There is something suspicious inside.

Something suspiciously dirty and smelly.

Next

[Image description: John stands next to his bed, looking very happy. On the bed are the open package, the certificates of authenticity, and a very dirty stuffed rabbit.]

It is a stuffed bunny. Much like the one held hostage briefly by Malkovich's Cyrus "The Virus" while taunting hard-luck protagonist Cameron Poe. And strikingly similar to the one scooped up
from the soot of a burning Vegas strip by Cage's Poe and offered to his daughter, a gesture symbolic of a tattered exterior surrounding a heart of gold. Poe wasn't much to look at. But he was a good man.

But no, it is not merely like that bunny. According to this note of authenticity, it is the very same bunny.

This is so awesome.

Included is a note from your best bro Dave.

so hey

[Image description: It shows a note. There’s two watermarks at the top. One in the top center of the page says “From the desk of: on a drawing of a chalkboard behind a desk with a globe on it. One in the upper right is Snoop Dogg. The note is written in red, angular text.]

so hey

since its your bday i had to get you back for the sick memorabilia you got me so i got you this godawful thing and now i just know youre standing there flipping your shit over it so youre welcome.

its the actual gross bunny in the movie so that means nick cage actually grubbed it up with his clownish no talent fingers. i would suggest you put it somewhere and display it ironically but i know youre dead serious about this ridiculous shit so youll probably sleep with the damn thing and nibble its ear and stuff.

but the weird thing is thats whats cool about you. youre this naive guy like pinocchio tumbled ass backwards off the turnip truck and started liking ghostbusters. then the fairy godmother kissed your nose or some shit and you turned out to be not made of wood and also pretty cool to talk to. one day your gooberish ways are gonna land you in a jam and i know im going to have to get you off the hook but its cool i got your back bro.

then we'll meet and hug bump and get each others filthy wife beaters that much filthier so yeah peace dawg
tg

Next

[Image description: John flies upwards with his rocket pack. He looks a little upset. In the background, Dave’s note is watermarked against the void.]

Next

[Image description: John’s smoke trail goes up towards a blue spirograph in the distance. Just shy of the gate, he swoops to the side and traces a looping path back down towards the planet. The word Reconsider… follows the smoke trail.]

Next

[Image description: John flies back down towards the planet. A faint watermark of Snoop Dogg hovers in the sky.]
John: Get pestered by Dave.

[Image description: John swoops across the sky above deep canyons and craggy rocks with green trees clinging to the edges. A Dave alert hovers next to John’s glasses.]

pesterlog
T.G: did you blast off like a spazzy douche yet or what
E.B: yeah, of course!
there was no way i wasn't trying out this sweet ride.
T.G: god dammit what do i have to do to make you believe me
fist bump my future self til i got bloody knuckles and write you an even sappier bday note in my own blood
on a back to the future poster
E.B: relax, i'm not going through the gate!
i am just flying around, and having a good time in the sky.
T.G: oh ok
so you believe me then
about future me
and like
him turning into a floating sword bird
E.B: um...
ok, i don't know anything about that...
but it doesn't matter!
you're my best bro, and if you say not to go then i won't go.
hey, can you hold on?
i'm getting trolled again.
T.G: oh man and if we've just concluded anything its that talking to those dbags should be priority number one so yeah go right ahead
E.B: ok, brb.

John: Get trolled by C.G.

[Image description: John flies off into the distance. A small alert showing the first grey boy hovers below him.]

pesterlog
C.G: I keep scrolling backwards through your adventure.
trying to piece together how you botch this up so badly.
and I keep finding these striking pockets of foolishness.
like what you're doing now.
riding your little red rocket.
like you are a freshly hatched human larva and this is just all a big schoolhive rumpus respite.
E.B: humans aren't hatched as larvae dummy.
we don't hatch at all.
we are born as these like little pink monkeys called babies.
C.G: bullshit.
that's not what you just told me.
E.B: what did I say?
C.G: I'll paste what you said.
E.B: I thought you didn't like going down that road?
copy-pasting future/past conversations...
C.G: why would I have a problem with that.
E.B: I dunno, that's what you just told me.
C.G: whatever, look:

E.B: this is really weird...
C.G: what's so weird about it.
E.B: well, normally humans hatch...
from like these slimy pods.
then we wriggle out as a little pink larva.
C.G: oh really.
huh, maybe we have more in common than I thought.

E.B: hahaha!
I was punking you dude!
or at least I will be in our next conversation.
thanks for the great prank idea.
C.G: argh.
why would you trick me about that, what is even the point.
don't you ever play pranks?
I mean, of course you do, one of you just tried to prank me good.
C.G: what, who.
E.B: pffffff, you'll find out.
C.G: well fine.
I guess you got me back, sort of.
for my trolling, even though you haven't even read my worst trolling efforts yet.
because they happen in your future.
and even then you didn't even mind much, almost like you were delighted to hear it.
kind of perverse really, what's wrong with you?
E.B: well, we're friends by then, aren't we?
or sort of like, uh, reverse anti-mutual friends.
C.G: what the hell does that even mean.
E.B: look, you're going to have to face it at some point...
that you're learning the meaning of this human emotion called friendship.
C.G: is friendship really an emotion?
E.B: yes, absolutely.
C.G: I guess it's hard to see how we become friends.
this is so frustrating.
every time I go further back into your past and talk to you, you say stuff that pertains to my
immediate future.
and then you won't explain to me what's going on, because it's already old news for you.
E.B: dude, you've been doing the same exact thing!!!
C.G: I've done no such thing.
I've been exceptionally informative and helpful.
if justifiably acrimonious.
E.B: you never answer my questions, though.
how am I supposed to know what's going on, or what you're alluding to?
C.G: this game is kind of a game of a million guides.
everywhere you turn there's another way to figure out what's going on, so please, go secrete me an
earth river through your strange human tear ducts.
you've got sprites, exiles, guardians, consorts...
time hopping future selves, mystical dream oracle doppelgangers...
and if that wasn't enough, your particular group of players is lucky enough to have us to give you
the scoop on stuff.
through a sort of subversion of the whole damn thing. 
even though we hate you. 
and even though the fact that we hate you 
is an immutable fact as unalterable as this writhing knotted hell of a timeline choking us all to death 
it does not mean we have any reason to withhold any information from you 
or dish it out through cryptobaffling mind fuddlery. 
so go ahead, ask me anything. 
E.B: ok... 
what's the point of the game. 
C.G: ask something else. 
already told you that. 
it was this whole big conversation we had. 
E.B: augh! 
fine. 
where are you now? 
C.G: in the medium. 
a separate session from yours. 
E.B: no no, I know that! 
you already told me. 
C.G: I did? 
E.B: yes, in your future. 
C.G: dammit. 
E.B: what I mean is... 
are you in your house right now, or in one of your magical lands, or what? 
just curious cause you can see me, but I can't see or know anything about you! 
C.G: we're hiding in the veil. 
what's left of it. 
E.B: what's that? 
C.G: it's a huge belt of meteors 
orbiting way outside skaia, beyond the orbit of the planets 
dividing the medium from the furthest ring 
where derse orbits. 
E.B: derse? 
C.G: the dark planet. 
prospit's the light one near skaia. 
E.B: well jeez, how am I supposed to know any of this?? 
C.G: you'd probably find out sooner or later from your dumb grandma. 
but by fusing with the sprite she has to withhold stuff and be mysterious and all. 
to make your adventure seem more "maaaaagical!!!!" 
it's infuriating. 
E.B: ok, so the veil is a bunch of meteors... 
what do you mean "what's left of it"? 
C.G: ok, there comes a time when black inevitably beats white 
on the battlefield in the center of skaia 
the white king is captured or killed or something 
that's when the reckoning starts. 
E.B: ok... 
C.G: the rulers of derse 
the black king and queen 
get the power to send the veil toward skaia 
to destroy it 
that kind of starts your big "countdown"
when shit gets serious.
E.B: so then it's up to us to save it?
C.G: yeah, you have that long to kill the black queen and king
and skaia itself sort of buys you some time
by activating its defense portals
to catch some of the meteors
the threat gets bigger the longer you take though
smaller meteors come first and they get progressively bigger and bigger
and there's only so much of them skaia can absorb for you.
E.B: ok, but it sounds like we've got plenty of time before that happens, right?
C.G: that's just it.
you don't.
ordinarily you would but
your reckoning starts much sooner
because of some dumb things you've done
you completely blew it already and you have no chance of winning anymore
which ordinarily would be fine
just another bunch of losers to fail at this game
it's what you do later that causes so much more trouble than that
and now we have to deal with it too.
E.B: oh no...
what is it?
C.G: already told you.
it's inevitable and completely pointless to talk about anyway.
E.B: yeah, well...
maybe you're wrong!
maybe there's something we can still do to stop it, if you just help us?
C.G: I'm not wrong, it's all right here in front of me, you fuck up royally, end of story.
E.B: ok, we'll see about that, mr. Sourbulge.
hey, aren't you kind of uncomfortable sitting on a meteor?
are you all huddled in a crater or something?
C.G: no, there's all kinds of crazy shit in the veil.
a lot of these meteors are kind of like...
big seeds.
E.B: seeds?
um...
well, what kind of crazy shit is there?
C.G: stuff like...
buildings
facilities
like labs and stuff.
E.B: weird.
C.G: yeah, the veil is kind of like neutral ground for the kingdoms, like our planets.
some places are used to genetically engineer soldiers and agents for the two sides.
using genetic material from the exotic menagerie of chess pieces on the battlefield.
to help fuel the war and keep raising the stakes.
E.B: wow, I don't think I'm following this.
C.G: yeah no shit!
but you'll find out when you get there
since you were in the veil when we last talked.
anyway that's more than enough info for you to think about and be less stupid in time for conversations we've already had.
I'm out of here.
E.B: ok, but wait...
can you give a message to gc for me?
tell her nice try.
C.G: what
why would I give her a message for you
do it yourself, I'm not a relay service.
E.B: oh, well I thought you'd be cool with it since you asked me to give her a message for you last time.
but whatever.
C.G: I find that highly implausible.
I'm not falling for any more of your human pranks.
"nice try" john
hahahahahahaha.

carcinoGeneticist [C.G] ceased trolling ectoBiologist [E.B]

[Image description: The song Black begins to play. It shows a sepia toned photograph of the Midnight Crew playing instruments. It cuts to the space around Skaia. Skaia is in the center of the screen with Prospit and its moon in close orbit. Further out, three planets are spaced at quarter orbits around Skaia. The one closest to the viewer is the Land of Wind and Shade, John’s planet. Most of the surface is covered by dark grey clouds, but teal toned rock can be seen through a few small gaps. To the left is the Land of Light and Rain, Rose’s planet. It is brightly colored and has many small clouds orbiting high above it. To the right is a red planet with a large, round black spot, making it look like a color reversed version of the record on Dave’s shirt. This, presumably, is the Land of Heat and Clockwork, Dave’s planet. There is a space where another planet should be to complete the spacing. Presumably, Jade’s will fall into place there if she is able to enter. It zooms out even further and large meteors block Skaia and the planets from view. Four purple towers with orbs on top come into view. Three of the orbs are now filled with images of the kernelsprites that John, Rose, and Dave made. The last orb is still dark and empty. It cuts to show the planet that the towers are sticking out of. It is identical to Prospit in architecture and layout, but everything is in shades of pink and purple. A name appears in the bottom right corner. Derse.

It fades to Jack Noir sitting at his desk with the package and parking citations as shown from behind. The princess harlequin outfit still clothes the mannequin. It cuts to his face. He rests his cheek on his hand and writes with a feather pen. It cuts to what he was writing. On a parking citation, he has scribbled over the words and towers and drawn a picture of the Black Queen, who now has a sword stuck through her stomach. He has captioned it Huge Bitch Bluh Bluh and signed it with a black spade in the top left corner. He holds up his drawing and examines it, then slowly looks to the right. He sneers and crumples the drawing as it fades to show the entirety of Derse. It zooms down along towers, closer and closer to the surface of the planet, then pulls up to approach the four sprite towers.

It cuts to the Black Queen’s hips as she walks down a hallway. Her skirt is slightly transparent and she is now flanked by wings. Her ring has three white orbs now. It begins to pan up, then suddenly cuts to her silhouette against a red background. It zooms out slightly and Jack Noir’s window comes into view, revealing that he was watching her through it. It zooms out a bit more to show his entire workspace. He narrows his eyes, then the screen goes black and white motion blur crosses it. When it returns to Jack, he has sliced the screen in half and the Black Queen is suddenly standing next to him.

She grabs the dress from the mannequin and shakes it in Jack’s direction as if asking why he’s not wearing it. His response is to stick out his tongue in disgust and shake his head. The Black Queen points firmly at the new hat, which sits on the floor. She pushes the dress into his face and he turns side to side to try and avoid it. He kicks the hat and suddenly it cuts to him against a background of pink spades as various harlequin princess outfits flash on him.

The Black Queen sits on his desk, then it suddenly cuts to his disgusted expression. It cuts back to a shot of her feet as she taps her foot impatiently. Jack wears the original outfit consisting of pieces of brightly colored fabric, but he grabs it and rips it to shreds. It cuts to a shot zooming past the chain connecting the moon to Derse. It pans up one of the Dreamer’s tower, then cuts to Dream Rose standing against a purple wall with bright green text on it. All of the letters are those that would form the word Meow, but rearranged into different orders. It cuts to Dream Rose in her room, where every inch of the wall except what would be covered by furniture is covered in the Meow code. It cuts to the day that Jaspers told Baby Rose his secret, then back to the room. The word Meow flashes across the entire screen. It zooms in on Rose’s face and Meow crosses her
eyes. The rest of the code fades in and moves slowly across her face. The letters suddenly flash and change. M becomes G, E becomes C, O becomes A, and W becomes T. Now it is in the letters used to signify DNA sequences.

It cuts to a place in the Land of Light and Rain. A pink archway and stairs lead into a tunnel in the side of an island. A boat is beached right outside it and Maplehoof stands by the stairs. It zooms in on the entrance and suddenly changes to Mom’s white silhouette against the black silhouette of a three-eyed, four-armed monster whose mouth is as wide as Mom is tall. Mom crouches down into an attack stance and it suddenly cuts to her hands as she punches something. It cuts back to the cave as she vaults over the monster, which has one eye closed and falls into the rock Mom was standing on so hard that the rock shatters.

Suddenly it cuts to an oil-splattered Dad giving a flying punch to a grey monster with two large tusks and a horn sticking out of its forehead. The background is the blue rocks and blue-green trees of the Land of Wind and Shade. It cuts to him carving a hat into a minitablet. It cuts to Bro holding up his sword against a background of fire. Some of the structures from the Land of Heat and Clockwork can be made out in the background. He flies through the air and slices off one of a yellow tentacle monster’s tentacles. An image of John flying through the air takes up the top left quarter of the screen. An image of Rose sleeping with Mutini on her back takes up the top left quarter. Davesprite at his computer takes up the bottom left. Jade sleeping in bed takes up the bottom right. Bec flashes into the center of the screen, then fades to black. He flashes green then begins to grow. Inside his outline, it shows a snarling Jack Noir. It zooms out from Jack’s face. The Black Queen has a tentacle wrapped around his throat and moves a sword towards him. It cuts to her as the blade reaches his chin. Suddenly, someone holds up the green package and Jack looks down at it. The Queen pulls back her sword slightly. Jack reaches into the box and the background flashes white and red. It cuts back to the Black Queen and zooms in on her scarred eye as she becomes shocked and a little frightened. The screen goes black and two motion blurs cross it. It returns to show the Black Queen’s finger flying away from her hand. The stump spews blood as the ring she was wearing falls. Jack narrows his eyes at her and more motion blurs cross the screen as the background fades to multi-colored, electricity-like designs.

It fades back to Jack’s workstation. Black soot, smoke, and tatters of a dress are all that remain where the Black Queen was. Another screen now has a hole in it. Blood is splattered everywhere. The screen flashes white and Jack reaches down to pick up the ring. Very slowly, he puts it on. It pans over him against a blood splattered grey background. He fades to a white silhouette and the screen flashes quickly. His silhouette changes to one with a missing arm, tentacles, and a harlequin hat like the one the queen wore. Before his transformation completes, it cuts to the base of two tall towers, which fade to white outlines. It zooms out to the entirety of Derse and a glowing pink cloud begins to surround it. This cloud pulses quickly and grows larger and more vibrant as the planet turns white. It cuts back to Jack as a sword grows out of his chest and a pair of wings appear on his back. He crouches and trembles like it’s painful or overwhelming. It cuts back to his face. Now he has the scar over his eye and the little cheek spurs that the Queen had in addition to the wings, hat, tentacles, and sword. The queen’s blood is still on his face. It fades to black. Text slowly fades in on screen.

End of Year 1
4/13/2009 to 4/13/2010

The black fades to show Skaia with small meteors zipping past. The text fades away. A faint watermark of John’s neighborhood appears at the bottom, just below Skaia.
It fades to black again.]

Locate fourth wall.

[Image description: It shows one of Jack’s screens against a white background.]
Activate.

A.H: Engage in highly indulgent self-insertion into story.

A.H: Examine wall.

A.H: Forget it. Go back to work.

AH: Recap first year of Homestuck.

Homestuck began on April 13th, 2009, the 13th birthday of our chief protagonist and future boy-skylark, John Egbert. Three days prior was supposed to be the day he received the sburb Beta in the mail, but it was running late. It showed up later that afternoon, and after overcoming a variety of domestic adversities, he retrieved the game, along with a birthday package from his internet friend, Dave Strider.

John soon established a game connection with another friend, Rose Lalonde, who'd spent the day badgering him about playing with her, after unsuccessfully attempting to convince Dave to play. Upon connecting, Rose was able to manipulate John's environment, move his furniture around via cursor, and restructure the shape of his room. John was unable to do this to Rose's environment however. He'd installed the client copy of the beta, and required the server copy for that.

The server copy was trapped in his dad's car, along with a birthday package from another friend, Jade Harley. Jade messaged John inquiring about the package. As of this moment, neither her
package nor the server copy has been recovered by John. Rose had also prepared a package for John, but had not mailed it yet. It still sits in her room. Dave's package contained the authentic stuffed bunny from Con Air.

In addition to allowing Rose to control John's environment, sburb provided an array of devices Rose deployed throughout John's house. These devices used together provided a system by which the players could manufacture any item using the code on the back of that item's captchalogue card, if they gathered enough grist to pay for it. Later, they would learn to combine item codes to master the art of punch card alchemy, whereby items could be fused together in purpose and design.

One device on being activated began a countdown, and released an entity called a kernelsprite. The countdown ticked down to the moment John's house would be struck by a meteor, destroying his neighborhood. To escape this demise, John had to use the devices to manufacture a special item that looked like a blue apple, and take a bite of it, in order to transport his entire house just before impact to the safety of a mysterious dark realm, where his house would situate itself atop a tall rock column high above a blanket of clouds. This realm is called the Medium.

Before he entered the Medium though, John and Rose prototyped his kernelsprite with the large harlequin doll his dad got him for his birthday, transforming the sprite to bear its likeness, including the ways the doll was disfigured via earlier hijinks. It had a slashed eye and one arm, and so too did the sprite. When John entered the Medium, the sprite's kernel hatched, thus imbuing all the enemies John and his friends would face with properties of the sprite. The lesser adversaries John faced first, Shale Imps, all wore harlequin garbs. They became more powerful and more radically mutated with each successive pre-Medium prototyping.

After entering the Medium, John's dad was kidnapped by imps. While John was looking for him, he accidentally prototyped the sprite with his grandmother's ashes, transforming it again. This prototyping had no effect on the enemies, since he was already in the Medium, and the kernel had already hatched. Instead, only the sprite was affected, and it took on the appearance, personality, and memories of his grandmother, becoming Nannasprite, a game-supplied albeit customized guide for John. She explained aspects of the game, about Skaia residing at the center of the Medium, beyond seven gates floating directly above his house, and about an eternal slash timeless war fought there between dark and light, one that light was always destined to lose.

Rose, who'd been having frequent internet connection issues, lost her connection as she tried to lift John's car to retrieve the game and the package. The car fell into the abyss below. A storm caused her house to lose power along with its wireless internet connection. Her laptop was able to run on battery power for a time, while she tapped into the wireless signal from the laboratory next door. When her laptop ran out of power, she had to overcome more family strife (and endure a gift pony in the process), go outside in the rain, and plug it into the small generator outside the mausoleum of her dead cat, Jaspers. She continued her session with John inside the mausoleum, while the meteor-sparked forest fire surrounding her house grew more intense.

From the house, Rose's mom opened a secret passage in the mausoleum to help her escape. The passage lead to the lab next door, where Rose found a stable, portable source of power and internet for her computer. She also found a terminal projecting the impact times and locations for the millions of meteors presently bombarding the planet, along with all the other live sessions of other players around the world. She also found a little girl's room, a mutant kitten she named Vodka Mutini, and a cloning machine operating through the science of ectobiology. Its terminal was locked on to her cat Jaspers at whatever point in his life the user specified.

She attempted to appearify Jaspers from a moment in her early childhood, before he whispered a
secret to her. But doing so would have caused a paradox, so it appearified (paradoxified) a pile of slime instead. The machine used the slime to create a fetal paradox clone of Jaspers in a glass tube. On the monitor, Jaspers then told young Rose the secret, then vanished, only to show up dead weeks later and put in the mausoleum for years until the present. Rose left the laboratory moments before it was destroyed by a meteor impact. She transportalized back to her mom's room, proceeded to her room to wait for Dave to connect with her and rescue her from the next imminent impact.

Dave was charged with acquiring his bro's copy of the game to help Rose. Earlier he had lost his copy of the game to a mishap involving a crow. It flew in his window, seized the game, and Dave accidentally impaled it with a sword, sending the crow and the game out the window onto a landing far below his apartment. He searched his bro's room unable to find it, was briefly shadowed by Lil Cal, and then found a note beckoning him to meet on the roof for a confrontation. Dave and his bro dueled on the roof extensively, and Dave was thoroughly bested. Upon defeating Dave, his bro dropped the copies of the game, and flew off on his rocket board into the sky.

Dave used the copies to connect with Rose, and quickly deployed the devices while her house was on fire, surrounded by flaming tornadoes, and minutes away from being destroyed by a meteor. Rose prototyped her kernelsprite with Jaspers, specifically to understand the meaning of the secret he whispered to her years ago. She was advised to do this by Jade, who told her about the game in the first place. Dave then prototyped the kernelsprite again with the tentacled princess doll given to Rose on her birthday by her mom. Both of these prototypings would have an effect on the enemies once Rose entered the Medium and the kernel hatched. Rose used the alchemiter to create the special item - for her, a purple wine bottle - which she needed to break to enter. She eventually did, transporting her house just before the meteor collided.

The meteor left a crater. Over time, at the site of impact, a large, white structure that looked like a wine bottle grew there, and the crater filled up with sand as the climate of the post-apocalyptic Earth gradually changed. The "cork" of that bottle was a large metal cylinder with an interior much like an advanced science station, with a variety of devices and monitors inside. 413 years after the meteor impact, the Wayward Vagabond walked through the desert and discovered this station. Inside, he found canned rations, a firefly he named Serenity, an appearifier, and four monitors hooked up to a keyboard.

On one of the monitors was John, just after he'd entered the Medium. W.V could type commands to John directly, much as the readers of this story could type commands for the characters to follow. Most of John's actions upon entering the Medium were authored by W.V, until he became preoccupied with other activities, such as building a town out of cans, playing chess with cans, and drawing chalk murals depicting the cosmological arrangement of Skaia, the Medium, the light and dark planets known as Prospit and Derse, and the four planets the kids would each occupy upon entering the game, called The Land of Wind and Shade (John), The Land of Light and Rain (Rose), the Land of Heat and Clockwork (Dave), and Jade's planet, which is yet to be seen.

He also activated a countdown in the station which caused it to blast out of the crater and fly to designated "home" coordinates. Along the way, it passed over the sand-filled crater that was the impact site for John's meteor, on the other side of the continent. John's meteor had caused a giant white tree to grow in the crater. The tree grew an apple-like station from a branch, which fell to the sand. The Peregrine Mendicant found this station. After W.V flew overhead, P.M activated her station's homing feature as well, which caused it to fly to the same destination. Along the way, she used her terminal to attempt to command Jade, who from the perspective of the terminal, had just arrived in the Medium. This caused the terminal to explode for unknown reasons, leaving a hole in the station. One of the station's robotic worms recovered one of P.M's falling mailboxes, and she befriended it, after earlier slaying another one with her black regisword.
W.V landed at the site of the ancient frog ruins across the now dried up Pacific Ocean. The site was once the island where Jade lived, but nothing of the island remained except for the ruins. The mountain her house was on, and the volcano next to it, were replaced by a large empty chasm. P.M landed shortly after W.V, and they met. They were confronted by the Aimless Renegade, who fired at them from the frog ruins with old weaponry he'd been hoarding, once belonging to Jade's grandpa. Millions of years ago, the frog ruins grew from a crater, struck by a meteor that emerged from a sburb portal in space. Jade's radioactive, omnipotent, space-warping dog named Becquerel emerged from this crater as well.

Jade's grandpa pioneered this island, and built the house Jade lives in. Her grandpa has been dead for many years, and stands stuffed in front of the fireplace. She has been looked after by her dog who she calls Bec. She begins the day with several tasks to accomplish - to feed Bec, and to retrieve a birthday package mailed by John. She irradiates a steak, and heads outside to the site where the package will be dropped. She knows it will be dropped there because one of the reminders she wears on her fingers jogs her memory about it. She wears them to keep track of the many things she knows about the future, through dreams.

She falls asleep frequently and spontaneously. When she sleeps, her dream self is awake, and living on the moon that orbits the light planet, Prospit. Prospit very closely orbits Skaia, a huge sphere of blue sky and clouds, which nanna describes as a "dormant crucible of unlimited creative potential." When Prospit's moon eclipses Skaia, it drifts into Skaia for a time, mingling with the clouds. Dream Jade then witnesses many past and future events in the clouds. While asleep, she is often confused about what is real and what isn't. When she wakes up, she pieces together future events from her memory of the cloud visions, and from logs recorded by her dreambot. Her dreambot is a robotic surrogate that activates while she sleeps in her bed. It mimics in the real world the movement and actions of her dream self on the moon, and records a video log of what she sees while dreaming.

Prospit's moon has two towers of identical design, and similar design to Jade's house. Dream Jade lives in one tower. Dream John lives in the other. Dream John is still asleep, and John has no knowledge of the dream world, which is to say, the entire game session he would initiate on his 13th birthday. When he goes to sleep, instead of waking up on the moon as Jade does, he remains slumbering in his dream room, tormented by his subconscious. This torment is expressed when he sleepwalks, and draws troubling scribbles on the walls of his room. When awake, he cannot see the scribbles, as is subconscious suppresses his awareness of them. It is not until he has a perception-altering revelation about his dad does he begin to see them. He initially believed they were new additions to his room, perhaps scrawled by imps. However they were present long before, visible in his room while he prepared Jade's birthday package months ago.

John prepared a package for each of his three friends, whose 13th birthdays were December 1st (Jade), 3rd (Dave), and 4th (Rose). He gave Rose a knitting set, and she then took an intense interest knitting. He gave Dave the pair of shades Ben Stiller wore in Starsky and Hutch, which he wore from then on, replacing the shades in the style his bro wore. He gave Jade a blue version of his own ghost shirt, and some pumpkin seeds to help her replace the pumpkins that kept disappearing from her garden. But she did not receive this on the birthday John intended. She received it in the past, on her birthday when she was very young, causing her to take an interest in gardening in the first place, to take a liking to blue apparel, and to eventually befriend John over the internet and lead him, Rose, and Dave down a path where they would ultimately play this game together.

Jade did retrieve his package in the present as planned, but immediately took it to another location where it disappeared. W.V in the far future appearified it from that location on accident. The package contained further instructions for him. He was to bring it to P.M, and she was to use her
station's sendificator to send it to another place and time. After she did this, the package appeared in front of young Jade on her birthday. Jade orchestrated the sequence of events through knowledge of them by her cloud visions.

She orchestrated similar events for the package she sent to John, plotting the circuitous route through time and space it was meant to follow. She again utilized the exiles for help, while they were still in the Medium. The exiles, W.V, P.M, and A.R, were all formerly agents of the kingdoms, before they were exiled by some means to post-apocalyptic Earth. A.R, as an Authority Regulator in the Land of Wind and Shade, discovered the package and the beta copy in John's wrecked car as he gave it a parking ticket. P.M, working as a Parcel Mistress, recognized the package from a correspondence she had with Jade on Prospit some time ago, and recalled it must be delivered to John. A.R would not relinquish the package, though he did give her the beta, which she delivered into a pyxis to satisfy the carved request of a minitablet. John carved this tablet at the request of P.M through the command terminal in the future.

A.R brought the package to Derse, where it ultimately wound up on the desk of Jack Noir. Jack is the archagent of the dark kingdom, charged with overseeing affairs through his office's fenestrated wall portals, and processing paperwork. He is forced to wear a silly garment in keeping with prototyping themes by the Black Queen, an order he resentfully complies with. He oversaw the imprisonment of John's dad, who broke loose on multiple occasions. When Jack went to handle it personally, John's dad set Jack's hat on fire. In a surly act of gratitude, he released the prisoner. John's dad fled to the Land of Wind and Shade, fought large monsters, got his hat dirty and lost a shoe. He then carved tablet requests for new ones, which John filled via pyxis, unaware of who requested them.

P.M met Jack and asked for the package. Jack proposed a deal, and gave her a black regisword. If she would kill the White Queen and White King and bring him their crowns, he would give her the package. She accepted with little alternative. She then visited the W.Q on Prospit and explained the situation, with no intention of carrying out Jack's mission. The W.Q, understanding the futility of their situation and the need to recover the package, abdicated, and gave P.M her crown and her ring. P.M was instructed to go find the White King, retrieve his crown, and receive further instruction on what to do with the ring to protect it. W.Q would then eventually exile herself to post-apocalypse Earth.

On post-apocalypse Earth, after A.R fired on W.V and P.M from the ruins, he spotted W.V's pumpkin, which W.V had earlier appearified from Jade's house. He recognized the carving of Bec's silhouette on the pumpkin. Fearful of it, he surrendered. The three exiles soon became friends over a campfire and shared rations. W.V and A.R built Exile Town out of cans, mailboxes, and bullets. P.M operated W.V's station terminal to submit commands to John as he explored the Land of Wind and Shade. In the sky, another station teleported and fell to the ground. It was shaped like an egg, and originated from Dave's meteor impact site, in correspondence with the egg-shaped item he would use to enter the medium. Emerging from this station was the Windswept Questant, formerly the White Queen.

A.R and W.V sought to impress W.Q by crafting a crown for her out of a mailbox. She refused the
distinction, instead giving it to P.M, who had successfully completed her mission to deliver Jade's package to John in the distant past. The means by which she went about this have yet to be seen.

John entered the Land of Wind and Shade (LOWAS) by having Rose build up his house to the first gate, fighting through many imps and ogres with his powerful new alchemized weapons, and entering the gate. This took him to a location beneath the clouds, far below his house. The LOWAS turned out to be a large windy planet, full of dark terrain, incandescent trees, networks of pipes, and oily rivers. In addition to hosting more powerful adversaries, the land is occupied by friendly consorts, a race of salamanders. They help John understand the mythos of the land, and inform him of the planet's persecution by a sleeping denizen, which is responsible for clogging the pipes with oil, and trapping fireflies under the clouds.

Each planet has a sleeping denizen, which the players must first wake, and then kill, in the course of their journey through the seven gates. Rose's planet, the Land of Light and Rain (LOLAR) is a multicolored ocean planet with white sandy islands and pink ruins, and has a denizen responsible for killing all life in the water. Dave's planet, the Land of Heat and Clockwork (LOHAC) is a lava planet, covered in industrial steel frame structures and turning gears, and has a denizen of yet unknown qualities.

Killing the denizen releases a huge grist hoard buried at the core of the planet, which is then used to fuel a process known as The Ultimate Alchemy. Along the way, the kids are meant to learn about their destined roles in this quest as the Heir of Breath (John), Seer of Light (Rose), Knight of Time (Dave), and Witch of space (Jade). Over the course of their quest, the dark kingdom will inevitably defeat the light kingdom. The Black Queen and King will take control, and initiate The Reckoning. This affects a belt of meteors, called The Veil, which orbits far from Skaia, between the four planets and Derse, and is host to various lab facilities used by the kingdoms. The Reckoning causes the meteors to descend on Skaia, ultimately destroying it, unless the Black Queen and King can be defeated in time. Skaia however buys time by opening defense portals to catch many of the meteors, redirecting them elsewhere in space and time.

This is the generic template for the way the game is supposed to proceed. It can deviate from this model however, depending on the actions of the players, and the details of the game mythology presented is unique to each group of players and their session.

Long before John and his friends started playing the game, another group of players had been persistently trolling them, particularly Jade. They are furious about an action she will take that will cause major problems in the four kids' game session, and inevitably lead to their defeat. Specifically, Jade will send a package to John, apparently containing a powerful weapon he will need later. But the package winds up in the hands of Jack Noir, leading to dire consequences. They allude to other things she will do that will lead to not only trouble for the four kids, but the troll players as well.

The trolls consist of 12 kids from an alien planet, who went through the same process as John and his friends, escaping from the annihilation of their planet via meteors, and into the Medium to play the game. Their game session is entirely separate from that of the four kids. It has the same basic template, with its own Skaia, Prospit, Derse, Veil, and a planet for each troll, but separate game instances of these. They also have different instances of the same character templates, such as the kings and queens, and agents like Jack Noir.

The trolls have completed their game session with yet unknown results. They now reside on a meteor in their Veil, sitting at terminals trolling John and company. From their terminals they can choose any point in the past or future of the kids to troll, and observe what they're doing at that moment. As a group, their only stated objective is to harass the kids, which they do so haphazardly
throughout different points in the kids' timeline. Though they can choose any point on the kids' timeline to talk, they are mostly resigned to the understanding that no matter what they do, they can't change the outcome of the kids’ actions.

The four most vociferous trolls so far have been carcinoGeneticist, gallowsCalibrator, grimAuxiliatrix, and adiosToreador. (The other 8 being apocalypseArisen, twinArmageddons, arsenicCatnip, arachnidsGrip, centaursTesticle, terminallyCapricious, caligulasAquarium, and cuttlefishCuller, each yet to be heard from.)

carcinoGeneticist (C.G) appears to have spearheaded the group's trolling campaign. While he was in the thick of his game session, the exile commanding him from a terminal in the apocalyptic future was Spades Slick. This is one difference between his game session and John's, who had W.V as an exile commanding him. In C.G's session, his version of Jack Noir became exiled along the way, and took on the name Spades Slick. Three other agents were exiled, and the four of them formed a gang called the Midnight Crew, and spent years building up a dark city in the future wasteland of the trolls' dead planet. Another difference in the trolls' session is that at some point along the way, the Black Queen was also exiled, later joined a rival gang called The Felt, assumed special powers that make her highly inadvisable to kill, and came to be known as Snowman. It was not until Slick confronted The Felt in their mansion that he discovered the station terminal to command C.G, and not before Snowman blinded him in one eye, severed his arm, and locked him in a vault.

Each troll has a different trolling strategy, and a different rhythm by which they hop around the kids' timelines to chat with them. C.G's strategy, for the most part, was to begin trolling them at the very end of their adventure, the moment at which he was most angry with their actions, and then gradually work backwards, mostly talking to John. This proves to be mutually frustrating though, as John knows less and less about the situation the further into the past C.G goes. Similarly, the further into the future John progresses, the more he has the advantage over C.G by knowledge of his future conversations with him, and vice versa. Over the course of the opposing directions of the two sides of the conversation, John learns more about the nature of the game and why they're being trolled, and in spite of hostility, they gradually befriend each other through an inevitability alluded to on both sides of the conversation.

Early in the correspondence between John and C.G, which is to say late for C.G, C.G discovers he needs to get in touch with Jade, who refuses to talk to him in that time period. So he delivers a message to her much earlier, months in her past, telling her she needs to contact him when she's in trouble. She will know to do this when her dreambot explodes in the future, an outcome that has not yet happened.

Two other trolls, grimAuxiliatrix and adiosToreador (G.A and A.T) have targeted only Rose and Dave thus far. G.A has hopped arbitrarily back and forward in Rose's timeline to talk to her, and is attempting to cultivate a friendship with her that now seems rigged through a series of conversational time loops, while seeking counsel from Dave on how to befrend her. A.T sought counsel from Rose on how to troll Dave more effectively, after getting severely counter-trolled by him. He is under the impression he rebounded nicely though.

gallowsCalibrator (GC) has stayed mostly linear in her trolling patterns, and has done so under the guise of helping the kids on their quest. She convinces John to take a shortcut through his land, shows him the denizen's palace, leads him to warp back to his house, then shows him how to fix the faulty rocket pack he made earlier through an alchemy mishap. She tells him to use the rocket pack to fly up to the seventh gate, enter the denizen's palace, and kill it in its sleep. He complied with this, and flew through the seventh gate, in spite of reservations from Dave, who'd just entered the Medium the moment before John took off.
GC also assisted Rose, just after she bested an ogre with ease. She counseled her on understanding her role as the Seer of Light, and the meaning of the voice in her head as an exile issuing commands from a terminal. In her case, it was the exiled White Queen issuing commands from the egg shaped station in the future. Since Dave is Rose's server player, the terminal station from Dave's impact site issues commands to Rose. Just as the station at Rose's site, which W.V found, issues commands to John, her client player.

After conversing with G.A, Rose found Jaspersprite and interrogated him about the secret which she found so maddeningly mysterious years ago. He explained elements of the mythos of her land, and how she’d need to learn to play the rain to produce the musical analogue of a genetic code to reintroduce life into the ocean. In response to her question about his secret, he simply replied "Meow." She mistook this for more nonsense, but it was in fact the secret he told her years ago. The four letter sequence MEOW unlocked a genetic code in her subconscious, which she would spend years scrawling on her wall using those letters in place of the typically used GCAT letters, while completely oblivious to the scrawlings and their meaning just as John was. As Jaspers said, she would understand their meaning when her dream self wakes up.

Rose's dream self lives in a tower on the moon of Derse. Dave's dream self lives on the same moon in the other tower. It was suggested by Rose's future self, who is fully awake in the tower, that Dave had already been awake in his tower all along without realizing it. This was suggested in a conversation she had in the future with Dave. It was an alternative future timeline not meant to be.

This future timeline came about by this series of events.

Dave was able to enter the Medium by connecting with Jade as his server player. Jade got copies of the game from the frog ruins, after she delivered John's package to her past self. She snuck into the ruins while Bec was asleep, and retrieved the game from a lotus time capsule which had been ticking down for millions of years. The game was Dave's copy from the future, the same one that fell out the window with the impaled crow. Once she got the game, the time capsule started ticking down again, set to expire 413 years later, when the exiles are there. She dropped some items in the ruins, leaving them there for A.R to find, and leaving her bass jammed in the elevator. Bec then found her there, took her back to her room, and grounded her there for the rest of the evening.

She quickly helped Dave set up the game, upgrading his alchemiter heavily, and crafting the special item he needed to enter the Medium, a red egg, which needed to be incubated and hatched to activate. She prototyped his kernelsprite with the impaled crow, which would affect the enemies later, including the Black Queen. The sprite built a nest on top of his apartment's antenna tower, and stole the egg to incubate it for hours. A very large meteor was soon bearing down on his city.

Dave then entered the Medium through a series of unseen events. Jade was asleep, thus forbidden by Dave from interacting with his environment at all. Jade complied for fear of retribution. Dave was faced with the Crowsprite, which appeared to be suggesting he prototype it again with the remains of Lil Cal. Dave consulted with John on this, who was about to rocket up to the seventh gate. John had no advice, and proceeded up through the gate against better judgment.

Dave prototyped the sprite with Cal. John entered the palace, presumably found the denizen, and was easily killed by it, as was the intent of GC's trick on him. This meant John could not establish a connection with Jade to rescue her from the looming meteor, and Dave and Rose lost contact with her, presuming her dead. Dave and Rose then spent the next four months in the Medium, advancing as far as they could to collect information before Dave decided to travel back in time to change events.

Dave used his time tables to go back to the moment he was about to prototype with Cal. Both he
and his past self strongly urged John not to go through the gate. John was reluctant at first, but soon reconsidered, and flew down beneath the clouds. Future Dave then gave Present Dave all his advanced gear, and prototyped the Crowsprite with himself to make Davesprite, thus serving as his own guide from the future.

Before going back in time, Future Dave convinced Future Rose to go to sleep. He suggested her dream self would be unaltered by the timeline shift, and in her dream state she would remember the events from the future. When Dave went back, Rose's future dream self assumed the position of Rose's present dream self. Rose fell asleep, and on Derse's moon, she instantly woke up. She then saw all the genetic scrawlings she did in MEOW letters, and understood their meaning.

Meanwhile on Derse below, the Black Queen again insisted that Jack Noir abide by the dress code. He refused, and the queen threatened him. He picked up Jade's package to John, removed what was inside, and used it to slice her ring finger off. He then killed the Black Queen, put on the ring, and donned the full upgrade supplied by the three prototypings.

He then became Jackspers Noirlecrow, which is a name I just made up now.

And then after that you started watching me type in this ridiculous study I photoshopped for myself with my cool horse painting propped up in the background.

A.H: I didn't read any of that. Do something less boring.

[Image description: The man holds his head. An orange puppet arm with a white mitten pokes on screen from the bottom right.]

> MSPA Reader: Shut the hell up.

A.H: Retrieve arm from background.

[Image description: The man looks to the right. A picture of a crude, hand-made Cal puppet comes on screen.]

Huh? Oh.

Cal, please. Not now.

A.H: Why don't you keep drawing Homestuck or something.

[Image description: The man tilts his head downwards and vibrates slightly.]

Oh, but I don't merely draw Homestuck...

(Type "Next", I am about to make a joke.)

Ok. Next

[Image description: The man, the author, Andrew Hussie, rears back and holds his arms out like he’s laughing maniacally. Skaia and Prospit hover above his right hand and LOWAS and Derse hover above his left. The background shows a faint image of John’s neighborhood overlaid with lightning and swirls in various colors. The heads of some of the cast members hover around him.]

[Note: This monologue is in all caps.]

I conjure this intrepid fantasiescape with tears bled from the wisdom-weary eyes of fifty thousand imaginary magicians. I pull heavy drags from the brumes of inspiration with enchanted bellows
marauded from a guild of churlish mythical dwarves. Vast bulbous riddlespiders push the silken strands of pure whimsy through hideous abdominal spinnerets and it is that with which I weave this audacious cocoon of exquisite lies. And when it hatches a great moth of titillation will awaken and roar and beat its wings, and the powder settling down will arrest the humors of an enormous terrible old beggar, relaxing the vulturous leathery vicegrip he's fixed around your captive mind.

A.H: This is stupid. Stop being a wiseass and get drawing.

[Image description: Hussie sits back at his computer. Several image files are open. One is of him typing, another is him during the monologue, and the top one is of the Fourth Wall. A second image shows the screen in more detail.]

Alright. It won't be that exciting to watch though.

I'll pull up Photoshop again. Here's the file I was using for the fourth wall.

What do you want me to draw?

A.H: Can you show us what's going on with John again?

[Image description: Hussie opens another file. This one is of John swooping just underneath the clouds on LOWAS.]

Sure.

How about if I drag the content from one of the John files under the fourth wall layer, so we can make a more graceful transition out of this ludicrous, highly disruptive self-insertion arc?

A.H: That sounds like a good idea.

[Image description: He clicks and drags the picture of John to the wall. When he releases, it snaps into place underneath it. A second image shows another Wall file, this time with Hussie drawing this exact panel on his screen.]

Oh! And then you can type something like "Switch wall's view to show us what's going on with John."

Here, I'll prepare the GIF file for that. It'll just take a few seconds.

Go ahead. Say that.

Switch wall's view to show us what's going on with John.

[Image description: It shows the completed panel of him drawing the same panel within the fourth wall. The image inside it flashes, then changes to John flying across the sky.]

You decide that's entirely enough of that. If this website becomes any more self-aware in a playfully self-deprecating yet weirdly self-aggrandizing manner, you're going to go drown a bag of puppies in a sewer.

Next

[Image description: John flies across the sky. His glasses have a GC alert under them.]

John: Answer GC.
pesterlog
gallowsCalibrator [GC] sent ectoBiologist [E.B] the file "LOWAS Map dot FL4"
E.B: what's this?
Gc: it's your world map with your second gate labeled so you can go there
E.B: oh man, let me drop everything and go there, because I'm in such a huge hurry to take more of your advice!
Gc: john please give me one of your human breaks I feel awful about killing you even though technically you never even died so I dont know what youre bitching about (frowning face with furrowed brows)
E.B: yeah, well, dave said I did, and I believe him!
Gc: that is because he and you are best pupa pals four lyfe cant I be your pal too john???
E.B: I don't know, I thought you were ok for a while, but now you are kind of giving me the creeps!
Gc: jegus john
E.B: what?
Gc: I am invoking the name of your earth jegus to express frustration
E.B: you mean my earth jesus?
Gc: I dont know do I
E.B: do you have a troll jegus?
Gc: john we have the best troll jegus you dont even know
E.B: wow, really? or is this a joke?
Gc: its a joke im not really sure what a jegus is (face with furrowed brows and a question mark for a mouth)
E.B: well... neither do i, I guess. it's pretty much not anything.
Gc: john will you please follow the map?????
let me earn your trust if you dont like whats on the other side of the gate you can just turn around!
E.B: um...
ok. I'll take a look.

John: Open map.

[Image description: A loading image says Google LOWAS and has an image of LOWAS in the center. Once it loads, it shows an interactive map of LOWAS with a google-maps like interface. A
little grey marker is marked with a pin labeled A.

Click the A pin
A square, white speech bubble pops up.

John here is your house. I cropped this world map for you so you can find where to go easily. Fly north!!! (Smiley face with furrowed brows)
It shows a picture of her.
Also hi this is me

Move North.

A small blue spirograph pulses. A green pin labeled B marks the spirograph

Click the pin.

This is the second gate go in here. I promise you wont die this time. Unless you screw up all by yourself. (Smiling winky face with furrowed brows)

John: Proceed to the second gate.

[Image description: John flies towards a blue spirograph on top of a spire of dirt.]

John: Enter.

[Image description: A pink spirograph sits in the center of a black screen. Gate 2 is written above it. A loading bar below it slowly rises to 9%.]

You spend the next twenty minutes staring at this image before you realize it's not a Flash file.

Next

[Image description: a pink spirograph sits in the skies of LOLAR, sending out pink rays of light. A second image shows it high above Rose’s house. Another one sits between it and the island. John flies down from the second gate with a Fyooooo.]

Next

[Image description: John crashes into Rose’s house just above the waterfall.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the inside of Rose’s room. She still sleeps in her pile of clothes even as John crashes through her window. The walls and door are covered with the pink MEOW code.]

John: Get up.

[Image description: John stands near Rose, who is still somehow asleep. His rocket pack is propped up against the wall and Mutini sits at his feet. A Dave alert hovers next to him.]

Despite the pandemonium of your entrance, Rose is still sound asleep. She must be really tuckered out!

It looks like this little guy is awake and ready for action though. He is adorable. You decide to name him Doctor Meowgon Spengler.
John: Answer Dave.

[Image description: It shows a split screen between Davesprite at his computer and John in Rose’s room. Davesprite has a John alert over his computer and John has two Dave alerts; one is a red Dave alert and the other is an orange Davesprite alert.]

pesterlog
turntechGodhead [T.G] began pestering ectoBiologist [E.B]

[Note: This TG is Davesprite and uses orange text.]

T.G: wow ok
you're a little early
but that's fine i guess
also you suck at rockets
E.B: ARGH!
T.G: what
E.B: she tricked me again.
T.G: who
E.B: GC.
she told me how to get to the 2nd gate.
so i went through, but it took me to rose's house instead.

another prank!
T.G: dude you did go through the second gate
i mean i don't know why you would listen to her again
kind of moronic but that's a whole other issue
she didn't trick you this time
E.B: oh...
then, i don't really get this.
T.G: what were you expecting
this is how it works
the progression of gates is like this whole round robin thing
cycling through each planet
gate 2 on your planet leads to gate 2 on roses
then you build up to gate 3 above her house which leads somewhere else on her planet
you look for gate 4 somewhere there
which leads to gate 4 above my house
and so on
E.B: wow, ok.
T.G: ordinarily rose would have already gone through her gate 1
but she’s sleeping pretty hard obviously
and ordinarily you wouldn’t have gone through gate 2 until her house was built up
so you wouldn’t fall to your death
but you got your cheat rocket so that's fine
see we all got to coordinate on this thing
E.B: ok...
how do you know all this?
T.G: fuck
come on dude
E.B: oh yeah...
you're the orange dave.
hey no offense, but do you think i could talk to the real dave for a second?
T.G: god dammit
i am the real dave
you know the one who saved your life
im more real actually cause ive been through some heavy shit already hopping around on red hot
gears and i-beams for like a year
and grinding shit out for your ungrateful ass
here look check out this code from the future not that you deserve it WIin189Q
youre fucking welcome
E.B: wow, calm down!
i'm sorry, that's not really what i meant...
i mean, of course you're a real dave, but what i mean is...
the dave from my time is also my friend, and i guess he's in the same boat i'm in, not knowing stuff
and all.
and i'd feel bad keeping him out of the loop!

[Note: this TG is Dave and uses red.]

T.G: yo
E.B: oh, hey.
i think i pissed off your future self.
T.G: what did you do
E.B: i said he wasn't the real dave.
T.G: ahahahahaha
E.B: i think i might have really hurt his feelings though!
T.G: pff
dont worry about it
E.B: why not?
T.G: cause i wouldn't give a shit
and he’s me
E.B: ok.
i'm in rose's room by the way.
T.G: what
really
E.B: yeah, but she's asleep!
T.G: ok
dont go anywhere
im coming down to the computer
E.B: ok.

[Note: This is Davesprite again.]

T.G: dave is here he wants to use the computer
probably to help you scope out roses room and snoop and stuff
i mean thats what i would have done
if you were alive
so im gonna go
use these flappy ghost wings and tear shit up in space or something
E.B: sure!
hey dave...
T.G: what
E.B: in case i forgot to say so before...
thanks for saving my life!
T.G: yeah
turntechGodhead [T.G] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [E.B]

John: Snoop.

[Image description: John gently pats Rose on the back of the head. A faint Snoop Dogg watermark covers the right side of the screen.]

pesterlog
T.G: ok i dont know what you're doing here
but i think we can both agree that you've got to rummage through as much of her shit as possible before she wakes up
E.B: man, i don't know how i feel about that!
i don't really like the idea of capering around her room while she's asleep, it feels weird.
i'm going to wake her up.
T.G: dude no come on
she's out like a light anyway
it was some like weird future thing that happened that made her sleep
E.B: a future thing?
T.G: yeah
shit doesn't get more clear than that
E.B: well, yeah, she won't wake up.
so i guess so.
but i'm not snooping!!!
T.G: fine dont
but here just do this one thing
see those two notebooks on the floor behind you
E.B: yeah.
they look sorta like journals.
i don't think i should read those!
T.G: you dont have to read them im not telling you to
what kind of prying tool do you take me for
just pick them up
you know like tidy up a bit since you made a royal fucking dump of her room just now
E.B: uh, ok.

John: Pick up books.

[Image description: John captchalogues two books off the floor. A second image shows him looking at the back of the card. The code is 72KH?CNq.]

pesterlog
T.G: now i need you to do something else
this is important
like for important game reasons and stuff
take the card the books are on
flip it over
E.B: umm...
T.G: so you can see the code
E.B: wait a minute!
i see what you're trying to do.
i won't tell you the code for rose's books!
T.G: dude you dont have to tell me the code
just flip it over and let me know if theres a code there thats all
E.B: ok...
i guess.
yeah there's a code.
T.G: alright cool
you can ditch the books now if you want
maybe put them back on the floor
so rose doesnt think you were snooping
seriously youve got some grubby fingers bro why dont you mind your own business there
what is even with you
E.B: HAHA DAVE,
I THINK ALL THIS LAUGHING MADE ME POOP IN MY PANTS TOO HARD.
T.G: isnt that your birthday package there
E.B: oh, yeah, i think it might be.
T.G: maybe you should look at it
i dont think it counts as snooping since its technically yours
E.B: yeah, maybe.
i wonder if she finished...
she was so tight lipped about the damn thing! i am really curious.

Dave: Zoom in.

[Image description: Dave sits at his computer and clicks around. A second image shows his screen. He’s zoomed in on John and the card so he can read the code over John’s shoulder.]

Next

[Image description: Dream Rose floats in a void. A second image zooms out. She’s floating far above Derse’s moon, between the two dreamer towers.]

Next

[Image description: She lands lightly on the top of one. The other looks tiny in the distance.]

Next

[Image description: She holds a ball of yarn and looks in the window of one of the towers. The inside looks red.]

Next

[Image description: Dream Dave sits at his computer in a red version of his room. He wears the same purple tunic that Dream Rose does, along with his sunglasses. There is a blue scribble on the wall above where his bed was and the cruxtruder now is. A Lil Cal puppet in a long purple shift with a lilac moon on the chest and a backwards purple cap zaps around the room. It shifts from the top of the toilet, to one of Dave’s desk, to the cruxtruder base, and back again.]

Next

[Image description: The ball of yarn flies on screen and hits Dave in the top of the head. The words Yarn Boink appear next to it in purple. A crow is lurking behind Dream Dave’s computer.]

Next
You eye your birthday package again curiously. It's awfully tempting to peek inside, but you feel guilty about it for some reason, even though it's yours anyway.

You suppose a perusal of her bookshelf would be harmless enough. Just a bunch of books. The knowledge within is meant for everybody.

Dave pesters you with the message, "T.G: afdsjjjjjjvjvffffffffffffffffffffffffffffff" which you decide not to bother dignifying with a whole pesterlog ordeal because it's probably just him being a truculent jackass again so screw him.


These are words to cherish.

This is a man to treasure.

You captchalogue Rose's autographed copy of This Ocean Charles. Jewels of wisdom like this don't just fall into your lap every day, and shouldn't be parted with lightly.
You doubt she'll mind if you borrow her book. She's always trying to get you to read her weird books anyway.

John: Oh, just open the package already.

[Image description: John picks up the purple birthday package and looks inside.]

You can't take it anymore. You're going to see what's inside.

Next

[Image description: John lifts the item out. It’s a patchwork bunny with parts that are blackened and dirty and other parts that are made of purple striped fabric. It is in the same shape as the bunny Dave sent John.]

John,

[Image description: It shows a note from Rose to John. It is written on nice stationary with a polkadotted purple border around the edge and a pair of purple tangle buddies in the top left corner. It is written in slanted cursive and purple ink.]

John,

I never got to thank you properly for your gift. Yes, the words were there. Language comprising the familiar veneer of gratitude rubbing off with each tired favor traded for. A God bless to a sneeze or a few pennies cradled in a receipt. Perhaps it's the deplorable romantic in me, but I thought your present, and your friendship, demanded reciprocation surpassing by some degree the utterly meaningless.

The proper thanks I thought would be a demonstration that your offering was not in vain. Yes, maybe some would take your suggested alternative to my gloomy preoccupations as a passive-aggressive jab. But I know you didn't mean it that way. In fact, I'm sure reading about it now is the first time the notion has occurred to you. John, please stop rolling your eyes. The letter is down here.

The gift in this box is a resurrection. I used your present to thread life anew into a tattered heirloom. As long as I can remember, its black, greasy appendages have been tethered limply to its ratty, porous carriage. Too delicate to wash, too dear to discard. I used to love this rabbit. Now he's yours.

I trust you'll find this to be adequately sentimental. Happy birthday.

Rose

John: Put the bunny back in the box.

[Image description: John jumps up in the air and holds the bunny above his head. The background goes black and John vibrates. The words Chaos Dunk appear in the top right corner.]

This gift from Rose is so cool. Two sweet bunnies on one birthday?? What are the odds. In a fit of enthusiasm you shut up and jam the bunny back in the box, executing a textbook chaos dunk.

Millions would have perished, if everything in the ocean weren't dead already, that is.

John: Take box.
You gently Chaos Dunk the fragile bunny back in the box and captchalogue it. It is such a nice present. You will have to write Rose a thank you note and tuck it under her hair band or something. Wait no, that would probably be creepy.

This bunny reminds you that you still have a salamander in your sylladex. She is holding the bunny Dave got you. It's sort of uncanny how similar they are, aside from the knitted enhancements. Seriously, what are the odds?? So weird.

John: Deploy beloved daughter.

You release dear, precious Casey. She was probably getting antsy in that card. You think you'll leave her here with Rose. A dangerous quest is nothing to embark on with a sweet, innocent little girl stashed in your inventory.

You aren't actually sure if she is a girl though. You don't even know if salamanders can be girls. Aren't they hermaphrodites or something?

You don't know anything about biology. Unless it is biology that has to do with ghosts and slime. But even then you don't actually know anything, you just sort of like to pretend you do.

Looks like a troll is bugging Rose.

John: Answer troll.

G.A: I'm supposed to antagonize a few members of your trivial species. I have to start somewhere. And someday. So I am starting with you. And now. It's going to be pointless and unpleasant mostly for me. Actually you know what? I'm not really feeling this at all. Goodbye.

T.T: she's not here right now, she's asleep! But ok, see you.

G.A: Is this your human sarcasm that I've heard about? That you always use and that is basically a terrible way to communicate.

T.T: umm... no?
G.A: I Thought That Was The Thing You Did The Rose Human Specifically
T.T: oh, yeah.
that's me! i am the rose human. look at me, i am so smart with all these snooty words and complicated things to say.
i am the queen of books.
G.A: Okay These Are Definitely Insincere Statements Why Do You Work So Hard At Being So Awful
T.T: fffuuhhhhhhh
i'm so burned, these burns are crazy.
can we just cut to the chase and be friends already??
these cat and mouse games are so dumb, you know we're just going to all be friends at some point anyway.
G.A: Have We Spoken Before
T.T: i don't know, uh, maybe???
it's hard to keep track with all your time nonsense.
G.A: Now That I Think About It It Is Pretty Conceivable That I Will Talk To You Again In The Past After This Conversation
T.T: that's because you guys always do things the hard way. and the dumb way.
G.A: I Should Figure Out How The Viewport Feature Of This Application Works So I Can See What Such A Primitive Creature Looks Like
T.T: haha, well i know what you guys look like.
you look kind of like...
howie mandel from little monsters.
even though, to be perfectly frank, he was kind of a big monster.
because he was a big goofy adult.
and fred savage was like his child prankster sidekick.
G.A: Is This An Adversary You Have Encountered On Your Quest
T.T: no, it's a movie.
you should ask john about it, because he thinks it's awesome, which it is.
G.A: It Seems You Put Stock In Johns Assessment Of Things Even Really Uninteresting Things That Are Pretty Terrible To Listen To He Is Either The Leader Of Your Party Or You Hold Whatever The Human Equivalent Of Mating Fondness For Him Is
T.T: yeah, i got him this really cool bunny for his birthday, and it's really nicely knitted and everything.
because i am basically in love with him, you are right.
G.A: Uh Okay
T.T: heh, just kidding. i'm sure john knows it's cause i am really thoughtful and i bet he really appreciates the present, and would say thank you if he were here!
G.A: Okay Human Courtship Is Definitely A Strange Thing And Its Sort Of Blowing My Mind Listening To This I Think Ill Talk To Someone Else Now
T.T: why don't you talk to john?
G.A: Maybe When Along His Timeline Would You Recommend Communicating With Him
T.T: oh man, i don't know.
why don't you pick the time that will make the most complicated mess out of everything imaginable?
T.T: you know that's what you're gonna do anyway.
G.A: Considering That Youre Obviously Not That Smart
And Basically Understand Whipping Bugwinged Fuckall About Even The Most Elementary Temporal Mechanics
I Am A Bit Perplexed As To Why I Find Myself So Vehemently Fondling The Short End Of The Antagonism Stick Here
Kind Of Irritating
Im Going To Talk To Your Comrades
This John Human
And Figure Out Whats Going On
T.T: ok.
if you talk to him in the past...
he'll understand even less buggy whipped fuckall about time, and he'll be confused.
so maybe paste something from this conversation to him? i don't know.
and if you talk to him in the future...
he'll probably know all this stuff, like things you've said to him but haven't said yet!
and then you'll be confused.
sorry, that's just how this works.
don't say i didn't warn you!
Until Next Time Rose
Next Time In The Past
T.T: yeah, bye!
(heheheheheheh)
grimAuxiliatrix [G.A] ceased trolling tentacleTherapist [T.T]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out on G.A at her computer. The computer is on a long, grey desk and jumbles of cables run along it behind the computer. Larger grey cables loop down from the ceiling and swoop off screen. Two more trolls sit on either side of her, but they are far enough away that only parts of their horns stick on screen. To her left a bull-like horn stick into the panel, likely belonging to A.T. To her right an unfamiliar horn sticks on. It is longer than G.A's, but it has a similar, gently curved shape. This horn, however, has a crescent shape at the end, like someone stuck a moon onto the tip of the horn. It is tilted so the opening of the crescent is in the center. In the background, GC is walking behind them. She still wears her red glasses, but she also carries a white cane with a red tip and uses it to sweep the floor in front of her. So she wasn’t just trolling when she told the kids that she was blind.]

pesterlog

[Note: T.A speaks in mustard yellow text. He doubles all his I’s, replaces all instances of ‘to’ or ‘too’ with ‘two’, and replaces all S’s with 2s.]

G.A: If Youre Not Too Busy Still Setting Up The Network
Perhaps You Could Show Me How To Activate The Viewport
T.A: i am in fact too busy still setting it up.
whoa HERES an idea.
press F1.
G.A: My Keyboard Is Missing The F1 Key
T.A: lies.
dont bother me im not in the mood.
if i see one more snarl of wires.
kind of jutting out and being tangled or whatever.
i am going to perform some sort of athletic fucking somersault off the deep end and get a call from
the president or some shit.
so go away.
G.A: You Used To Like To Talk More
If I Recall I Was Typically The One Who Would Solicit Reprieves From Your Nonsense
So I Dont Know What Happened
T.A: that was before i knew we were all going to die.
and no one believed me.
and now look at you all.
all believing me suddenly HMM UNCANNY.
G.A: Then Why Are You Doing This
Setting Up These Stations For Us
T.A: to get you all off my bulge about it.
but i wont troll any of them personally no way.
kind of juvenile.
but you guys go knock your selves out ok.
see the menu up top?
fiddle around with that til you open the viewport.
G.A: I Did Fiddle With It
To No Avail
T.A: if you cant figure shit out by fucking around you dont belong near computers.
kind of like with registered sex offenders and schools.
if you move to a new town you have to go up to your neighbors door and warn them about how
stupid you are.
and give them a chance to hide all their innocent technology.
and vandalize your house.

Next

[Image description: It shows an extreme close up of another troll’s face. This troll has jagged fringe
high on his forehead and wears bi-colored glasses. The left lens is red and the right is blue. Both
reflect stars and galaxies.]

Next

[Image description: A troll’s hand holds an F1 key.]

Next

[Image description: Whoever was holding the F1 key chucks it at the troll with the red and blue
glasses. It hits him in the head with an F1 bonk, but he doesn’t look up from his computer. Now it’s
zoomed out enough to see him in his entirety. He has short hair with zigzag shaped fringe high on
his forehead and sharp sideburns. He has two upwards-facing tufts of hair on either side of his
head, but the rest is neat and tidy. He has two sets of horns. They’re both gently curved inwards,
but the inner ones are quite a bit smaller than the outer pair. He has long, pointed teeth that stick
out of his mouth. His shirt is a short sleeved black tee shirt with a yellow Gemini symbol on the
front. The gemini symbol is two vertical lines with a horizontal line at the top and bottom. The
horizontal lines are slightly curved so the outsides are higher than the insides.]

Next

[Image description: The troll with the jade virgo symbol stands next to the yellow gemini troll and
pokes him in the back of the head. The word Hassle flashes above him in red. She’s wearing a floor length red skirt with a diagonal wrap and three white buttons along the diagonal piece. The gemini troll is wearing jeans with a wide cuff at the bottom and mismatched shoes. One is black and the other is white. His computer screen has an unreadable piece of code on it and bits of cable and computer parts are scattered across the table and floor. The first troll, the one with the grey cancer sign, is standing to the right. Now that there’s someone to compare him to, his pants look like sweatpants and his waistline looks much higher, like he has his shirt tucked in. A tee shirt tucked into sweat pants. Fashion.]

[S] Rose and Dave: Shut up and jam.

[Image description: The song Unsheath’d begins to play. Dream Rose and Dream Dave stand near his turntables in his dream tower. Cal zaps around the room from his turntables to the top of the toilet to the toilet seat and back. This panel is interactive. A note above one of Dave’s pieces of equipment says Jam. Click Jam. Welcome to the New Extreme begins to play. It zooms in on the Sweet Bro face, then the Hella Jeff, then back to the room. It zooms in on Dream Cal’s creepy face, then back to the room. It cuts to drawings of Rose and Dave dancing, then back. Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff in Derse Dreamer outfits turn back and forth against a background of Lil Cal’s face watermarked on a blank red space, then back. More dance moves from the Derse Dreamer Duo, then back. Dream Sweet Bro falls down stairs against a background of zooming stars. This animation loops as long as the page is open. Click Jam. Octaroon Rangoon begins to play. The animation continues looping. Click Jam. Derse Dreamers begins to play. Click Jam. Phantasmagoric Waltz begins to play. Click Jam. The music turns off.]

Dave shows you some of his sweet gear. Wow he is so cool.

Next

[Image description: It shows a close up of Dream Rose, who looks suspicious. Dream Lil Cal is vibrating behind her.]

Next

[Image description: Dream Lil Cal flies out of the window.]

Rose: First, be the pony. Second, follow Mom.

[Image description: Maplehoof still stands outside the tunnel Mom entered. A second image zooms in on her.]

You are now the pony.

You stand outside some ruins which your beloved master’s mother entered recently. Outside you find a striking scarcity of oats or greenery or anything at all that is delicious to chew on. This is as compelling a reason as any to follow her inside.
Maplehoof: Enter.

You go in the ruins. Your clopping hooves echo throughout the cavernous and foreboding environment. But you are too stupid to be nervous.

Your powerful snout detects the scent of Rose's Mom. She went this way.

Maplehoof: Follow scent.

Good grief, look at all this grist. A large and terrible monster must surely have been slain here.

Maplehoof: Collect grist.

You pick up all the grist, and store it in Rose's Grist Cache.

This is entirely too much grist of too many exotic types for such a low level player. But you'll take it. You don't look a gift horse in the pink heart tattoo.

The grist overflow is gathered by the Grist Gutter utility supplied by Grist Torrent. It is stored and gradually redirected to other players.

Maplehoof: Proceed.

Rose's Mom stands on a small platform and disappears.

You are a little nervous about transportalizing yourself. As a quadruped, grisly bisection strikes you as a very real possibility. Even though you're too dumb to think of such things.

Next

John: First, be the hat. Second, find dad.
Rose stops being the pony just in time for John to start being the hat.

The Breeze carries you to where you need to go.

You settle in front of a man in sore need of a fresh hat.

He gathers the clean hat, along with a shoe he found through similarly serendipitous means to replace one he lost.

Dad looks down at a small building half embedded in the rock. The man who looks like Grandpa stands in front of it with the Colonel Sassacre’s book under his arm.

Grandpa lookalike stands on a blue transportalizer platform and disappears in a blue flash.

Dad follows him.

John: Visit Rose's alchemiter.

You decide to try out the code Davesprite gave you.

John: Make item.
massive wedge shape three times taller than John. It’s called a Fear No Anvil. It costs half a million build grist, half a million dark red grist, half a million blue diamond grist, half a million yellow cube grist, and one white diamond grist.

The thing is huge, and costs a fortune. Half a million pieces of build grist, garnets, diamonds, and gold, and a single piece of quartz.

There's no way you can make that, let alone wield it, even with your ghost gloves.

John: Shrink it down.

You use the alchemiter's scaling upgrade to reduce it to a more manageable and affordable size.

You make a weapon called Fear No Anvil.

John: Pester Davesprite.

[Image description: John puts on his Serious Business Goggles.]

pesterlog
ectoBiologist [E.B] began pestering turntechGodhead [T.G]

E.B: so what is this?
the thing the code made...
T.G: really powerful hammer
E.B: how do you know?
i thought you couldn't use hammers.
T.G: i cant
better be though
T.G: got it from hephaestus
E.B: who's that?
T.G: really tough to kill dude
E.B: you killed him for it?
T.G: nope
E.B: how'd you get it then?
T.G: shenanigans
E.B: ok.

Rose: Check out Dave's computer.

[Image description: Dream Dave sits at his Dream Computer and Dream Rose stands behind him. Dave points at his screen. A second image shows Dave’s computer screen. The sburb server is open, showing John at the alchemiter with the Fear No Anvil.]

It seems you have a visitor.

Next

[Image description: Dream Dave and Dream Rose look at each other, then she disappears in a white burst.]
Rose suddenly sits up from her pile of clothes. Casey stares at her.

T.A: Fix G.A’s computer.

The yellow gemini troll sits at the virgo troll’s computer. She stands behind him.

There's nothing to fix. Just got to open the viewport. It's easy.

Next

It shows the computer screen. In the background, a Trollian window takes up the whole screen. It has an icon that looks like a black troll face with short but decently curved horns next to the name. A list on the right side of the screen has 4 names next to spirographs. ectoBiologist and ghostyTrickster are in blue, tentacleTherapist is in purple, turntechGodhead in red, and gardenGnostic in green. Another window on top of the trollian window shows four arrows pointing upwards along the entire length of the window. They are blue, purple, red, and green to match the kid’s colors. The purple one has a dot a little past the halfway mark with a line extending from it that leads to a chat titled “trolling tentacleTherapist”.

Next

A cursor moves and clicks the dot on Rose’s line. Another window comes up, showing Rose and Casey standing in Rose’s room. Now Rose stands by her desk and looks at her laptop.

Rose: Examine laptop.

Casey stomps her feet and blows bubbles.

Someone has been using your Pesterchum account.

And you somehow doubt the culprit was this young upright amphibian presently throwing a fit.

Rose: Go find John.

You hurry to the door so you can catch John before he goes gallivanting off somewhere.

But it seems your door is ajar. Funny, you don't remember leaving your door ajar. Even though it's sort of absurd for you to take note of such a thing, considering John recently left your room.

Oh well, it doesn't matter. You will now proceed through this door uneventfully.

Rose: Proceed through door uneventfully.

You get dumped on by a bucket full of Hellacious Blue Phlegm Aneurysm Gushers as a thoughtful but mischievous thank you gesture from John.
Your Prankster's Gambit plunges to an all time low. You cannot hope to defeat Egbert in a prank-off. He is simply the best there is.

John: Equip trusty rocket.

[Image description: John stands on the roof by the alchemiter, wearing his rocket pack. Mutini sits nearby.]

Rose obviously isn't waking up any time soon. Might as well take some time to explore, and maybe stop by again later.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Mutini, who blinks and flicks his tail.]

Why, Doctor Meowgon... do you want to come along for the ride? It sure looks that way.

Ok, hop aboard then. Adventure awaits.

John: Blast off.

[Image description: John flies away from Rose’s house with Mutini sitting on his head. The main portion of Rose’s house looks a bit taller than before.]

Next

[Image description: Rose stands on a balcony and watches John fly away over the ocean.]

Next

[Image description: Rose looks annoyed. Casey stands behind her, blowing more bubbles.]

Where is he off to now?

At least you have this little fellow here to keep you company.

You will name him Viceroy Bubbles Von Salamancer.

Dave: Be the puppet.

[Image description: Dream Dave looks down out of his window.]

You have no idea what the hell that means.

But yeah, you can kiss that obnoxious puppet goodbye. Maybe now you can get a decent night’s sleep.

Next

[Image description: Dream Lil Cal falls down towards the base of the tower.]

Next

[Image description: Lil Cal slowly falls down, but a Rocket Board like the one Bro rode away on comes on and catches him.]

Next
Ok, this is the most ridiculous thing you have ever seen. What is taking place here is almost certainly illegal.

You're not sure which laws are being broken, but it is probably a lot.

A.R (question mark): Follow.

[Image description: Cal and the rocket board hover above a dark purple transportalizer. They disappear in a white flash and A.R runs on. He jumps onto the platform and disappears too.]

John: Explore.

[Image description: John flies quickly over the sea.]

Next

[Image description: He comes in above the island Mom and Maplehoof took the boat to.]

You spy a boat on the shore of one of the islands below. You wonder who could be out here rowing in the middle of the ocean.

John: Investigate.

[Image description: John and Mutini stand on the beach near the boat. A line of prints goes through the sand up to the tunnel opening. A second image shows John watching Mutini swat at the prints, which are shaped like horseshoes.]

Hoofprints in the sand. The mystery deepens.

John: Enter.

[Image description: John stands in the turtle hallway. Two large, grey, skeletal creatures flank him. A label above one of them names them Caulk Litch. John raises the Fear No Anvil and prepares to attack.]

There are many frightening and powerful monsters in here.

John: Aggress.

[Image description: John smacks the right litch’s feet with the hammer and both monsters glow red. A strange symbol that looks like some sort of clock appears over the litch John’s hitting. A second image shows him hitting it in the skull. It’s head cracks and Crazy Damage Bonk hovers below the point of impact.]

You stun them with the cool time powers of your awesome new hammer, and then dispatch them swiftly.

John: Collect spoils.

[Image description: Grey droplet grist and diamonds cover the floor. Mutini sits nearby.]

The good Doctor Spengler helps you gather the riches.

John: Proceed.
There's a platform over here. You guess you'll go stand on it oh wow it just made you disappear.

Next

Grey meteors hover in space. There are five large ones close to the camera and countless more in the background. All of them have square, grey buildings on them as Hussie described in his End of Year One recap. The one in the center of the screen has a large, multi-level facility with a grey spirograph logo on the side.

Next

It zooms in on the central meteor.

Next

John and Mutini appear on a grey transportalizer in a facility that looks a lot like the troll’s. Cables hang down from the ceiling and there are more transportalizers on either side of the one John appeared on. A colonel Sassacre book sits on the floor next to John’s transportalizer.

John: Explore lab.

John steps down from the transportalizer. Mutini sits on the Colonel Sassacre’s book. Maplehoof, Dream Lil Cal, and Dad’s oil-splattered hat are all nearby.

Now what in the hell is going on in here.

John: Explore lab further.

John stands near a massive machine. There are three giant, cylindrical vats with chess pieces inside. One has a black rook, one has a black knight, and one has a white bishop. Wires run from each piece to the top of the vat, where banded grey tubes only slightly narrower than the vats go up into the ceiling. Smaller vats crowd around the bases of the larger vats. Most of them are full of black or white carapaces, but a few are empty. All of the vats sit on a wide, black, circular platform. John stands on this platform, giving a scale to the vats. The small ones are about twice John’s height and the giant ones are four times larger than the small ones.

Now what in the hell is going on in here.

John: Who cares, just ride the pony already.

It shows a quickly sketched drawing of John riding Maplehoof while wearing a cowboy outfit. His vest has a slime on the left breast and he waves his ten gallon hat in the air as Maplehoof bucks. Mutini sits on Maplehoof’s butt.

Yes. Fuck Yes. Hell Fucking Yes.

Next

It cuts back to the room of vats. John now sits on Maplehoof’s back.

But seriously what in the hell is going on in here.

John: But seriously, keep exploring.
You find a sweet getup. It's almost as if it was tailor made for you. How weird would that be???

John: Put it on.

You equip the Junior Ectobiologist's Lab Suit.

John: Examine nearby station.

Now What in the Hell Is Going on in Here???

Of course it's obvious what's going on in here. It's another one of those four monitored house-shaped terminal thingies.

A.R (Question mark): Resist urge to ride bro's rocket board.

You fail to resist the urge.

You start thrashing up stunts something uncannybrutal on your quest for "Mad Justice Yo" and get this way rude municipality under control. Shit is basically flying off the hook. It's like shit wants nothing to do with that hook. The hook filed for divorce from that shit and is now seeking custody of the hook and the shit's two kids.

A.R (question mark): Pop a fucking wheelie.

These hops are unreal. Shit this flagrant should be illegal. It probably is.

But you don't care.

Next

You have traveled to Prospit's moon to board a shuttle headed for the Battlefield. There you will seek the counsel of the White King.
You have unwittingly been tailed by a nefarious Courtyard Droll from Derse.

C.D (question mark): Pick P.M(question mark)'s pocket.

You pilfer the White Queen's Ring.

P.M (Question mark): Depart.

You receive an incoming message from the Draconian Dignitary. You tell him you've got the ring. He says good, bring it to him while he waits for an update from the Hegemonic Brute who's been tracing the king's movements down on the battlefield.

He asks if you're still wearing that ridiculous outfit. He says you don't have to anymore, by orders of the Sovereign Slayer.
You say...

You say you'd still rather wear the outfit.

He's got nothing to say about that.

Next

[Image description: Dream Jade does a flying leap towards something. She looks incredibly angry.]

Next

[Image description: She kicks C.D in the face, causing him to drop the ring and his hat to fly off. The headband-like apparatus holding on the fake sword impalement also flies off. The word Clobber pulses above him.]

Next

[Image description: Dream Jade punches him and he tumbles through the air with his hat and the ring trailing behind him. Additional Pummeling pulses beneath him.]

Next

[Image description: Dreambot stands in the same position as Jade, but Grandpa Harley flies through the air instead of C.D. Dead Grandpa Smackdown pulses beneath him.]

Next

[Image description: The ring flies towards Jade’s hand. The word Sweet hovers in the top right corner.]

Next

[Image description: Her fist closes. The word Catch appears in the top right.]

Next

[Image description: Dream Jade stands near a very dazed C.D, who sits on the floor with swirls and two dancing squiddles above his head. The white carapace on the other walkway holds his hat and his fake impaling sword is crumpled on the ground.]

Next

[Image description: Dream Jade hovers high above the moon, watching the shuttle fly towards Skaia.]

It's too late. She's gone. You'll have to remember to deliver it later, somehow.

Next

[Image description: Jade holds the ring like she’s about to put it on.]

The best way to remind yourself that you're carrying a ring is to put it on your finger.

Next

[Image description: A drawing of Jade with tentacles, wings, a sword stuck through her chest, an
eye scar, cat ears, a missing arm, and a harlequin hat hovers against a background of Skaian clouds.

Next

[Image description: Normal Dream Jade hovers in the same place.]

Of course that was just an imaginary transformation, since the ring doesn't work like that on humans. It was fun to pretend though.

Meanwhile, in a Timeless Expanse...

[Image description: A tattered harlequin tunic and white sash hang from a T shaped, scarecrow-like structure. The scarecrow has a grey bucket with a spirograph on the side for a head.]

Somewhere, a Warweary Villein rues eternal struggle between feuding royalty.

The Battlefield holds little promise for the peaceful life of a simple farmer.

[Note: Villein is spelled V I L L E I N and is a term meaning a feudal peasant who works on a lord’s land.]


[Image description: Two chess pieces, a white king and a black king, move in a slow, endless chase around the edge of a chessboard with only nine spaces. Neither one can catch up to the other, but neither changes their pattern to try. Four translucent grey orbs hover in the corners of the screen against a background of clouds. The song Skaian Skirmish begins to play. The chessboard and kings turn into white silhouettes and blue light beams out from them. The orbs become solid and John’s kernelsprite appears in the center of the screen. It pulses for a moment, then flies into the top right orb. The chessboard suddenly expands to full size and the kings are upgraded with harlequin hats in their base color. More chess pieces also appear, making a full, harlequin-themed set for either side. The sets face each other on the diagonal, splitting the chess board up the center of the screen.

Rose’s kernelsprite appears in the center of the screen. The board and pieces go white again as it flies into the top left orb. The board becomes a checkerboard patterned cube dotted with lakes, rivers, and patches of grass. Small chess pieces are scattered on all sides.

Dave’s kernelsprite appears in the center of the screen and goes to the bottom left orb. The cube turns white, then the entire screen flashes. The cube reappears much smaller, than instantly grows into a giant sphere. The surface is still checkerboard patterned, but the squares are almost too small to be seen. Lakes grow to the size of seas and patchy grass turns some of the surface green. The bottom right orb is still empty.

It begins to zoom in on this checkerboard planet and fades to white as it gets closer. It fades back in on checkerboard hills scattered with a few spindly trees. Skaian clouds pass overhead. It pans up, showing checkerboard mountains in the distance. Everything fades to white and a landscape with a checkerboard castle with yellow banners in the distance fades in. White carapaces stand near patches of grass. The stalks reach almost shoulder height on them and the checkerboard squares appear to be massive.

Everything fades to white, then to a yellow banner fluttering in the wind. It goes back to white and fades in on an army of black carapace soldiers. Their uniforms are simple but colorful and they all wear identical, simple hats that match the color scheme. Each one has the black king’s symbol, the pentagon with the towers, on their chest. A few carry purple banners bearing the same symbol, but most hold grey swords and purple shields. It fades to a purple banner fluttering in the wind.
A nearly identical army of white carapaces fades in. Their uniforms are more pastel and their banners and shields are yellow, but otherwise they are the same. They all bear the symbol of the White King, which is identical to the Black King’s, but in white.

It cuts to a smoky, burning battlefield somewhere on the checkerboard planet. The ground is scorched and black and white carapaces battle in hand-to-hand combat. A black carapace comes on from the right and a white one from the left. They cross swords and another pair comes on and does the same. The black carapace seems to have the upper hand and the larger weapon, but the white carapace catches the black one’s sword with a spear handle.

The screen flashes white and it changes to a grey shuttle with a grey spirograph on the bottom hovering in the sky. Black carapaces slide down ropes from a large open door in the side, descending down onto the battlefield to help their comrades. High above the shuttle, more shuttles of various sizes and what looks like a large yellow steamship with part of a city on top fly by.

It cuts to a wide, distant view of the battlefield. Corpses, mainly white carapaces, litter the ground and the burning grass sends up massive plumes of smoke. Two purple flying ships face off against two yellow ones as ash and embers rain down from above. One of the yellow ships has a cloud of smoke billowing up from a section near the back and appears to be falling. In the distance, hulking silhouettes of tentacled horses, harlequin monsters, and large winged creatures block out part of the sky.

It cuts to the hulking figures, revealing that they are large, insect-like chess pieces. A black horse, a knight, faces off against a white bishop. It cuts to a more peaceful part of the planet where white carapaces and large, muscled white rooks stand around, waiting. Suddenly, the base of a black chess piece slams into the ground, knocking all of them over.

It cuts back to the tattered scarecrow. The outfit on it resembles a battered version of the Derseite uniform. It fades to a wider view. A small, trailer-like home sits among a field of grass. It has an awning over a window and several potted plants in and below it. A small red flag flies above the house. The screen flashes and suddenly the quaint farm is burning. A black carapace in a purple, hooded tunic stands just outside the house. It zooms in on him, then cuts to him holding his scorched flag atop a hill. He looks down at a battle raging in the distance. Everything there burns too.

It cuts back to him, revealing that he looks very much like the Wayward Vagabond. It fades to the scarecrow, which now burns against an ash-darkened sky. It cuts back to the carapace against a red background. He glares and an image of the black king’s crown appears above his head. It looks like it was made by splattered paint. Or splattered blood.

It zooms in on the crown and it turns into the real one atop the Black King’s head. A large harlequin hat sticks out from it and he has the same facial spurs and eye scar as the queens. It cuts to a wider shot, showing him in his entirety. He also has a missing arm, the tenacles, and a sword through his stomach. Rather than wings, he has two insect-like spikes coming from his shoulders. He wears a short tunic with vertical stripes. The top section is pink and the bottom is split between yellow on the left and green on the right. Over this, he has an open red striped shirt with short sleeves. He also has a purple, floor length cape that closes with a clasp in the shape of his symbol. He carries a short black scepter with four orbs around the top. All of them except one are white. At the end of the scepter is an orb that looks like a very small version of Skaia. The Black King towers over the rooks and carapace pawns that surround him. The rooks barely reach his hip and the carapaces are less than knee height. Tentacled knights and winged creatures lurk on the horizon.

It zooms in on the Skaia orb atop the scepter until it takes up the entire screen, then flashes to the checkerboard planet within Skaia. The scene turns grey and a silhouetted shadow of what Jack Noir became when he stole the Black Queen’s ring moves across the battlefield. It cuts to Jack Noir, the Sovereign Slayer, flying through the skies of Skaia to find the Black King.

It cuts to the black carapace from the farm. He stands on top of a hill with his banner, holding up a hand like he’s telling someone to stop. The carapaces locked in battle from before suddenly pull back and take a look at the carapaces on the other side. They take a moment, then all line up
together, alternating between black and white in a joint army. It cuts to a massive, dark checkerboard castle in a forest. The Warweary Villein leads his joint army to march on the fortress. It cuts to P.M standing by the transport, which is now on the checkerboard battlefield. She pats her hip and an alert shows a picture of the White Queen’s ring with several question marks beneath it. It cuts to the White King, who looks identical to the Black King, except that his clothes are recolored and he is white. His tunic is pink and two shades of yellow, his shirt is blue, and his cape, which closes with his symbol, is a teal-green color. P.M stands at his feet and he looks down at her. It cuts to his scepter, which he shakes slightly. The orbs disappear and it cuts back to the King. He becomes a white silhouette and shrinks down to a normal sized but boxy and insect-like carapace. He hands the now orbless scepter to P.M. She takes it and it cuts to her kneeling and holding both the scepter and his crown. A black carapace who looks identical to Hearts Boxcars peeks over a hill in the distance. It zooms in on him, revealing that he’s holding a radio. It cuts back to W.V leading his joint army on the castle. They come to the Black King, who towers over them all. W.V glares up at him. Suddenly, he looks up and to the right, looking worried. It cuts to Jack Noir flying in over them. He grits his teeth and glares. It cuts to him holding a black sword and swinging it down. The Black King looks worried, then it cuts to a black screen with a motion blur. When that fades, Jack Noir is flying past the Black King’s scepter, which he has sliced the top section off of. The portion with the orbs and the copy of Skaia slowly falls and the Black King flashes red. He turns white after a moment, then shrinks down to a normal sized carapace like the White King did. Jack Noir lands in a crouch some distance away, but it immediately cuts to the Boxcars-like carapace, who rears up and opens his mouth wide like he’s about to attack P.M, who stands in front of him. She sweats nervously and it suddenly cuts to her flying backwards from a punch in the face. She drops the scepter, which goes flying. It cuts back to the joint army led by W.V, who blinks up in confusion. It cuts to Jack Noir glaring down at the carapaces. He steps forward and slices with his sword. A red motion blur crosses the screen and it cuts to the Black King’s head falling to the ground, leaving a trail of blood behind it. It fades back to the White King’s scepter flying through the air. It falls over the edge of a cliff with a waterfall. Jack fades in, putting the Black King’s crown on his own head. W.V narrows his eyes at him. It zooms out to show the whole planet, then even more to show Skaia. The black background fades to a river as the White King’s scepter fades in. The scepter sits on a narrow island in a river and its Skaian orb rotates slowly.]

Rose: Alchemize a whole bunch of cool stuff.

[Image description: Rose and Casey stand on her alchemiter’s platform.

shit. lets be santa

[Note: The caption is in yellow comic sans within a royal blue box. It is a link to a Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff comic.

Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff

A poorly photoshopped, squished Santa sleigh and reindeer fly above an equally badly photoshopped winter scene. A cabin sits on a snowy hill and a giant holly plant and wreath hover near it. There are multiple watermarks from stock image companies on it.

Sweet Bro wears a shitty santa costume and fake beard. A grate is to his left and is labeled “great”. To his left is a pair of black boots helpfully labeled “boots”. A blue speech bubble branches off to his left.
shit.  
lets be santa  

He holds one of the boots like he’s going to put it on.  
fuck  

He tries to shove his foot into the boot backwards.  
come ON  

It shows a close up of his face.  
*sign* ...  

He tries again.  
fuck.  

And again.  
who would even make these.......  

He tries putting them on backwards again.  
conksuck boots anyway  

He tries so hard his leg bends where it probably shouldn’t.  
imigrants??..  

It shows three close ups of the grate in a row. The last one has the word BIMP over it in large, lime-green letters. 

Three panels in a row show the grate slowly falling away from the wall, revealing Hella Jeff with a stupid expression on his face and his hands on his cheeks.  

The grate falls completely away. A red speech bubble appears below Hella Jeff.  
and the night before christmas........  

It shows the same image, but cropped a little.  
and all through then house  

Half of a red speech bubble is cut off at the bottom of a panel with nothing else in it.  
not a creature  

Geromy sticks halfway out of a shitty chimney. The sky behind him is blue with large white circles, but it’s unclear if the circles are supposed to be stars or snowflakes. White text on the snow-covered roof can barely be made out.  
God Bless Us Evrybody]  

Rose: Combine hub and laptop.  

[Image description: It shows the excursus open. Rose’s laptop overlapped with the hub creates the Hubtop, which costs 30 build grist, 100 white cube grist, which is chalk, and 70 dark grey drops, which is Caulk. A second image shows Rose standing next to the hubtop. It looks just like the green laptop with the atom on the back from her future dream self’s room.]  

You make the Hubtop.  

That one was pretty obvious.
Rose: Combine bronzed vacuum and umbrella.

[Image description: The excursion shows the bronze vacuum overlapped with the umbrella. This makes the Bronzed Vacuumbrella at the cost of 150 build grist, 150 bronze bean shapes, which are iodine, and 70 shale. It looks like the vacuum with an umbrella stuck onto the handle. A second image shows Rose looking at it suspiciously as the umbrella part bobs up and down.]

You make the Bronzed Vacuumbrella.

Useless.

But you're still getting warmed up.

Rose: Combine salamander and eldritch plush.

[Image description: The excursion shows Casey doublepunched with a plushie with a squid-like head. This makes the Huggable Soft Salamancer Plush for 10 build grist. It is almost the same as the eldritch plush, but with a rounder head and Casey’s coloring. A second image shows Rose and Casey standing by it. Casey dances and blows bubbles excitedly.]

You make a Huggable Soft Salamancer Plush.

You award it to the Viceroy on account of good behavior.

Rose: Combine ink bottle and Gushers.

[Image description: The excursion shows the ink bottle from the top of her bookshelf overlapped with the gushers. This makes the Bodacious Black Liquid Sorrow Gushers for 100 tar. A second image shows the box up close. It is an entirely black box with minimal white lettering and marks. Other than the characteristic splash and text, the only other clearly visible decoration is a white, angry-looking squiddle just below the Betty Crocker logo.]

You make a box of Bodacious Black Liquid Sorrow Gushers.

Another Crocker nightmare rears its ugly head. The ink reverses the healing properties of the blue phlegm. These are pure poison.

Rose: Combine hubtop and hair band.

[Image description: The hubtop overlaps with the headband, making the Hubtopband for 500 white cubes with pink bands, which is Marble, and 200 diamonds. The Hubtopband looks like a green version of her headband with a rectangular section over one ear. This section projects an eye piece for the wearer’s right eye. A second image shows Rose wearing it.]

You make the Hubtopband, a convenient hands-free computing device.

Rose: Combine magnetic W and bottle of vodka.

[Image description: The green W magnet overlaps with a bottle of vodka from Rose’s mother’s stores. This makes Magnetic Wodka, which looks like a W-shaped flask, for 20 cobalt, 10 diamonds, and 50 mercury. A second image shows Rose standing next to it with a blown up image of it next to her for detail. The one she’s standing next to has a W magnet stuck to it. Rose stares down at it in confused disappointment.]

You make a bottle of Magnetic Wodka. In addition to having high alcohol content, the liquid inside
appears to have magnetic properties.

You...

You GUESS this could be useful?

Rose: Combine wizard statue and ball of yarn.

[Image description: She overlaps a wizard statue with a purple ball of yarn. This makes the Silken Wizardbeard Yarn (with Magical Properties) for 100 cobalt, 200 iridescent purple grist, which is Amethyest, and 250 red grist, which is Garnet. The yarn is a white ball of yarn that glows blue. A second image shows Rose narrowing her eyes at the wizard statue with the Wizardbeard yarn on the ground next to her.]

You make a ball of Silken Wizardbeard Yarn (with Magical Properties).

It has magical properties because it is made of a wizard.

Maybe you can make something with magical properties that is more useful than this.

Rose: Combine wizard statue and knitting needles.

[Image description: The wizard statue and knitting needles overlap cards to make the Needlewands. They look like regular knitting needles, but they are blue with yellow spirals winding around them. Small red spheres are on the ends. They cost 1000 diamond, 2000 chalk, 3000 garnet, and 500 gold. A second image shows Rose wielding them next to the wizard statue, which is now missing most of its upper body and is smoking.]

You make a pair of Needlewands.

They crackle with the majyyk enyrjjies.

It is time to make something cool to wear.

Rose: Combine knittings and velvet pillow and squiddle shirt

[Image description: The excursus shows the pile of knitted clothes that Rose slept in earlier overlapped with the velvet pillow, then doublepunched with Rose’s squiddle shirt. This makes the Velvet Squiddleknit Dress for 2100 amethyst, 700 gold, and 1 tar. A second image shows Rose wearing the dress. It has a bodice striped with dark purple and black. Thin yellow straps go up onto the shoulders, but there’s also a section of dark grey fabric that covers the rest of the shoulders and chest, like she’s wearing it over a short sleeved shirt. The skirt is a brighter purple than the purple on the top, and it falls to her ankles. There is a thin gold cord for a belt that is tied on her hip. A white squiddle is situated in the center of the belt. Her headband has turned yellow to match the belt and straps and she wears black shoes. The dress gives her a sort of ‘gothic queen’ vibe.]

You make a stylish Velvet Squiddleknit Dress.

Rose: Combine needlewands and grimoire.

[Image description: The excursus shows the needlewands overlapped with the grimoire to make the Thorns of Oglogoth, which looks like black and grey versions of the needlewands with tentacled skulls instead of red orbs. They cost 6000 iodine, 5000 chalk, 4000 amethyst, 3000 gold, and 666 tar. A second image shows Rose wielding the wands. Behind her, in a thought bubble with shredded, almost splatter-like edges, is Oglogoth, the eldritch monster with two mouths and three
eyes.]

You make the Thorns of Oglogoth.

The needles seem to shiver with the dark desires of The Deep One. Any sane adventurer would cast these instruments of the occult into the Furthest Ring and forget they ever existed.

Next

[Image description: Rose still wields the wands. She and Casey stand on the alchemiter platform among all the things they just made. Casey is still celebrating her plushie, which she bounces on her head.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. All sorts of monsters are scattered around her house and island.]

Rose: Aggrieve encroaching malefactors.

[Image description: Rose swings her wands and glares. They crackle with purple and black energy.]

Next

[Image description: She blasts two liches with a burst of red energy that also surrounds her.]

WELCOME TO THE PARTY MOTHERFUCKERS

Jade: Build.

[Image description: Dreambot stands by the lagoon with the frog temple in the distance. It is now fully night and two frogs stand behind her. She has the lunchtop out and a holographic screen shows Dave’s roof, which now has a few more bits of building on top of it.]

You take advantage of Dave's nap to make some architectural headway on his building.

Next

[Image description: The building is much, much taller now. It reaches the first gate. Three basilisks fly around it and other monsters stand on it.]

You are really proud of your floorplan. It is so cool

Next

[Image description: Dream Jade stands on one of the walkways of Prospit’s moon with her tower in the distance. Her lunchtop shows the same thing that Dreambot’s did. Three carapaces, two in uniforms similar to P.M’s, but without the skirt portion, and one in a pink headscarf and a short dress watch. The one with the headscarf carries a bucket of white paint.]

Speaking of naps, you have been asleep for some time yourself. You suppose you'd better wake up soon.
But then, your neighbor in the other tower is supposed to be waking up soon too, and it sure would be a shame if you weren't around to greet him!

Dave: Wake up and jam.

[Image description: Dave shouts and swings his turntable sword. The ground around the alchemiter is littered with little bits of grist. A red tinted imp with wings stands under a platform behind him and a yellow one stands at the top of a set of stairs. A second image shows him standing on the alchemiter platform. He still wears the broken record suit that Future Dave turned Davesprite gave him.]

And by jam you mean alchemize of course.

Whoa your house is huge suddenly.

Anyway let's get this party started.

Dave: Combine sunglasses and iPhone.

[Image description: The shades and iphone overlap in the excursus. This makes the i shades, which are the normal sunglasses with faint apple logos on them. They cost 50 build grist and 2 yellow drops, which is amber. A second image shows him wearing them. The edges glow faintly. Now he looks just like Future Dave did before he jumped into the sprite.]

You make a pair of i shades.

This one was really obvious cause future Dave had a pair, but he took them with him when he prototyped himself. But now you have a pair too so that's cool.

Dave: Combine timetables and computer.

[Image description: The floating, gear-shaped turntables that Future Dave brought back overlap with Dave’s computer. This makes the Turntop. Each of the timetables has half a keyboard on top of it and a computer screen floats between them. It costs 600 build grist, 1200 garnet, 900 mercury, 300 gold, and 1 diamond. A second image shows Dave using it.]

You make the Turntop.

Convenient computing on the go. Sort of like you have with your ishades, but with all your important files and apps on there. Not to mention sburb.

Plus Maybe it has some weird time powers?? You have no idea. You'll mess with it later.

Dave: Combine puppet tux + smuppet.

[Image description: The excursus shows the broken record suit doublepunched with a dark red smuppet. This makes the Red Plush Puppet Tux for 30 build grist, 60 dark red cube grist, which is Rust, and 3 garnet. The suit looks like the broken record suit, but with dark red pants, a red jacket, and a white bowtie. A second image shows Dave wearing it. He looks Cool and Stylish and Comfortable.]

You upgrade the Puppet Tux future Dave made. He probably made it by combining one of your Bro’s badass marionette suits with your shirt, and scaling it up to fit. That's how you would have made it anyway.
You add a Smuppet to the mix to make a softer and more stylish Red Plush Puppet Tux. It is like walking around in snugly pajamas.

Action Pajamas.

Dave: Combine broken Caledscratch and ruby contraband.

[Image description: The excursus shows the turntable sword, apparently called Caledscratch, overlapped with a red frog. This creates something unknown, represented by a blue question mark. It’s name is also question marks. Making it would cost 50000 build grist, 200000 red gusher grist, which is Ruby, 10000 quartz, and 1000000 of an unknown grist type.]

You combine a couple more items you got from future Dave's loot stash. The broken form of Caledscratch, and some Ruby Contraband, whatever the hell that is.

The resulting item costs a fortune. You have no idea what it is.

Dave: Preview item with holopad.

[Image description: The item and name fill in the excursus. It’s a Broken Scarlet Ribbitar, which looks like a broken red sword with a lilypad shaped crossbar and a frog at the base of the blade. A second image shows it hovering over the holopad.]

You momentarily reconfigure your alchemiter upgrades to make use of the Holopad Extension. You pop the card in the Slot and Check it out.

The combination would produce the Broken Scarlet Ribbitar.

Dave: Combine whole Caledscratch and ruby contraband.

[Image description: The excursus shows the same equation, but this time with Caledscratch extended. It makes the Scarlet Ribbitar for twice as much as the broken one. A second image shows it hovering over the holopad.]

Out of curiosity you try it again with a whole sword.

You dial back Caledscratch’s little turntable, rewinding the sword to a point in its history before it was broken. You then combine it with the red frog thingy to show the complete Scarlet Ribbitar.

But there's no way you can afford to make that yet. It costs even more now.

Maybe you'll stick to combining items around your house for now, rather than stuff from your future sylladex. It'll be less confusing that way, and probably less expensive.

Dave: Combine shitty sword and Hella Jeff drawing.

[Image description: The excursus overlaps the shitty sword and the Hella Jeff drawing. This makes the SORD….. At the cost of 0 build grist. It looks like a toddler tried to scribble a sword with a bright blue crayon, then added some decoration in other colors. A second image shows Dave holding the abomination. A third image zooms in on his hands, now drawn in the Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff style. His hands basically phase through the handle.]]

You use one of your Bro's really shitty swords from the fridge and a printout of Hella Jeff to make a SORD…..

This thing is so unspeakably shitty you are having a hard time even holding it.
Dave: Combine Snoop Dogg photo and mini A/C and Caledscratch

[Image description: The excursus shows the Snoop Dogg photo overlapped with the tiny AC Dave made earlier, then doublepunched with the whole Caledscratch. This makes the Snoop Dogg Snow Cone Machete for 1000 build grist, 2500 cobalt, 10000 chalk, 10000 amethyst, and 1000 diamonds. It looks like Caledscratch, but thinner and with the turntable replaced by a dog house like the one from Charlie Brown. In fact, Lucy and Charlie Brown are drawn on it. In the center of the dog house, between the two kids, is a small fan. A second image shows Dave holding it up against a background of pillars. Snoop Dogg is also in the background, on the left side of the screen.]

You make the Snoop Dogg Snow Cone Machete.

When foes drop it like it's hot just turn up the blizzizzle nozzle so they chizzlax fo' rizzle.

Dave: Combine skateboard and Hella Jeff drawing.

[Image description: The excursus shows the skateboard from the kitchen overlapped with the Hella Jeff drawing. This makes the UNREAL AIR, which costs 0 build grist. It is a shitty, artifact-ridden skateboard. A second image shows it hovering next to Dave.]

You make Unreal Air.

Next

[Image description: The Unreal Air floats up and to the left. A second image zooms out on Dave’s house. It flies off to just above the gate.]

And there it goes.

It is Ridiculous what kind of air this thing is getting. Dude come get the ruler check this out.

Yeah, it's not coming back.

Dave: Make another one.

[Image description: Another one floats next to Dave. He captchalogues it immediately.]

You just make another one.

You quickly stash it in a card so it can't escape from above.

Dave: Combine Gamebro Magazine and timetables.

[Image description: The excursus shows the Gamebro magazine overlapped with the timetables to make a Vintage Gamebro for 5 build grist. A second image shows it in more detail. A blonde boy in an oversized blue sweatshirt plays an old-style video game. The image is done in a very 80’s style and looks like it was hand drawn. In the background, a guy wearing a neon yellow sweatshirt and bright teal shorts with large but non-continuous geometric designs on both pieces does a flip on a skateboard. The text on the cover reads

Gamebro
Exclusive Bro Strategies]
The Hottest Secrets: Shh
Challenge Your Thumbs to the MAXIMUM
Outrageous Video Stunts at Your FINGERTIPS
Where are all the Secrets? In Here Bro.]

You turn back the clock and make a Vintage Gamebro.

You think you remember this one from your Bro’s stash. It's a classic.

Dave: Combine batarang + Midnight Crew poster.

[Image description: The batman symbol throwing star overlaps with the midnight crew poster to make Sutarangs for 20 build grist and 4 tar. A second image shows them up close. There are four of them and each one looks like a suit from a deck of cards that’s mirrored to make it symmetrical. The red heart is mirrored at the curves, the club and spade are mirrored at the base, and the diamond is mirrored at one of the tips. It meets in another small diamond, otherwise the connection point would be unstable. A third shows Dave standing next to a massive pile of them.]

You make a whole pile of Suitarangs because they are really cool and pretty cheap.

Dave: Combine plush puppet tux + Midnight Crew poster.

[Image description: The excursus shows the Plush Puppet Tux overlapped with the midnight crew poster. This makes the Four Aces Suited, which looks like a black version of the same suit with a white normal tie instead of a bowtie. It costs 50 tar. A second image shows Dave wearing it. The Plush Puppet Tux stands up on its own beside him.]

You make Four Aces Suited.

You aren't really sure which one you like better. The red one is softer, while the black one is sort of stiff and starchy. Anyone wearing this suit is all business.

Maybe you'll switch it up as your mood dictates.

Dave: Combine plush puppet tux + Felt poster.

[Image description: The excursus shows the Puppet Tux overlapped with the Felt poster. It makes a set of Felt Duds, which look like a green version of the suit, but now with tails. It costs 50 green gusher shaped grist. A second image shows it on the holopad.]

This would make the Felt Duds, if you had some of whatever that green grist is.

Dave: Combine smuppet and Felt poster.

[Image description: The excursus shows the dark red smuppet overlapped with the Felt poster. This makes the Jutting Out and Impudent Felt Plush, which is a bright green smuppet wearing a suit and a dark red hat with a red stripe down the center. It costs 15 build grist. A second image shows Dave staring at it. Its butt is reflected in his glasses.]

You make a Jutting Out and Impudent Felt Plush.

You do an acrobatic fucking pirouette off the handle and into his heart. And he, into yours.

Dave: Combine dead things in amber && smuppet.

[Image description: Four dead things, a beetle, a centipede, a scorpion, and a spider, encased in
You make a Foam Mutant Smuppet Encased in Amber.

Now we're getting somewhere.

Dave: Combine dead things in amber ll smuppet.

[Image description: He does the same equation, but this time with the card doublepunched. This makes the Amber Mutant Smuppet Abomination for 11 build grist and 33 amber. It looks like the mutant smuppet, but rather than being encased in amber, it is MADE of amber. A second image shows Dave looking at it. The one encased in amber and the smuppet are still on screen.]

For the sake of science, you (doublepunch)-combine them instead of (overlap)-combine.

You make an Amber Mutant Smuppet Abomination.

So cool. Now this is how you make shit work. Egbert and Lalonde should be taking notes.

Dave: Combine fetus in a jar and Mr T puppet.

[Image description: The excursus shows a black fetus in a jar overlapped with the Mr T puppet to make the Foam Fetal Mr T in a Jar for 25 build grist and 1 rust. It looks like a brown fetus with an afro mohawk and a beard in a jar. A second image shows it on top of the mutant smuppet in amber. The felt smuppet now sits just behind the proboscis of the amber abomination.]

You make the Foam Fetal Mr T in a Jar.

Another backbreaking victory for science.

Next

[Image description: Dave leans back against the block of amber and crosses his arms. He looks Cool. A second image shows several imps and a basilisk looking on while frowning.]

You're looking pretty chill with your new freakshow entourage.

The underlings all look kind of put off by it though. You're kind of weirding them out.

Dave: Combine camera and captchalogue card.

[Image description: The excursus shows Dave’s camera overlapped with one of future Dave’s split color captchalogue cards to make the Capcharoid Camera for 5000 build grist, 500 mercury, 500 gold, 500 marble, 500 amethyst, and 500 caulk. A second image shows it in more detail. It looks like a polaroid camera embedded in a captchalogue shaped prism with two more, increasingly small prisms sticking out from the side opposite the camera like a telescoping lens. It prints a captchalogue card of a ghost image of the felt smuppet. A third image zooms out on the camera, showing Dave to its left and the felt smuppet to its right.]

You make the Captcharoid Camera.
You can use it to snap a ghost image of any object without captchalogueing it. Spits it out on a brand new captchalogue card every time. Could be a useful way to take a large inventory of anything you encounter without cluttering up your sylladex. Also for grabbing codes for stuff you can't ordinarily pick up.

Dave: Take photo of self.

[Image description: Dave takes a selfie with the Captcharoid camera. The word Snap sits above the flash. A second image shows the ghost captcha of his face.]

You take one of your patented ironic cool guy self portraits.

Man. So cool.

That's really all there is to say on the matter

Dave: Combine fetus in a jar and self portrait photo.

[Image description: The fetus jar is overlapped with the Dave's captchaghost selfie, making Dave's Brain in a Jar for 1 billion of an unknown grist type. A second image shows it on the holopad.]

That would apparently make Dave's Brain in a Jar. Gross.

It costs a king's ransom though because of course the organ is virtually inimitable.

Doesn't stop you from captcharoiding its hologram though.

Dave: Captcharoid the hologram of your own brain.

[Image description: Dave holds out the captcharoid camera and takes a picture of his brain in a jar. A second image shows the resulting captchaghost.]

Ok, that's probably the weirdest thing you've ever done, but ok.

Dave: Combine brain and SBaHJ drawing and captcharoid camera

[Image description: The excursus shows Dave's brain ghost image overlapped with the Hella Jeff poster, doublepunched with the captcharoid camera. It makes the SBAHJifier for negative 1000 of a grist type that looks like a small crumpled pile of JPEG artifacts. A second image shows the monstrosity up close. It's a shitty polaroid camera with an equally shitty digital camera photoshopped in on top of it. The viewfinder shows Hella Jeff face.]

You make the SBAHJifier.

Finally, something useful.

It cost you negative 1000 units of Artifact Grist.

Dave: Try it out.

[Image description: Dave takes a picture of Davesprite with the SBAHJifier. Snap.... Hovers above it. A second image shows it printing out a Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff comic with a whuuuurr.... A third image shows the comic.]

Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff
Hella Jeff holds a shitty orange sword. He says bro whered you go i was going to shoa you my chops.... ..
ahah dude are those wings?

Sweet Bro, who has orange wings now, flies towards a shitty orange and yellow ball. time to fly up away to the sun you fucknig piece of gargbage

A squished, desaturated image of Hella Jeff is underneath the previous panel. He says UM. OKAAAAAAAAAAAY?

A tiny, overly-saturated Hella Jeff next to the desaturated one says the only thing thats left to really do is wtahc that ass whole fall.]

Looks like it automatically prints out a SBaHJ comic in some way related to whatever you take a picture of.

This should save you a lot of time. Specifically the five minutes it takes you to draw a comic. You're a busy guy.

Next

[Image description: Dave stands on the alchemiter among all the shit he just made.]

Dave: Make copies of Rose's journals.

[Image description: Copies of Rose’s journals sit on a now otherwise empty platform.]

Can't forget the most important thing you came up here to make.

Gotta be gettin' your snoop on.

Dave: Take a look.

[Image description: Dave sits with his legs dangling over the edge of the roof. He holds the journals in one hand. A second image shows the titles, both of which are written in Rose’s handwriting and purple ink. One is MEOW, the other is Complacency of the Learned.]

One book is titled "MEOW". The other is titled "Complacency of the Learned".

Gee, you wonder what could be in MEOW.

Dave: Read it.

[Image description: It shows a page of the Meow book, which has endless iterations of M, E, O, and W in the meow code from Rose’s wall.

journalog
MWOEWEOWOEOEOEOWMW
[Note: this goes on for 17 lines but has been shortened because no one wants to hear MWMWOMM for like half an hour.]

Next

[Image description: Dave stares down at the book.]

To no surprise at all, this book is full of more MEOW letters. Looks like Rose is totally nuts. What
else is new.

You guess you'll try out the other book. Looks like it's some sort of creative writing project.

Dave: Read Complacency of the Learned.

[Image description: It shows a page of Rose’s other book. It is written in her looping cursive and in the same purple ink she always seems to use.]

jurnalog
Frigglish bothered his beard, as if unkinking a hitch in a long silk windsock. A more pedestrian audience would parse the exhibit as nervous compulsion. Behavior to petition contempt among the reasonable. He was however not surrounded by the reasonable, but the wise, a distinction in men that would forever be the difference in history's garland of treasured follies. As a matter of fact, his cadre of fellow wizards were all putting similar moves on their beards as well. The practice would evince thoughtfulness - sagacity, even - if they didn't do it all the time. Standing in line at the bank. Shooing squirrels from bird feeders. Few occasions were safe.

Zazzerpan inspected the clue. A single piece of evidence cradled in his coriaceous old man palms. It was a human bone, not striking in the tale it told alone so much as that told by the thousands like it festooning the marshy soil of the mass grave. The grisly expanse bore the texture of a decadent dessert, like one of Smarny's formidable custard trifles wobbled out on wheels for the holidays, to the dismay of a small nation.

"You're certain of this?" asked Frigglish. Despite what he was doing with his beard, he was, in fact, immersed in meaningful contemplation.

"I am afraid I am becoming more so with each terrible tick groused by that gaudy timepiece slung around your neck." In case it wasn't clear, Frigglish wore a clock Zazzerpan didn't care for. It was magic. "The massacre of Syrs Gnelph was not as written."

"What has you convinced it was the hand of our disciples in this blackness?" Executus chimed in.

"I believe... I..." a fat face stammered, eyes darting with the guilt of a thief in the throes of an unraveling alibi. "I can summon a... more pressing line of inquiry..." No, Smarny. Nobody was in the mood for a sticky bundt loaf just now.

Zazzerpan's ears fell insubstantial to any line of inquiry, pastry-oriented or otherwise. His abstruse contour carved a pondering shape in the fog carpeting centuries-dead. His eleven contemporaries too embraced the muted consternation of their great Predicant Scholar. Few wizards kept sharper adumbratives or read them with such lucidity. When Zazzerpan treated men with silence it was seldom unrepaid by the wise and reasonable alike.

It was harrowing to entertain. Zazzerpan the Learned's storied Complacency of Wizards was marked for grander descendence. Disciples hand-picked, vetted by Ockite the Bonafide and tested by Gastrell the Munificent. The twelve sweetest, most studious children a pair of elderly eyes could give their sparkle. Not the ragged guttersnipe so oft-harvested by the common Obscenity, those vituperative little beggars with hearts to corrupt as dropped bananas brown. That these chosen youngsters would turn was not merely unthinkable, but something of a roundhouse to the temporal bones of the Upper Indifference's high chamber of Softskulled Prophets.

His wisdom-savaged brow pruned further with recount of his many lessons to wouldbe successors. Lessons to advance humanity's elucidation and prosperity, an outcome this bleak trail now painfully obviated. There were few puzzles The Learned could not suspend and dissect in the
recondite manifold beneath his extremely expensive pointy hat. Daring to pitch his cherished pupils in with the foul melange of history's rogues, the heretofore abstract scourge that built up civilizations with ungodly magic and tore them down with joyful malice, would prove an intellectual trespass to make his calcium-deficient bones quake.

And more daring yet was the only question that now mattered. Could a bunch of bearded, scraggly old men in preposterous outfits hunt them down? He didn't have an answer. Only a simple observation so blunt and uncharacteristically jejune for the lauded sage it was breathtaking in its selfevidency.

"We're going to need more wands." (Wow. Think of something better.)

Next

This wizard story seems really involved and kind of confusing. You'll have to save your place and dig into it later, and then maybe ask Rose what the hell the deal with it is.

Dave: Go get a bookmark.

You return to your room in search of a bookmark.

Oh, hey. Finally a use for that pointless juice stained beta that will never serve any purpose, past or future.

Next

You drop it on the john in case you're looking for some reading material later.

Dave: Check on Rose.

You drop it on the john in case you're looking for some reading material later.

Dave: Pester.

Dave: Pester.

T.G: whoa why are you burning your wizard fanfiction
T.T: I'm not.
This book contains a genetic code.
T.G: oh ok
then why are you burning that
T.T: The gods from the Furthest Ring asked me to.
T.G: is that some dumb wizard thing you just made up
or something to do with tentacle monsters
i cant keep track of what you like anymore
T.T: How did you know I wrote a story about wizards, anyway?
T.G: john told me
he was all snoopin around your room while you were asleep and i was like no man dont
so not cool
then he was like haha dude check it out this book is full of wizard slash
and i was like i dont even want to know this is such a crazy violation of privacy
T.T: This story sounds suspicious.
T.G: do you want me to chew him out about it i will because that was so outrageous i dont know
where he got off being like that
T.T: No, I don't actually mind.
Too bad I missed him.
T.G: i thought you hated wizards
whats the deal with that
T.T: I like wizards.
What I don't like is my mother's obsession with feigning interest in them to antagonize me.
T.G: oh man thats so messed up
that you think that
she probably digs wizards for real just like you and youre blowing shit out of proportion like pretty
much always
you and she could probably have been chatting up how awesome wizards were this whole time but
no
youre probably burning your nutjob meow book to spite her too arent you
T.T: No, I told you.
It's one of the gene sequences locked in my subconcious.
The gods say it's critical to destroy it.
T.G: oh yeah
i thought that was a joke
when did they say that
T.T: When I was asleep.
T.G: you mean when we were dancing and stuff in our dreams
T.T: Yes.
When I flew to your tower, I heard them.
They're far above, in the dark sky.
T.G: ive never seen or heard these things in my dreams
T.T: Aren't you often distracted?
By music and puppets?
T.G: uh yeah
T.T: Have you ever looked into the sky without your shades?
T.G: no what a ridiculous question
T.T: Maybe you should try it some time.
T.G: dot dot dot dot
T.T: You're the prince of the moon.
T.G: dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot
t.T: I'm sure they've been meaning to seek a royal audience.
T.G: dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot dot
t.T: What do all these dots mean........
T.G: dunno
T.G: anyway yeah i guess ill do that
T.G: get some sky monsters to boss me around sounds cool

Davesprite: Also pester.

[Image description: Davesprite hovers just past the edge of the building using the turntop. Several imps stand on the platform behind him. A second image zooms in on his face. His ishades glow blue at the edges.]

pesterlog
T.G: so really why are you burning that
T.T: I just explained this to Other Dave.
Do I have to explain everything to you twice now?
T.G: no i know
im using daves spare computer i saw the whole conversation through his pesterchum account
T.T: Oh, I see.
So instead of having to double explain, I merely have to put up with being double spied upon.
What a relief!
T.G: i just mean
you didnt burn that book in the future
that book was completely pointless
T.T: I know.
But now it's not.
You appeared to make it relevant by traveling to the past.
T.G: so does that mean the sleeping thing worked
you remember the future
T.T: I remember some things.
T.G: ok cool
so why is the cat code so terrible now
T.T: I don't know.
But the gods were pretty emphatic about it.
T.G: well ok i guess its done but why are you so sure theyre right
T.T: Have you ever known them to be wrong?
T.G: i guess not
but they sort of freak me out
i mean listening to gross space mutants all day isn’t my idea of an awesome time
especially the ones that sing oh god
T.T: Is that why you always kept the music turned up?
T.G: no i flip out to ill jams because they kick ass
obviously
T.T: I guess we'll chalk another riddle up in the solved column.
T.G: yeah case the fuck closed

[Note: Now Dave is messaging her.]

T.G: are you talking to future me
T.T: Yes.
T.G: ok im out of the loop again
between you taking orders from dream beasts and bird wing me with like
future secrets
im doing some sort of spectacular fucking jackknife off the loop and getting a wink and a nod from
barack obana
im coming upstairs
T.T: Ok.
Dave: Chill with Davesprite.

Dave: so it was pretty funny how i made a copy of roses evil book right before she burned it and now she doesnt know about it
Davesprite: i know its crazy what kind of foresight this guy has
im telling you coincidences like that are unreal they dont even happen most of the time
Dave: the best thing about how i did that is how it in no way will ever come back to bite us in the ass ever
Davesprite: dude our shit is SAFE
Dave: so safe
Davesprite: gonna sleep pretty sound tonight
with that big fucking payload of safety you just got dropped on us
gonna be all huggin my pillow and shit
grinning like a goddamn bear full of honey
Dave: safer than some flintstone vitamins in a bottle
keep twisting junior all you get is clicks
Davesprite: asshole thinks its candy
doesnt even know he just stepped on a security rake and got a face full of fucking safety
Dave: yeah
anyway guess ill go back down and burn that book
Davesprite: alright

Dave: Go back in time and stop the thief.

It looks like you already tried that.

Whoever took those books was a pretty cold blooded dude.

You figure you'll cool it on the time travel for a while. Don't want to see the Dave corpses start to pile up. Especially if one of them winds up being you.

Dave: Throw yourself out the window.

It looks like you already tried that.

Whoever took those books was a pretty cold blooded dude.

You figure you'll cool it on the time travel for a while. Don't want to see the Dave corpses start to pile up. Especially if one of them winds up being you.

Dave: Throw yourself out the window.

It looks like you already tried that.

Whoever took those books was a pretty cold blooded dude.

You figure you'll cool it on the time travel for a while. Don't want to see the Dave corpses start to pile up. Especially if one of them winds up being you.
carapace who looks like Diamonds Droog stands on one of the metal supports, just out of Dave’s sight.]

You ditch the body before Jade sees it. That would probably freak her out.

John: Press a button on the control panel.

[Image description: John stands by the screens in the facility he transportalized to. The buttons on this one are different than the others. It has a large blue button in the center, but this one has four circles arranged like a square. To the left are four green buttons, the top left one of which is activated, and a joystick. To the right is a single green button with a segment of DNA on it. Mutini sits off to the side of the machine. The top left screen, which corresponds to the activated button, is on, showing a neighborhood much like John’s, but with a massive red building to the northwest and what looks like a shopping center of some sort in the center of the neighborhood.]

You push one of the nearby buttons. It activates the upper right monitor. The view is locked on to a particular location on Earth at a particular date and time.

Whoever was in the lab appears to have recently calibrated this device.

John: Examine monitor.

[Image description: It shows the scene from the monitor. The date in the top right corner is 12 slash 01 slash 1995. The red building has smoke stacks coming out of the top and the Betty Crocker logo on the side.]

The monitor displays a town on the west coast of the United States. It appears to be your old neighborhood. But there is a factory there you do not recognize. The date is December 1st, 1995, a few months before you were born.

John: Zoom in.

[Image description: It zooms in on the factory. On a road just outside it, there is a small white figure. A second image zooms in more, revealing that it’s two figures. One is Dad, and the other is an elderly lady who looks like the portrait of Nanna. A third image zooms in more. Nanna is holding on to Dad’s arm as they walk down the sidewalk. A red crosshair like the one that focused over Jaspers is now over Nanna. A small lock icon appears in the bottom left.]

An old woman is escorted by her son on a lovely day. A target has been locked over the gentleman’s mother.

Next

[Image description: The angle shifts to look at them from below. The stylized sun is high in the sky, along with two skaia-like clouds, but something white also streaks across the sky.]

A meteor overhead looms unnoticed.

Next

[Image description: The meteor crashes and Dad and Nanna jump back. Dad is so startled that he drops his pipe. The word Crocker pulses over the impact.]

They witness the destruction of the facility. Collateral damage to a corporation owned by a renowned billionaire explorer.
A mystery begins.

John: Press blue button.

[Image description: John looks down over the console. He presses the blue button, which reflects in his glasses as it flashes. Mutini and Maplehoof watch from behind him.]

Next

[Image description: A machine that looks like an appearifier with several vats on either side takes up the whole screen. There are at least four empty vats, two on either side, but the second ones are cut off. The vats themselves resemble the ones with the chess pieces that John found, but they are mounted on top of machinery that resembles what Rose found in the facility under her house and used to make the paradox slime thing of Jaspers. A green paradox slime thing of Nanna appears on the platform, then collapses into a pile.]

You create a Paradox Ghost Imprint of the woman you recognize to be your grandmother.

Next

[Image description: A small tube sticks out of the left hand machine and sucks up the goo into the first vat. A second image zooms out, showing the entire machine. There are only four vats.]

The ghost sludge is sucked into a glass tube.

John: Next SWITCH 4

[Image description: John stands in front of the machine. The top right screen and button are turned off and the bottom right ones are activated. The screen shows Jade’s island. Mutini hides behind a pipe. A second image shows the monitor’s screen. A large yacht is parked just outside the island’s lagoon and the date in the top left is 12 slash 03 slash 1995.]

You switch to a monitor displaying a view of a remote island in the Pacific, on December 3rd, 1995.

John: Zoom in.

[Image description: It zooms in on the yacht, which has an atom logo on the side and the word Jade. A second image zooms in, showing Grandpa Harley on the bow of the ship with something small sitting at his feet. A third zooms in more, revealing that the small thing is Baby Jade, who is holding the knitted bunny that John found in his birthday present from Rose. A crosshair focuses over Grandpa’s face and a small lock icon is in the bottom left. As always, Grandpa holds his gun.]

A renowned billionaire explorer approaches on his yacht. An old factory lost two days prior, but a new shipmate gained. Together they settle the island and plunder its secrets.

Next

[Image description: The scene shifts to the top of the mountain, looking out over the sea and the new arrivals. A silhouette of Bec looks down at them. In the distance, a meteor streaks across the sky.]

A meteor overhead streaks unnoticed, headed toward an unseasonably warm city in the central United States.
John: Press blue button.

[Image description: It goes back to the machine with the vats and a green slime version of Grandpa appears, then collapses into goo. A second image shows the outer vat on the left side filled. Now the only empty ones are on the right.]

You create a Paradox Ghost Imprint of the man you spotted in the woods with your book. The ghost sludge is collected.

John: Next SWITCH 3

[Image description: The bottom left screen and button deactivate and the bottom right one turns on. It shows Dave’s city with a massive plume of smoke rising from part of it. Mutini peeks out from behind the machine and Maplehoof walks off to the right.]

You switch to a view of an unseasonably warm city in the central United States, on December 4th, 1995.

John: Zoom in.

[Image description: It shows the city skyline. A date in the top right is 12 slash 04 slash 1995. A second image shows a smoking crater with Dave’s Bro standing at the rim. A third zooms in more. The crosshair appears, focusing on Bro, and the lock icon appears in the bottom left.]

An outrageously awesome dude stands before a crater where his favorite record shop stood one day prior.

Next

[Image description: Bro holds up a tiny pair of triangular shades just like the one he wears. In the distance, another meteor flies across the sky.]

He is prepared for the occasion with a small pair of outrageously awesome shades.

A meteor overhead races unnoticed, headed to a lake near a laboratory on the east coast of the United States. No aquatic life would survive.

John: Press blue button.

[Image description: A paradox slime version of Bro appears on the machine. A second image shows the inner vat on the right side full of slime.]

You create a Paradox Ghost Imprint of the outrageously awesome dude. The sludge is allocated to one of another pair of tubes.

John: Next SWITCH 2

[Image description: The bottom left screen deactivates and the top left one turns on. It shows John’s neighborhood, now with a massive crater where the factory once was. Mutini sits on the console, just above the four buttons. A second image shows the screen. The date is 04 slash 13 slash 1996.]

You switch again to a view of your neighborhood, on April 13th, 1996. It is the day of your birth.

There is more real estate you do not recognize near the recently devastated baked goods facility. It is a shopping mall you have never seen before.
John: Zoom in.

[Image description: It zooms in on a street corner to the left of the mall, where a lone figure stands. A second image zooms in more. It is Rose’s mom, who wears a pink scarf and holds Baby Rose in her arms. There are two stores visible, but only one has a name. It is called the Pranksters Gambit and its sign features two harlequin heads, one that is smiling and one that is frowning. The window has a large decal of Nanna’s face. Dad stands just outside it, next to a large but mostly leafless tree. A third image zooms in on Dad and a fourth shifts to Mom. A crosshair appears over her face. A fifth image shifts to a lower angle and shows a meteor flying across the sky.]

A professional lady and new mother has traveled from the opposite coast at the behest of a famous and wealthy scientist to study one of numerous recent celestial anomalies while he is on expedition.

She notices a meteor overhead, on collision course with a quaint family joke shop. A distinguished gentleman notices the lady and comes outside to greet her, oblivious to the threat above. The gentleman’s mother remains inside, busying herself with a tall bookshelf, a ladder, and a rather hefty unabridged joke book.

Next

[Image description: Dad jumps back as the meteor slams into the joke shop, throwing copies of Colonel Sassacre’s everywhere. The word Sassacre! Pulses above the impact sight.]

An old mother lost today, but a new son gained.

Next

[Image description: A pink scarf smudged with soot lays on the ground near some rubble and Dad’s shoe. A second image shows Dad holding it to his face and sniffing it.]

The gentleman discovers a clue. A powerful nose detects perfume. The lady has fled. The mystery deepens.

Next

[Image description: Mom stands on a hill overlooking the neighborhood. The crosshairs still focus on her. Baby Rose sits in the grass behind her, clutching a very dirty, beat up stuffed bunny.]

But the monitor has not lost track of the lady.

John: Press blue button.

[Image description: A paradox imprint of Mom appears on the platform. A second image shows the goo filling the last empty vat. A third image shows screens on the front of both machines flashing with letters, all different arrangements of G, C, A, and T. Several small green lights also flash.]

You create a Paradox Ghost Imprint of the professional lady. The sludge fills the final tube.

Once all the tubes are filled, an automated sequence begins to execute.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Four babies appear in white crackles of lightning on a round
platform in front of the machine that has the four circles logo from the blue button. The leftmost one looks like a baby version of Mom, the next like a baby Grandpa, then a baby Nanna, and a baby Bro.

Four young Paradox Clones are created.

John: There's one more button to push.

[Image description: John still stands in front of the console. The top left screen showing Mom on the hill is still activated. Mutini sits on the last green button, the one on the right with the DNA on it. The button flashes.]

Ectobiology sure does involve a lot of button pushing. At least it does when you're a junior ectobiologist.

Your loyal assistant Doctor Meowgon is all over this one.

Next

[Image description: The tubes drain into containers within the machines. Nanna’s slime combines with Grandpa’s in the left machine, and Bro’s and Mom’s combine in the right. A second image shows the letters and green lights flashing again.]

One pair of tubes empties the sludge into the chamber below.

The other pair does as well.

Another sequence is activated.

Next

[Image description: Four more babies appear on the platform. Baby Jade appears in the back, Baby Rose appears next to her mom, Baby John appears to Rose’s right, and Baby Dave appears between John and Bro.]

John: Scale echeladder.

[Image description: John’s echeladder screen appears. He is standing to the list’s left, wearing his ectobiologist outfit and his blue hat, which has a large green feather in it. The babies all crowd around him, but Baby Dave clings to the side of his head and Baby John sits on his hat. The rung list now has a scroll bar on the left side and is only about a quarter of the way up. From bottom to top, the ranks on screen are Stoutrunt Mr Snoozyprince Mcsleepypants Calloused Tenderfoot Overbite Upstart Britches Ripper Scampermaster You Are the Star. Its You Junglegym Swashbuckler Unreal Heir Gritty Midget Rascalspray Rungjumpin' Ragamuffin}
Scurrywart
Sharkbait Sparkplug
And Ectobiolobabysitter

Ectobiolobabysitter flashes as boondollars spew from the slot at the top of the machine.

You storm up your Echeladder to claim the coveted if difficult to pronounce rung: Ectobiolobabysitter.

Your ladder is absolutely hemorrhaging the boondollars. Just what your porkhollow's fat ass needs. Next

[Image description: A pile of boondollars sits in the bottom right corner, but most of the screen is taken up by a massive item that is shaped somewhat like a brick of gold, or like a rectangular prism if someone sloped the sides inwards. The item has a flashing, circular logo in the center with narrow triangles of red, purple, and yellow radiating outwards. The purple ones are concentrated on the left side and the yellow ones on the right, but the red ones are evenly distributed. A blue spiral surrounds the flashing logo, tinting all the stripes blue. Beyond that, a hazy white oval surrounds it. At the far reaches of the oval are two Boondollar symbols. The left one is white and the right one is black. In the four corners of the object are four different symbols. The top left has a series of crescents nested inside each other with a small circle at the center, all arranged and offset to make a perfect circle. The bottom left is a square with many bent lines sticking out from it that all nest together to make an octagon. The top right is three nested crescents that are all oriented so their openings face up. The bottom right is a flower of some sort with 8 curved petals.]

You surpass One Million Boondollars and trade them all in for a single whopping Boonbuck. This is of course going directly into the college fund for these youngsters.

Sure is heavy. Into the hollow it goes. Next

[Image description: A blue piggy bank looks up nervously as a large shadow overtakes it.]

Next

[Image description: The boonbuck sits on the ground, surrounded by broken bits of piggy bank.]

Navigating the veil nearby...

[Image description: The grandpa lookalike from LOWAS, who is apparently actually grandpa, holds a ship’s steering wheel. In the distance is one of the meteors from the veil.]

An old man has much to do before he returns to Earth, dies, gets stuffed by his adopted-yet-biological daughter-slash-grand-daughter, and stuck in front of a fireplace.

Taking priority at the moment is shipping two passengers long overdue for a reunion. Next

[Image description: A giant grey ship with the body of a steamboat but riggings like a cross between a steamboat’s and an old style sailing ship floats among the meteors. There are three distinct towers of rigging arranged from tallest near the back to shortest in the front. It has a picture of Grandpa’s face on the side and two exhaust pipes or rocket thrusters underneath it that point
backwards. Both of them look like the flared barrel of Grandpa’s blunderbuss.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the rigging. Two white figures stand at the top of the central mast.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the platform atop the mast. Mom and Dad stand there, just looking at each other.]

Next

[Image description: Dad holds out a long pink scarf. A brown wallet appears in the top left corner and a brown captchalogue card with the scarf on it slides out. A second image shows a fetch modus Wallet card. It has a grey border and a brown central section with a white picture of a wallet in it.]

Next

[Image description: Mom wraps the scarf around her neck.]

Next

[Image description: Two hands reach towards each other. One is much more delicate than the other.]

Next

[Image description: Mom and Dad hold hands and look out through the meteor field. In the distance, Skaia glows as a tiny blue orb.]

C.G: Troll John.

[Image description: John stands on the platform with the babies everywhere. Baby Nanna sits on his head, Baby Jade kicks her feet and tugs on his pants, Baby John lays on his back and kicks while Mutini plays with him, Baby Grandpa sits on the floor and smacks the platform, Baby Mom and Rose sit on the platform, facing each other and flailing their arms, Baby Dave clings to the righthand machine, and Baby Bro sits inside a now broken vat. John is wearing his Serious Business Goggles and an alert showing C.G hovers next to it.]

pesterlog
C.G: see this is a case in point.
E.B: what point?
C.G: the point I was just making.
about the ultimate riddle.
you blithering feculent shithole.
ok that's your cue to laugh at me some more I guess.
because you seem to really get off whenever I flame you.
humans are deranged.
E.B: oh man, I must be getting closer to the conversations where you're trolling me harder!
this is pretty exciting, I can't wait to see what you've got up your sleeve.
C.G: you see what I mean?? Fuck you about that.
E.B: anyway, you weren't making a point about the ultimate riddle, dude.
C.G: yes I was, and now I'm losing my train of thought dipshit.
E.B: nope, we never talked about it.
yet...
C.G: oh hell, that's right.
damnit, I guess this is going to be confusing.
E.B: oh, you're just starting to figure that out now?
C.G: see I kind of painted myself into a corner.
I started trolling you at the end, just before the rift.
and then jumped back a little.
and now I guess I've become railroaded into working backwards here.
unless I want to do the sort of dumb schizophrenic hopping around like the others.
E.B: oh my god, I know, you've already told me like a million times!!!
C.G: I have?
wow I can't wait for all these amazing conversations to take place.
it's going to be like that human vacation with the giant red chimney asshole up in here.
you know, the one where a bunch of moany nooksuckers sing at a little pine tree I think.
E.B: man, I've got to say I'm a little disappointed by this "masterful trolling" you were bragging
about.
C.G: I was bragging?
why would I bother with that sort of pedantic human horseshit.
maybe you should consider that I was bragging to get your hopes up in the future.
only to let you down.
and thus troll you masterfully in that respect.
E.B: maybe, but that would be pretty weak too!!!
C.G: your brittle human calcium based skull is what is weak, and if you and I were in the
proximity of a blunt instrument I wouldn't have much trouble proving it.
E.B: whatever.
so what was the "case in point" you were making, anyway?
C.G: I was scrolling back and noticed you were in the veil.
E.B: whoa, I am?
C.G: yeah dumbdumb, you're tumbling around on a big goddamn meteor.
and you just created younger versions of yourselves and your guardians.
probably by mucking around with that thing like a doofus.
E.B: wait...
these are baby versions of us?
C.G: hahahahahaha, so clueless.
what did you think you were doing there anyway.
E.B: well...
I saw footage of my nanna, and some other people who I am pretty sure were like jade's grandpa
and rose's mom and stuff from a long time ago.
and then...
there were all these little guys scurrying around.
so they are like cloned copies of us?
C.G: no.
they are literally you and your guardians.
paradox clones.
E.B: huh?
what do you mean they are literally us?
do they go back in time?
but technically they aren't even sent back in time because with respect to the medium your
universe's timeline is meaningless.
seriously why would it give a crap about earth's past or future or whatever, from it's perspective it's
just a bunch of points to choose from.
just like your chronology is from our perspective.
but I guess that's a bunch of semantics. With respect to your personal chronology yeah they go back
in time.
a paradox clone is by definition a correctly cloned duplicate that will inevitably go back in time
and become the original target that was cloned.
if it's a malformed clone, it's just a meaningless mutant that has no bearing on the stable loop
continuum.
I don't see any tentacles or extra eyeballs or warped bone bulges, so those gross little things there
are all you guys, waiting to go to earth and grow up and become the insipid bunch of grubfisted
douchebags you all are now.
and this was the point I was trying to make about the ultimate riddle.
E.B: what is the riddle anyway?
maybe I can guess, I am good at riddles!
C.G: hahaha, think again ignoramus.
it's not even that great.
or even much of a riddle at all.
in the course of your adventure you would have encountered all these fragments of like weird
poems and shit.
you find them along your quests, with clues and stuff buried in them to help you solve puzzles and
move huge stone columns and make staircases appear and lots of nonsense like that.
and it's all masked in this flowery sort of frothy poetic jackassery that nobody really cares about.
and I sure as hell don't care about spoiling it for you.
but what all these lofty symbolic allusions boil down to is some grander statement about what you
see happening here.
that you were always the key to seeding your own existence through this game.
and any hope that it could have played out differently or that you could have avoided this whole
mess was always just a ruse.
E.B: a distaction, perhaps?
C.G: what?
E.B: nevermind.
C.G: because if it didn't go down this way then how were you even born, get it.
which is especially pathetic since paradox space apparently went to all this trouble to make you
just to have you fail and die.
really there's nothing more tragic than these null sessions full of kids entering the game and
fulfilling some cosmic destiny shit just to get wiped out and leave behind an empty pointless
incipisphere for all eternity.
actually it's sort of hilarious.
or it would be if it didn't affect me personally.
but anyway, there's a lot more to the riddle than just that, like what we were just talking about last
time we talked.
but that's sort of the gist of the themes it deals with.
E.B: ok.
well, if I run into some salamanders who tell me all about this riddle and get really excited about it,
I will try to act surprised.
so this is the same kind of thing you went through?
with, like, being your own paradox clones and creating your own parents and stuff?
C.G: yeah.
E.B: how did that even work, with 12 of you?
C.G: it was really fucking complicated and I'm not going to get into it.
our family structures are already way more complicated than yours without even getting spooky
time slime involved.
basically we have nothing in common whatsoever.
except maybe this...
I was the guy in your position, to make all these clones, and frankly it all kind of freaked me the hell out.
E.B: huh...
yeah, I guess now that you mention it, I am finding it all a little strange...
C.G: oh, only just now???
fuck you are fast, I hope you got the mad boonbucks to pay off those speeding tickets.
E.B: no, no, I mean the ghost stuff and paradoxes are one thing of course...
it's something else.
it's just...
this is really weird...
C.G: what's so weird about it.
E.B: well, normally humans hatch...
from like these slimy pods.
then we wriggle out as a little pink larva.
C.G: oh really.
huh, maybe we have more in common than I thought.
E.B: (hehehehehehehehehe)
C.G: maybe those really are mutant clones and they aren't going back to seed your planet???
E.B: um...
sure...?
C.G: hell, I'm confused now.
not that I give a shit about you and your pointless awful lives.
E.B: hey, I have an idea.
why don't you get back to me in a few minutes?
I mean like a few minutes of my time, not yours.
all of these little pink monkeys are getting way out of line and I have to tend to them.
if you message me in a couple minutes, we can continue conversing in a sane, linear fashion for a change!
C.G: um, ok?
E.B: and then after that you can keep going backwards and then make fun of me riding my little red rocket.
you can tell me I look like a silly little paradox clone fresh out of my slime tube and this is just all a big nurseytime recess jamboree.
that would burn me good!
C.G: ok that is pretty good.
but I can't use it, because you said it, and then later, i.e. Right now, you would get the satisfaction of knowing you were the one to come up with that burn.
see, you are dealing with a pro, you can't out troll me so just forget about it and stop trying.
E.B: (hehehehehehehehehehehehehe)

John: Tend to little pink monkeys.

[Image description: John stands by the transportalizers again. Baby John sits on top of the Colonel Sassacre’s book and Baby Nanna sits inside Dad’s old oil-splattered hat.]

They're scramblin' all over the place!

They appear to be preoccupied by some of the objects littered around the lab. At least it is keeping them busy.

Next
John: Get trolled by C.G again.

pesterlog
C.G: ok it's a few minutes later.
look how sane and linear we are being.
E.B: yeah!
C.G: ok awesome, now fuck you and goodbye.
E.B: wait!
C.G: what.
E.B: I was just looking at all these rascals, and I was wondering...
how they go back in time and become us and stuff.
does it have something to do with the reckoning?
C.G: how do you know about that.
E.B: you told me.
we had this great dare going.
to see who could be the least helpful and informative.
and you totally lost, dude!
you were hella helpful.
C.G: I was obviously just spiting your stupid pointless human dare.
what is a dare anyway, it's nothing.
someone says do something and then, oh laugh laugh, you lose if you don't do it.
that isn't anything that deserves a word.
we don't even have a word for dare in our language.
the closest approximation would be "worthless fucking bullshit waste of time for silly little children"
E.B: oh, wow.
is that the title of a movie too?
C.G: yes, it's the title of every dumb movie you ever liked.
E.B: ha ha, that isn't even true and doesn't make sense!
C.G: anyway, how could we have made a dare if I'm moving backwards on your timeline.
you would dare me to do something, then I would do it next time, but then you wouldn't even remember the dare.
because we didn't make it yet.
that's what isn't true and doesn't make sense you damp bag of puke.
E.B: well yeah, the dare never happened, I was joking around and made that up to give you hard time.
C.G: you have sounding stupid down to such a science.
where is your lab coat and test tubes doctor brain professor?
E.B: I am wearing a lab coat!
sort of...
C.G: you look like an elf.
E.B: that's bullshit!
C.G: you look like you should be blowing into a funny little shell, and limbering up for a silly cookie dance.
E.B: do you even have elves?
C.G: yes, let's compare which fantasy creatures that don't exist we both do or don't not have. what a great fucking idea, john!
E.B: uh, what?
C.G: you asked about the reckoning, so why don't we talk about that instead of all these pretty much terrible things.
E.B: ok.
C.G: yeah, so when the reckoning starts happening, all these paradox clones get shipped off to meteors, flung through skaian defense portals, and sent back to earth.
end of story I guess.
bye.
E.B: wait!!!
so that means...
we are all sort of like superman?
C.G: uh yeah, I guess.
E.B: cool!
C.G: you all trace the mythological footsteps of your beloved human superman who's really just a muscular caucasian alien.
it's hilarious how humans worship him as a pinnacle of human heroism and virtue but he isn't even human.
actually it's incredibly pathetic.
but also in a way kind of admirable.
because it means deep down you all must realize who your daddy is.
we are, bitches.
E.B: yeah, superman is pretty cool, I guess.
did you know nicolas cage was almost going to play superman one time?
C.G: oh my throbbing phlegm lobe, who gives a barfing fuck about that.
john egbert, you have assassinated my patience.
adios loser.
E.B: wait!!!!!!!!!!!!
get back to me in a couple minutes, ok?
C.G: sd;lkfjsd;lkfjsdlfkj;
C.G: fine.

Next

[Image description: C.G does a Facepalm x2 combo! In front of his computer.]
A.R (question mark): Shred.

[Image description: A.R flies across the void towards a meteor with a giant crater in it. In the meteor is a clean, whole, green version of the frog temple.]
You are ripping up so many hellaceous shreds this fierceshitty biznasty is getting so deliriously rudebrazen it...
Ok you lost the handle on that sentence.
Oh my god, is that what you think it is?
This thing is so completely illegal.

How could this atrocity be floating out here unnoticed all this time?

You are going to throw whoever is responsible into the slammer.

You always call jail the slammer when you are extra angry at crimes.

A.R (question mark): Go in.

There is a large elevator platform ahead.

A.R (question mark): Go down.

Below there is a dark cavernous room.

Near the platform is a Time Capsule. It has deployed a Seed, and waits for something to be deposited, and for the clock to be set.

It is all harmless enough. Still no sign of any perpetrators.

A.R (question mark): Search premises.

Deeper into the darkness of the room there is some complicated lab equipment. Again, nothing particularly unusual for this jurisdiction.

A.R (question mark): Examine equipment.

There is a large monitor. Displayed on it is a small human girl in a fancy house. The date is April 21, 1910.

Next
Eight days prior, the orphan girl was taken in by an aristocratic southern colonel and legendary humorist. He recovered the young lady from a crater where a bakery once stood, operated by the man's wife, a notable baked goods baroness.

Next

There is an explosion in the colonel's back yard.

Land sakes alive, we are cooking with petrol now!

Next

The colonel and his new grand daughter investigate.

The impact site is where a dog house stood moments ago. It was the magnificent abode of the man's beloved pet, Halley.

He takes a belt from the old julep flask. He'd sooner perish himself than lose that dear animal.

Next

People would think reports of the man's death were greatly exaggerated.

But they weren't.

Next

This is exactly why babies should not be allowed to dual-wield flintlock pistols.

Next

An old colonel lost, but a new brother gained.

Next

This is exactly why babies should not be allowed to dual-wield flintlock pistols.

Next
pistols. The dog wags its tail and the babies reach out like they're asking the dog to pick them up. A crosshair focuses over the dog.]

Ah ha! There's Halley. The youngsters adore their new guardian. Good dog. Best friend.

The young boy has difficulty pronouncing the name though. Sounds more like "Harley" when he says it.

A.R (question mark): Fast forward.

[Image description: A slightly older Nanna stands on a grassy hill with a bright blue sky full of clouds behind her. She looks worried and holds out her hand like she’s waving. She is wearing a long sleeve white shirt and a long white skirt. A second image shows a slightly older Grandpa riding on Halley’s back as they run away from young Nanna. He looks back and waves, smiling at his adopted sister. Halley just looks like a happy dog. He wears a copy of his future dead self’s adventurer’s outfit.]

Thirteen years later, the boy develops a taste for adventure. He and his guardian bid farewell. His sister is sad. She will be left all alone with the wicked pastry baroness. She can handle it, he tells her. He believes in her.

Next

[Image description: A.R narrows his eyes.]

This all seems pointless to you, and immaterial to the crime that has been committed.

Though you do find it odd that the appearifier target has been fixed over that especially stupid looking animal.

You hear the elevator platform. Someone is coming.

Next

[Image description: The carapace who looks like Diamonds Droog stands by the time capsule. He holds Rose’s books and the beta under his arm. A second image shows A.R peeking from behind something. The Droog carapace turns around.]

It is a high ranking agent from your kingdom.

Could he be the man behind this crime? Could his intent be mutinous?

You know the agent to be far too dangerous to take into custody. You hide behind some equipment and observe.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the books under the Droog carapace’s arm.]

He appears to be holding some notebooks. Also what appears to be a pair of juice-stained envelopes.

Next

[Image description: One of the books and the two envelopes fly back towards the time capsule. The word Discard is written near them. The book lands on the floor, but the beta envelopes fly towards
the time capsule seed.]

Only one of the books is useful to him. The envelopes are useless. And he couldn't make it through more than a paragraph of the other book. Some weird thing about wizards. He discards them.

The spare notebook lands on the floor. The envelopes land in the Seed.

Next

[Image description: The envelopes hover inside the seed, then it disappears and a number appears on the base. It reads 413 million years. The time disappears and a new seed appears.]

The Time Capsule stores the seed, and on account of some default setting, is programmed to bloom several hundred million years from now.

The capsule then readies a new seed.

Next

[Image description: The Droog carapace stands near a strange machine. There is a machine that looks like a single vat version of the one that made the babies next to a console that has the same buttons, excluding the four that activated the screen. This one has a screen locked onto Halley on the right side and a screen-sized square with a slot in the center. Two arrows point to this slot; one from the top and one from the bottom. Between the screen and slot are four ampersands arranged in a square. A long helix of DNA runs along the top of the screen’s housing.]

The agent approaches another device near the large monitor.

John: Get trolled by C.G in sane and linear manner.

[Image description: John stands on the platform the babies appeared on. Baby Mom and Rose both sit on it, staring at him. Mutini sits near Baby Mom. An alert showing C.G hovers next to his glasses.]

pesterlog
C.G: ok, I got back to you.
are you happy.
E.B: sure, I guess.
C.G: you don't even know it yet.
but you are about to start passing out bunnies like they're cheap cigars.
it's going to be an embarrassing display.
E.B: what are you talking about?
C.G: yeah, exactly, numskull.
let's just have our chat, then it can naturally occur to you to be an idiot in the due course of time.
E.B: ok...
I was sort of mulling it over while looking at all these babies with guns and sitting on ponies and things...
and how the reckoning takes them back.
and how you said our reckoning starts sooner.
C.G: yeah.
E.B: are you sure it has to start so soon? Can't we delay it?
C.G: hahahaha.
it starts in a few minutes stupid.
see that countdown clock over there?
you aren't delaying anything.
E.B: oh... Dang!
I guess I better get off this meteor then!
C.G: well I mean it doesn't happen all at once.
first some smaller meteors go.
then bigger ones.
spread out over like 24 hours or so.
it's supposed to be like...
go time.
when it starts.
like it's time to hurry up and stop fucking around and kill the boss, get it?
the rock you're on doesn't blast off right away.
too bad, because it would have spared you from making a fool of yourself in a couple minutes, and
more importantly, spared me from having to watch.
E.B: ok, well you keep saying how doomed we are and how all this bad stuff happens sooner, but
you never say why!
what happens in our game that's different from yours that makes things go so badly?
C.G: jack noir.

Next

[Image description: Baby Rose waves her arm and tugs on John’s pants. Baby Jade now sits on the
floor behind him and Mutini sits behind Baby Mom.]

pesterlog
E.B: who is jack noir?
C.G: an agent of derse.
who flipped out and rose to power.
he killed your black queen and king and now he's in charge.
E.B: so you didn't have him in your game?
C.G: no, we did.
but he was harmless.
actually, he was an ally, sort of.
he settled a grudge against the queen by helping us dethrone and exile her.
and then he wound up exiled himself, and sort of kept helping us through a command terminal on
our old planet.
he's kind of a huge asshole though.
but because he took the queen out of the picture, when we got to skaia we only had one monarch to
deal with instead of two.
of course it was a nasty giant 12 times prototyped black king that took forever to kill, just barely in
time before the biggest meteors came, but still.
E.B: I see.
so after he got exiled and all that, he came here into our game and caused all this trouble?
C.G: no, god.
egbert you are thicker than that hideous joke book you waddle around with.
try to think more abstractly.
think about video games.
what's an earth game you liked to play?
name one.
E.B: ummmm...
crash bandicoot?
C.G: ok I don't know what that is, but I have a feeling it's a really lame example, but that's fine, it's
not the point.
so let's say you play your bandicoot and I play my bandicoot.
they are essentially the same bandicoot, same appearance and design and behaviors.
but they are still completely separate bandicoots on separate screens.
so we both have our own ass bandicoots to ourselves, the same but different.
our jacks are the same but different too.
same guy, different circumstances and outcomes.
our jack trumped the queen, but got no further.
your jack got the best of both of them, and is now something higher than a queen or a king...
E.B: like an ace?
C.G: sure ok.
E.B: ok, I think I get it.
but how did he do that? What was different about what we did versus what you did?
C.G: frankly I have no idea what the original thing that tipped the scale was.
it is under investigation.
but it doesn't really matter.
the worst is yet to come.
for you.
E.B: oh no!
what is the worst thing?
C.G: already told you.
E.B: dammit!
oh, hey...
sorry, hold on, this little lady is bugging me about something.
C.G: yeah yeah, you might as well get it over with and give her the lousy rabbit already.
E.B: oh!!!!!
oh man, I just had the best idea, this is so perfect.
a blonde mother and daughter together, this is totally perfect.
C.G: perfect for what, flexing your formidable mental handicap like a fucking heavyweight for the
next several minutes?
oh wait, let me check, the answer is yes.
E.B: it is like that scene in con air, I will give her the bunny like I am nick cage fresh out of the
slammer.
C.G: fuck.
E.B: I wish I had a filthy wifebeater on, oh well.
C.G: just...
Augh.

[S] John: Reunite with your loving wife and daughter.

[Image description: How Do I Live (Bunny Back in the Box version) begins to play. A black silhouette of a bunny appears on a white screen. The white portion fades to a slow pan over a black and white version of the Con-Air poster and the black portion changes to a close up of Nicolas Cage’s face. It fades to a slow pan over Baby Mom and Rose, who blink up at John. Mutini flicks his tail. John holds the dirty bunny without the knit portions. He offers it out to one of the babies. Thought bubbles showing the woman and little girl from the Con-Air clip fade in above him. It shows a close up of him holding out the bunny with a thought bubble of Cage’s character doing the same behind him. His face watermarks over the whole scene. The bunny moves towards Baby Rose who looks at it curiously. She begins to look nervous and backs away, shaking her head. It cuts to a sketch-like drawing of John shoving the bunny into her arms while crying. The action sends baby Mom flying. It cuts to C.G, who stares at his computer with a completely Done expression on his face. It shifts
to show his computer screen, which has Trollian open. On John’s timeline, there is a dot about ¾ of the way up with a window showing him standing with Baby Mom, Rose, and Jade. Baby Rose holds the bunny he gave her and Baby Mom lays on her back with Mutini next to her. It zooms in on the scene, then fades to Baby Jade looking up excitedly. John looks over his shoulder at her. It cuts to him holding up the partially knit bunny from Rose’s present high above his head against a background of red lightning like designs. He presses the bunny into Baby Jade’s arms and a red tinted picture of Cage pulses in the background.

C.G puts his head down on his desk and hits himself in the back of the head with his fist. Every time he does, the word Bonk appears above him.

A drawing of a Salamander plays mushrooms and pipes like drums. It fades to a drawing of an airplane crashing, knocking off the neck of a guitar-shaped sign for the Hard Rock Cafe as it falls. The plane tows a car behind it.

It fades to the Con-Air poster, but the heads of the characters have been replaced with drawings of John, who is in the center, Dave on the left, and C.G on the right. There is also a slime like the one from John’s shirt drawn on the center man’s wife beater. Red text fades in on top of the poster. This Is Stupid.

Blue lines scribble over the words and Yeah Right! Appears beneath it in John’s handwriting. It cuts to a white screen with text on it.

Take Us There Casey!

The drawing of the salamander drummer reappears.

The screen flashes white and a sketch-like drawing fades in. John ugly cries and holds Baby Mom, Rose, and Jade in his arms. Rose and Jade hold the bunnies he gave them.

It fades to GC staring at his computer in dumbfounded shock. GC pops in and points at the computer while laughing and he looks at her in annoyance.

It fades to a drawing of Jack Noir with the Black Queen’s ring holding a bunny up with one of his tentacles and pointing a gun at it.

It cuts to a drawing of C.G and GC smacking each other like a slap fight and saying Bluh Bluh. GC is smiling, but C.G looks annoyed.

The scene fades to white and text flashes on it.

Here Comes The Guitar Solo.

A drawing of John wearing jeans and a dirty wifebeater comes on. He has a mullet and a bloody bandage tied around his bicep. He passionately plays the air guitar.

Two thought bubbles showing Cage in the same outfit pulse quickly behind him.

It slowly fades to black.

End of Act 4

[Image description: Red curtains close over the drawing of John hugging the babies while ugly crying.]

Next

[Image description: The curtains reopen onto a white screen with a single word in the center. Psych.]

It’ll be a few more pages.

Next

[Image description: It shows a close up of Dave’s hands. They are splattered with blood.]

Dave: Get trolled by GC.

[Image description: Dave stands on top of the toilet, looking out the window where he just threw
his own corpse. His ishades glow at the edges.]

pesterlog
Gc: dave what's it smell like
T.G: what
Gc: your blood
T.G: fuck off
Gc: dave
give it a little taste for me
tell me what human blood tastes like
Gc: i've been so curious (smiley face with furrowed brows)
T.G: you're the annoying blind one aren't you
Gc: yeah
T.G: dave told me about you
Gc: god
too many daves
its like this big asshole and cool guy party
but someone forgot to invite all the cool guys
(winky face with furrowed brows)
T.G: man i'm telling you burns like that are unreal
where do you even get a burn that's that sick
Gc: i bet you can't wait to be a useless piece of shit all day and fall down all these burns
T.G: no you messed that up
Gc: dave dave
is this you
http://tinyurl.com/puredave [This opens a link to a picture of a young boy in clothes from the mid 80's and sunglasses with a large cassette player on his shoulder. An even larger one is on the floor in front of him and he rests one foot on it. The cassette player is from the “My First Sony” line and is made of red plastic with a black base on one end and a round blue speaker at the other. The boy has shitty sunglasses drawn in to the left and slightly below his face and a broken sword drawn with the hilt on his wrist. A broken record is drawn on his shirt, but slightly off center.]
T.G: uh
Gc: pffahahahahahahahahahahahahahahah
hahahahahahahahaheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheheid

T.G: this is moronic
Gc: dave tell me what your blood smells like
or ill make another one
and i know these hurt your feelings
(very happy face with furrowed brows)
T.G: i don't know what it smells like or tastes like
but i sure as hell know what it looks like
like a fuckin symphony on my retinas
shit is beautiful like a little vermilion picnic on my hands
every day i open my eyes i find poetry in even the simplest things
just one of those little joys in life you take for granted you know
this miraculous gift of vision
Gc: dave dave
check it out
I figured it out
this has got to be you!
http://tinyurl.Com/thisissooodave [This opens a picture of the cover of a Sega game called Kid Chameleon. It shows a boy in a leather jacket, jeans, and sunglasses riding a skateboard of some sort. Behind him are warriors from all sorts of eras of history, though most are pretty inaccurate. Sunglasses are drawn in to the right of the boy’s head, a broken record hovers halfway on the left side of his torso, and a broken sword is drawn just beyond his closed fist.]

Gc: aaaaaaaaaahahahahahahahahahahahahaha
hehehehehehehehehehehehehehehehe
T.G: I could give myself a hernia trying to be as big a douche as that guy
I could try but it would wind up like a motorcycle stunt gone horribly wrong
my broken body would flop and tumble around like a rag doll
Gc: hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha
oh god I cant breathe!!!!!
T.G: and yet as much as that guys the tooliest dude I could ever hope to meet he and I would still get along famously
cause we can both see
Gc: hehehehehehehehehehehehehehehehe
hahahahahah
T.G: just him and me
havin a see party
like a couple of eagle eyed bros peepin shit up into the wee hours
Gc: dave
can I come to your see party?
T.G: I guess but youll have to be careful not to stumble around bumping into all the gorgeous masterpieces hanging around everywhere
god so beautiful to look at with my perfect eyesight
Gc: can I lick the paintings?
T.G: yeah thats fine

Jade: Get trolled by A.T.

[Image description: A computer screen has Trollian open. Dots on Rose’s and Dave’s timelines are very close to the bottom, but one on Jade’s timeline is just over halfway up. Chat windows are open from Dave and Rose’s timeline, but Jade’s has both a chat window and a viewing window. The viewing window shows her asleep in bed with the beta disks next to her.]

pesterlog
adiosToreador [A.T] began trolling gardenGnostic [G.G]

A.T: jade, hi, is your robot nearby,
G.G: ummmmmm.....
A.T: where you can type, because you are asleep,
G.G: oh! Yes it appears so!!!
A.T: ok, uhh, in that case, are you having a pleasant nap,
G.G: I guess! Ive been pretty busy here
ive had to stay asleep for a long time because john is supposed to wake up soon
but he just wont wake up!!!!!
im pretty sure im supposed to be the one to wake him but I dont know what to do (sad face)
A.T: uhhhhh,
G.G: huh??
A.T: ohh, sorry,
I was looking to see if I could see him be awake in the future, but I can't see in his dreams, or anything.

G.G: oh......

well thanks for trying anyway!

A.T: but you will wake up soon, it looks like, so maybe this means you have success,

G.G: I hope so!

what am I doing when I wake up?

A.T: oh, goodness, there is so much going on, and there is a lot of trouble that you are in,

G.G: oh no!!!!!

A.T: but, what it comes down to, is that you don't have much time anyway, this is your last day, before you make the rift, and then I can't see what happens after that, anymore, which is ok, with me, because, to be honest, seeing your whole big confusing future and past is, kind of overwhelming,

G.G: yes I know what you mean....

A.T: its so complicated, and, I don't even know what I should be accomplishing, I think, using these gadgets and things, and my time line advantages, to play pranks on you,

G.G: that sounds like it would be fun! but you guys never even played pranks on me, you were always just kinda mean (very sad face)

A.T: sorry, (sad face with curvy horns) I think, the idiotic thing about trollian is, if you use it to troll people, I think you are just as likely to get trolled yourself, maybe even more badly, which I think is what is going on here, just between you and me,

G.G: well I know I haven't trolled you guys! or not yet........

heheheh

A.T: no,

but you sort of are, my friend is going crazy, he wants to talk to you, he left you a message, a long time ago on your time line, to talk to him, when your robot blows up,

G.G: oh yeah! I totally forgot about that does it really blow up or was that another trick?

A.T: uhhhh, I don't know, I can't see it blow up in your future, not on screen, I mean, there are lots of explosions, all the time, anyway, too many explosions,

G.G: hmmm

you could ask me in the future!

A.T: ok, I will ask, ok, you said, yes, it did blow up, and you talked to him, and, uhhh, then you said he was actually a pretty nice guy, which I thought was weird,
G.G: is he not a nice guy?
A.T: not, really,
G.G: hmmm....
well maybe hes just been through some tough times
maybe we should give him the benefit of the doubt?
A.T: uhhhh,
G.G: for whatever its worth I think youre a pretty nice guy too!
A.T: okay, thank you,
G.G: also you seem to be the only one who ever thinks to talk to me while im asleep!
why is that?
A.T: oh, I guess,
that it makes sense,
because you have a robot, to let you say things that happen, on prospit,
and I'm curious,
because the only time I ever had fun playing this game was when I was asleep,
but now all our dream selves are dead,
(crying face with curvy horns)
G.G: oh no!!!
dream selves can die?
A.T: yeah,
G.G: I never knew that
or even thought about it....
I guess it makes sense though
A.T: uhh, yeah,
so enjoy your nap,
while it lasts,
bye,

Next

[Image description: Is shows a drawing of A.T, the troll with the bull-like horns and the taurus symbol on his shirt, in prospit dreamer clothes prancing in the skies above Prospit’s moon. In the distance, the edge of Skaia pokes on screen. A second image shows him at his computer. He rests his chin in his hands and looks up dreamily.]

Rose: Get trolled by G.A.

[Image description: Rose stands near her house. She still wears the purple dress and hubtopband. Her skirt and belt swish as she blasts an ogre with her wands. She looks determined. An imp stands on a balcony above her and looks sad.]

pesterlog
grimAuxiliatrix [G.A] began trolling tentacleTherapist [T.T]

G.A: Hello Again
Are We Friends Yet At This Point In Time
I Would Speculate That If We Are Not By Now Then It Is Probably Not To Be
T.T: Pardon?
G.A: Furthermore Which Rose Have You Chosen To Be This Time
The Stupid Rose Or The Smart Rose
T.T: I'm a little busy.
G.A: It Sounds Like You Are Attempting To Be The Smart Rose This Time
Please Take Note Of The Subtle Scorn Underlying The Selection Of The Word Attempting
Smart Rose Should Get A Kick Out Of That
Smart Rose Is All About Subtle Scorn Isnt She
T.T: That sounds about right.
G.A: Whereas Dumb Rose Doesn't Capitalize Letters Even When Discussing The Proper Names
Of Human Monsters In Earth Cinema
I Think You Should Establish A Greater Commitment To A Single Roleplaying Scenario
T.T: Honestly, I was looking forward to playing along and reading your Dumb Rose script for our
next conversation.
But it turned out there was a perfectly logical explanation for it all.
Imagine my disappointment.
While I imagine yours, once you finally catch on.
G.A: I Suddenly Don't Understand Anything
What Are You Talking About
T.T: I'd love to explain in detail and cause some sort of time paradox.
But you see - and this revelation may be as startling as any -
I'm a little busy.
G.A: I Believe I Understand
It Was I Who Did Something To Provoke Your Scorn In A Previous Conversation
One Which I Have Not Had Yet
T.T: Yes, that is definitely a conclusion you have just now drawn.
The only thing left to do is ride out the next several conversations while you maintain that
understanding.
And while I maintain the chilly facade you have grown to so enjoy from Smart Rose.
Which shouldn't be too difficult, because... have I mentioned?
I'm busy.
Goodbye.
G.A: Fine

Dave: Keep getting trolled by GC.

[Image description: Dave uses the Snow Cone Machete to slice an ice-encrusted imp in half. A
winged basilisk in the background looks upset.]

pesterlog
Gc: dave dave
I finally got it
T.G: oh hell
Gc: I finally figured it out
once and for all
this is you!!!!!
http://tinyurl.com/daveandbro4ever [This opens a poster for a Back to the Future Pinball game.
Marty and Doc Brown stands by a pinball machine and both look at their watches. A pair of
sunglasses are drawn in above Marty's head, a broken sword intersects with the machine, and a
broken record is drawn on his left arm rather than his shirt. A pair of triangular anime shades and
shitty cap are drawn slightly to the right of Doc's face.]
ffffaaaaaaaaahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha
hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha
T.G: that
ok thats pretty amazing
Gc: ahhahahahahahahahahaha
oh god it is so perfect
just a cool dude and his bro right there
adventuring through time
and playing pinball
in bro heaven together
tell me that isn’t so fucking perfect
(wide-eyed smile with furrowed brows)
T.G: hey speaking of which
where is my bro anyway
haven’t seen him at all since I got here
davesprite doesn’t know
you can see everything that goes on right
or like smell it or whatever
how does that even work
how do you use a computer and know what’s going on it doesn’t make sense
my face doesn’t make sense
Gc: dave your *face* doesn’t make ..... 
dammit
T.G: hahaha
Gc: but actually your face *does* make sense
to my nose
and my tongue (sticking out tongue face with furrowed brows)
T.G: ew
Gc: I’m sorry dave that you will never experience the sensory bouquet that I enjoy every day
that I ensconce myself in like a warm and comfy bathrobe made of flavor and melody
T.G: oh ok
so the dumbest and most far fetched explanation imaginable ok got it
Gc: anyway I don’t know where your bro is
as far as I can tell you never see him again between now and the rift
too bad he won’t be around to bail you out again like he did when you entered!!!
T.G: man don’t remind me about that
so embarrassing
Gc: its ok I won’t tell john about it
I know that’s what you’re worried about
T.G: ok cool
Gc: but look you don’t need to be upset about not having your bro to lean on anymore
T.G: whos upset
bout time the dude gave me a little space
Gc: bluh ok whatever you say but that’s not the point
the point is I will help you instead dave
is that cool (smiley face with furrowed brow)
T.G: I guess
Gc: I know everything that’s going to happen to you
I can tell you before it happens
so you can be ready
and not have to go back in time and get killed all the time
Gc: and stand on a toilet looking at your own blood for ten minutes
T.G: alright so what’s next
Gc: first you go through the gate
and when you go through you will go to another place in your wild cherry lava land
and you will quickly meet some friendly crocodiles
they will try to eat you
but that is just their way of being friendly!
you shouldn’t be scared
T.G: why would I be scared
Gc: dave please
you are crying like a little boy
its is happening right here in front of my nose
your tears taste delicious
kind of like
like something you wouldn’t know about
a troll delicacy called cotton candy
T.G: we have cotton candy dumpass
Gc: (Wide eyed shocked face with furrowed brows)

[S] Descend.

[Image description: A loading screen shows Dave’s egg thing against an orange background. The song Descend begins to play. The background fades to the kernelsprite’s nest against a starry sky. The egg still sits in the center and the kernelsprite hovers above it. Dave clings to the tower just below the nest and holds his broken sword in his free hand. In the distance, a meteor flies towards the building. It changes to Dave’s glasses. The meteor reflects in one lens and the sprite in the other. It zooms out and Dave looks up with gritted teeth. It fades to a view from street level. The sprite hovers at the top of the tower with the moon behind it. Suddenly, a meteor comes on, pushing clouds out of the way with it’s shock wave.
It cuts to Dave trying to climb into the nest. The kernelsprite dives forward and caws at him, then pecks at his head. He loses his grip on the tower and falls, pulling parts of the nest with him. The egg falls too.
The egg fades to the meteor hurtling ever closer. It zooms in on the surface, revealing that Bro is standing on it. He raises his sword and fire reflects in his glasses. He raises the katana above his head and the screen fades white. It fades back in on a shot of the meteor. A white burst comes from the center and it splits in two even halves up the center. The halves separate and fall into the city. They land and the impacts explode with bright light.
It cuts to Dave falling. Before he can hit the ground, Bro’s rocket board swoops in and catches him. The meteor impacts flash in the distance, one on either side of Dave’s apartment building. The egg fades in on top of Dave. A large crack now runs from top to bottom. The two halves split and pull apart. As they do, the screen splits and the new center section has Dave’s house on LOHAC after it’s been built up. It is surrounded by monsters. It cuts to Dave looking up at the gate, which is reflected in his glasses. Eyes and teeth lurk in the shadows behind him. The angle shifts to below him. A basilisk blocks his way to the gate. It fades to white.
It fades in on Grandpa’s ship out in The Veil. Mom and Dad stand on the bow of the ship. It fades to a closer shot of Mom, who is wearing her pink scarf and holding an AK-47. It fades to Dad holding a cake. The ship flies towards Skaia, which then expands to take up the whole screen. It fades in on a carapace’s feet walking across a blood splattered section of the battlefield. It pans up to Jack Noir, who sneers and raises his sword. It fades to W.V’s joint army, which fills an entire valley and goes onto distant hills. It fades to Jack Noir’s sword. The background flashes red, then to W.V leading his army, then to Noir’s snarling face. He slashes across the army, cutting a gash in the side of a white carapace and slicing a black one in half. The corpses of more slashed soldiers appear behind him. An arm raises a sword in the center of the screen and it cuts to him snarling and dashing forward. The screen flashes black and white as countless motion blurs cross it. It fades back to the battlefield. Jack Noir stands among a field of corpses. Only he and W.V are standing. W.V’s banner lays on the ground and he holds his hands up in surrender. It cuts to Noir, then to W.V. Noir lifts his fist in the air and red lightning surrounds his hands and reaches out in all directions from the ring. The sky turns red and the ground begins to crack.
Elsewhere on the battlefield, a cross between a white bishop and white knight shoots a purple laser from his hand, which has four claws. Suddenly, the red lightning shoots through his chest and the
sky goes red. In another place, a white carapace shoots an arrow at a black rook monster with two carapaces on its head from atop a tower. Both the archer and monster jump as lightning shoots across the screen, cutting off the monster’s arm and slicing through its chest.

It cuts to a meteor in the Veil, then to John as viewed from someone sitting on the floor at his feet. It fades to a timer labeled Reckoning. 6 red lights flash at the top of it as it ticks down from 14 seconds. It fades to the babies sitting by the transportalizers. John sits on the Sassacre’s book. Nanna sits in Dad’s old hat. Mutini sits by Roxy. Jade and Rose hold the bunnies John gave them. Grandpa has two flintlock pistols. Dave clings to Maplehoof. Bro sleeps in Cal’s lap. It fades to John chewing on the corner of the book. He and the book disappear in a crackle of lightning. Nanna wears the hat and wrestles with Rose for the bunny, then both them and their items disappear. Mom and Grandpa go next, then Bro and Cal, then Jade and her bunny, then Dave and Maplehoof. It cuts to the outside of the meteor where outlines of each baby circle around it.

It cuts to the battlefield. An insect like, checkerboard rook walks across the field and several ships fly in the sky. A prospitan airplane, submarine, and sailing ship fly on the left side and a Dersite spaceshhip and two submarines fly on the left. In the distance, a checkerboard castle burns. The screen flashes white for a moment and the red lightning bursts across the screen. It slices a derse submarine in half and cuts the wing off the prospitan plane. Where it slams into the ground, it opens massive fissures.

It fades to Jack Noir holding his sword and facing off against the last of the joint army. Three carapaces are on the right side of the screen, each holding a purple machine gun. It pans over to them, revealing even more of them in the line. The red lightning fades in behind them and then a white Jack Noir silhouette fades in front. A red spiral with lightning coming from the outer edges surrounds the ring. Everything behind him fades to black, then fades in on carapaces and monsters elsewhere on the planet looking up in horror. It fades to show the battlefield planet. The left half of it is cracked. The fissures all glow red and are spreading across half of the planet. The screen flashes white, then fades in on the Courtyard Droll, who holds the White King’s scepter. It fades to Jack Noir, who reaches out and takes the scepter from his underling. It zooms out quickly and Jack Noir stands on top of a checkerboard mountain with the scepter held above his head. The blue sky behind him fades to blood red. It zooms in on the skaia orb on top of the scepter, which begins to glow. A ring of red meteors appears around it and the background flashes quickly between white, black, and red. A red glow appears around the orb as the meteors fade to grey.

It fades to the Frog Temple Meteor. One of the meteors behind it turns red, then a second one. They both zip off screen, flying towards Skaia. It zooms in on the temple, then the Droog carapace fades in. The Meow code scrolls behind him. It cuts back to the machine with Halley and the slot. The blue button flashes. It zooms out and shows a paradox slime copy of Halley collapse into a pile of goo and get sucked into the machine. Lightning crackles across the screen and it goes black. A hazy green ring grows in the center of the screen and throws off green lightning. The screen flashes white and when that fades, a Baby Bec appears in the center of the ring. He flashes green and the ring grows to take up the whole screen. The background fades to show the machine that created him destroyed by green lightning the same way that Noir’s red lightning destroyed things. A.R watches in horror. The screen fades to white.

A picture of Jade asleep in bed fades in, then it fades to Prospit in orbit around Skaia. It fades to a walkway on one of the towers as Dream Jade flies along it. Another version of her appears in the top left corner, then fades to Dreambot in the same position. The background fades to Jade’s home and Dreambot flies towards it. Dream Jade’s tower superimposes on top of the house and Dreambot fades to Dream Jade. It zooms out to one of the streets on Prospit’s moon. The former White Queen stands on the bow of a ship, overlooking the city. The three carapaces who watched Dream Jade with the computer stand behind her. The ship lifts up and it fades to show all of Prospit. A large yellow ship flies away from it.

Dream Jade stands on top of her tower, but the moon is rotated so that she looks up at Skaia and the image is upside down. It cuts to her face as a shadow of Jack Noir crosses it. Everything but the shadow fades to a blue sky, which Noir flies across. A line sweeps across the screen, turning
everything into crackling green lightning. A silhouette of Bec’s head appears in the center of the screen. It starts out filled with static, but quickly flashes Bro riding on Maplehoof, then Prospit, then back to static.

It fades to spires on Prospit cracking and falling apart under a siege of red lightning. It fades to another section where countless white carapaces lay dead in the streets. It flashes, then changes to show the entire planet. Most of the planet is being ripped apart by the lightning. Jack Noir fades in over the planet, which then changes to a section of the city where the moon chain connects being destroyed. He flies in towards the chain with his sword out. It focuses in on a single link, then goes black. A motion blur crosses the screen and when it returns to the image, Jack Noir is flying through the gap in the link he sliced in half. It fades to the moon spinning away from the planet and falling into Skaia. A red shockwave appears in front of it as it enters the sky.

A wing sweeps across the screen and it transitions to Jack Noir flying above a clockwork mechanism. The angle changes to show it from above. The mechanism looks like a giant turntable made of gears with a giant record on top. Bro stands on the record, watching Noir come in. It flashes to Noir, then to Bro. Bro points at Noir with one hand and holds his blade up with the other, as if challenging him. They begin to fight.

Noir jumps up and attempts to swing his sword down at Bro, but Bro easily catches the blade on his own. He launches a counterattack, but they get caught in a stalemate, trading blows but not landing any. The screen flashes white, then fades to a white silhouette of Bro against a black background. He holds his sword out to the side and lava reflects in his glasses. It flashes white again and fades to a black silhouette of Jack Noir against a red background. He also holds his sword out. It cuts back to Bro, who holds his sword with two hands like he’s about to stab downwards. A motion blur crosses the screen diagonally and it fades to Bro crouched beside his sword, which he stabbed into the record they were standing on. The record cracks in a lightning-like pattern. The cracks themselves glow orange and begin shooting out beams of light. Jack Noir pauses for a moment, then goes after Bro again, who jumps out of the way of his sword.

It cuts back to the Bec silhouette against the green lightning. His silhouette flashes static, then the giant record, then Prospit, then the White Queen and her followers on their boat, then back to static.

Abruptly, like someone changed the channel, it switches to a Squiddles scene. It breaks off from the song Descend and plays part of the song Squiddles! instead. A purple squiddle floats in the center of the screen with smaller pink, green, orange, and blue ones poking out from behind it. At the bottom of the screen, there’s a line of identical squiddles. The top of the screen says Squiddles! In purple bubble letters. It cuts to a video game style animation of a pirate standing on gold blocks with squiddles carved in them. Squiddles hover in the air around him. Two blue ones become Tangle Buddies and change color to pink and red. The same happens in another spot and the remaining squiddles mob the sailor. It cuts out quickly, like someone changed the channel back to the Bec silhouette. The song changes back to Descend.

Bec’s silhouette shows Mom with her gun on Grandpa’s ship.

It cuts to broken bits of buildings from Prospit’s moon plummeting towards Skaia and burning up in the atmosphere. The room at the top of one of the dreamer towers, now cracked by lightning and the heat of entry, comes on screen. Dream John, who is still asleep, falls out of the tower along with his harlequin doll and ghosty bedsheets. Jade flies down to try and catch him before he can fall. Just as she grabs him, the scene changes to a mountainous region of the battlefield that is already cracked by the lightning. Prospit’s moon falls closer and closer to the surface. It cuts back to Dream John as Dream Jade tries to shake him awake. It cuts to a wide shot of the moon falling towards the planet. It cuts back to the dreamers as Jade shouts in frustration and slaps John repeatedly. The moon gets closer and closer, but he still doesn’t wake up. It goes back to the entire planet. The moon glows red from the heat of entry. Jade tosses John out from between the moon and battlefield, then looks up. Just before impact, it cuts back to show the whole planet. A white light starts at the point of impact, then quickly engulfs the whole screen.

It cuts to Jade’s home. Dreambot stands on top of her bedroom and crackles with white and green
lightning. It twitches as it malfunctions, then explodes into a plume of black smoke. Jade, who is still asleep, and many of her belongings plummet towards the ground. It flashes to Dream John, who is now awake. He stares at the destruction in confused horror. It quickly zooms out, showing a massive crater taking up nearly an eighth of the surface of the battlefield. It fades to white, then to Skaia, where a now moonless Prospit still orbits. Meteors bear down on Skaia, but green spirographs pop into existence around it, forming a loose shield of portals. A portal catches a meteor, and as it goes through, it disappears. The same thing happens to a second meteor. It cuts to a meteor’s surface where Baby John sits with his book. It cuts to a different meteor with Baby Rose and the bunny. Then to Dave with Maplehoof. Jade with the other bunny. Nanna with the hat. Mom with Mutini. Bro with Cal. Grandpa with the pistols. Everything fades to white.

It cuts to Rose using her eldritch wands to blast a hole in the head of a monster who was trying to run away. It cuts to Dave with his sword over his shoulder as he stares up at his gate, then to the gate itself. The red gate transforms into a purple one and the background fades from black to bright blue. It zooms out and Rose stares up at her gate. She sends out whips of purple magic and it cuts to a view from the base of her house as her roof explodes into black smoke. It goes back to Dave, who looks completely unbothered as he rides the Unreal Air up to and through his gate. Rose is engulfed in red and purple light as she is thrown through the air above the sea. It cuts back to Skaia and zooms in on one of the portals. Everything goes white, then Earth appears. It flashes to John’s neighborhood, then back to white.

A wavering mushroom cloud slowly fades in.

After a few moments of nothing, Jade’s island at night fades in. Bec sits near the frog temple. Where Jade’s room was is now just a plume of smoke. It pans up, revealing a massive meteor flying towards the island. A Bec outline slowly closes in on the scene. It disappears and the screen is black once more.

A faint white spirograph appears in the center of the screen. Text appears at the top.

4 slash 13 slash 2009 to 5 slash 31 slash 2010
Day 413

Next

[Image description: A red curtain closes over the meteor bearing down on Jade’s island.]

End of act 4

Next

[Image description: It shows the GameFAQ forum and a new update to Rose’s walkthrough.]

[ZZZZ] Rose: Egress.

This is my final entry.

My co-players and I have made every earnest attempt, with occasional relapse, to play this game the right way. I have been meticulous in documenting the process to help our peers and successors through the trials should we fail. In my hubris I believed these classes were relegated to the Earth-bound, but in even this quaint supposition I was in error. Our otherworldly antagonists have assured us of our inevitable failure repeatedly, while the gods whisper corroboration in my sleep. I believe them now.

I just blew up my first gate. I'm not sure why I did it, really.

I am not playing by the rules anymore. I will fly around this candy-coated rock and comb the white
sand until I find answers. No one can tell me our fate can't be repaired. We've come too far. I jumped out of the way of a burning fucking tree, for God's sake.

I have used a spell to rip this walkthrough from Earth's decaying networks, and sealed it in one of the servers floating in the Furthest Ring. The gods may disperse the signal throughout the cosmos as they wish. Perhaps it will be of use to past or future species who like us have been ensnared by Skaia's malevolent tendrils.

In case it wasn't clear, magic is real.

Pardon my egress. You're on your own now.

RL

Note; RL is signed in Rose’s cursive, but in flickering rainbow colors and looks like it has been carved directly into the website. Past the signature, it looks like the website has been shredded. Below it is the void with faint outlines of eldritch gods. Floating in the center of the void is a rectangular purple contraption that looks like a remote of some sort. There is a lilac moon in the center of it and two rows of flashing blue lights at the bottom. An antenna with a flashing blue orb at the end sticks out of the top.

Hours in the future...

[Image description: W.V stands in a desert with the ruins of a city in the distance. A plume of smoke comes from behind the dunes he’s standing on. He wears white wrappings with grey designs on them. A second image zooms in. The grey designs on his wrappings are the same ghosts as the ones on John’s sheets.]

The warweary calls another broken planet home, another cloth his garb. Land and rags fit for the wayward.

A villein becomes a vagabond.

the recent past is recalled...

[Image description: W.V, still in his purple farmer outfit, stands in the center of a field filled with the corpses of fallen carapace soldiers. Dream John’s harlequin doll sits beside him. A second image shows W.V reaching for the doll.]

An Accursed Mascot is located among fallen brethren. Its visage, reviled.

Next

[Image description: He rips the head off the doll. Behind him, a white square falls from the sky. A second image shows him looking up at the square, which is the sheet that fell from Dream John’s tower.]

A Rag of Souls drifts from the heavens. Its owner, a mystery.

Next

[Image description: Dream John stands by Dream Jade’s corpse. She is smudged with soot from the impact. A black smudge mars the checkerboard behind him. A second image shows him reaching for the White Queen’s ring, which she still wears.]
A boy finds a dead friend. Her ring, recovered.

Next

[Image description: John looks up into the clouds. One of them shows a checkerboard castle elsewhere on the battlefield with John flying nearby. The castle flies a burning Prospit banner. Massive plumes of smoke rise from the landscape around it. A second image shows John looking up towards the cloud. He’s in the same stance he took when passing out bunnies to Casey, Rose, and Jade.]

The boy sees himself in a cloud. His destination, revealed.

Hours in the future...

[Image description: P.M stands in a desert. She wears yellow wrappings made of Prospit banners. Her Parcel Maiden outfit sits in the sand behind her and she holds a prospit banner, which she slices a strip from with the regisword. Mailboxes litter the sand around her and a plume of smoke comes from behind a dune. A second image zooms in on her.]

A mistress becomes a mendicant.

the recent past is recalled...

[Image description: P.M, still in her now tattered Parcel Maiden uniform, glares down at something. Her sword drips blood and she holds a radio in her free hand. A speech bubble coming from the radio has a spade in it. A second image shows the Boxcars-like carapace’s decapitated head sitting at her feet in a pool of blood.]

A communication device is borrowed. A rendezvous, arranged.

Next

[Image description: P.M stands at the top of a waterfall with the White King and Queen’s crowns in her hands. She looks up as Jack Noir flies in. The waterfall has red streaks of blood in it. A second image shows her staring down at the carapace she just beheaded. Her sword sits in her mailbag at her feet.]

The slayer is summoned. The collateral, presented.

Next

[Image description: Noir snaps his fingers. A second image shows him and Courtyard Droll standing on the opposite side of the river. Droll holds the green package.]

The droll is beckoned. The bargain, honored.

Next

[Image description: John flies near the castle he saw in the cloud. P.M stands on the ground below him. A second image shows her looking up at him with an angry expression.]

The boy finds the castle. His courier's path, crossed.

Next

[Image description: She shoves the box into John’s chest with a Boof. A second image shows her
stalking away. She has deep bags under her eyes and keeps them on the ground as she leaves."

The mail is delivered. An obligation, satisfied.

Next

[Image description: John leans back against a bulge in the landscape. The box sits beside him, open, and he holds a letter.]

The package is opened. Letters, read.

John!

[Image description: The letter is written in dark green ink and has narrow, angular handwriting.]

John!

From what I heartell youve been through a bit of an adventure by the time youre reading this. Thats so great. I love adventure and i would bet my bottom boonbuck you do too. I think we are birds of a feather john. I am pretty eager to meet you. Oh yeah i should have mentioned we are going to meet some day. I hear you like movies is that right john? I love movies too. Have you ever seen weekend at bernies? So friggin hilarious. Its hard to talk to jade about movies because she doesnt really know about movies but im sure you know that. Booring. Ha ha just kidding jade you know i love you and i think youre a blast.

Anyway you should listen to jade from here on out john because she sure seems to know whats best for you. Whatever your adventure throws at you im sure shell tell you you can handle it. She believes in you.

There is another page to this letter…

Next

[Image description: It shows another section of the letter in the same handwriting.]

Oh kicking christ in a dirty diaper i almost forgot to mention whats in this box. Sorry this shits so small. I mean obviously its small. Contents:
Royal Deringer
Quills of Echidna
Ahab's Crosshairs

Note: The last item on the list is cut off at the bottom of the picture, so that may not be the entire list.]

There is another letter from a different author...
dear john,

happy birthday!!!!!!! (Very happy face)

even though its super late and you probably went through a lot of trouble to get it, i really hope this present cheers you up! you looked so sad while you were reading my letter. um... which is to say, the one you are reading now. i can explain!!!

you see, when i go to sleep, in my dreams i wake up on the moon of a planet called prospit. by now you must know about this place! i have lived there in my dreams most of my life and i made so many friends there over the years. and you were there too! but you were asleep. the fact that you are awake now i think means all my friends are in trouble. you are awake because it is your job to help them. we will both help them!

but ummm..... i know these things because while i was on the moon, whenever it passed through skaia i could see lots of things in the clouds. the past, the future, stuff about our friends, and stuff about you! now that you are awake, and apparently at the center of skaia (?? WOW!!) you should be able to see stuff in the clouds too. maybe you already have!

about this present! my penpal helped me work on it. he included a letter too! he’s really funny and silly, i like him a lot and i think you would too. it took a long time between the two of us. and sure the present looks like a fun and completely ridiculous thing to get, but it is also really important! you are getting it exactly when you need it most. maybe thats hard to believe but its true! i saw it happen already. i dont see everything john, and i definitely dont know everything thats going to happen. but when i do know something, i always try to do my best to help people in the future! when im supposed to that is. youll get the hang of it.

john i am REALLY looking forward to seeing you when you wake up!!!! its been nice playing with my prospitian friends and all, but also kind of lonely knowing you were in the other tower sleeping and having lousy dreams. (sad face) im not sure where i am when you are reading this but im sure ill make it down to where you are soon! (jeez how did you get down there?? oh well ill find out) i cant wait to fly around the moon with you and show you all my favorite places. itll be so much fun!!!!!!!! (Very happy face)

(heart)

jade
A boy's grief is interrupted. His ring, sought.

Next

[Image description: A bunny that looks like a cyborg version of the partially knit bunny stands next to the now overturned package. Parts of its ears, the area around one eye, its upper chest, one hip and one leg are all robotic. One of its eyes is green, and the other is red. On its chest is a blue atom symbol. It carries a broken sword with an ornate gold crossbar in its left hand. On its back are what looks like an ornate, blue harpoon gun, and a pair of white wands that look like they’re made of bundled twigs, but in an almost elven, ethereal way. In its right hand is a hammer that wouldn’t look out of place in a circus. Its handle is red and blue spiraling lines with a light blue and yellow grip in the same candy cane like pattern. The hammer head is a large blue square that’s split between a lighter blue on the striking surface and a deep blue on the back. The counterweight is a slightly bent cone shape striped with red, pink, blues, yellow, and green. At the end of it is a pink sphere with a face painted on it. There are oval blush marks and triangles painted on for eyebrows, like it’s wearing clown makeup. The point of connection between the head and the handle has a large Z on it. A second image shows Noir’s scarred eye widening in shock.]

The toy has taken a new master. The tactician, a misstep.

Next

[Image description: Silhouettes of Noir, the weapon-laden cyborg bunny, and John stand against an entirely black background.]

Check.

Hours in the future...

[Image description: A.R stands in a desert. Two boxes and his old Regulator uniform lay in the sand around him. He holds a roll of caution tape, which he is winding around himself. In the distance are a large plume of smoke and the ruins of the frog temple. A second image zooms in on him. One of the boxes is a crate from Jade’s island with the grandpa logo on the side. It is filled with rolls of caution tape. The other box is an ammo case filled with boxes of bullets.]

A regulator becomes a renegade.

the recent past is recalled...

[Image description: A.R, in his Regulator uniform, flies away from the frog temple meteor. A green beam of light shoots from the window at the top. Near the window, lightning crackles.]

A temple is fled. And soon, revisited.

Next

[Image description: He flies back towards the meteor facility John used to make the babies.]

A nearby laboratory is also revisited. Its satellites, dispatched.

Next

[Image description: A.R stands by the transportalizers. John is asleep on the floor in front of him. A.R pokes him with his nightstick. A second image shows A.R throwing his arms up in surprise and John tumbling across the floor, still asleep.]
A sleeping boy is found. Rumbling, ominous.

Next

[Image description: The meteor they’re on flies across space, hurdling towards Skaia and leaving a red trail of fire in its wake. A second image shows A.R freaking out in the facility. John still sleeps, but his Z speech bubble bounces around. The transportalizers crackle with red lightning.]

The lab is in flight. Its exits, inoperative.

Next

[Image description: The meteor flies towards a portal. John is tied to the rocket board with caution tape and flies safely away from the facility.]

Another public servant makes a sacrifice. A citizen's safety, secured.

Next

[Image description: Jack Noir flies away. The cyborg bunny watches him leave. A second image shows Grandpa's ship landing on the burning battlefield.]

A tyrant is retreating. A battleship, landing.

Next

[Image description: A pair of feet stand near Dream Jade’s body. A second image shows Grandpa carrying his granddaughter away.]

Next

[Image description: Mom and Dad wave goodbye at the ship as it flies away, leaving them on the battlefield.]

Next

[Image description: Grandpa steers his ship. A tear rolls down his cheek. A second image shows Dream Jade standing behind him. A line of stitches goes up the side of her face and she stands on a platform with a plaque on the front. It reads Jade Harley.]

A grandfather mourns. A family tradition, honored.

Next

[Image description: The former White Queen stares at the ruins of Prospit. A second image shows her ship flying towards a portal.]

A queen mourns. A kingdom, bid farewell.

Hours in the future...

[Image description: The White Queen, now in the white, hooded wrap of the Windswept Questant, stands in a desert. Behind her, the carapace civilians she was able to save stand around her ship, watching her leave.]
Her journey through the windswept must be walked alone. Her entourage, bid farewell.

A queen becomes a questant.

and then years...

[Image description: Two halves of the egg shaped facility sit half buried in the sand among crumbling remnants of skyscrapers. A second image shows W.Q standing on top of a dune, looking down at the right half.]

Next

[Image description: She holds a metal tube with a spirograph carved into the base. A second image shows her inside the facility, standing near a power bank. On the left side of the power bank are two carvings of eggs. One is whole and one is cracked up the center. A dial below them points to the cracked one. The tube in her hands matches the design on the dial.]

A key is employed.

Next

[Image description: It shows a blue sky. The two halves of the facility fly on from opposite sides of the screen and press together along the crack. The sky flashes red, then the crack repairs itself with a red glow and fades until there’s not even a scar. The sburb house logo is painted on the front of the facility.]

A command station, repaired.

Next

[Image description: W.Q looks down at W.V. In the background, their two facilities sit in the sand.]

Next

[Image description: All the exiles stand in Exile Town. W.V holds his knife yardstick combo and stands in front of City Hall. W.Q stands in front of him. A.R stands off to the left side and P.M to the right. Serenity hovers above City Hall and flashes.]

Next

[Image description: W.V reaches towards the binding that connects his knife to the yardstick. A second image shows him reaching under them. A third shows what he was reaching for. He pulls the White Queen’s Ring from the wrappings. It glows brightly and the orbs on it flash.]

Next

[Image description: His arm glows gold as he holds it out in his palm. A second image zooms in on Serenity, who says something in morse code. Dash dash dash. Dot dot dot dot. Dash dash. Dash dot dash dash. This translates to Oh My.]

Next

[Image description: W.V holding out the ring appears in a Skaian Cloud. John stands on the ground]
and looks up at it.]

Next

[Image description: John holds out the White Queen’s Ring, which he took from Jade. One of the orbs is still grey.]

Next

[Image description: He closes his fist and looks up. Next to him, the cyborg bunny holds the sword. The other weapons are back in the box behind them.]

Next

[Image description: A second cloud to the right of the one with W.V and the ring shows the unexploded tower of Jade’s house.]

There's another cloud.

Next

[Image description: It shows the tower. The offshoot with Jade’s bedroom is completely gone. All that remains is a crumbling stump of its support. A second image zooms in on the orb at the top of the tower.]

And inside, a dark laboratory, unused for years.

Next

[Image description: The fourth wall, dead Dream Jade, and a stuffed and mounted Halley stand in a room surrounded by things Grandpa has collected. The plaque on Halley’s base says Harley, which is how the babies pronounced their guardian’s name.]

And inside, a Fourth Wall, pilfered from a bureaucrat's office and absconded with years ago.

It isn't turned on.

But if it was, this is almost certainly what we would see.

Recap 2.

[Image description: A drawing of Andrew Hussie in his office flails his arms at his keyboard. Sound effects pop up with every impact. TAP TAP BANG BANG. A drawing of the painting of a horse fighting a football player is on the wall behind him.]

recap log
Picking up from where we left off...

I typed a really long recap. Then some other stuff happened.

GC (gallowsCalibrator) helped John fly to the second gate, which took him to Rose's world, LOLAR. He crashed into Rose's room, where he found her asleep. He snooped through her room, and Dave tricked him into giving him the code to duplicate Rose's writing journals. John opened the package Rose made for his birthday. It contained the bunny from Con Air, the same one John got from Dave, but older and dirtier, and modified with Rose's knitting. She'd had the bunny since she was very young.
John leaves Casey the salamander (Bubbles Viceroy Von Salamancer) in the room. He briefly speaks with G.A (grimAuxiliatrix) from Rose's computer, and pretends to be Rose. She believes he is, triggering a convoluted series of conversations between her and the real Rose in both the past and future, in no particular order. G.A gets help with her computer from T.A (twinArmageddons) in time to see Rose at her computer, having woken up.

Before she woke up, Dream Rose was awake on Derse's moon. She now had memories from her future self's doomed alternate reality. She flew to Dream Dave's tower, and got his attention with a ball of yarn, causing real Dave to fall asleep. They had a dream dance party. Dream Rose threw Dream Cal out the window. Bro's rocket board caught Dream Cal. A.R (question mark) followed the board and Cal to a transportalizer on Derse, which lead to a meteor lab in the veil.

Meanwhile on LOLAR, Rose's mom defeated a huge monster. The pony, Maplehoof, followed her and collected the grist windfall. Both mom and the pony then transported to the meteor lab. John's dad found a clean hat John had deposited into a parcel pyxis. Dad followed Jade's grandpa, who was carrying John's Sassacre book, into some ruins. They both transported to the meteor lab too. Meanwhile, John used the grist collected by the pony to make a normal sized version of a giant hammer, Fear No Anvil, which Davesprite gave him the code for. Dream Rose saw John on Dream Dave's computer, and woke up. She went out to see him, but he had already blasted off. He took the mutant kitten, Vodka Mutini (Doctor Meowgon Spengler), with him.

John found the ruins that mom and the pony went into. He went in and killed some powerful monsters with his new hammer. He transported to the meteor lab as well.

In the lab he found no one, except the pony. Some other stray items were on the floor. Dad's dirty hat, the Sassacre book, Dream Cal. He found some apparatus used to genetically engineer footsoldiers and agents for the white and black armies from chess piece DNA. He also found a junior ectobiologist's lab suit, and a series of terminals much like those the exiles would find in the far future. He would use this apparatus to create paradox clones of himself, his friends, and their guardians.

Meanwhile A.R (question mark) surfed bro's rocket board to a different meteor containing the frog temple that would later root itself near Jade's island. Inside he found the same time capsule she would find later. He also found some more lab equipment used for ectobiology. This equipment would soon be used to create Becquerel, a mutated combination of the genes from an ordinary dog in the early 20th century, and the DNA code in one of Rose's journals. A.R (question mark) hides in the lab when he hears one of Jack's henchmen, the Draconian Dignitary. D.D is carrying Rose's duplicated journals which he stole from Dave, and Dave's beta which was used as a bookmark. He discards the beta into the time capsule. Millions of years later (from the capsule's perspective) Jade would retrieve that beta and use it to connect with Dave, allowing him to enter the medium.

Dave created the journal duplicates after an extensive alchemy binge. Rose too had a similar alchemy session, and both kids upgraded their weapons and gear. Rose made a pair of needlewands, crossed with her grimoire, and took up the art of dark magic. She used this magic to burn her journal, thus destroying the genetic code. She was advised to do so by the gods of the Furthest Ring, whom she was now able to communicate with in her dreams. The gods live far beyond the veil, and advise the children of the moon of Derse, and serve as the counterpart to the role Skaia plays for the children of Prospit's moon. They deemed the code which would inevitably be used to create Becquerel to be dangerous.

Dave decided to destroy his copy too. But when he went back to his room, he discovered they were stolen. He also found his own dead body, which apparently was him from the very near future attempting to go back in time and stop the thief, D.D. Dave decided not to attempt any more time
travel, and disposed of the body. GC (gallowsCalibrator) discussed the matter with him, and pledged to help him by telling him his future along the way, so that he would not have to face the death of more future selves, or suffer the sort of embarrassment he went through while entering the medium.

Previously unseen, the way Dave entered the medium was as follows. As the large meteor was bearing down on his city, Dave climbed the radio tower on top of his building with his broken sword in hand to reach the nest built by the Crowsprite. The sprite guarded the egg, which unknown to Dave, simply needed time to hatch before he could enter. The sprite pecked his head and he fell. He was saved by bro's rocket board. Meanwhile, bro was on top of the meteor, riding it as it descended. He used his sword to chop it in half, splitting it into two pieces, diverting the initial impact from their building to two separate impact sites. He thus bought a little more time for the egg to hatch, which it did, just before their location was consumed by the blasts.

On Prospit's moon, P.M (question mark) prepared to depart for the Battlefield at the center of Skaia, to seek the king's counsel on what to do with the queen's ring. She was tailed by another of Noir's lackeys, the Courtyard Droll. C.D picked her pocket and stole the ring. P.M (question mark) departed via shuttle to Skaia. Dream Jade then clobbered C.D, and recovered the ring. She tried it on, but its power has no effect on humans. Later, C.D would travel to the Battlefield and continue tailing P.M (question mark).

The Battlefield is a planet at the center of Skaia. It undergoes a transformation with each player that enters the medium, and each new prototyped kernel introduced. It starts as a simple 3x3 chessboard with two kings in perpetual stalemate, and expands to a larger board and more exotic collection of pieces with the first player entering. Then it become a much larger cube with the second player. And then an even larger sphere, with oceans, trees, mountains and pastures with the third. It presumably will transform again with the fourth.

The armies of the black and white kingdoms duel there. Soldiers are airlifted from meteor facilities in the veil to supply the manpower. Enormous mutant chess-like monsters stalk the landscape. The two kings command their armies from the field. They each have a scepter that serves a similar purpose to the queens' rings. When activated, a scepter causes a king to be a giant, and bear the properties of all the prototypings. A king is able to deactivate a scepter, to hand it off to another so that they will not be affected in that way. When the black king captures the white king's scepter, the Reckoning begins. The Reckoning sends all the meteors in the veil toward Skaia, in stages. First the small ones, then gradually, the bigger ones, over a 24 hour period.

There was a Warweary Villein on the Battlefield who was a simple farmer and was tired of the conflict. W.V (question mark) united a band of soldiers from both armies to lead a rebellion against the black king. Before they could attack the king, Jack Noir, now empowered by the black queen's ring, intercepted the coup. He destroyed the king's scepter, and killed the king. Jack then killed the entire rebellion army, sparing only W.V (question mark). Perhaps to leave a survivor to tell the story, or perhaps out of respect for a fellow mutineer. Only he knows. Meanwhile, P.M (question mark) met with the white king. He disabled his scepter, and gave it to her along with his crown. P.M (question mark) now had the crowns of the white king and queen, and the white scepter, but discovered she had misplaced the white queen's ring. Jack's muscle, the Hegemonic Brute, had been tailing the white king. H.B then followed P.M (question mark), and attacked her. She dropped the scepter off a cliff. She would regroup and chop off H.B's head with the regisword Jack gave her to kill the white monarchs. C.D, who had been tailing both of them, recovered the white scepter, and delivered it to Jack. Jack used it to initiate the Reckoning, and would proceed to go on a more extensive rampage, devastating the Battlefield and Prospit.

Back in the meteor lab, John began the ectobiology session which appeared to have been prepared
for him in advance by the guardians who had just been there. The four monitors were all locked onto the kids' guardians at certain points in time, each on the day of one of the kid's "birth". On Jade's birthday, nanna was locked onto in John's neighborhood, by the Betty Crocker factory. The meteor carrying baby Jade crashed into the factory and destroyed it. Her grandpa, the owner of that factory, would adopt her. John's dad witnessed, and would spend years investigating. On Dave's birthday, grandpa was locked onto while he was on his yacht, pioneering the island for the first time. He was sailing with baby Jade. Overhead, there was the meteor carrying baby Dave, which would crash into bro's favorite record shop. On Rose's birthday, bro was locked onto as he stood over the crater where he would find baby Dave. He would give him a tiny pair of pointy shades. Overhead, there was a meteor carrying baby Rose, which would land in a lake and destroy it. Rose's mom would retrieve and adopt her. Months later, on John's birthday, mom would bring Rose to John's neighborhood to investigate the destruction of grandpa's factory, and related stellar phenomena. The target was locked on her. Dad came out of the family joke shop to greet her, leaving nanna inside. The meteor carrying baby John destroyed the shop, killing nanna. Dad would adopt John, and Rose's mom disappeared. Dad retrieved her scarf, and filed the clue away for his ongoing investigation.

John attempted (unwittingly) to appearify all four guardians. But since removing them from those moments would have caused a paradox, he instead paradoxified their ghost slime imprints. This slime was collected into two pairs of containers. One pair collected nanna and grandpa's slime. The other pair collected mom and bro's. The device then created baby paradox clones of the four guardians. These babies would then later be sent back in time to become those guardians themselves.

Once those four clones were created, another sequence activated. The two pairs of slime tubes emptied into vats below. The nanna slash grandpa slime mixed together, and separately, the mom slash bro slime mixed together as well. An additional four paradox clones were created from those two slime concoctions. Baby John and Jade were created from the nanna slash grandpa slime. Baby Rose and Dave were created from the mom slash bro slime. These four babies would also go back in time to become the four kids, via meteors, in the sequence and on the dates listed above.

All eight babies would each ride their own meteors, launched from the veil after Jack started the Reckoning, and into the defense portals deployed by Skaia to protect itself. The defense portals each lead to Earth, as Skaia defends itself, in a way, by sacrificing Earth. While most meteors are sent to the time period when the kids begin the game, many lead to a number of different time periods. Some thirteen years prior to the game (used by the kids), some nearly a century prior (used by nanna and grandpa), some millions of years ago (used, eventually, by the frog temple meteor), and some to the far future (used by the exiles).

And all eight of them would travel with an object or animal. John with his Sassacre book, which would become the much older-looking family heirloom stored in dad's safe, with Nannasprite's inscription to John on it. Rose with the dirty bunny Dave gave John for his birthday. Dave with the pony, Maplehoof. Jade with the knit-repaired bunny Rose got John for his birthday, which Rose cherished since "birth". Nanna with dad's dirty hat. Mom with Mutini (Meowgon). Grandpa with two flintlock pistols which older Grandpa left behind for him in the lab (which would eventually both wind up in Jade's room). And bro with Dream Cal, which would later be fitted with a new personalized shirt, and would become real Cal, the same doll that would haunt Dave's waking life, and consequently, his dreams.

All of these babies and their items would automatically be transported to their own meteors at the onset of the Reckoning. John made absolutely sure to give baby Rose and Jade their bunnies when he saw an opportunity to reenact a scene from one of his favorite movies, much to the dismay of a watching C.G (carcinoGeneticist).
While A.R (question mark) was in the frog temple lab, he would see more of young nanna and grandpa's story. On 4 slash 13, 1910, exactly 99 years prior to John's "birth", baby nanna's meteor destroyed a bakery owned by Betty Crocker. Nanna was adopted by Crocker's husband, Colonel Sassacre, and taken to live in his mansion. 8 days later, grandpa's meteor destroyed the dog house belonging to Sassacre's dog, Halley. Halley was elsewhere, and was unharmed. When Sassacre and nanna went to investigate the crater, Sassacre was shot and killed accidentally with one of grandpa's pistols. Halley then showed up (who young grandpa would tend to pronounce "Harley" due to his speech impediment), and would largely serve as their guardian for the next 13 years, with presumably some parental influence from the wicked Crocker. On his 13th birthday, grandpa would run off with Harley to find adventure. Nanna would stay behind, contend with the batterwitch, and master the art of baking as well as take up her deceased grandfather's tradition of pranksterism.

Harley was locked onto by the frog temple's equipment. D.D activated the device, and produced a paradox clone of Harley combined with the controversial MEOW code to create puppy Bec. The spectacle terrified A.R (question mark), leaving a major impression on him. He would recognize Bec's silhouette carved on W.V's pumpkin years later. The pumpkin commanded his fear, and caused him to surrender.

Meanwhile, the grown-up versions of mom and dad were on board a flying battleship belonging to grandpa, who piloted it toward Skaia. Dad gave mom her long discarded scarf, from the day he lost his mother and found his son. The two guardians traded gestures of affection.

Jade remained asleep through it all, trying to stay on the moon as long as she could until she figured out how to wake John up. She talked about this with A.T (adiosToreador), who revealed he preferred his dream life on Prospit more than any aspect of the game, and regretted all the trolls' dream selves were now dead. Jade expressed surprise at the notion of dream self mortality.

After Jack used the full power of the ring to devastate the battlefield and the two armies, he turned his attention on Prospit, inflicting severe damage the same way. He then cut the chain connecting the moon to Prospit, sending the moon plummeting through the atmosphere of Skaia, and breaking up in the process. Dream John, still asleep, fell out of his tower and drifted down ahead of the falling moon. Dream Jade flew to intercept him, and spent a moment attempting to wake him before the moon's collision was imminent. At the last minute she flung Dream John out of the blast radius, but was not able to clear the blast herself. She died.

The blast left a massive crater on the Battlefield. This was the first thing Dream John saw when he woke up.

The death of Dream Jade caused her dreambot to malfunction and explode, destroying her room. Still asleep, Jade fell from her tower as Bec watched from a distance, and an enormous meteor loomed overhead.

Elsewhere, on Dave's world LOHAC, bro dueled with Jack briefly. It was a stalemate, until bro plunged his sword into the large floating record platform they were fighting on. This released a mysterious energy from the cracks. Bro escaped.

Rose completed her final GameFAQS walkthrough entry, and used magic to seal it in a server in the Furthest Ring, to be accessed by players in worlds beyond their own. She had destroyed her first gate on a whim, and resolved to search for answers to remedy the hopelessness of their doomed session. Meanwhile, Dave entered his first gate, riding into it with his awesome skateboard, Unreal Air.

The four exiles arrived on Earth years after its apocalypse, but years before they found their
respective command stations. W.V wrapped himself in John's dream blanket, which became dirty and unrecognizable over time. He found it along with a Jack-like doll on the Battlefield, which formerly sat in Dream John's bedroom, haunting his dreams. W.V (question mark) ripped it apart. P.M wrapped herself in a Prospit banner, which too faded in time. A.R wrapped himself in caution tape, using his own supply, as well as some fresh rolls he was lucky enough to discover near the ruined frog temple in one of grandpa's old crates. This was after he escaped that same temple in the medium, and found the meteor lab in which John slept. That meteor then took off for Skaia, via the Reckoning. A.R (question mark) taped John to the rocket board, and cast him off before the meteor went through a portal. Thus A.R became exiled. W.Q exiled herself with an entourage on a royal cruiser, and landed on Earth. She departed on a solo quest, leaving her people to their own devices. She discovered her command station, a large egg, broken in two pieces in the two large craters made by Dave's split meteor. She used a key to repair the egg station, and teleported to the present location of the exiles, the frog ruins at night, 413 years after the apocalypse of Earth.

On the Battlefield, Dream John found Dream Jade's body. He was sad and confused, and took her ring as a keepsake. Later, grandpa would land his ship on the Battlefield, find and recover her body, and use it to create a stuffed trophy as a memorial, as per the proud family tradition. He would depart in his ship, and leave mom and dad behind.

John saw a vision in a cloud directing him where to go. It was a castle where he would rendezvous with P.M (Question mark). P.M (Question mark), after beheading H.B, used his radio to summon Jack. He came, and she traded the two white crowns for the green box, Jade's present to John. He appeared pleased to uphold the bargain, either out of the misunderstanding that he was still under control of its contents, or out of respect for P.M (Question mark)'s tenacity and brutality in pursuing the prize. Only he knows.

P.M (Question mark) delivered the package to John, and then left, not thrilled by the trials caused by its recovery. John opened it to find letters from Jade, and her pen pal, who helped her make the present for him over several years. The gift was the pen pal's idea, and he himself was coerced into the plan by someone else. The box contained a modified version of the stuffed bunny John had received for his birthday twice already. It was the same knit-repaired bunny John sent back in time with baby Jade, and she presumably kept it as a cherished childhood toy ever since. It was now upgraded with mechanical parts, fully mobile and autonomous. It was also included with four powerful weapons, the Royal Deringer (broken sword), the Quills of Echidna (wands), Ahab's Crosshairs (rifle), and the Warhammer of Zillyhoo (hammer). Each was shrunken down to be "bunny sized".

As John mourned Jade's death over her letter, he was interrupted by Jack's sword. Jack was after the ring. But the heavily-armed mechanical bunny intervened, recognizing John as its new master. Jack, knowing the danger of the toy, was forced to retreat.

Finally, a cloud showed John what he was supposed to do with the ring. It was held by a mysterious black hand. In the far future on Earth, the exiles gathered around Exile Town. WQ asked W.V for something. W.V revealed he had been storing the complete, quad-prototyped ring in the sleeve of his Trusty Knife. It had been there all along, much to Serenity's surprise.

And then I started working on Act 5
6. Act 5 Act 1 Part 1

Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 5 Act 1: Mobius Double Reacharound, Part 1

ACT 5 Next

[Image description: A planet with two moons, one green and one pink, floats in a starless space.]

Elsewhere in paradox space, we examine another planet, forgotten by time.

But we will strive to remember. What was this planet's name?

Enter name.

[Image description: A text box appears above the planet. Strange runes appear from right to left like a name is being filled in. There are two words in the name, but it is otherwise undecipherable. A red symbol that looks like a curved beak appears at the right of the box.]

Oh, ha ha! Nice one, smartypants. Really hilarious.

But let's get real here. No more clowning around.

Try again.

[Image description: Another name fills in, this time with only one word. A green symbol appears on the right.]

That is much better. In fact, as it happens, your guess is precisely correct. What are the odds??

We examine the planet Alternia. Somewhere on this planet, there is a young troll.

Hivebent

[Image description: A troll boy with yellow eyes and a grey cancer sign on his shirt stands in front of a door, looking around. He has two nubby horns coming from his temples. They are red at the base and fade through orange to yellow at the tips. On the door is a poster with a Trollian logo and the words Trollian Beta. The doorknob is shaped like an insect of some sort. To the boy's left is a dresser with a large book and a white sickle. To his right is a purple contraption of some sort with two green circles on the side.]

Note: Because of the style of the drawing, it appears that the boy has no arms]

This young troll stands in his respiteblock. It just so happens that today, the 12th bilunar perigee of
the 6th dark season's equinox, is the day of this young troll's larval awakening, also known as his wriggling day. Though it was six solar sweeps ago he was given life, it is only today he will be given a name!

Six Alternian solar sweeps, for convenient reference, is equivalent to thirteen Earth years.

Earth, also for convenient reference, is a planet that does not yet exist.

What will the name of this young troll be?

Enter name.

You enter something predictably derogatory and this guy gets fed up by your shenanigans in record time.

This guy has a lot of troll pals and their adventures are going to be quite extensive and convoluted, to an even greater degree than one perhaps may be accustomed. He thinks that if you think that we have time to drag out every little gag and expected pattern along the way, you've got another thing coming. He thinks you should cram that sobering understanding in your chitinous windhole, and tamp it down hard with your ugly stupid looking cartilage nub.

Try again.

Your name is Karkat Vantas. As was previously mentioned, it is your Wriggling Day, which is barely even worth mentioning. It is an anniversary, if anything, to lament the faults of your existence, of which there are assuredly plenty.

Equally plenty, and somewhat related to that topic, are your interests. You have a passion for ridiculously terrible romantic movies and romcoms. You should really be embarrassed for liking this dreadful cinema, but for some reason you are not. You like to program computers, but you are notoriously pretty awful at it. Your programs invariably damage the machines on which they are executed, which is just as well, since you like to believe you specialize in computer viruses. When you mature, you aspire to join the ranks of the most lethal members of your society, the Threshecutioners. You like to practice with your really cool sickle, but just wind up looking like kind of a doofus by yourself in your room.

You like to chat with some of your other troll pals, most of which drive you batshit up the fucking belfry. You have been trying out a new chat client beta called trollian, and you are not really sure what you think about it yet. Your trolltag is carcinoGeneticist and you speak in a manner that is
ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY ORNERY, ALL THE TIME.

Later, you will play a game with 5 other friends, and go on a big adventure with them. This game, for convenient reference, is a game that Does Not Yet Exist.

But it will soon.

What will you do?

Karkat: Examine slimy purple pod.

[Image description: The boy, Karkat, stands closer to the purple thing.]

It is your Recuperacoon full of nourishing Sopor Slime. Every young troll enjoys the cozy embrace of such a vessel each night, and the relaxing ooze helps assuage the terrible visions of blood and carnage that plague the dark subconscious of your species.

It is so inviting... a few minutes couldn't hurt.

Karkat: Get in.

[Image description: Karkat sits in the slime, fully clothed. A little bit of slime is splashed out onto the rim and his face. He chatters in annoyance.]

Ok, this sure is cozy and all, but you can't be napping all day like a chump. Dammit, you're a busy guy. You are sort of a big deal.

Goddamn slime. Now you have to change your clothes too. What were you thinking?

Luckily all your clothes are the same. Trolls think fashion is stupid.

Karkat: Examine movie posters.

[Image description: Karkat stands on top of his recuperacoon and looks at his posters.]

Ok, it's time to get serious here. Sweet Troll Jegus. Let's get real and get down to some major business.

You space out and get caught up reading the titles of the films for about five minutes. Wow these movies are great. You don't care what anyone says. Pure magic.

Is that...

Is that John Cusack?

The thing that most people don't realize is that John Cusack is a universal constant.

Next

[Image description: He stands in front of the door, looking at the poster over his dresser.]

This movie...

Ok, this one even you have a hard time defending. But still, it's so good.

The best thing about it is how Troll Sandler doesn't make you want to punch anything.
Like, nothing at all, really hard or anything.

Karkat: Captchalogue sickle.

[Image description: He takes the sickle. A grey captchalogue card with the sickle in it appears in the top right corner. The card flashes black and green runes flash across it, then the card falls to the floor as a captchalogue card shaped safe. Karkat turns and glares at it.]

You grab your trusty Sickle with your Encryption Modus. To retrieve it, you'll need to hack the code to open the Card Vault left behind.

This will obviously prove to be a completely ridiculous and untenable way of managing an inventory, and lead to a great many follies. Later on, you would swap your modus with your hacker friend, a guy who unlike you happens to be competent with programming. It would only make sense.

But for the time being it makes your life kind of a nightmare. There are so many stupid things that happen because of this modus. So many, you just have no idea.

Karkat: Take card vault.

[Image description: He captchalogue the card vault. The card it goes into flashes with code, then falls to the floor. It's so heavy that it punches a hole through the floor and falls to the level below. Karkat pulls an angry expression.]

GOD.

DAMMIT.

You hear some unhappy grumbling through the hole below. This was not the coolest thing you could have done just now.

Karkat: Examine large black book.

[Image description: Karkat reaches up to take the book from his nightstand, which is shoulder height on him. The book has a face on it that consists of two large, white rings for eyes and a line with stitches across it for a mouth.]

You make quite sure NOT to captchalogue it, and simply pick it up and read it.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the face from the cover. A second image shows the first page of Chapter One. The header at the top shows many washed out skulls and gravestones. A caption at the top reads ~ATH - A Handbook for the Imminently Deceased.
Chapter One
Preapare your ~ATH file: "dig your grave"
A grey box off to the side is titled A BONE TO PICK! And says
"For death begins with life's first breath and life begins at touch of death" - Troll Will Smith
An outlined box below the header has a section of code in it.
~ATH open parenthesis THIS close parenthesis, open bracket
Slash slash ADDITIONAL GRAVES dot dot dot
Close bracket EXECUTE open parenthesis NULL close parenthesis semicolon
THIS dot DIE open parenthesis close parenthesis close parenthesis semicolon
To the right of the code is a cartoon of a grim reaper walking along with his scythe and briefcase in
hand."

It is a thick programming manual called "~ATH - a Handbook for the Imminently Deceased."

~ATH is an insufferable language to work with. Its logic is composed of nothing but infinite loops, or at best, loops of effectively interminable construction.

The above page in the intro section documents the simplest possible ~ATH code structure. Any code deviating from this basic structure will not compile.

You have a whole bunch of code samples you've been messing around with on your computer. It's been frustrating at best, and debilitating to your machine at worst.

Karkat: Leave your room.

[Image description: Karkat stands outside a door. All the walls in the new area are dark grey, like the walls of his respiteblock, but otherwise blank. A second image shows a convoluted house with strangely shaped structures, lots of balconies, and several bright red awnings. 12-paned windows of various sizes litter the outside of the many-storied structure. Karkat stands on a balcony on the second floor. In the distance are two other houses of similar design. The green moon is high in the sky, which looks like a sunset. Two large birds fly across it.]

You step outside your respiteblock, onto one of your hive's numerous extraterraneal landing slats. You were allowed to design this hive when you were young, after you emerged victorious from your trials deep in the brooding caverns. You have lived here with your Custodian ever since.

It's almost as if your people have placed great cultural importance on teaching children to become architecturally adept while very young. It has been this way since ancient times. No one seems to know why that is.

Getting to build your own hive at a young age using whatever meandering design you chose likely has left you jaded to the notion of customizing your abode. You certainly wouldn't get all that worked up about a game that happened to allow you to do such a thing.

At least not for that reason.

Karkat: Examine neighborhood.

[Image description: Karkat looks offscreen. A second image shows houses like his own, but with darker red awnings and fewer windows. There is a ring of lighter grass around each house, separating its lawn from the others and from public space. A third image shows the two moons. Both of them are crescent shaped. The green one is in the top left and is far larger than the pink one. The pink one is in the bottom right and seems to have a small pink moon of its own. There is text in the top right corner. Hivebent.]

The lawnrings are empty. Blood skims the voids in your porous cranial plates, as if grazing the hollow of a threshed stem, or say, an abandoned cocoon. A sour note is produced. It's the one Agitation plays to make its audience squirm.

It is your sixth wriggling day, and as with all five preceding it blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah.

Look.
You don't have time for fancy poetry. It's almost as useless as those arm-swing flappy things on mailboxes, assuming you even knew what those were, which you don't. Trolls don't have mail. Mail is almost as useless as poetry to them. Poetry is the swing arm flappy dealy of words, and mail is the red tilty lever doodad of giving people shit.

Frankly you don't know about things skimming voids or grazing hollows or whatever. You've got AMBITION. You were meant to be a bigshot. To be in charge of something huge and really important, and to be totally ruthless about it. You just haven't found the dominion in which you're destined for greatness yet. Or even a vague concept of it. You haven't found your purpose. But you will tonight.

You stew in your own impotent aggravation in the cool dusk breeze. During the dark seasons, it remains dusk for most of the day. It can stay dark for many bilunar perigees at a time. But even if it didn't, you would still have this feeling...

You have a feeling it's going to be a long night.

Karkat: Go back inside.

You head back into your block and hit up your computer station. No word from any of your loudmouth pals. No news is good news. Sweet music to your auricular sponge clots.

Karkat: Check out magazine.

It's the latest issue of Game Grub.

This one appears to boast about "exclusive leaks". They all boast about that. You're not even really sure what it means.

Karkat: Check out DVD.

The Thresh Prince of Bel-Air
A picture of 90's era Will Smith points at the camera while giving an open-mouthed smile. He is wearing a shirt with a very busy pattern on it underneath denim overalls, though he only has one of the straps hooked on. His eyes have been photoshopped to an orange color, a sickle into his free hand, and long horns onto his head.
It is a DVD of one of your favorite series, The Thresh Prince of Bel-air.

It's about a green threshecutioner cadet who sasses up the bluebloods in his flaysquad pretty good. Their blood is literally blue. Lousy snobs. But Troll Will Smith shows them all how to loosen up. He is pretty much your hero.

Troll TV shows have shorter titles than troll movies because TV is a much newer form of media in their society. Which is a good thing because it would be pretty hard to make this funny joke otherwise.

Karkat: Get down to business on computer.

[Image description: Karkat sits at his desk with his mouth open. An alert above his computer shows an indigo Capricorn symbol. The symbol looks like a lowercase N if, when completing the final downward stroke, the writer made a smooth loop out to the left that ended underneath the first downward stroke.]

Ok enough messing around time to get some work done maybe a little programming or oh god.

It figures that installing this new beta chat client would open the floodgates. All your moron friends are going to be hounding you relentlessly. Not that they needed an excuse before.

You wonder what this chump wants.

Karkat: Answer troll.

[Image description: Karkat chatters angrily and violently types on his keyboard.]

pesterlog
terminallyCapricious [T.C] began trolling carcinoGeneticist [C.G]

[Note: terminallyCapricious types in indigo and alternated between capital and lowercase with every letter.]

T.C: what is uuuuup my invertebrother?
C.G: what in the sweet almighty taintchafing fuck do you want.
T.C: not a motherfucking thing bro.
other than I be checkin out how my best motherfuckin friend is at yo.
C.G: I really can't stand you and I hate how you type, it just bothers me so much, have I mentioned that?
T.C: you say it pretty much every time we talk yeah.
but uh, I don't have to...
uhhh see?
but I mean man this feels so motherfucking unnatural and shit.
you just got to be going with what feels right at where your heart's up in, you know?
best friend.
C.G: I wonder what kind of shitty thing I did to deserve such an awful best friend.
or maybe what terrible thing I'm going to do and get punished for in advance.
maybe I'm just like preemptively the worst fucking piece of trash who ever lived and don't even know it yet, but hey look, your friendship is exhibit a I guess.
T.C: it's such a beautiful thing.
this troll disease called friendship.
C.G: friendship isn't a disease shitsponge.
it's like...
a mistake.
a big joke of nature.
T.C: it's a miracle.
C.G: oh no, don't.
don't start with the miracles again.
T.C: man everywhere I look...
alls I see is motherfuckin miracles.
it's so spiritual, all these miracles and shit.
ok like just be takin this fuckin tits bottle of fuckin faygo I just cracked up open.
and how it's being all like hissing and shit.
motherfuckin hissing man, who went all and told it to do that?
how would it even do that, it's crazy.
it's a miracle.
C.G: it's carbonation you ignorant douche.
try getting schoolfed some time instead of slurping down that weird swill all day and fondling your stupid horns.
T.C: no no bro, I don't wanna know, don't even tell me.
knowing shit just steals up all the fuckin magic from my miracles like a motherfuckin thief.
and that ain't cool.
C.G: the only miracle is that you like that disgusting sludge, where do you even get that stuff.
it's also a miracle how you dress like an imbecile and are basically the stupidest asshole I've ever known.
actually you're right, there are miracles everywhere, I've been a fool.
T.C: see man, I am straight up telling you.
miracles.
it's like, alright, computers, right?
what the fuck?
miracles is what.
C.G: fuck you.
fuck you for me just reading that.
T.C: anyway what's up with your bad self, for serious here.
isn't something big all going down?
C.G: what?
T.C: I heard something big was going all down.
just all be telling me all what motherfuckin it's up and all about.
C.G: stop saying all. Are you talking about T.A's thing?
T.C: yeah!! Fuck yeah man, so mysterious.
I'm never being getting ceased to be amazed by all these fuckin mysteries life's got for us.
C.G: uuuuuugh.
anyway, I don't know what's up with that.
maybe I'll talk to him tonight about it. Maybe I won't.
it's probably just another one of his projects that winds up being completely useless and a huge waste of my time.
T.C: yeah maybe but he's your best friend though so it's all cool.
anyway I thought this sounded like a pretty big motherfuckin deal my man.
aaaauuuhhh...
C.G: what.
T.C: aw bro nevermind, I just fuckin did like to scare the shit outta myself here.
these damn horns.
C.G: you've got to get rid of those things.
they make it more embarrassing to know you.
which is a friggin miracle that that's even possible.
like, wow, god sure cooked up a doozy there.
twinkly eyed son of a bitch just keeps you guessing, doesn't he.
T.C: man you know you wanna give my horns a good squeeze. (smiley face with a round nose)
C.G: actually you know what will be the miracle to end all miracles?
it'll be if I ever meet a kid I despise more than you.
that will make me a motherfucking convert.
I'll see light so bright I'll need G.C to walk me around so I don't bump into shit.
sign me up for your idiotic clown religion ok.
T.C: hahahaha you fuckin got it brother!

Next

[Image description: Another troll stands in another respiteblock. He has wild hair and horns that begin to curve inward, then gently flick out at the tips. He wears a black shirt with the indigo Capricorn symbol on it and black pants with large indigo polka dots on them. His face is painted with juggalo paint. The base is white, but a large grey semicircle is painted around his mouth and lopsided teardrop shapes are around his eyes with the tips extending onto his forehead. At his temples, there are small grey circles. He stands by a desk that has a red laptop and green dock of some sort on it. Bike horns and bottles of faygo litter the desk and floor. Several juggling pins lean against the side of the desk and a unicycle leans against the wall. Above the unicycle is a 12 paned window that looks out onto a beach. The wall behind the desk slants inward slightly and has two evil-looking clown posters on it. One of the clowns holds a mallet and wears a pink and blue harlequin outfit. His horns are like A.T's, only they stick out less. The other holds his hands in strange positions and sneers at the viewer. He wears a suit and top hat. This one's horns looks like the capricorn troll's, but with more pronounced curves.]

Whoa what the motherfuck, who's this motherfuckin' motherfucker?

It's cool, life is like that sometimes. It's full of mysteries. You'll be doing one thing then something else hits you just like that and you roll with it. That's what you do when life hands you lemons. You sure as fuck don't make lemonade because who the fuck knows where that fuckin' shit comes from?

It's squeezed out of miracles is where.

So what's this motherfucker's name?

Enter name.

[Image description: It zooms out, showing the rest of the room. To the left of the desk is an open door leading directly onto the sand. Opposite the door is a table with a bottle of faygo and three pie tins. One is empty, but the other two are filled with green slime. To the left of the window is a recuperacoon. This one is dark red, like the laptop, and stands upright. The base is wider than the top and a hole in the side allows access. The slime is filled to just below the bottom of the hole, and a small drip of slime runs down the side. On the wall behind it is a poster of a green serpentine monster with a troll's head. Its hair and nose are pink and its horns stick out far from its head.]

Your name is Gamzee Makara.

You get pretty excited by Clowns of a Grim Persuasion Which May Not Be in Full Possession of Their Mental Faculties. You belong to a Rather Obscure Cult, which foretells of a Band of Rowdy and Capricious Minstrels which will rise one day on a Mythical Paradise Planet that does not exist yet. The beliefs of this cult are Somewhat Frowned Upon by those dwelling in more common lownrings. But you don't care, you got to be going with what feels right at where your heart's up in,
you know? You like to practice on your One Wheel Device, which you are God Awful At because your Feet Do Not Reach the Pedals. You enjoy a Fine Beverage, and like to do A Little Baking Sometimes. You've got All These Horns all over the place, and sometimes you step on them and Scare the Shit Out of Yourself.

You like to chat a lot with your pal Karkat, who is usually pretty cranky, but he is your Best Friend. You have a lot of Other Great Friends who you also like a lot. Your trolltag is terminallyCapricious and you speak in a manner that is Just a Little Bit Whimsical.

What will you do?

Gamzee: Captchalogue bottle of Faygo.

[Image description: A set of captchalogue cards appear in the top right corner. They're a flashing jumbled mess. There's a horizontal line of pulsing teal cards with tiny, vibrating yellow cards below them. To the right is four flashing blue ones set in a zigzag pattern. A giant green one sticks out from underneath the blue ones and has three dark red ones in a line along its left. To the left of the red card and on the bottom right corner of the large green card, two orange cards spin rapidly. A bottle of red Faygo zips randomly around the cards, jumping from slot to slot.]

You snag a bottle of Faygo. To consume the beverage is what your fellow devotees refer to as Kickin' the Wicked Elixir.

It is captchalogue through your Miracle Modus. You have absolutely no idea how this thing works.

And you don't want to know.

Gamzee: Captchalogue computer.

[Image description: The laptop disappears from the desk. A second image shows Gamzee looking up in awe as brightly colored lights flash over his face.]

You take your Husktop.

Sometimes you just like to pick stuff up and watch the colors. It's so beautiful. Life is beautiful.

Gamzee: Ride one wheel device.

[Image description: Gamzee stands next to the unicycle.]

You decide to give this diabolical contraption another shot. Maybe one of these days you will get one more suited to your proportions. For now this is all you have to work with.

You just have to figure out how to stay on the thing without flying off the handle.

Next

[Image description: He stands on the seat of the unicycle with his arms out to his side for balance. Almost immediately, he begins to wobble. After a few small tilts, he pitches forward and lands in a pile of horns to the left of his bed. A giant HONK takes up the top half of the screen.]

You do some sort of acrobatic fucking pirouette off the handle and into a big pile of horns.

Gamzee: Sample delicious pie cooling on the counter.
It is still piping hot but you can't help yourself. You sneak a taste of the Sopor Slime Pie.

You aren't supposed to eat that slime. It does funny things to a troll's head.

But you were never taught that on account of a lousy upbringing. Your custodian was always out to sea.

That is where he is now. Maybe you will go outside and see if you can spot him.

Gamzee: Take a juggling club.

You grab a Juggling Club. You'll need it if you are going to go out. It is dangerous to leave unarmed.

Gamzee: Go outside.

You should not stay out here very long. The Sea Dwellers are quite hostile.

Next

Someone is bugging you. This is exciting. You're always down for shooting the wicked shit with anyone that who'll put up with you.

Now if only you could figure out how to get your Husktop out of this stupid thing. It'll be a miracle if you can manage.

Gamzee: Retrieve husktop.

You say a short prayer to your beloved Mirthful Messiahs, and splash a pinch of Special Stardust in your face.
Next

[Image description: The bottle of faygo flies from his sylladex, leaving a red trail behind it. The word Launch is written above the trail. Gamzee looks annoyed. A second image shows the bottle endlessly flying out over the ocean.]

Your sylladex launches your beverage far, far into the ocean.

Next

[Image description: Gamzee stands in front of his captchalogue cards. A second image shows a close up of the card with the husktop in it. He reaches into the card.]

You wonder if you can just...

Just sort of reach over...

And...

Gamzee: Answer troll.

[Image description: Gamzee sits on the sand with his husktop in front of him. A teal libra alert hovers to the side of it.]

pesterlog
gallowsCalibrator [G.C] began trolling terminallyCapricious [T.C]

G.C: hey Gamzeez you want to play gamezez with me?!
T.C: hey yeah that sounds like the motherfuckin shit's b itch tits!
G.C: (wide eyed uncertain and wary face with furrowed brows) it sure is hard to ignore the weird things you say sometimes!
but im gonna
the only reason im asking you is because your name is like game
and no other reason
get it?? (Smiley face with furrowed brows)
T.C: haha well I heard of worse fuckin reasons to be gettin all about to do something.
(smiley face with a round nose) honk
G.C: no that should bother you, that reason
why dont things like that bother you??
no wonder vantas cant stand you
but who cares about him, were going to have some motherfucking shitty bitches playing together!
or whatever you said
T.C: so is this the game I've heard about?
the big mystery?
G.C: yeah
T.C: whoa ok uhhhh...
this is going to be fuckin insane.
but can we play a little later?
I'm outside keeping an eye out here for the old goat.
you know how it is with family.
G.C: no, not really!
adurrrr durr durr
T.C: oh yeah...
G.C: durrrrrrrrrrr
way to go, how does that stupid bottled syrup of yours taste with your hoof so far up your mouth???
(smiley face with furrowed brows)
T.C: sooooooory.
anyway I'll go inside in a while, why don't you get karkat to fire up that motherfucker with you?
he likes games.
G.C: oh nooooo.
god can you imagine all the bitching and moaning?
I used to try to play stuff with him but wow did I learn my lesson.
T.C: alright, well I'll try to get in and get up on my chill real soon and we can play.
just give me a minute!
G.C: bullshit!
you know youre just going to sit there on the beach and space out and lose track of time.
hello?
gamz?????
T.C: what?
oh man sorry.
I spaced out, did you know how beatuful the sound of the ocean is?
have you ever even seen the ocean?
or I mean smelled it...
sorry.
G.C: (frowning face with furrowed brows)

Karkat: Get some programming done.

[Image description: Karkat sits at his desk and looks at his screen. He's much calmer than he was when talking to Gamzee. A black alert bubble over his computer has the ~ATH face in it. A second image shows his screen. In the background, Trollian is open. On the right side of the screen, it lists the people he talks to in a Chumproll.
apocalypseArisen, which is written in a dark, rusty red.
adiosToreador, which is written in an orangey brown.
twinArmageddons, which is written in mustard yellow.
carcinoGeneticist, which is written in grey.
arisenCatnip, which is written in an olive green.
grimAuxilliatrix, which is written in jade green.
gallowsCalibrator, which is written in teal.
arachnidsGrip, which is written in a bright medium blue blue.
centaursTesticle, which is written in a darker, almost dusty royal blue.
terminallyCapricious, which is written in indigo.
caligulasAquarium, which is written in royal purple.
And cuttlefishCuller, which is written in a bright fuschia.
To the left of each name is a circle in the same color as the text. Another file in a smaller window is open on top of the trollian application. The file is titled AAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUUUUUGH dot ~ATH and has a section of code in it.
import universe U semicolon
import author Karkat semicolon

~ATH open parenthesis U close parenthesis open bracket
~ATH open parenthesis Karkat close parenthesis open bracket
Close bracket EXECUTE open parenthesis NULL close parenthesis semicolon
Close bracket EXECUTE open parenthesis NULL close parenthesis semicolon
THIS dot DIE open parenthesis close parenthesis semicolon
Finally some peace and quiet. Now you can bear down on your coding. This will surely last all evening, without interruption.

You reopen one of your ~ATH projects you started recently. You are still horsing around with the conditions for terminating the loops.

What many ~ATH coders do is import finite constructs and bind the loops to their lifespan. For instance the main loop here will terminate on the death of the universe, labeled U. That way you only have to wait billions of years for it to end instead of forever.

You have bound a subloop to the lifespan of the code's author, which is you. Any routine at the end will execute when you die. You figure this might be handy for coding something to release a final will and testament. Or maybe some doomsday virus. You spend a lot of time thinking of ways to make the perfect doomsday virus.

Conveniently absent from ~ATH's extensive import library are entities with short lifespans. Like a rapidly decaying particle that only lasts a millisecond sure would be handy. Or even a fruit fly or something. But no, coding with this language is all about finding ways to trick it into doing what you want.

Your hacker buddy is obnoxiously good at it. He's sent you some files which you still don't understand, but you're not going to admit that. He is even better at making viruses than you, which really gets stuck in your nook.

Karkat: Check out one of his files.

This code, when executed, immediately causes the user's computer to explode, and places a curse on the user forever, along with everyone he knows, and everyone he'll ever meet.
Not surprisingly, later on you would run this code in a fit of stupidity.

You don't know how he does stuff like this. What does this even mean? It's nonsense. Is it even syntactically viable?? Are you allowed to color text like that??? ARGH. Maybe you should ask him about it some time.

Oh speak of the devil. Here he is bugging you about something. Time to put on your game face and pretend you don't think very highly of his abilities.

Karkat: Answer troll.

[Image description: Karkat once again pounds his keyboard so hard that it's surprising it's not broken into a million pieces. A yellow gemini alert hovers above his computer.]

pesterlog
twinArmageddons [T.A] began trolling carcinoGeneticist [C.G]

T.A: KK dont flip your shit about this but im setting you up to play a game with some people.
C.G: why would I flip my shit about that.
T.A: because you flip your shit about everything.
C.G: well will you look at this. here is my shit, and yet it remains unflipped. just sitting there on the skillet, getting burned on one side. it's a miracle.
T.A: oh no are you into miracles now to because if you are youre fired preemptively from the game.
C.G: fuck no.
T.A: ok nice.
C.G: miracles are like poop stains on god's underwear.
T.A: eheheh making fun of peoples religions is the best thing to do.
C.G: that's why he hides them, they're fucking embarrassing. god launders in mysterious ways.
T.A: eheheheh right on but lets shut our mouths a second and talk about this game. itll only be a second really you dont have to do to much.
C.G: ok, good, because I'm pretty busy tonight. what is this thing anyway, why all the secrecy.
T.A: well the short story is that its an immersive simulation that you play with a group. the long story is that the fate of our civilization depends on us playing it. heh I guess the long one was shorter than the short one fuck.
C.G: that sounds like melodramatic bullshit but coming from you color me unsurprised.
T.A: screw you vantans this shits more real than kraft grubsauce.
C.G: right ok.
so you made this game?
T.A: no no. more like I adapted it.
C.G: from what.
T.A: some crazy technology A.A dug out of some ruins. haven't you talked to her about it?
C.G: man, no. I can't talk to her, she's so spooky. I don't know why most of our friends are such psychos.
T.A: probably its because most trolls are. if you heard what I heard every night I mean wow fuck.
C.G: no let's not talk about your weird mutant brain.
and don't scan mine or whatever, it's off limits you douche.
T.A: I told you like a billion times I can't do that you nubslurping fuckpod.
C.G: why are you two up to this secret stuff.
why haven't you told me anything about this?
T.A: KK im sorry but really its kind of a private matter between me and her and id appreciate it if
that was respected.
C.G: oh god.
stop being so sensitive.
it's a repugnant quality.
T.A: ok how about you take your own advice you are such a blubbering hypocrite.
youre lucky im so fucking magnanimous and charitable cause otherwise theres no chance id waste
my time on you.
C.G: what a load of shit, this act that you actually think you're a hotshot, you know you hate
yourself.
T.A: nobody hates himself more than you idiot.
C.G: yeah well I hate you way more than I hate myself, and that's fucking saying something.
in fact I hate you more than I hate myself and you hate yourself and you hate me combined.
T.A: oh fuck that noise in every leaking orifice its got you know I hate the combined product of
you and myself more than you could ever begin to hate me and myself and you and yourself on
your worst day so fucking deal with it.
C.G: ok, time out for the idiot.
the idiot gets a time out and shuts up for a second.
that's you.
just tell me what to do about this game.
T.A: ok well ill send you a download soon.
im setting up two teams.
like to separate competing teams so that theres a better chance of at least one group winning.
and also I guess to see which one can win faster.
C.G: ok let me guess.
there's a red team and blue team, right?
T.A: yeah.
youre on the red team.
I will be the leader of the blue.
C.G: ok, then I guess I can pick my teammates then?
T.A: uh...
bro youre not the red team leader.
I picked G.C for that.
C.G: what????????????????????
T.A: dude I did not think youd be interested in this dont act all offended.
C.G: oh wow now I see.
really fucking clever, picking the blind girl to lead the team your competing with.
I knew you were cheater lowlife fucking scumbag with no scruples or self esteem and were
basically worthless on every level, but somehow I'm still disappointed in you.
T.A: yeah I am such an idiot for not rewarding your bubbly personality and impeccable people
skills with a leadership gig.
what an inconsiderate knucklesponged asshole I have been.
C.G: I am a hatched leader and you know it.
T.A: I know your filthy seedflap is fluttering in the profane breeze thats shooting out your stinking
meal tunnel.
I do know that much.
C.G: how do you get out of your cocoon in the morning knowing you're the worst thing a universe
was ever responsible for?
also it must be hard with your hands to persistently bothering every mutated set of genitals
peppered that ghastly husk you pawn off as a body.
has a female ever looked at you without at once turning skyward and erupting like a vomit volcano,
answer me that.
T.A: this is so immature, im basically just laughing here at how immature you are.
like I really give a fuck who the red leader is.
you want to be the leader fine talk to G.C about it.
C.G: I guess these conversations we have do get kind of embarrassing in retrospect.
are we not friends anymore because of stuff I said.
T.A: eheheheh you literally ask me that every time are you joking.
I cant even tell anymore.
C.G: it's a joke moron.
honestly I'm just glad nobody else is privy to our conversations.
actually why don't we make a pact to delete this one from our logs, I'm just shuddering here
scrolling up and reading this.
T.A: yeah ok.

Next

[Image description: The screen splits between Karkat looking down and to the side in the top right
corner and the hole in the floor in the bottom left. A long grumble comes from the hole.]

Sounds like someone downstairs is getting pretty crabby. This is not an encounter you are looking
forward to. You'll probably put it off as long as you can manage.

Next

[Image description: It shows another hive somewhere else, but only a curved section of ceiling and
the tops of walls. There is a 12-paned window on the ceiling that looks out into a forest of purple
trees with pink leaves. A translucent yellow fabric with large square patches of red, green, purple,
and blue hangs on the ceiling like a canopy. On the wall are many large, brightly colored shell-like
objects and a curtain rod over another 12-paned window. Curtains made of the same material as the
canopy hang down from them.]

Next

[Image description: It shifts down. The teal libra troll with short, sharp horns and red glasses, G.C,
stands in the room. Even more shell-shaped objects cover almost all of the wall with the window.
The other wall has a chalk drawing of a dragon with a yellow head, purple back and wings, and a
green stomach. It blows pink fire and BLAR is written above it in red, though the A is written as a
4 like G.C's typing quirk. The pink fire goes around a corner into a very short alcove with a door in
it. The door has brightly colored curtains hung over it rather than an actual door. There is a bright
blue, red, and yellow persian rug on the floor and a packet of chalk near the drawing. Two stuffed
animals that look somewhat like wingless dragons sit on the floor as well. Her cane leans against
the wall behind her. Part of a computer screen pokes on screen in the bottom right.]

Why, who's this young lady?

Enter name.

[Image description: It zooms out to show the whole room, which is as eye-searingly bright as the
already shown section. To the left of the doorway is another rough chalk drawing of what looks
like stadium seating and a noose. A long desk with a bright yellow tablecloth with pink, green, and
blue squares on it sits opposite the door. There is a fuscia computer on it with a green T on the back of the monitor. To the left of the desk is another persian rug, though this one is green, orange, and red. Books and stuffed dragons litter the floor all around the room, though most stuffed animals are near the noose drawing and most books are stacked near and on the desk.]

Your name is Terezi Pyrope.

You are pretty enthusiastic about dragons. But you have a Particular Affection for their Colorful Scales, which you gather and use to decorate your hive. Though you live alone, deep in the woods, you surround yourself with a variety of plushie pals known as Scalemates. You often spend your days with them in rounds of Live Action Role Playing. You used to engage in various forms of More Extreme Roleplaying with some of your other friends before you had an accident.

You take an interest in justice, holding particular fascination for Orchestrating the Demise of the Wicked. You have taken up study of Brutal Alternian Law, and surround yourself with legal books. You have no need for copies printed in Troll Braille, because you can Smell and Taste the Words. You hope one day to join the honorable ranks of the Legislacerators. Your trolltag is gallowsCalibrator and you Speak With the Numerals the Blind Prophets Once Used.

[Note: That last phrase is written with 3 in place of E, 1 in place of I, and 4 in place of A.]

You are presently the leader of the Red Team, poised to begin a mysterious game with 5 other friends, in direct competition with another 6 of your friends, comprising the Blue Team.

What will you do?

Terezi: Cut to the chase and begin LARPing immediately.

[Image description: Terezi stands near the drawing with the noose. More of it comes on screen. It is a courtroom drawing with a troll sitting in the judge's seat. This troll is really roughly drawn in red chalk with yellow horns that are like longer versions of Terezi's. His seat is labeled His Honorable Tyranny in pink chalk.]

It's pretty hard to live action role play when there is no one who is alive nearby. But all of your Scalemates are alive to you.

At least you pretend to believe that to annoy people.

You prepare a new campaign for one of your favorite scenarios, Courtblock Drama. His Honorable Tyranny presides. On trial is an especially detestable fellow, Senator Lemonsnout. You have sparred with this scumbag before. Tonight he faces justice.

You will play the role of the prosecuting attorney. On Alternia, there is no such thing as a defense attorney, or a defense. In a courtblock, the word defense itself is offensive.

Terezi: Interrogate.

[Image description: Terezi stands in a spotlight in an otherwise dark scene. She tilts her head down and holds her cane in both hands. A yellow scale mate's head pokes on screen from the bottom right, like it's looking towards her.]

Next

[Image description: The scalemate, who has teal button eyes and a green belly, sits in a spotlight.]
Most of the interrogation is in the intimidating silence.

Terezi: Slap him around a bit.

You don't want to slap too hard. Enough to sting, but not to bruise. It must be methodical, business-like. And persistent. You only stop when you smell tears.

Mr. Senator, you smell very nice. Your luscious yellow scales are like the sweetest gumdrops to the prosecution's nose.

But your deceit Stinks.

Did you honestly think you could dip your corpulent snout into the imperial beetle coffers like that and get away with it?? Did you think your revolting abuse of the public trust would go unnoticed?? Think again, good senator. While the prosecution may be blind, rest assured the league of legislacerators sees all.

[Note, there are two 'next page' links. The first is seven question marks and the second is Terezi: Call a witness.]

Seven question marks

Password Hint
If you don't know the password yet, it means you're not supposed to, dummy! Go back!!!

[Note: okay then. Go back.]

Terezi: Call a witness.

Oh, well played, Lemonsnout. Well played. The prosecution's key witness, murdered. How convenient! The courtblock has little choice but to acknowledge your cunning. You have earned just a teensy sliver of your respect back. For now.
But wait...

Next

[Image description: Terezi looks down at a brown bag on the floor. Four small, purple items spill out. Shocking Development hovers above the bag.]

Oh my!

What have we here???

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the bag. The purple items are small beetles. A second image zooms in on the His Honorable Tyranny drawing.]

The prosecution begs your pardon, dear senator, but you appear to have dropped something. A personal satchel, perhaps? Chock full of illicit, embezzled beetles, with which you have the unmitigated cheek to waltz before his tyranny, concealed beneath your ill-gotten finery??????

The prosecution requests a short recess from His Honorable Tyranny so that all law abiding and Mother Grub fearing citizens may go outside and puke.

Terezi: Sentence the criminal.

[Image description: Terezi holds a coin between her thumb and forefinger. A second image shows both sides of the coin with a coiled arrow and the word Flip between them. One side shows a woman with an almost grecian feel to her. She has long, pointed horns that tilt back. The opposite side has the same image, but a gash has been gouged across her eyes.]

As the prosecutor, it is your job to reach a final verdict and sentence the reprehensible felon, while His Tyranny watches in silence and submits grim approval.

But you take pity on this miserable bureaucrat. You are feeling merciful. You will give him a fighting chance.

You will flip a Double-headed Troll Caegar to decide his fate. You do this quite often when making important decisions. Kind of like Batman's nemesis, Two-Face. Or that guy from No Country for Old Men. It turns out there are lots of badasses out there flipping coins. But those are Earth things and you've never heard of them. It's safe to say you borrowed this gimmick from one of the many, many troll things out there that's got hard boiled dudes flipping coins for major stakes. You base the habit on whichever one smells the most badass.

Terezi: Flip.

[Image description: Terezi stands in her spotlight again. She flicks the coin up with a small Pling. A second image zooms in on it spinning. As it does, Whoosh appears on either side of it. A third shows the scalemate vibrating in an almost nervous way.]

The coin tumbles through the air. Lemonsnout is sweating bullets!!!

Next

[Image description: The coin lands on the floor with the unscratched side up. A second image shows the scalemate sitting still.]
A favorable flip. The senator exhales in relief.

Next

[Image description: Terezi kneels in front of him again. A second image shows the scalemate with his snout pointing towards the left. A third shows the coin laying on the ground.]

But, what are you so happy about, Mr. Lemonsnout?

He looks a bit confused. He quivers his lowly proboscis at the coin.

See? The coin has exonerated him.

Next

[Image description: Terezi stands and shrugs.]

Coin? What coin?

Surely you jest, Mr. Senator. The prosecution sees no coin.

Next

[Image description: Terezi grabs the scalemate and pulls it close to her face. She presses her nose to its snout hard enough to wrinkle it.]

She's Blind, Remember?

Next

[Image description: Terezi loops a white noose around its neck with a Hurkh… A second image shows it being tossed out the window with the rope trailing back into the house. From the outside, it's apparent that the house is high in the branches of one of the purple trees. Among the branches in the background is a white arm.]

Next

[Image description: The scalemate hangs at the end of the noose. In the background, two more scalemates hang from nooses. The other scalemates and ropes are dingy and torn, like they've been hanging there a long time. A second image zooms out to show all of Terezi's hive. The entire structure is embedded in and built in the branches of a massive tree, high above the ground. Many scalemates hang from the branches around the hive. A pulley system mounted on a branch gives a way from the ground to a walkway around the trunk of the tree.]

Terezi: Adjourn.

[Image description: Terezi licks the His Honorable Tyranny drawing with a Slurp, smearing the red chalk.]

Another triumph for justice. The courtblock is adjourned. You offer final salutations to His Tyranny in the customary manner.

Ok, that's not customary at all. You're just kind of weird.

It's just that your red chalk is The Most Delicious Chalk. You cannot get enough of it. Anyone who says there is a more delicious chalk out there simply reeks of deceit.
Next

[Image description: It zooms out, showing that Terezi had to stack ten large books to reach His Honorable Tyranny.]

You sure had to go to a lot of trouble to do that.

Terezi: Go get cane.

[Image description: Terezi stands back near the dragon drawing, where her cane leans against the wall. It pops into a Strife Specibus card that appears in the top left corner. It's Cane kind and has a black outline of her cane on it.]

You take your Walking Cane, which you use as a weapon kind of like Earth Daredevil who you've never heard of. You will use it to wallop enemies when you enter the Medium.

Next

[Image description: Terezi stands in a green landscape that is presumably what her planet will look like once she enters the medium. She stands on a path and pulls her cane into four collapsable sections, flailing each pair of sections like nunchucks. The red portion has several sharp spikes coming out of it. She uses the handle portion to wallop a red, winged imp and kicks another in the face. Her tree stands on a hill and the gates hover above it. At this point, the house is high enough to reach the first gate. Ruins of columns are half buried in the dirt.]

Like this.

Terezi: Begin recruiting red team members.

[Image description: She sits at her computer. A second image shows her monitor, which is streaked and blurry. Behind the smears, she has Trollian open with the same Chumproll that Karkat has.]

Your nose begins scouring your chumproll through the saliva smears on your monitor for potential teammates so you can start playing. Hmm, no not her. Nope, not her either. Definitely not that guy.

Ok how about this girl. You like to roleplay with her sometimes via chat. You pretend you are a member of the mysterious and noble Dragonyy'yd Race, while she does her own goofy thing.

You don't have it in your heart to tell her that your chat RPing is meant facetiously (in her quirk) I mean facetiously.

Terezi: Troll A.C.

[Image description: It zooms in on Terezi giggling at her computer. An olive green Leo symbol alert hovers over her computer. The leo symbol is a small circle with a loop coming from the top that is almost shaped like an upside down teardrop, but before it connects back at the tip, the line flicks out to the right in a small hook.]

pesterlog
gallowsCalibrator [G.C] began trolling arsenicCatnip [A.C]

[Note: A.C types in olive green and prefaces every message with a cat face that has two 3's for mouths. She also makes lots of cat puns and replaces double E with 33.]

G.C: *G.C lands on your whelping stoop and raps on your cave with her noble and elegant talon*
*and once with her mighty snout for good measure*
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) *A.C saunters from her dark cave a little bit sleepy from the recent kill*
*A.C uses one of her mouths to lick the fresh blood off her paws*
*and the other one to blow you a kiss!*
G.C: (Wide eyed shocked face with furrowed brows)
*G.C with a mighty whisk of her mighty tail plucks the kiss out of the air mightily*
*G.C pockets the kiss in her enchanted rucksack for later, to do something magical, like make goblin wishes come true*
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) *yes! A.C finds that to be a most admirable use of a kiss!*
*she thinks that goblin wishes need to come true too just like any other kind of purrson's wishes*
*A.C begs your pardon while she rips apart this tasty beast to prepare a meal for her cubs*
G.C: *G.C eyes the beast hungrily and mightily*
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) uh oh!
G.C: *G.C eyes the cubs hungrily!*
*and mightily*
*especially mightily*
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) dont you dare!
I mean
*A.C shouts dont you dare!*
*indignantly*
G.C: *but it is too late! G.C scoops up a plump cub with her glistening majestic tail and flies off magically*
*the innocent cub is crying and crying and crying*
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) *A.C says noooooooo and looks a bit crestfallen*
*A.C gets a clever idea to slake the majestic dragon's mighty hunger*
*she prepares the lion's share of the slain armored cholerbear for G.C*
G.C: (face with a question mark for a mouth and furrowed brows) *G.C's magnificent curiosity has been perked*
is it a bull cholerbear??
oops *she asked that*
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) *A.C pawses a moment and nods knowingly with a couple of smug grins on her face*
*she confirms it is indeed the bulliest of bears!*
G.C: *G.C instantly loses interest in the puny cub and drops it to the ground far below!*
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) *but as it happens the really cute cub lands in a bush safe and sound, whew!*
G.C: *G.C's alarming and splendiferous girth settles over the succulent cholerbear steak*
*when she finishes the savory red meat she lifts her proud wise head and opens her great big mouth and speaks the ancient tongue of a thousand wisdoms*
*she says:*
hey do you want to play a game with me?
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) *A.C crinkles up her nose and prepares for a really unprecedented marathon of baffling feline obstinacy*
*her dragonyyydy suitor will make neither rhyme nor reason of her purrplexing behavior for even an instant!*
G.C: no no that was a real question
want to play a game??
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) oh! Heehee
ok if you mean a computer game then yes that sounds like fun
G.C: ok you can be on my team
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) team?
who else is playing?
G.C: I haven't decided yet
a whole bunch of us in two teams
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) oh
well it does sound like it will be a lot of fun but I think I should get purrmission first
G.C: blar!!!!!
that's so stupid
he's not the boss of you
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) I know!
but still im kind of scared of him and I think purrhaps its best to just run it by him first so there isn't
a kerfuffle about it or anything
G.C: this is stupid in such a terrible myriad of dumb ways
you shouldn't be afraid of anyone
you kill big animals with your bare hands!
and in any case he lives nowhere near you so the whole thing is extra stupid
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) I knooow
but I dont think ill be a big deal
ill just mention it casually and ill be fine im sure and then we can play in just a little bit!
G.C: (open-mouth face with eyes pinched shut and furrowed brows)
fiiiine
in the meantime I will go round up some more people to play
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) k!

Terezi: Troll T.C.

[Image description: It has a split screen. The left shows Terezi at her computer with an indigo capricorn alert over her computer. The right shows Gamzee on the beach with a teal libra alert over his laptop. There's a black smudge on the sand next to him.]

pesterlog
gallowsCalibrator [G.C] began trolling terminallyCapricious [T.C]

G.C: hey Gamzeez you want to play gamezez with me??
T.C: hey yeah that sounds like the motherfuckin shit's bitchtits!
G.C: (wide eyed uncertain and wary face with furrowed brows)
it sure is hard to ignore the weird things you say sometimes!

You then proceed to have the rest of this conversation we already read. No luck in getting this guy to play with you right now either.

You guess that leaves…

[Note: "this conversation we already read" is a link to the page with the full conversation.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Terezi, who looks distressed. An alert over her computer shows a scribbly drawing of Karkat's face.]

Oh no. Not Karkat. You were only going to ask him as a last resort. You wonder what he wants?
You will try to avoid mentioning the game. Hopefully he hasn't caught wind of it yet.

Terezi: Deal with Karkat.
pesterlog
carcinoGeneticist [C.G] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [G.C]

C.G: hey guess what, big news.
like holy shit stop the presses this is a humongous deal sort of news.
G.C: blaaaaarrrrrr what is it
C.G: you're not the red team leader.
that's me.
I'm the leader.
it's been decided.
on an official basis.
G.C: ok so I guess im supposed to make a big stink about this and say wah wah I want to be the
leader (frowny face) (frowny face) (frowny face)
C.G: what, no.
I mean you can but it won't do any good because I'm the leader and that's all there is to evacuate
through your protein chute on the matter.
G.C: well it may surprise you to know that I dont give a crap who gets to be leader because unlike
you I actually have a fucking smidgen of maturity and self respect
C.G: that's a lie, you're more of a melodrama spaz queen than me and you know it and this stuff
your saying is a pretend stunt.
you're like a rocket propelled spaz maggot springloaded up the ass of a psychedelic fucking
freakout weasel on idiot drugs so lets not play makebelieve games here.
leader.
me.
G.C: uuuuuuuuhng
karkat I dont caaare
you can be the stupid leader I just want to play this game
C.G: ok, great.
if it's any consolation I have selected you to be my second in command.
G.C: reeeeeeaaaally????
swoooooooooooooooooooooooooo (winky face with furrowed brows) (heart) (heart) (heart)
C.G: fuck you offer rescinded.
G.C: ok but seriously
I would have suggested you be the leader but honestly it comes with serious responsibilities and I
wasn't sure if you were up to it
C.G: how could you think that.
I'm an incredible leader with all kinds of prioritization and command skills.
I'm going to rock the cock off this weathervane and the blue team will wish they never slithered
out of the mother grub's heinous undulating asshole.
so just give me the full briefing, what do you know.
G.C: ok the thing you need to know is the leader starts out by running the client application
while I the lowly second officer connects to you with the server while I remain generally in awe of
your manly grandeur
and I sit at my computer doing menial chores in support of your heroic escapades which honestly I
dont think youre ready for but whatever
C.G: see this is what I'm talking about.
this is what I was made for.
being in charge of adventure, running around and stuff, and fucking shit up like a goddamn hero
with a ripperwasp in his jock.
let's get cracking here.
launch your server or whatever, I'll install the hero program.
G.C: the client
C.G: yeah.
G.C: ok if you insist
far be it from me to stop you from being so dashing and courageous
and to be perfectly honest a little bit handsome (smiley face with furrowed brows)
C.G: yes, exactly.
now you are making sense.
this is the kind of thing that sane people say.
keep at it, there's hope for you yet.
G.C: ok ill try
anything to get you to stop being such a baby
C.G: what's a baby.
G.C: oh
its like a mythical little pink monkey
something my lusus dreams about
C.G: I thought you didn't have one.
G.C: I dont
yet
im not allowed to
C.G: why not?
why have you never mentioned this anyway?
honestly terezi it sounds like more frothing looneyblock nonsense.
G.C: if I ever did have one it would mean the world was coming to an end
C.G: oh thank god you just said something normal, I was starting to worry there.
whew back in sane land.
G.C: its true! (Sticking out tongue face with furrowed brows)
I dont completely understand it but thats what it told me
C.G: we need to get you out of that fucking tree and into a proper goddamn lawnrings.
you've been stunted living up there, by the whispers of fucking bark gnomes or something.
I think one of my neighbors was just culled recently, maybe you could live there.
G.C: no way screw lawnrings!!!
more like yawnrings
I love my tree!
but youre welcome to visit some time
its especially nice in the third autumn
C.G: ok well
speaking of that
I should go downstairs and deal with this grumpy customer.
it's going to fondle major seedflap, but hopefully it'll be quick.
you can establish your connection and do your trivial sidekick stuff I guess in the meantime.
G.C: ok! (Very happy face with furrowed brows)

A little later...

[Image description: It shows Karkat's hive on an island in a lake of red stuff. Many extensions have been built on and the entire thing is smeared with brightly colored paint. One of the upper levels has a blue face with orange hair and small pink horns drawn on. This is labeled Karkat and he's saying "Durr". A second image zooms out. Winding stairs and pathways built off the house wind upwards to where a sprite hovers and down to one of the other black islands sticking out of the red lake. There's a purple toilet on one of the islands and Karkat stands next to it. A grey spirograph]
gate hovers above the hive.]

After the Knight of Blood's heroic arrival to the Land of Pulse and Haze...

Next

[Image description: Karkat holds a sickle above his head victoriously. The handle is black and the blade itself is split into three colored bands that run the entire length. The back one is bright pink, the center is a lime green, and the inner one is white. The background pulses with stripes of red.]

You quickly crafted a new weapon, Homes Smell Ya Later. Plus some other cool stuff.

Karkat: Deal with Terezi.

[Image description: Karkat holds Homes Smell Ya Later and stands at the end of the walkway that leads down to the toilet, which is purple and filled with green slime. He holds a small purple thing with a green screen and yells into it.]

pesterlog
carcinoGeneticist [C.G] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [G.C]

C.G: you can see me right.
tell me what is wrong with this picture.
G.C: no I cant see you dumbass
C.G: oh yeah.
anyway, press your nose against your slobbery screen and tell me what is wrong with this picture.
G.C: smells pretty terrible!
C.G: that's because you just took a hard drag of my load gaper which for some reason I have discovered outside on this little island.
G.C: you mean your toilet?
C.G: well ooh la la.
excuse my disdain for your blue blooded vernacular.
G.C: what colors your blood?
C.G: whoa none of your business!
seriously was that a serious question?
unbelievable.
G.C: I will find out some day
C.G: what is with your obsession with colors.
it's bad enough you waste all my hard earned grist rambling my hive around like that not even in the direction of the fucking gate.
but then you go and spend it on an ugly paint job.
I killed a lot of imps for that grist.
G.C: karkat, please
dont pretend you didn't enjoy going around killing things
and that you wouldn't enjoy killing a whole lot more
prancing around with your little sickle being all adorable
C.G: yeah right.
more like...
adorabloodthirsty.
I'm prancing around being that, ok?
G.C: (smiley face with furrowed brows)
C.G: anyway this is awful, this is no way for a leader to be treated.
G.C: sorry this is what you wanted
the leader is the first one in
this is what the leader is supposed to do
C.G: no, this is not anything except for what bullshit is.
a leader shouldn't be at the mercy of the hive renovation whimsy of a psychotic blind girl.
when do I get the chance to fuck up someone's hive.
I should be the next one to connect to a client.
G.C: no you cant!
you have to be the last one to connect to complete the chain
C.G: more lies.
G.C: think of it this way
im your server player so priority has to be on me getting in the game
before I get killed by meteors
in which case youd be screwed in there
then the next guy comes in, then the next
and you bring the last one in
C.G: whoa wait, what?
meteors?
what the fuck are you talking about.
what does this have to do with meteors.
G.C: oh boy you need to get with the program karkat
have you talked to A.A
[note: with her quirk, this is rendered as 44]
C.G: 44 what?
G.C: apocalypseArisen sorry
C.G: no, of course not.
G.C: or T.A
or A.G I guess
or C.A
really theres like this whole conspiracy about this
as im finding out
C.G: well why don't you just tell me so I don't have to talk to any of those doubletalking assholes.
G.C: I cant!
I gotta step out of the tree for a moment
when I come back I will enter the game
See ya!
A little while ago...

[Image description: It shows the frog temple from Jade's island, but it's in a much different location. It's deep within a red cave. Fuchsia stalactites hang down from the ceiling, but none quite reach the top of the temple. The base of the temple is set in a shallow indentation that looks to be filled with mud. Green bones of giant beasts are embedded in the stone around the perimeter of the temple's indentation.]

Next

[Image description: A troll girl hovers in the air. Her long hair fans out behind her like it has a mind of its own, each section like a tentacle reaching outwards. Her horns curl under and back, like a ram's horns. Her eyes are completely white with no pupil or iris. She has on red lipstick and eyeliner. Her shirt is a short sleeve black tee shirt with a dark red Aries symbol on her chest. The Aries symbol looks like a narrow V with the tops of each line curled outwards into a semicircle. She wears a long, dark grey skirt with a tattered edge like it was singed or caught on stones that tore holes in the fabric. She holds out one hand like she's swatting something. Everything about her]
seems incredibly ethereal and otherworldly.]

Next

[Image description: She lifts her hand up into the air and bends her hand back so her palm faces upwards. A second image shows the frog temple's head popping off in a white flash. The edge is clean, like it was cut with a blade.]

Next

[Image description: She swings her arm downward like she's whipping something. A second image shows the frog temple's head splashing down into the mud. The word Desecrate hovers above it. The troll stands a short way back from the edge of the crater, watching the head fall.]

You're not sure why you did that, really.

There'll probably turn out to be a reason. There's a reason for everything. Understanding this lets you be reckless.

Whoever you are.

A little later...

[Image description: A bottle of red Faygo lays in the sand at someone's feet. The feet are in purple shoes with a medium blue stripe up the center. Whoever it is is also wearing navy and black striped pants. A small black crab stands in the sand nearby.]

Somewhere else entirely...

Next

[Image description: The troll reaches down to pick up the bottle. Only his hand sticks on screen. He wears several rings. One is a gold band with a violet gemstone. Another is a lighter shade of gold and has engravings on it. The last is a purple band with a large purple disk as the focal point. On the disk is a white Aquarius symbol. The Aquarius symbol is two zigzag lines running parallel to each other.]

Rubbish from the Land Dwellers. Makes you sick.

Whoever you are.

And later still...

[Image description: It shows Karkat's house in the Land of Pulse and Haze. A second image shows his house on Alternia, completely unmodified by Terezi's nonsense.]

We return to the Land of Pulse and Haze, so that we can rewind a bit. Before all that paint got slopped on your hive and before that mysterious hole was made.

Man how'd that hole get made??

(It was when Karkat ran TA's cursed ~ATH program and his computer blew up. That's what happened. We'll see this happen later. It will be startling and unexpected.)

Karkat: Deal with crabby customer.
You go downstairs and confront your custodian, which is another term for a frightening beast known as a Lusus Naturae.

Your lusus has looked after you since you were very young in lieu of any biological parents, whom you have never known. No young troll ever knows his or her blood parents, nor could such lineage ever be accurately traced. Adult trolls supply their genetic material to the Filial Pails carried by imperial drones and offered to the monstrous Mother Grub deep underground in the brooding caverns. She then combines all the genetic material into one diabolical incestuous slurry, and lays hundreds of thousands of eggs at once.

The eggs hatch into young larval trolls which wriggle about to locate a cozy stalactite from which to spin their cocoons. After they pupate, the young troll with his or her newfound limbs undergoes a series of dangerous trials. If they survive, they are chosen by a member of the diverse and terrifying subterranean monster population native to Alternia. This creature becomes the troll's lusus, and together they surface and choose a location to build a hive. The building process is facilitated by Carpenter Droids left on the planet to cater to the young. But only for building. They're on their own otherwise.

The vast majority of adult trolls are off-planet, serving some role in the forces of ongoing imperial conquest, besieging other star systems in the name of Alternian glory. The culture and civilization on the homeworld is maintained almost entirely by the young.

Trolls sure are weird!

You leap into the domestic fray in an attempt to mollify your nannying aggressor. After a lot of kicking and fussing and gnashing of teeth and carapace, you just pull out a few Chilled Roe Cubes from the fridge to settle the beast down.

Trolls and their custodians have a peculiar arrangement of codependence. The lusus behaves as a lifelong bodyguard, caretaker, and visceral sort of mentor, while the young troll must learn to function as a sort of zookeeper.

We decide to agree this conflict is not a big enough deal to warrant a detailed examination of the action, or an embedded musical accompaniment. We also agree that while that would have been pretty sweet, we are also in kind of a hurry here. But if it were to be accompanied by something audible, it would probably sound something like this. We decide to listen to that track, close our eyes, and imagine what might have been.

[Note: "It would probably sound like this" is a link to a scrapped song called Showdown.]

Wow that sure was awesome.

Anyway, moving on.
In fact, we are in such a hurry, you could almost say we need to get moving...

There's this pretty cool dude, ok? Some people seem to think he's cool. Sometimes. He guesses they're right. I mean, maybe. If they say so. Actually, you know what? They're right. This guy's dynamite lit in a box of hot shit. Screw the haters. Anyway, he's standing around being all chill, like cool dudes are known to do sometimes, when they're not moping around or nursing migraines or whatever. A cool dude like this probably has a real cool name. Or at least a name that doesn't completely fucking suck. Like at least not the kind of name that belongs to someone you'd want to just perpetually wail on. Maybe just a name that makes you cringe a little, but you guess you can deal with it if you've got to. It's just a guy's name, it's not like it really matters. Who cares? But he probably wouldn't just tell you what it was if you asked. He'd be way too moody for that. In fact, this guy probably thinks you've got some attitude and probably doesn't want a damn thing to do with you.

You could always try to guess his name. But instead of that, here's a better idea. Why don't you just fuck off and go to hell?

Here, name this kooky broad instead.
Wait...

You've got to be kidding me.

Looks like we're going back to the other guy again. Alright, hang on...

Next

It appears this cool and moody dude had a change of heart. He feels pretty bad about flying off the handle like that, as if shit wanted nothing to do with the handle. Shit would like to reconcile with the handle, and perhaps seek marital counseling.

So what's his name gonna be?

Enter name.

Your name is Sollux Captor.

You are apeshit bananas at computers, and you know All the Codes. All of them. You are the unchallenged authority on Apiculture Networking. And though all your friends recognize your unparalleled achievements as a Totally Sick Hacker, you feel like you could be better. It's one of a number of things you Sort of Beat Yourself up About for No Very Good Reason during sporadic and debilitating Bipolar Mood Swings. You have a penchant for Bifurcation, in logic and in life. Your mutant mind is hounded by the psychic screams of the Imminently Deceased. Your visions foretell of the planet's looming annihilation, and yet unlike the typical sightless prophet of doom, you are gifted with Vision Twofold.

For now.

You have developed a new game, adapted via CodeParsed from the Runes and Glyphs in an Ancient Underground Temple. You believe this game to be the Salvation of Your Race, though you are not sure how yet. To ensure success, you will distribute the game to two teams of friends, a Red Team and a Blue Team. You will lead the latter group. Your trolltag is twinArmageddons and you tend to speak with a bit of a lisp.

[Note, the last phrase is written in his quirk. He replaces all instance of too and to with two, all Ss with 2, and doubles all I's.]

What will you do?

Sollux: Equip throwing stars to strife specibus.

[Image description: A blank strife specibus card appears in the top left corner. Blue and red
lightning crackles on Sollux's forehead. The throwing stars hover in the air to his right and he holds up his hand like he's controlling them. Red and blue lights flash around him and the throwing stars.]

Why would you do that?

A high level psionic has no use for any particular specibus allocation.

Sollux: Fling stars specibus-ward.

[Image description: He turns to the left and flings the stars towards the specibus card. They crash into the second tallest server tower, slicing off the top and cutting the specibus card in half. The halves of the card and the top of the server crash to the floor. The bees crowd around Sollux and honey splatters out from the broken server and splashes over Sollux, who looks angry.]

You make short work of the specibus and...

Oh God, one of your Beehouse Mainframes. The silicomb was sliced clean through by your foolish maneuver. What were you thinking???

The workers pair up and dance angry messages to you in beenary code.

Sollux: Taste honey.

[Image description: Sollux looks down at the honey splashed on his hands. The bees buzz around him in pairs. A second image shows his hands smeared with honey.]

No!!!!!!!!

You do not under any circumstance eat the Mind Honey. The consequences are highly unpleasant.

You cultivate this honey for your lusus. It helps him not be such a complete idiot all the time. Merely most of the time instead.

Sollux: Calm those bees down.

[Image description: He holds up one hand and snaps his fingers. The background flashes red and blue light crackles around his hand. The word Snap appears in the bottom right. A second image shows all the bees asleep with little Zs above them. Most of them lay on the ground in a growing pool of spilt honey, but two landed on top of Sollux's head.]

Nap time.

Sollux: Get to work at computer.

[Image description: Sollux sits at a computer. The monitor has a gemini symbol on the back split between red on the left and blue on the right. Several copies of Game Grub magazine are on his desk and many, brightly colored grubs lay on the floor. Two of them sit on top of a small honeycomb mainframe next to his desk with wires running from them to the machines. The three original mainframes, the broken card, and the sleeping bees are behind him, far enough back that they barely poke on screen.]

You are always up to your nook in the newest and hottest games. It is hard to walk around the place without squishing them. Whenever that happens you are screwed, and you have to grow a new one from scratch. Or just pirate it you guess.
But tonight is no night for games.

Well, ok, it is.

But just one game in particular, and this game is no joking matter. It is delirious bugnasty.

Sollux: Recruit team leader.

[Image description: The screen splits between Terezi on the left and Sollux on the right. Both sit at their computers with the other's symbol in an alert over their monitor.]

pesterlog
twinArmageddons [T.A] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [G.C]

T.A: TZ you want to be the leader of one of the teams?
G.C: you mean for your game to save the world?
T.A: yeah.
G.C: ok I pick the red team!!! (Very happy, wide-eyed face with furrowed brows)
T.A: ok I didnt say anything about a red team, or even that there were to teams, but fine.
G.C: obviously you were going to set up red and blue teams come on
T.A: you dont know what im going to do, stop being as though you can read my mind.
it its not a power you have, your strengths are being blind and tricking people about stuff.
and I guess being generally savvy and pretty decent at other stuff, but thats why im picking you
and not some other fucking schlub from retardation row.
G.C: sollux, please
you are mr appleberry blast and everyone knows those are your favorite flavors
even though you type in yucky mustard
which is weird (uncertain face with furrowed brows)
T.A: maybe there is more to me than you think.
maybe I am not the two trick hoofbeast you want to make me out as.
maybe I just want to give the red and blue thing a rest for a change and not make it so its like, oh
look its that predictable fuck with those two stupid colors, its amazing how much everyone fucking
hates him.
maybe red and blue arent that great and I hate them suddenly, have you thought of that.
maybe im more of an aubergine guy plus whatever that putrid color is you type with, what is that,
turqoise?
maybe its making me turqueasy.
maybe the new name for that color is summer shithead mist, have you considered that?
but im sticking with red and blue so maybe you should suck on it.
G.C: maybe maybe maybe
maybe maybe is a stupid word
maybe thats the big maybe we should all ponder tonight
over some hot shut the hell up tea
so you think im savvy?? (smiley face with furrowed brows)
T.A: yeah I think so.
pick out whoever you want for the red team and ill lead the blue team.
ill send you the download soon, talk to you later.
G.C: wait!
maybe you should tell me more about the game first?
how exactly are we saving the world?
T.A: I dont know yet.
I just know what ive seen in my visions.
that the world will end and our whole race dies and this is how we save it.
T.A: and A.A can back me up on this so dont be all doubting me about it.
G.C: I am not doubting you
I think you are right!
mostly
T.A: mostly, what does that mean?
G.C: well when you talk about how youre going to die too
T.A: I am going to die.
I mean we all are.
but especially me.
I am going to get my ass served to me twofold.
double the service.
like two dudes on doublebutler island.
getting worked over by a siamese twin masseuse.
but before I die, im going to go blind like you.
it has to happen like that.
im not sure why, but I think its like...
fulfilling some requirement for a true prophet of doom.
in order for the visions to be right, that has to happen, and the universe will make sure it will.
its kind of like how a prophet earns his stripes, by being blind, like how an angel earns its wings.
G.C: whats an angel
T.A: some terrible mythical demon.
with these awful feathery wings.
G.C: yikes
T.A: paradox space uses them to usher in the end.
G.C: how does it know what angel to use... ........
T.A: huh??
G.C: (face with a question mark for a mouth and furrowed brows)
T.A: so yeah.
we will all die but most especially me, end of story.
G.C: but
dont take this the wrong way but how can you be totally sure about all that?
how do you know some of the real visions youre having arent getting kind of tangled up with uhhh
sort of the way you are about yourself
T.A: what do you mean.
G.C: how you get mopey and youre always the victim of something and how sometimes you think
you suck when you really dont
maybe that is clouding your vision?
T.A: ok thats just some personal private emotional issues and im dealing with that, and honestly id
appreciate you not always throwing that in my face every goddamn opportunity you get.
like this is a big circus act to you, and that is your special clown pie.
G.C: see, god
so sensitive
T.A: seriously talk to A.A she will corroborate everything.
you and she are pretty tight arent you?
G.C: not really anymore
she used to be a lot of fun
but now talking to her, I dont know
it just somehow always makes me sad (frowny face with furrowed brows)
T.A: ok well tonights not about fun, this is serious.
deliriously so.
we are in smearious shitstain city.
G.C: screw you and your shitstains
I will have a fucking blast and you cant stop me
blue team ssssssscum (smiley face with furrowed brows)
[Note: The S's in the previous line are written as 2's so she can mock him.]
T.A: oh shit its onnnnn sucka.
[Note: He mocks her back by replacing his double I's with 11 and the A with a 4.]

Next

[Image description: The ethereal Aries troll hovers up by the decapitated frog temple. A second image zooms in on her. She stares blankly at it and lets her arms dangle at her sides.]

That...

Ok that was completely meaningless. What was the point?

Whoever you are.

Sollux: Deal with apocalypseArisen.

[Image description: Sollux sits at his computer. A dark red aries alert hovers at his computer.]

pesterlog
apocalypseArisen [A.A] began trolling twinArmageddons [T.A]

[Note: apocalypseArisen types in dark red and replaces all her Os with 0s.]

A.A: did you set up the teams
T.A: still working on it but yeah more or less.
we should all be playing soon.
and i guess leaving this dimension.
that is what happens, right??
A.A: yes
T.A: so i guess you should be pretty happy when we finally get out of here?
A.A: i dont know about that
T.A: oh.
will you at least be able to leave the voices behind?
A.A: i dont know about that either
T.A: isnt that kind of depressing?
the thought that they might stay with you til you die?
A.A: not really
im ok with it
im ok with a lot of things
even our inevitable failure
though it will briefly masquerade as victory
T.A: wow FUCK.
that was so much more depressing than the thing i just said.
terezi was right, you are such a drag to talk to these days.
A.A: she was right about a lot of things
T.A: wow what a mysterious thing to say, i am so intrigued.
do me a favor and spare me your spooky conundrums tonight, youre kind of pissing me off.
A.A: but you like to talk to me
this a fact not a question
they told me
T.A: oh your sources have spoken!
relay a message for me, tell them to go haunt my huge creaking bone bulge.
A.A: why do you like to talk to me
T.A: oh i dont know, maybe because we are supposed to save the world together???
i also talk to you because in case you havent noticed i despise myself and perpetually seek to
duplicate through emotional pain the cacophony of physical pain my hideous mutant brain causes
me every day.
oh my god i just had a breakthrough!!!
thank you so much for this, it was great.
that was a joke, here type "ha".
A.A: ha
T.A: now type it again.
A.A: ha
T.A: there you go, you are now officially the life of the party.
eheheh i just took an embarrassing video of you cutting loose there, boy i sure hope this juicy
nugget doesnt wind up on the internet!
A.A: (wide eyed blank face)
sollux i actually would like it if you were happy
T.A: ok. thank you for saying so.
A.A: you seem sad and angry all the time
what does anger feel like
i forgot
T.A: have you ever been angry?
i dont remember you getting angry about anything.
A.A: maybe i never was
i feel like i was though
once
T.A: why dont you ask karkat, hes way angrier than me.
for that matter why dont you get on HIS case about it instead of MINE.
A.A: i think his anger serves a greater purpose
its part of his destiny and thus ours
it will help him to sabotage his own designs
which are very much in opposition to the broader purpose
and will sow the seeds of our failure
a failure which will ironically prove to be mission critical
T.A: if you think we are going to fail why wouldnt you get mad about that?
at the voices sending you down this blind alley the whole time?
A.A: they never lied though
this is how it had to be
i have to be totally honest
though at no point did i ever lie
but through omission
this game will not save the world
T.A: the fuck??
A.A: and though it is still very important even in our defeat
unfortunately it is much closer to serving as the instrument of our peoples demise than that of their
salvation
and we twelve will behave simultaneously as the pawns and the orchestrators of the great undoing
T.A: i dont want to play anymore then.
A.A: you will though
T.A: fuck that just watch, this shit is dusted.
check me out, all dusting it like a saucy fuckin maid.
A.A: it cannot be stopped
meteors are en route
you know this sollux
T.A: who cares, im yanking the grubtube on this overpunctured bitch.
im telling red team leader to forget the whole thing.
im quitting as blue team leader.
if you want to shamble through this macabre fantasy of yours solo be my guest.
A.A: you were never going to be the team leader though
which is to say
the first to enter
T.A: are you messing with me??
you do realize im psychic to.
i could pull so much trippy shit out of my spinal crevice, it would make your head spin like dervish
in a fucking blender.
so Get Off Your High Hoofbeast.
A.A: im coming up
T.A: huh???
up where.
hello????????????

Sollux: Abort.

[Image description: The screen splits into thirds. The left section shows Terezi, the middle shows Sollux, and the right shows Karkat. All three are at their computers. Terezi and Karkat have yellow gemini alerts and an alert over Sollux's computer flips between a teal libra symbol and a grey cancer symbol. Karkat and Sollux look angry, but Terezi smiles widely.]

pesterlog
twinArmageddons [T.A] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [G.C]

T.A: hey change of plan, we arent playing this game anymore.
you dont have to bother recruiting, sorry to waste your time.
G.C: Im not the leader anymore
Karkat is
T.A: he is?
G.C: He threw a tantrum about it so I let him be the red leader
T.A: ok that was fairly predictable but thats fine.
ill talk to him about it.
G.C: whats going on?
T.A: nothing, this game sucks and A.A is full of crap.
sorry about all this.
G.C: (Face with a question mark for a mouth and furrowed brows)

twinArmageddons [T.A] began trolling carcinoGeneticist [C.G]

T.A: hey change of plan, we arent playing this game anymore.
C.G: hey.
guess who the red leader is?
I'm the leader. It's me.
your plan to cripple your rival team has failed.
T.A: I know, she told me, I dont care.
the game is bad news, it will cause the end of the world, not stop it.
so forget it, just go back to whatever you were doing.
writing your shitty code or whatever.
C.G: hahaha! So pathetic.
this is yet another feeble attempt to weaken your opposition.
terezi and I have already established a connection and we are making great progress here.
we are a great team, and I am a fantastic leader.
we will beat this game in no time, while your team is clearly still asleep at the thorax.
T.A: oh god.
no you idiot, I dont care about the game anymore.
I just quit, im not playing, you should too.
C.G: amazing.
you're either being really persistent with this transparent ruse, or you really are just that sad and incompetent.
neither case deserves my respect or my friendship.
in fact, you know what, friendship canceled.
there it's official, bye bye friendship!
T.A: oh like you havent said that like a billion times.
you aren't in any position to question my competence.
youre the worst programmer ive ever seen, you dont know anything about computers, why do you bother.
the only thing you're good at is yelling and making huge mistakes.
and being ugly and horrible in every way, and having stupid little nubby horns.
C.G: to be honest I don't see what's so great about your programming or hacking.
what is a hacker even? Just some smug asshole in movies doing fake things and making up words.
it's not even a real thing to be, it's just some bullshit title you gave yourself so you can feel just a tiny bit less loathesome.
T.A: oh no, more childish burns, I dont have to prove anything to you, im a great hacker, period.
C.G: no it's all so clear now, you were a fraud all along.
what does all this nonsensical code you wrote even do?
it's all nonsense.
like a bluff. You just say, oh karkat will never understand what I wrote is bullshit because he's too dumb to figure it out.
well you're busted, these viruses here I bet do nothing at all.
T.A: wait, kk...
C.G: I bet if I ran them nothing bad would happen.
might even improve my computer's performance!
T.A: no don't.
C.G: how about this idiotic program with the red and blue code, which is a meaningless thing to do with code anyway.
what does that even mean? It's another one of your scams.
why not sneak some bad clip art into the files too, and pretend that's code???
T.A: oh god, no dont run that, im serious.
C.G: what would happen?
T.A: im not sure, but it would be really, really bad if you ran it, just dont.
C.G: ah ha. Just as I thought, you can't even come up with a good lie when I press you on it.
your bluff has been called.
compiling as we speak, it will autorun when it finishes.
and now I have to go attend to something outside, because terezi is doing something just unspeakably stupid right now.

whoops, forget I said that. It was privileged information.

T.A: you are the dumbest grubfucker on the planet, I swear.

C.G: later douche bag.

T.A: kk do not run that code.

hello??????????????

carcinoGeneticist's [C.G'S] computer exploded.

T.A: oh my god.

Next

[Image description: Karkat stands on the balcony outside his bedroom, where the alchemiter now sits. Several streaks of paint are on the outside of the building above the balcony. There's a gaping hole in the side of the building and he kicks and throws a little temper tantrum about it.]

You are highly startled by the totally unexpected explosion.

Next

[Image description: Karkat stands in the kitchen again, staring sadly down at his lusus's corpse. Smoke from the explosion hasn't even cleared yet. A purple cursor shaped like the sburb house logo with 12 boxes in a cross shape hovers above the body and a grey kernel hovers above Karkat's head.]

Karkat and his friends and everyone they would ever meet thereafter would experience great misfortune on account of the curse unwittingly implemented through Sollux's esoteric Mobius Double Reacharound Virus.

Every troll's lusus would soon die. All but one of their kernelsprites would be prototyped with a dead lusus, each prior to entering the Medium. Upon entry, they would each have a bittersweet reunion with the creature after the kernel hatched, triggering the sprite's metamorphosis. For the first time, the trolls would be able to have verbal conversations with their custodians, and would be guided by them along their journeys.

Unfortunately, the underlings and warring royalty would gain the benefits of the monstrous prototypings as well. Each sprite, except for one, would only be prototyped once. The players would learn quickly that while one pre-entry prototyping per player was absolutely necessary for ultimate success, additional pre-entry prototypings merely empowered their enemies unnecessarily.

Next

[Image description: It shows the beach outside Gamzee's hive. In the distance, two meteors streak across the sky. A white shape has washed up on the shore right in front of Gamzee. It looks like a whale's tail on a hoofed creature's body. A sword sticks out of its back and indigo blood drips from the wound. A second image shows a closer view. It's head looks like a goat's head and Gamzee hugs its snout and looks like he's about to cry. This, apparently, was his lusus.]

The game has no explicit rule that demands something dead for prototyping. But in practice, the kernelsprite has particular attraction to the deceased or the doomed. Across every session ever played, exceptions to this pattern are extremely rare.

Sollux: Lament.
Why did you send Karkat that code? It was such a bad idea. You suppose it was a boastful gesture to get a friend to think more highly of you. But why would flaunting your superior skills accomplish this? It was foolish.

You ought to wipe all these clever viruses you wrote off your computer. They can only bring more trouble.

Sollux: Delete.

While deleting your virus folders, you pause on one oddball file you have lying around.

You did not write this virus. You copied it from an obscure server, far beyond your planet's global network. This application is running on that server perpetually.

It is an extremely simple ~ATH program. Its main loop is tied to the lifespan of the universe. When the universe dies, a mysterious subprogram will be executed. You have no way of knowing what that subprogram does. It runs on a protected part of the server. It is completely unhackable.

You delete the file, but it won't do much good. The program is already running elsewhere. Luckily, whatever harm it will do will not be done for many billions of years. And even then, what harm could a virus do after the expiration of the universe? This file always struck you as quite odd.

Next

But Sollux, even with his vision twofold, does not have the perceptual luxuries of our vision omnipresent.

When executed, the subprogram will summon an indestructible demon into the recently voided universe. This monstrous being with the power to travel through time is inconvenienced very little by his arrival upon THE GREAT UNDOING. He has the entire cadaver of the expired universe to
pick apart at his whim. From its birth through its swelling maturity and tapering decay. In a reality he is known to have marked for predation, he will go about assembling followers through various epochs, even going as far as personally establishing the parameters for his future summoning.

Sollux couldn't know that the virus is essentially a formality.

The demon is already here.

Next

[Image description: Sollux looks away as a Grumble comes from elsewhere in the hive.]

Sounds like your lusus is agitated about something up there. You already gave him his serving of honey today. If he thinks he can get more, well that's just greedy.

You wonder what could be bothering him?

Next

[Image description: It shows the outside of what is presumably Sollux's hive. It is a large, green hexagonal prism. The outside is littered with clusters of grey rooms that stick out from the sides. Even more of them form a skyline against the night sky. Sollux's has a structure that looks like the top half of a gemini symbol where a white figure, presumably a lusus, is chained. The chain goes from one of the pillars to the lusus's ankle.]

You keep your enormous Bicyclops chained to the roof of your Communal Hive Stem. It is the only place there is room for him. Dueling with him on the roof during feeding time is a daily ordeal.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the lusus. It is a hulking creature that looks like a white Giclops with two heads. Its left head has a red eye and the right head has a blue one. A second image shows the ethereal Aries troll hovering in the sky.]

Be the other girl.

[Image description: G.A, the jade Virgo troll, stands on a white surface and looks up at something. She holds a white chainsaw with black teeth in one hand.]

You are now one of the five other girls.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out, showing that she's standing on her lusus's head. Her lusus looks like a giant grub with six small legs and giant wings. Its head is skull-like, but looks like its wearing lipstick. It has horns that look like longer versions of her charge's horns. They hover near a tall tree. A pink and green striped piece of fabric hangs from something in the background. The sky behind her looks like the early hours of a sunrise; all soft pink and purple with bands of sunlight crossing it.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out a lot. Her house looks like the top of Jade's home, minus the atom logo on the main tower and the base, leaving only the spires. Sail-like pieces of brightly colored
fabrics in fun patterns hang from and between the towers, serving as awnings and decorations. A trail snakes in a circle around trees scattered in her lawnring. She has vibrant green grass, but beyond her yard is nothing but pink-brown sand.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out more. Her hive is a spot of green in a pastel pink and purple desert. Nearby, the top section of a frog temple sticks out of the sand, but this one is made of red rock. North of it and Northwest of G.A's hive, a yellow-green cylinder sticks out of the ground. It is only slightly smaller than G.A's entire yard.]

Stop being the other girl.

[Image description: A.T, the brown taurus troll, sits in a wheelchair in a brown room. He wears the same black clothes that he wears while harassing the humans, but now we can see his shoes. Socks with brown sandals. His desk is pushed into the corner and has a purple, fairy-patterned tablecloth on it. His dark teal laptop sits on top of it. A 12-paned window is set into the wall over the desk, but it looks like something was thrown through it. The slats dividing the panes from each other are completely gone in the center and broken short at the edges. The rest of the available wall space is covered with troll fairy posters, posters of castles, and one that looks like it's from Peter Pan. A grey, white, and red striped lance leans against the window. Purple playing cards and small balls with swirled designs on them are scattered over the floor and desk. Two stuffed animals sit on the floor, too. Their left sides are red and their right sides are yellow. A tiny lusus that looks like a bull with fairy wings flies near the window.]

You are now no longer the other girl, or any of the other five for that matter.

What's the name of this dude sitting in his Four Wheel Device?

Enter name.

[Image description: It zooms out. To the left of the window is a recuperacoon shaped like a squished teardrop. Where the tip would be is the opening to the slime. A grey ramp leads up to the hole so he can access it. The wall behind the recuperacoon has a large poster of a scantily clad blue fairy troll and a smaller poster of a golden pegasus. Another one of the stuffed animals lays on the ground next to it. The Peter Pan like poster has the title Pupa Pan on it.]

Your name is Tavros Nitram.

You are known to be heavily arrested by Fairy Tales and Fantasy Stories. You have an acute ability to Commune With the Many Creatures of Alternia, a skill you have utilized to Capture and Train a great many. They are all your friends, as well as your warriors, which you pit in battle through a variety of related Card and Role Playing Games. You used to engage in various forms of More Extreme Roleplaying with some of your other friends before you had an accident.

You like to engage in the noble practice of Alternian Slam Poetry, possibly the oldest, most revered, and certainly freshest artform in your planet's rich history. You have a profound fascination with the concept of Flight, and all lore surrounding the topic. You believe in Fairies, even though they Aren't Real.

Your trolltag is adiosToreador and you uhh, speak in a sort of, uhh, faltering manner.

[Note: The last phrase is written in his quirk, in which every letter is capitalized except for the first
letter of each clause and phrase.]

What will you do?

Tavros: Cut to the chase and play card games immediately.

[Image description: Tavros tilts his head forward and looks up, quirking one eyebrow. He holds one of the orbs, one with red, orange, and black swirls, in one hand and several of the purple cards in his other hand. His lusus hovers in front of him. A second image shows him tossing the ball down into the ground, kicking up a small cloud of dust. The word Pyoof appears above it. The Os look like the ball.]

You kickstart a rousing match of Fiduspawn, with the only friend you've got to play with in person, your loyal lusus Tinker bull.

You take a look at the favorable hand you dealt yourself and crack a mischiefous smile. With a Host Plush at the ready, you quickly lob an Oogonibomb and catch your adversary off guard!!!

Next

[Image description: The ball cracks open like an egg and a purple, spider-like creature hatches from it. It has two mouths, one on it's thorax and one on it's head region. The smaller one on its head has long, sharp protrusions around it.]

Next

[Image description: The creature lunges towards one of the plushes.]

Next

[Image description: It hugs the plush's face and embeds the protrusions into its head. It has a long, scorpion-like tail that curls up as it squeezes the plush.]

Next

[Image description: The creature lets go and scuttles off to the right, leaving the plush bloated and dripping with yellow-green slime.]

Next

[Image description: A writhing bulge comes from the plush's stomach.]

Next

[Image description: An eyeless, purple creature that looks like a cross between a sea anemone and a skeletal horse bursts from the plush, letting out a Neigh. Protrusions shaped almost like Macaroni pasta stick out of its back and the back of its head.]

Horsaroni, I Choose You!!!!!!!

Tavros: Command faithful steed.

[Image description: The creature, Horsaroni, whinnies and rips into the creature that hatched from the ball.] With a brooding whinny, Horsaroni shuffles his mighty hooves and makes short work of the
fidusucker, boosting his vitals!

Horsaroni is now primed and raring for battle. Look out Tinker bull!!!

Tavros: Horsaroni: Spawntech to Slumberbuddies.

[Image description: It fades between Horsaroni and Tavros looking up with his hands on his temples. A second image shows Tinkerbull, who doesn't seem to understand what is happening.]

You use your awesome bestial communion abilities and bend the ferocious stallion to your whim. Tinkerbull can't stand the suspense!

Next

[Image description: Horsaroni lays curled up on the floor with Tinkerbull snuggled up along its side. Both of them are sleeping.]

Nap time!

Everybody wins. Horsaroni gains a bunch of levels. In no time he will be ready to breed and you can put him out to stud.

Next

[Image description: Tavros claps and looks at the sleeping creatures. The remnants of the hatched thing and the plush lay on the floor beside him.]

Good game everybody. That was a lot of fun. Time to do some other stuff you guess.

Tavros: Roll up your ramp.

[Image description: Tavros sits at the top of the ramp.]

This is how you get up to your recuperacoon when it's time to rest. It's kind of a production getting in and out.

Tavros: Hop in.

[Image description: Tavros sits in the slime, some of which splashed out when he got in. He clutches the side and looks upset. His horns are too wide to fit into the recuperacoon. His wheelchair sits at the bottom of the ramp.]

You can't fit all the way in because of your huge horns. It makes it hard to get any solid shuteye.

Oh great, now you're covered in slime. Why did you do this? You're going to have to change your clothes. There goes another solid hour down the tubes.

Aw damn and there goes your four wheel device down the ramp. That happens a lot.

Tavros: Take lance.

[Image description: Tavros sits in his chair at the bottom of the ramp. Now he holds the lance that was leaning against the window. His strife specibus card appears in the top left. It's Lance kind and has a picture of a lance on it.]

After a major cleanup rigmarole and a lot of crawling around your respiteblock, you equip your
Jousting Lance.

Next

[Image description: A hive with blue windows and a blue windmill coming from the top of the building stands on top of a green cliff. There is plenty of space between it and the edge, but the drop off is sharp and sudden. In the background, there is a small, almost garage like building. The yard in front of the house has a long, brown fence with a shape at the far end of it. A second image shows that shape. It is a scarecrow with a bucket for a head that is holding a shield and a lance, which is propped up by a fork shaped support to hold it parallel to the ground. The dummy is wearing tattered black clothing and the bucket on its head has a grey grub engraved on it. The shield and bucket are littered with dents and scrapes.]

You like to practice your jousting outside. One day you hope to prove yourself worthy of recruitment into the halls of the dreaded imperial Cavalreapers. Assuming you are not slated for culling first on account of your disability. Or really any other arbitrary reason.

Tavros: Admire posters.

[Image description: Tavros smiles up at his Pupa Pan poster. A medium blue scorpio symbol alert hovers over his husktop. The scorpio symbol is shaped like a lowercase M with the final downward stroke curving out into an arrow pointing right.]

You wheel over to your favorite poster featuring Pupa Pan, which is your favorite thing. You have always fantasized that one day intrepid young Pupa would come and take you away, and together you would fly to a beautiful paradise planet of legend, that has all sorts of fanciful stuff like pirates, treasure, a cruel villain with a missing arm and a missing eye, and these weird aliens called "indians". You have left your window open since you were very young, just in case Pupa stopped by one night and decided to splash a pinch of Special Stardust in your face.

You have had this interest far prior to your accident. Being paralyzed isn't what made you want to be able to fly. That would be dumb and would make no sense.

Being paralyzed does sort of make you want to be able to walk, though.

Way in the future...

[Image description: Tavros stands near a computer in the Troll's facility. His legs and feet look like they're made of metal plates riveted together. Gamzee stands to his left, looking high, Karkat stand to the right and behind him, though his head is cut off by the edge of the panel, and the strange girl with the blue hat from the cave stands to his left.]

Over the course of your long journey, at one point you were fitted with a cool pair of robolegs. The guy who likes to build robots built them for you.

But then, he does like to break them more than he likes to build them. It's usually why he builds them in the first place.

Occasionally though, he will allow philanthropy to override misanthropoby.

Next

[Image description: Tavros lays on the ground, asleep and smiling. He still has his flesh legs and the horrible socks and sandals combination. A second image shows G.A standing over him with her chainsaw running. Another troll stands in the shadows behind her, but it's impossible to tell
who it is."

You were lucky enough to have a friend who didn't mind getting her hands dirty on account of your best interest.

A friend with a chainsaw.

Next

[Image description: G.A swings the chainsaw down and pinches her eyes shut. Brown blood sprays everywhere. The troll in the shadows steps forward. He has square glasses and deep blue bags under his eyes. His horns are shaped like arrows, but the left one is broken. His teeth, too, are broken, and many of them are missing. His chest has a royal blue sagittarius symbol on it. The sagittarius symbol is an arrow pointing up and to the right with a line crossing the shaft from the opposite direction.]

The guy who likes to build robots just stood there and watched. It would always make everyone uncomfortable whenever he would just stand there.

And watch.

And way back again...

[Image description: Tavros looks at his computer. The scorpio alert is still there, but an indigo capricorn one has joined it.]

But before that you had to scoot around in your wheel device throughout the various worlds of the Medium, and endure all sorts of follies related to your disability, which on account of their great plurality and marginal relevance we will not get to see. Just as well.

Wow, look what happens when you space out and contemplate the future like that. The messages start piling up.

Tavros: Deal with A.G.

[Image description: It shows Tavros's computer. He has trollian open in the background and a picture of a blue fairy on top of that. In his chumroll, arachnidsGrip and terminallyCapricious are flashing. Two chat boxes are on screen, but one covers all but the outer edge of the other. The top one is titled "trolling : arachnidsGrip".]

pesterlog

arachnidsGrip [A.G] began trolling adiosToreador [A.T]

[Note: arachnidsGrip types in medium blue blue and has a strange fascination with the number 8. All B's and anything that sounds like how 8 is pronounced is replaced with the number. Also, any repetitions are done in sets of 8.]

A.G: taaaaaaaavros.
A.T: hey,
A.G: red team is going to bite the dust!
and I know you are on the red team.
A.T: whoa, really,
A.G: yeah, you totally are.
my team's got no use for a boy that can't make no use of his legs!
you were fated for a team of losers, full of blind girls and lame boys and cranky iiiiiiiimbeciles.
A.T: ok, you're probably right about that, but I shouldn't be talking to you,
A.G: oh????????
A.T: I promised I wouldn't talk to you anymore,
A.G: whaaaaaaat. Promised who?
A.T: rufio,
A.G: omg, who's that????????
I hate this guy already!
A.T: he's, uhh, okay,
someone said I should give my self esteem a name, and to be careful about what I say, to make sure I don't hurt his feelings,
A.G: haha! So he's imaginary! A fake.
like a made up friend, the way fairies are.
made up make believe fakey fake fakes.
who told you to do something so fraudulent?
A.T: GA
but I don't know if she was joking about it, it might be a joke, uhh, I don't know, but I did it anyway,
A.G: oh maaaaaaan, what a meddler.
I hate her meddling! Why is she always meddling?
I don't know if it was a joke, but man.
A.T: uh,
A.G: I don't think it was a joke. It was more like........ ok, complete this analogy.
laughing is to a joke as meddling is to .......?
A.T: uuhhh,
A.G: exactly! That's what she just did to you. it is worse than a joke. It is worse than anything you can do.
extime tell her to can it! That's what I do.
butshe keeps bugging me. bugging and fussing and meddling. What's her deal!
I guess it's flattering that she wants to talk to me so much though. I guess I don't mind. It's cool.
anyway tavros, you've been amazingly boring as usual, so I'm going to go.
A.T: okay,
A.G: this show needs to get on the freaking road.
believe it or not, the blue team doesn't have a single player in the session yet!
while you guys have like two or three or such!
unbelievable, I wonder what the holdup is. Oh well, let's face it! You guys need the head start.
A.T: uhh,
A.G: ok, anyway, good luck to you. It will be just like old tiiiiiiiiiimes.
(smiley face with 8 eyes, one of which is winking)
adios, toreasnore!!!!!!!!!
arachnidsGrip [A.G] ceased trolling adiosToreador [A.T]

A.T: bye,

Tavros: Rap with T.C.

[Image description: The screen splits between Gamzee sitting on a pile of horns behind his desk and Tavros holding his laptop on his lap. Each one has the other's alert next to their computers. Gamzee has smears of sopor slime around his mouth and some spills out of one of the pie tins.]
pesterlog

terminallyCapricious [T.C] began trolling adiosToreador [A.T]

T.C: motherfuck my brother, im so sorry I kind of zoned out there.
A.T: hi, that's ok.
I wasn't expecting you to not be zoned out for any reason.
so I guess, I don't understand your apology.
T.C: alright, fuck yeah, it's all good anyway.
I just zoned out when I was supposed to be all about being to tell you you're all on my team.
A.T: uh, yeah, the red team you mean,
T.C: shit motherfuckin yeah my wicked motherfucker!
(smiley face with a round nose) honk honk honk
A.T: ok, that's great, I just heard about this,
from someone I don't want to talk about,
but it still basically qualifies as good news,
T.C: (smiley face with a round nose) honkhonkhonkhonkhonk
A.T: (smiley face with a round nose and a bracket for horns), heh,
T.C: hahah fuuuuuck, you stole my fuckin nose bro!
what got you even up the gumption to all fuckin do the shit like that?
A.T: err, I don't know, it's just,
kind of the obvious thing to do,
stick the circle in front of the dots, and, behind the bendy one,
plus, oh yeah, my horns,
T.C: hahahaha.
A.T: maybe we can slam about it,
T.C: yeah, I could kick the shit out of some rhymes bro.
all stir up some fuckin hell mirth and rip open a fuckin bag of harshwhimsy.
A.T: yeahhh, you can talk about the clown things, which,
I don't really understand ever, but that's okay,
because it's kind of funny,
whereas, I'll address some topics pertaining to my interests,
and I guess, personal motifs,
T.C: yeah! Fuck yeah, that be how shit's all usually up and fuckin locked bro.
but first here's the thing with the game.
A.T: oh yeah, I almost forgot, about,
the red team game,
T.C: yeah ok if I remember right this is how we're juggling this shit.
lot's of fuckin balls in the air, hahaha.
terezi connected to karkat, so he's fuckin chill.
then I'm supposed to connect to her soon to get her all chill too.
but she's in the woods doing something.
when she comes back she starts playing.
so in the mean motherfuckin time I'm supposed to get you to connect to me.
but I fuckin spaced out and forgot.
because I guess I was way too motherfuckin chill all up in this shit, hahahahaha!
A.T: yeah, I understand,
T.C: so just download this motherfucker I'm sending you so we can kick this bitch down the stairs.
A.T: okay, I'll do that, and,
in the meantime, shall i,
cue up the,
strict beats?????? (Very happy face with a bracket for horns)
T.C: awwwwww brother now you all fuck and up and done it.
you are fuckin wheel deep in a big sloppy massacre pie topped with motherfuckin whipped rhyme. how strict are those beats at, motherfucker?
A.T: well, i,
turned up those bitches to pretty stern,
set beats to lecture, and, I'm kind of going hog wild on the curmudgeon knob, which, I had recently installed,
T.C: god damn!!!
tell me more while I get my reach on for this frosty brew.
A.T: okay,
imagine an array of beats that set limits,
they got a rulebook, it doesn't pay to skim it,
because, there's not a lot of latitude,
they won't stand for an attitude,
and, crossing them's a habit you'd,
(not really want to get into because, uhh),
they'd get pretty mad at you,
T.C: fuuuuck, so fuckin fresh.
you need to be slapped fuckin silly with a mouth like that! Haha.
A.T: and, if you got a problem with it,
then I suggest you go and rap it dude,
T.C: ok I will.
just let me sneak up on this bottle of faygo and snap its neck like im a fuckin laughssassin.
ok.
are those beats still chill?
A.T: yeah,
T.C: are they motherfuckin strict???
A.T: yeahhhhh,
T.C: aight.
crack.....
hissssssssssssss.
motherfuckin kick it!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

You both then proceed to have one of the worst rap-offs in the history of paradox space.

Next

[Image description: Terezi stands on the forest floor, flanked by purple trees. In the background, the distant parts of the forest burn. She wears her red glasses, but she doesn't have her cane.]

You make your way through the burning woods to meet the lusus you never had.

It's time for her to hatch. It's now or never.

Next

[Image description: A giant grey balance stands in the roots of a massive tree. On the left side, there is a skull that looks a lot like G.A's lusus. There is a giant black box with a white spirograph carved in it underneath the skull side. It looks like there's a button on top, right below the skull. The right side has a massive teal egg that glows a faint blue. Terezi stands near the base of the scales. The thing is easily 15 times her height. The egg itself is 4 times as tall as she is.]

Since the world is about to end anyway, you suppose it no longer matters if the Doomsday Scale is tipped.
The counterweight is the skull of an ancient mother grub, slain thousands of solar sweeps ago.

The egg contains a rare species of dragon which remains blind until maturity, using its other senses to survive. It has balanced the skull here for millennia, waiting for the warmth of a meteor-sparked forest fire before hatching.

In case it wasn't clear, dragons are real.

While she slept in her egg, she would communicate with you in your sleep.

After your accident, she would use your dreams to teach you to detect the world around you without vision.

As you learned, your dreams became more vivid. Where before there was darkness, odors and flavors painted a striking picture. You found yourself surrounded by bright honey walls, and in the sky was a huge tasty ball of cotton candy, which is this sweet troll delicacy we wouldn't know anything about.

The first time you caught a glimpse of this world in your dreams, there was no turning back.

The young lusus would take to the sky and promptly get herself killed. This would be much more shocking and maybe a little bit more sad if we didn't already know it was going to happen.

We already knew this. But of course, you didn't.

The dragon never smelled it coming.
She would fall to your treehive. On your return, she would be scooped up by a sympathetic ally and deposited into the kernelsprite.

Then you and she could talk! There would be plenty to discuss.

Next

[Image description: A timer on the front of the black box counts down from 6:12]

The doomsday device would display the amount of time you had to get back to your hive and enter the Medium before the forest was destroyed.

At the time, it wouldn't occur to you to wonder whether the device was directly responsible for the apocalypse, or merely served as its precisely calibrated harbinger. And it certainly wouldn't occur to you to cast doubt on any perceived difference between those two things.

It wouldn't until later, when you better understood the game you were about to play.

Be the other other girl.

[Image description: It shows the cave frog temple with the head and body of the frog in the pool of mud. A second image shows the ethereal Aries troll standing on the roof of the temple.]

You are now the other other girl.

Render the girl in a more symbolic manner.

[Image description: The art style changes to the armless one all the other characters have been drawn in for the most part. She looks decidedly less ethereal now.]

That's better. We can now be properly introduced.

Who's this spooky lady?

Enter name.

[Image description: It zooms out, showing more of the empty roof. Purple stalactites poke down from the ceiling.]

Your name is Aradia Megido.

You once had a number of Interests, which in time you have Lost Interest In. You seem to recollect once having a fondness for Archeology, though now have trouble recalling this passion. It nonetheless has led you to find your Present Calling, which came through the discovery of these Mystic Ruins on which you presently stand, and which you recently Desecrated Out of Boredom.

Guiding you to this calling were the Voices of the Dead, which you have been able to hear since you were young. The voices have become louder as the Great Undoing approaches. This trend in escalation began after an Accident involving a Certain Kind of Role Playing, which might have been another of your interests once upon a time. It doesn't matter much anymore.

The accident resulted in the Death of Your Lusus, which prompted you to leave your home and take up these ruins as residence. On the instruction of your Ancestors, you have recovered Mysterious Technology from the ruins, and convinced a friend to adapt it into a Game That Will Bring About the Destruction of Your Civilization. And by convinced, you suppose you mean tricked.
He has tentatively named the game Sgrub, which is a word that is Not Terribly Elegant. If it were marketed by a legitimate game company instead of rapidly patched together by a young hacker, it would ostensibly be given a better title. He is presently mobilizing twelve friends to play it, including him and yourself. He believes he will lead the blue team. But he is wrong.

Your trolltag is apocalypseArisen and there is typically a pronounced hollowness to your words.

[Note: That last phrase was written in her quirk, with all the O's replaced with 0.]

What will you do?

Aradia: Retrieve computer.

[Image description: It shows a fetch modus for Ouija type. The card shows six captchalogue card shapes in a row with an upside down heart shaped pointer pointing to the center of the row. Near the tip of the pointer is a round hole. A second image shows Aradia hovering against a ouija board. She holds her left hand up and the pointer floats to her left. The ouija board has a horned sun in the top left corner and a horned moon in the top right. The bottom left and right both have the same picture of trolls playing the game. Everyone places a hand on the pointer, which then moves around the board to point at different letters or numbers. The symbols are arranged in two parallel, curved rows across the board. A straight row of numbers is below them, but they are upside down. Evidently, even if their alphabet is different, they use the same numbers, if inverted. Below the numbers is another row of letters. Above the curved rows is another, much shorter and more steeply curved row with only 5 letters. On either side of this row is a symbol. The one that appeared when properly naming the planet is on the left and the one that appeared for the wrong name is on the right.]

It's not up to you to decide what you retrieve from your sylladex. It's up to the spirits.

Next

[Image description: The cursor moves around slowly and points at four different letters. As it does, the letters appear from right to left in a beige captchalogue card in the top left.]

Looks like the spirits are being cooperative today, if a bit cryptic, as usual.

Next

[Image description: It shows the card up close. The letters fade and a Crosbytop fades in on the card.]

Who's this douchebag?

Next

[Image description: Aradia stands on the roof again with the Crosbytop now on the ground in front of her. A jade Virgo alert hovers over it.]

You found this baffling artifact some time ago on one of your digs. The creature on its facade is completely mystifying. You have taken to using it as your primary computing device on account of its bizarre novelty, as well as convenient portability.

Oh, look who's bothering you again.

She's always bugging you. Bugging and fussing and meddling. What's her deal! You guess it's
flattering that she wants to talk to you so much though.

You're ok with it. You're ok with a lot of things.

Aradia: Humor G.A.

[Image description: Aradia sits on the ground and types at the Crosbytop, which still has the virgo alert.]

grimAuxiliatrix [G.A] began trolling apocalypseArisen [A.A]

G.A: Hi Again Aradia
A.A: oh nooooooo
G.A: So I Guess Tonight Is The Night You Blow Everything Up
A.A: (wide eyed blank face)
G.A: Is There Nothing I Can Do To Change Your Mind
A.A: no
or yes
yes there's nothing
and no you can't
but you shouldn't pretend as if you believe this has anything to do with the state of my mind
or the decisions it will make or has already made
G.A: Yeah I Guess Not
I Thought Id Be Friendly Though
And Remind You That You Do In Fact Have A Hand In All The Terrible Things That Are About To Happen
Because That's What Friends Are For
And The Fact That What Ensues Will Be Terrible
Is An Immutable Fact I Am Stating For The Record
And The Fact That We Will Not Be On The Same Team Is Similarly Immutable
It Does Not Mean That Teamwork Is What Isn't Taking Place Here
A.A: sorry i didn't follow that
G.A: Ill Be Here To Help
If You Need Me
A.A: ok
thanks

[Image description: It shows the Crosbytop, which blinks quickly. Aradia has Trollian open on the screen. A clock in the bottom right says that it's 6:12 AM. A second image shows Aradia resting her chin in her hands and watching the Crosbytop, which reflects in her white eyes.]

Tick tock tick tock tick tock.

Waiting for the apocalypse is so booooorrring.

You guess you'll check on Sollux to see how he's coming along with those teams.

Aradia: Check on Sollux.

[Image description: The screen splits between Aradia with the Crosbytop on the left and Sollux at his computer on the right. They each have each other's alert over their computer.]
You then had a conversation we already read, which began like this:

A.A: did you set up the teams

And ended like this:

A.A: im coming up

And then you went up.

[Note: "A conversation we already read" links back to the page in question.]

Aradia: Go up.

[Image description: Bicylops, Sollux's lusus, hovers above the roof, still chained to the pole. Both heads look around in confusion. Aradia's hand sticks on screen, palm up, like she's controlling the levitation.]

Hmm, you wonder what she wants.

What's with all these girls bugging you? Bugging and fussing and meddling.

Aradia: Get bugged by A.G.

[Image description: The screen splits between Aradia on the rooftop to the right and an outline of a troll at a computer on the left. The only visible detail is the medium blue virgo on her chest and a background that looks like a net or web. Next to the faint impression of a computer, there is a dark red Aries alert.]

A.G: Araaaaaaaadiiiiiiia!

A.A: oh boy thats way too many of the same letter in a row twice

A.G: I know!

So we're about to get started right?

Have you tricked Sollux yet?

Do you have Mr. Two Eyes all befuddled and flustered in your web of lies?

Or Mr. Four Eyes?

Hmmmmmmmmm.

I don't know. Which nickname do you think would be suitably derogatory in this case Aradia?

A.A: how about eight eyes

minus seven

A.G: (tongue sticking out face with 8 eyes)

A.A: i didnt trick him
its not like that
A.G: Ok, whatever. The point is.
Once you have pulled the finely woven silken mesh over his dumb different colored eyes, you and
I will start playing the game and be the blue team leaders.
That's how this will work right????????
Wait do you mind if we are co-leaders? I forgot to ask! I just assumed it was ok with you.
A.A: i dont care
A.G: Great. That's the spirit!
And when I bring you into the game, whatever the hell that means, then we can send each other
stuff right? That is how this works right?
A.A: yes
A.G: Awesome!
because I have a present for you. It's a surprise, and it's going to be great. From me to you.
Just from me. From me alone and nobody else.
I can't wait to see the look on your face when you see.
A.A: ok well im sure it will be very thoughtful
A.G: Hey speaking of which, what will the name of our team be?
A.A: uh
the blue team
A.G: No no no no no. I know that.
I mean the name of OUR team. You and me. Just uuuuuuuus.
(smiley face with 8 eyes)
A.A: i havent given it any thought
nor did i think such a thing was up for consideration
but if you want to pretend we both have a separate team together
and name that team
then knock yourself out
A.G: I just thought it would be really fitting.
Kind of like a fresh start, you know?
I don't know, what are our shared interests? I guess I never really thought about this! I guess I'm
used to thinking of you as the enemy. There must be some overlap in profiles.
Come oooooooon, let's brainstorm!
A.A: (wide-eyed blank face)
A.G: Man, it'll be great. We'll be unstoppable. Surely you must admit it will be nice to rebound
from the Team Charge debacle!
A.A: i never think about that anymore
A.G: Oh maaaaaaan, I'm so dumb! Here I am running my mouth and opening up old wounds,
while at the very same time trying to make amends! What an idiot.
A.A: its ok
A.G: Hey speaking of which, that loser isn't going to be on the blue team is he?
A.A: which loser
A.G: Your old team buddy!
A.A: no
A.G: Oh thank fucking goodness! Talk about dead weight. You made the right choice, leader! I
mean co-leader.
A.A: i didnt exclude him for that reason
or at all
youre just not getting it
you never listen
A.G: Man, now I've got this huge beefgrub lodged in my nook just thinking about him.
I'm going to go give him a hard time.
Let me know when you're live! Later.
arachnidsGrip [A.G] ceased trolling apocalypseArisen [A.A]

A.A: dont do that its really childish
uh wow

Be the mysterious spider girl.

[Image description: It shows the previously shadowy girl at her computer, which is red. She has medium length horns that curve ever so slightly inwards set into a head of long, messy hair. The left one has a spur on it, like one of G.A's, and the other has a crescent at the end like the one from the unknown troll on their meteor. She wears glasses with a narrow frame, but the right lens is filled in like an eyepatch. She wears a black shirt with a medium blue scorpio symbol on it and a dark grey overshirt. The right sleeve is tattered and short and her right arm looks robotic.]

You try to be the mysterious spider girl and fail.

She's way too mysterious for you to be her yet! Seriously, what's up with those glasses? What's up with that robo-arm? What's her deal!

She guesses it's flattering that you want to be her though. She guesses she doesn't mind. It's cool.

We'll learn all about her a little later.

Sollux: Get back to Aradia.

[Image description: The screen splits between Sollux at his computer on the left and Aradia floating in the sky with the Crosbytop on the right. They each have the other's symbol in an alert over their computer.]

pesterlog
twinArmageddons [T.A] began trolling apocalypseArisen [A.A]

T.A: aradia i would like to apologize, i flew off the handle there.
it was like the handle was a bald guy going really fast, and i was his toupee.
so im sorry, it was my fault.
A.A: its ok
T.A: i hope we are still friends.
A.A: yes we are
T.A: so anyway, i think even though i quit as leader im still going to play the game now.
because its either that or get totally creamed by all these fucking space boulders.
hey maybe we can make the best of the game anyway, even though i guess we are going to lose.
A.A: no im sorry
you cant sollux
not yet
T.A: oh my god!!!
youre going to give me shit again???
after i crawled on my belly like that all groveling at you.
like some low class guy with... whatever color blood is lower on the hierarchy than mine.
whats worse than yellow?
fuck this confusing caste system.
anyway screw you, im playing this game right now.
A.A: no youre not
trust me
T.A: wait whats this...
are you hearing that spooky message from the grave?
it is from my ability to give a shit.
which just died.
this is where you laugh again!

A.A: come to the window
T.A: why.
A.A: because im outside
T.A: bs.
A.A: take a look
T.A: i dont see anything out there.
A.A: come closer youll see me
i promise
T.A: god i am just bulge deep in the fecal matter of a wildly incontinent hoofbeast but ok, ill
indulge you.
here i go!

Sollux: Look out window.

[Image description: Sollux stands by his window, next to the remnants of the strife specibus and
the top section of the mainframe that he cut off.]

Ok, looking out this lousy stupid goddamn window.

Lousy stupid goddamn psychics.

Next

[Image description: Someone snaps their fingers.]

Next

[Image description: Sollux falls to the floor, asleep. He lands in the pool of honey, splashing it all
over himself.]

Nap time.

Much later...

[Image description: Meteors rain down around Sollux's hivestem. The buildings in the background
collapse from the impacts, but Sollux's remains standing. Bicylops sits on the roof, asleep.]

When you would finally wake up, you'd discover all of your teammates had connected to each
other and entered the Medium. You would be the last to enter. Your long nap would facilitate a
series of important dreams that would prove essential in support of your teammates.

But here and now, the destruction of your hive would be imminent unless you could quickly
establish a connection to the first player of the group and complete the chain.

Sollux: Wake up.

[Image description: Sollux pushes himself upright, making a disgusted expression and sticking out
his tongue. His glasses lay in the pool of honey near the still-sleeping bees.]

The mind honey.
Some of it got in your mouth.

Next

[Image description: Red and blue lightning crackles around Sollux's eyes and his shirt and hair flash red, blue, and black. He looks zoned out, like he's not quite there.]

YOU DO NOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCE EAT THE MIND HONEY

Next

[Image description: He rears back and screams. Red and blue beams of light burst from his eyes and purple lightning crackles across the background.]

Next

[Image description: The lights rip through the roof of his hivestem.]

Next

[Image description: The weird girl with the blue hat still stands in her cave. There is a paint pallate and brush on the floor to her left and black outlines of monstrous beasts on the floor. Something white sits in a pool of red blood on the right side of the screen.]

Since that moody kid is busy flipping his bifurcated lid, we might as well take a moment to get to know this silly cat girl.

Gosh who is she??

Enter name.

[Image description: It zooms out. The black figures lay in pools of red blood and the white one is shown in its entirety. It looks like a cat with two mouths, one on top of the other. Each one is shaped like a sideways 3 and look like they're smiling. Three 12-paned windows are carved into the walls of the cave: one is above the cat lusus and two more are on the far left wall. On the left side, a grey desk is set into the rock and what looks like a scribblepad sits on top.]

Your name is Nepeta Leijon.

You live in a Cave that is also a Hive, but still mostly just a Cave. You like to engage in Friendly Role Playing, but not the Dangerous Kind. Never the Dangerous Kind. It's Too Dangerous! Too many of your good friends have gotten hurt that way.

Your daily routine is dangerous enough as it is. You prowl the wilderness for Great Beasts, and stalk them and take them down with nothing but your Sharp Claws and Teeth! You take them back to your cave and Eat Them, and from time to time, Wear Their Pelts for Fun. You like to paint Wall Comics using blood and soot and ash, depicting Exciting Tales from the Hunt! And other goofy stories about you and your numerous pals. Your best pal of all is A Little Bossy, and people wonder why you even bother with him. But someone has to keep him pacified. If not you, then who? Everyone has an important job to do.

Your trolltag is arsenicCatnip and *your speech precedes itself with the face of your lusus who is pawssibly the cutest and purrrhaps the bestest kitty you have ever seen!*
What will you do?

Nepeta: Retrieve claws from arms.

[Image description: She holds her hands up to her sides. She is wearing fingerless grey gloves, from which blades come out, wolverine style. Each hand has three claws on it and each claw is around a foot long. A strife specibus card for clawkind appears in the top left corner. The picture in the main section is the set of three claws.]

You are always wearing your Claw Gloves. You never know when you might encounter some unsuspecting prey. Or when some prey might encounter an unsuspecting you!

On Alternia, everything is considered unsuspecting prey by everything else.

Nepeta: Scratch lusus behind ears.

[Image description: Nepeta stands close to her sleeping Lusus. A second image zooms in on her hand as she scratches her lusus's head. Her lusus purrs in response.]

She sure enjoys a good scratch! Pounce De Leon is the best kitty cat. You and she go on adventures together in search of the Fountain of Cute. You ride your sure-pawed mount into the rugged frontier. And sometimes she rides you when she gets tired, which is frequently.

It sure will be sad when she dies. But who knows when or how that will happen. We might not even really have the time to find out!

Next

[Image description: Jagged bits of red rock sit in a pile. Pounce De Leon's front paw and tail stick out from under a large piece.]

Later there was a cave-in.

Nepeta: Examine computer.

[Image description: Nepeta stands by her desk. A grey cancer alert hovers over her tablet.]

You saunter over to your Drawing Tablet Computer. You use this to draw... on a computer!!! It would be cool if this could somehow be adapted to serve as a fetch modus as well. That would be so much more fun than the frustrating one you're using now.

You wonder what this grumpy fellow wants? Probably something to do with that game. That seems to be all Anybody's talking about lately!

Nepeta: Answer Karkat.

[Image description: Nepeta sits down with Pounce De Leon curled around her. She rests her tablet on her knees and pokes at it. A second image shows trollian open on her screen. carcinoGeneticist is highlighted in her chumproll and a chat with him is open on screen. A long box with a grey outline takes up the bottom of the screen. It has the beginning part of the chat written in quick, slightly uneven handwriting. Next to it, she has drawn two cats with two mouths. The first one is sitting up and the second is ready to pounce on a shoe.]
pesterlog

carcinoGeneticist [C.G] began trolling arsenicCatnip [A.C]

C.G: hey.
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) *A.C perks up curiously*
*she wiggles her rear end a bit and then chases something she sees bounce into one of karkats shoes*
C.G: karkat can't believe he has to sink this low.
karkat can't believe he's asking an autistic girl in a cave to join his team.
karkat mystifies in infinite befuddlement over the fact that you are presently the best remaining candidate for the red team.
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) I am???
I mean *A.C says I am?? Wondrously*
C.G: yes and karkat can't fucking believe that.
karkat thinks about that a bit and his jaw drops open and breaks a huge column of bricks like a fucking kung fu master.
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) *A.C gathers up all the brick pieces and builds a cute little house and invites karkat inside*
C.G: ok good, it's good that you're talking about building.
even if it's in the most inane possible context.
you're going to be doing a lot of it.
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) yesss that sounds fun
ok what do I do?
C.G: ok, briefing:
me, terezi, gamzee and tavros are all playing now.
the connection order is A.T to T.C to G.C to C.G
we need someone to connect to toreador and get him in the game.
I have G.A lined up for the red team because she is one of the few remaining sane ones left to play.
ok, the only sane one.
but she doesn't want to connect yet because of some mysterious bullshit, so I was like whatever, what else is new.
so I guess that leaves you.
terezi said she had you lined up to play back when she was the fake leader, so I said fine.
so just connect to tavros and later we'll worry about getting you in.
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) alright! I will talk to him about that
oh
*A.C pawses and looks up with a little bit of chagrin*
I forgot I have to talk to someone else about this
I have been purrcrastinating (frowny face with two mouths)
C.G: oh god.
are you really serious.
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) its not that big of a deal!
C.G: this boggles my mind.
how can you be best friends with the only guy on the planet who's a bigger asshole than me.
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) he's not so bad!
C.G: he's scum.
but do whatever you've got to do I guess.
tavros is waiting.

Nepeta: Consult with friend on the matter.
troll who made the robotic legs and watched creepily when G.A sliced off Tavros's legs. The only things about him that are clearly visible are his glasses, the bags under his eyes, and the royal blue sagittarius symbol on his chest. The bags and symbol are the same shade of blue as Nepeta's hat, tail, and shoes. A leo alert hovers next to the outline of his computer and a sagittarius alert hovers next to Nepeta's tablet.]

pesterlog
arsenicCatnip [A.C] began trolling centaursTesticle [C.T]

[Note: centaursTesticle types in royal blue and prefixes all his messages with a capital D and an arrow pointing right, making it look like a bow and arrow. Every time he types LOO or something that makes the same sound, he replaces them with 100 and all X's, things that sound like X's, mentions of cross, and various other random occurrences he replaces with a percent sign.]

A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) *A.C twitches her friendly whiskers at ct*
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Hi
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) *ct purrplexes over where he put that important wrench that he needed for building a fancy robot or something*
*he says, now where did that silly old wrench go??*
C.T: (Bow and arrow) look
What are you expecting to accomplish with this
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) *but oh look! ct peeks around the corner to find that a very playful kitty has stolen the robot wrench and is now kicking it vigorously with her hind legs!*
C.T: (Bow and arrow) This is foolishness upon one hundred thousand prior, equally unsolicited foolishnesses
You'll stop now
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths)(eyes pinched shut with two wide open mouths) < rawwrrrrr youre so lame!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I'm not
I'm fine
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) no! lame
C.T: (Bow and arrow) No I'm not
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) lame
C.T: (Bow and arrow) No
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) you've never played a fun purrtend game with me ever even once! even karkat does it sometimes, even if he does mean it in a grumpy and insincere way but at least its still fun!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yuck
Don't polloot my incoming data stream with his name, or any sort of excremental language you pick up from his ilk
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) i see right through your stupid act, who are you trying to kid! look how you go out of your way to use words that have x's in them so that you can use your silly purrcent signs or use these absurd words that you can shoehorn a '100' into, even if its not strictly replacing 'loo'!!! you are so transpurrent i can tell you like to play games, deep down you are a guy who likes to play games! i can smell a guy who likes to play games from so fur away with this nose, you have no idea (Eyes pinched shut with two smiling cat mouths)
C.T: (Bow and arrow) If you're looking for a loophole through which you may extract concessions from me, you'll have to look elsewhere
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) see! what the hell??
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Nepeta, what did I say about that awful language
I won't stand for it, and you'll stop
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) oops
sorry (Frowny face with two mouths)
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Your fraternization with the base classes have loosened your morals, can't you see this
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) no! i dont care, they are fun
and i dont know anything about classes or bases or blood color, it doesn't matter!
what does green blood even mean! it doesn't mean anything to me and it shouldn't mean anything to anyone else!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Well, green blood is ok, but it's not great
But that's why you're lucky to have me to look out for you
Because you don't know better, and you can't fight the role the mother had in store for you
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) rawrgh, you are such a hypurrcrire!
you pretend to be so high and mighty but i know you're not and i know you like games
look at that silly little bow and arrow you always type!
it's always there, you never forget
why would you do that if it wasn't a playful fun thing, i am so on to you!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) My bow and arrow are highly dignified symbols
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) lol! bs!!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Archery is among the highest and most exceptional crafts, held in
tremendous regard by the most aloof classes for centuries
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) you suck at archery
C.T: (Bow and arrow) No
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) yes
C.T: (Bow and arrow) No
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) yes
C.T: (Bow and arrow) No I don't
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) yessssss yes yes yes
have you ever even successfully fired an arrow?
like actually got one to leave the bow??
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I think
We need to stop talking about archery
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) nuh uh
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) no
C.T: (Bow and arrow) We will stop talking about archery
The topic is making me
Sweat
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) eww
youre so gross
C.T: (Bow and arrow) No, you're the one who exercises distasteful practices
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) nooo, thats you
everyone knows you're a weirdo and a creep!
that's why you're lucky to have me to keep an eye on you
no one else can stand you!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) You exterminate beautiful, innocent creatures by the hundreds
I can't condone such wretched behavior
Beasts are meant to be looked upon with adoration
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) but
i eat them!
i dont kill anything i dont eat, that would be mean
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I guess that's basically acceptable in principle, but I still find it a bit
unsavory
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) well i think YOUR habits are unsavory!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) No they're not
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) yuh HUH
C.T: (Bow and arrow) You're wrong about me, Nepeta
I do like to play games
But they must be extremely important games with very high stakes
Not the kind played by transloocent green wigglers who let loose an excremental surge hard in
their wiggler-bottom diaperstubs
C.T: (Bow and arrow) As it happens I have arranged to play just such a game tonight
Aradia and I have a private engagement to be co-leaders of the bloo team
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) oh yeah??
*well just by purrchance it happens that A.C has a private and sneaky engagement to play this
game as well!* 
*and by a purrsnickety twist of fate, she will be on the REED TEAM, with her other great friends
who like to play their childish diaperpoop games!!!!*
(Face with two tongues sticking out)
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Absolutely not
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) absolutely (Face with two tongues sticking out)
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I forbid this
You will take your position on the bloo team with me
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) yeah right! i will take my purrsition into this funny pounce ball
and tackle you!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) That's nonsense, you're nowhere even remotely within my proximity that
would be necessary to execute such a maneuver
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) *A.C rolls her eyes almost as hard as she is rolling around in this
really interesting smell*
C.T: (Bow and arrow) The thought of you fraternizing with and abetting those stink-blooded
hooligans strikes me as scandal beyond measure
I'm afraid you're too delicate to withstand that sort of corruption
It's forbidden
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) nuh uuuuuuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhhhh
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
You won't
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) no
i will
C.T: (Bow and arrow) You won't
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) you cant stop me!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I am telling you not to
And you will be on my team
That's final
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths)(eyes pinched shut with one mouth sticking out a tongue and one
open wide) bllllrrrraaaaaawwwwwllllrrrrghghghghh
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Quiet
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) why do you do this, why are you so confurdent about your stupid
commands?
don't you know you cant ACTUALLY tell me what to do??
it's not like you even have any special mind pawers or telepurrthy or anything!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) No
I do not
And yet
You will do as I say
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) yes well we will just see about that!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes we will
You will join me on my team shortly
stand by for further instruction
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) hissssssss!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) You're angry, and I appreciate that
But it doesn't matter
Discussion over
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) (frowny face with two mouths)

Next

[Image description: Nepeta pinches her eyes shut and bites her hat in frustration. White scribbles
flicker on her head along with a drawing of CT saying Bluh. A second image shows her calmed
down and just looking sad rather than trying to mangle her hat.]

Nepeta: Give Tavros the bad news.

[Image description: The screen splits between Tavros on the left and Nepeta on the right, each with
the other's alert below their computer. Tavros rolls across the floor a little, running over Tinker
bull. Brown blood splatters over the floor. Horsaroni nudges his former nap buddy sadly.

pesterlog
arsenicCatnip [A.C] began trolling adiosToreador [A.T]

A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) *A.C curls up in tavroses lap*
A.T: okay, *i,
for the time being, and,
for the sake of this fantasy scenario, I pretend,
that my cat allergies aren't that bad,*
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) *A.C takes a long nap*
*and then wakes up and frowns because she has bad news*
A.T: *oh no,*
is,
what I say,
about the bad news, not the nap,
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) tavros im sorry I cant be on your team (frowny face with two
mouths)
im not allowed
A.T: oh,
that's okay,
then I guess he said no, then.
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) yes unfortunately
rarg im so mad!
A.T: it's probably for the best,
that you listen to him,
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) I dont know
you think so?
A.T: well,
if you didn't listen to him before,
you might have played games with us before,
and something bad might have happened to you,
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) hmm purhrhaps
but I still feel bad
A.T: I'll find another player, it's not a big deal, good luck, being, on the blue team,
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) ok thanks (frowny face with two mouths)

Next

You fondly recall your days of far more intensive role playing. It seems like so long ago now. Aside from a few unfortunate moments, it was a lot of fun. If you had to do it all over again, you suppose you would select better company. Maybe this game you are playing tonight will rekindle some of that excitement.

Next

You stand in your room on a healthy pair of legs and in a plucky little outfit. You are a low level Boy-skylark, and you wield an inexpensive Daggerlance, which is the closest thing to a jousting lance you can wield that is still compatible with your favorite class.

You are about to play a popular game called FLARP, which unlike most games published by major developers, was given a graceful and aesthetically pleasing name. It's a title under the Extreme Role Playing genre, and playing it without caution can have serious real world consequences! But that's what makes it fun.

When you activate Flarp's grub, the campaign programmed for tonight will begin. Team Charge will duel Team Scourge as usual. This is going to be great.

Tavros: Contact fellow Team Charge member.

Tinkebull?

Some time ago...

You stand in your room on a healthy pair of legs and in a plucky little outfit. You are a low level Boy-skylark, and you wield an inexpensive Daggerlance, which is the closest thing to a jousting lance you can wield that is still compatible with your favorite class.

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Tavros: Contact fellow Team Charge member.

Tinkebull?
A.T: aradia,
my grub is laying now, so
I'll be ready soon,
A.A: cool!
mine too
I don't know where terezi is though
she's running late
A.T: oh, uhh
should we wait,
A.A: no
I'll be here clouding her campaign for her regardless
with or without her!
her loss if she doesn't make it
I'll give you a chance to gain some ground
A.T: okay,
A.A: you picked a tough class tavros!
one of the really useful combat abilities come into play until you reach a very high level
but I suppose it will be rewarding when you get there
A.T: yeah, I think you're right, but,
it's the class I think is most fun, and, battle skill is not all there is,
to being a great adventurer,
A.A: I couldn't agree more
you might be the only flarper in the world who really understands the true spirit of the game
everyone else is so aggressive and treasure hungry!
but that's what makes beating them all the more satisfying
A.T: yeah, I guess,
A.A: remember your clouder isn't going to pull any punches tonight
don't fall for her mind games
I'll be here to assist of course
if you're in trouble don't hesitate to ask for help
A.T: yeah, I won't,
thanks, aradia,
A.A: no problem!

Tavros: Hatch campaign.

[Image description: The eggs hatch into pixelated purple bats with pink outlines that flap their wings rapidly.]

Your campaign's Gaming Flapstractions hatch out of their eggs. These comprise all the data and procedures you will need for your adventure tonight.

Next

[Image description: It shows the outside of Tavros's hive, but now it is much darker, like it's the middle of the night. The bat-like things fly away from his hive. The word Disperse is written above them.]

They disperse throughout the terrain surrounding your hive. They follow both preprogrammed and live instructions by your Clouder, a member of Team Scourge, whose role is to provide you with a challenging scenario, while your teammate does the same for Scourge's other player.

Tavros: Go outside and begin adventure.
You take your starting position in the field. The game is afoot, and anything can happen now. It's up to you to consult your maps and work with your teammate to discover the objective of the quest, find treasure, and slay monsters.

Your Stat Bat has bonded with you. This keeps track of every attribute for your character, including vitals. While these attributes in principle remain abstractions, due to the fact that this is Extreme role playing, they will always relate in some way to your real life attributes as well. You've got to be careful out here!

A little later...

pesterlog
arachnidsGrip [A.G] began trolling adiosToreador [A.T]

A.G: Wellllllll?
A.T: Uhh,
A.G: Hey boy-Skytard, are you going to just stand there all night?
Make your Move, make your move, make your move!
A.T: I just think,
these monsters are too strong,
sorry, but, they don't seem appropriate for this campaign,
A.G: weak! Weaky weaky weak.
A.T: uhh,
weaky, is that a real,
thing to say,
A.G: yes. Your blatant excuse making is the weakest lame that ever shit the coward bed.
roll your dice. Make your move.
advance or abscond!
A.T: I can't abscond,
there's no,
uhh, absconding place,
A.G: but absconding is what you do best!
I aint managed to cloud a scenario yet you couldn't squawk out of in a blazing trail of cluckbeast feathers.
you cannot hope to beat tavros nitram in an abscond-off.
he is simply the best there is!
A.T: uhh, that sounds flattering, theoretically,
but, I don't think,
A.G: hey pipe down!
make your move!
advance or abscond, advance or abscond!
roll, tavros! Roll!!!!!!!!
A.T: okay,
hold on, for one moment,

Next

[Image description: A wavering, almost holographic image of the medium blue scorpio troll appears between the two monsters with a bat hovering above her head. She looks the same as she did before, or perhaps as she will, only now her arms aren't visible and the eyepatch-like lens of her glasses has seven red dots on it. Six of them are arranged in a hexagonal shape around the seventh dot. Tavros looks over at her suspiciously and Tinkerbull flies close behind Tavros, almost like he's hiding.]

Pesterlog
Adiostoreador [A.T] began trolling apocalypseeisen [A.A]
A.T: aradia,
hey,
are you there,
uhhh,
hmm,

adiosToreador [A.T] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [G.C]
A.T: hey,
terezi,
I have a problem,
uhhhhhhh,

arachnidsGrip [A.G] began trolling adiosToreador [A.T]
A.G: no one can help you, taaaaaaavros!
(smiley face with eight eyes)
A.T: okay,
A.G: time to decide!
A.T: where is everybody,
A.G: what does that have to do with your present cowardice?
A.T: I don't know,
probably nothing,
A.G: are you going to roll?
A.T: hmm,
no, I can't,
A.G: why not?
A.T: because, I was thinking about the numbers, and,
it's impossible for there to be a favorable outcome,
no matter what the dice do,
A.G: so, you give up?
A.T: yeah, maybe,
A.G: why not roll and make it official?
why would you want to cheapskate me out of bonuses like that? It's so thoughtless.
A.T: uhh,
A.G: am I going to have to take matters into my own hands? to make your move for you?
A.T: I thought, you couldn't use powers, I mean, real life powers, not game ones, it's against the rules,
A.G: but if you are going to break the rules and refuse to roll, what choice do I have! I hate that it had to come to this but what can I do!

Next

[Image description: Tavros, drawn in a slightly more scribbly style, freezes with his arms held slightly away from his sides. His eyes go wide and he zones out. An image of A.G with her hands on her temples fades in and out over top of him. Her eyebrows are furrowed and she smiles venomously.]

pesterlog
A.G: Tavros, have I mentioned how cute you look in that plucky little outfit? Why if I didn't know better, I'd say I was playing with Pupa Pan himself! Isn't that what you want, Tavros? To be like Pupa? Of course you do! What boy wouldn't want to be like Pupa! So dashing and brave. He is everything you are not! For one thing, he can fly. Do you want to fly, Tavros? Have you ever tried to fly? I bet you haven't! How about we take to the skies, Pupa! Hahahaha, oh you like that idea, Pupa? Yes, you do. I can feel it in your simple, malleable brain. You want to fly so bad!

Next

[Image description: Tavros, still drawn in the scribbly style, launches himself off the edge of the cliff. He looks terrified, as does Tinkerbull.]

pesterlog
A.G: Fly, Pupa!!!!!!! Fly! Hahahahahahahaha!

Next

[Image description: Tavros lays on his back in the sand at the bottom of the cliff with Tinkerbull hovering next to him. A small white arm sticks out of the cliff face.]

pesterlog
A.G: Aaaaaaahahahahahahaha! Hahahahahahahahahahahahahaha!!!!!!! Haaaaaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaaahaaaa
adiosToreador [A.T] began trolling carcinoGeneticist [C.G]

A.T: A.G just jumped me off a cliff, with my brain, and, uhh my legs, also, and now, they feel, invisible, wow, I'm sure there was a better way to say that, anyway, that's really all there is, to report on the subject, of me getting hurt.

C.G: hey asshole, stop playing games for girls.

carcinoGeneticist [C.G] ceased trolling adiosToreador [A.T]

Back in the present...

G.C: oh boy you need to get with the program karkat have you talked to A.A [note: with her quirk, this is rendered as 44]
C.G: 44 what?
G.C: apocalypsearisen sorry
C.G: no, of course not.
G.C: or t.a or a.g I guess or c.a really theres like this whole conspiracy about this as im finding out
C.G: well why don't you just tell me so I don't have to talk to any of those doubletalking assholes. I gotta step out of the tree for a moment when I come back I will enter the game

See ya!

gallowsCalibrator [G.C] ceased trolling carcinoGeneticist [C.G]
A.G: psssssst.
hey brave leader.
C.G: oh my god, why are you talking to me.
A.G: can I join your team?
C.G: yes I'm glad you asked, because there is a wide open slot for the most vile backstabbing sociopath who ever lived.
you really helped me out of a jam by stepping forward.
A.G: vile backstabbing sociopath? Karkat, did you copy and paste that phrase directly from your personal ad describing what you are looking for in a lady?
C.G: ha ha ha!
more cagey cutey bullshit.
like I'm not up to my lobe stem with that already having to deal with terezi.
you both must have been insufferable when you were a team.
your opponents probably all just tried to commit suicide after a few minutes of putting up with your fangy grinned drivel.
that's probably how it all went down when the shit hit the thresher.
A.G: that's not a bad guess! But man! Karkat you sure are giving me a hard time.
I don't see how we're supposed to be becoming friends if you recoil from my olive branch like I'm twitching a mummified bovine phallus in your direction.
C.G: becoming friends, what the fuck.
we will never be friends, moron.
A.G: not even hate friends?
C.G: no. More like twitchy eyed projectile vomiting in utter disgust friends, while I perforate my bone bulge with a culling fork.
A.G: yessssssss. I'll take it!
C.G: get lost.
A.G: anyway, I was just joking about wanting to be on your team.
I'm already on the blue team.
C.G: oh! Oh really?????
wait, let me count out eight of these things, hold on. (question mark. question mark. question mark. question mark. question mark. question mark. question mark. question mark. question mark.)
there, I am now an enormous tool forever.
A.G: yes, aradia and I have an arrangement. We will be co-leaders.
(but really I will be the leader! Heh heh. Shh! Don't tell anyone!)
what do you think, karkat? Can you take on two dangerous ladies at once?
C.G: yawn.
A.G: come on! Aren't you a little nervous that I will oppose you? You should be!
C.G: no you're just a run of the mill little psycho girl, a troll caegar a dozen.
I'll be taking apart the blue team with brutal efficiency, you'll see.
you never played one of your dumb games with me so you never had the privilege of seeing what I can do.
enjoy the show, sweetheart.
just don't even think about using your mind control tricks on my players.
remember your truce?
A.G: pshhhhhhhh. Those days are far behind me.
anyway, I can't control just anybody. They've got to be impressssssssssionable. Like you!
C.G: you can't control me.
A.G: sure I can. I just choose not to.
C.G: yeah ok.
A.G: I find your mind totally unpalatable to browse. Looking into your brain is like pawing
through a smelly dumpster. 
full of broken glass and razor blades!
and poop. (Very sad face with eight eyes)
C.G: whatever, don't even try it. 
I've got the better scourge sister on my team and if you break your truce you'll have to answer to her.
the funny thing is she was always way better than you even without any powers.
yeah that's right, I know your whole story.
you were always jealous she could manipulate people so well without resorting to cheap mind tricks.

haha, I can tell this burns you and I can't even paw through your dumpster!
challk it up as another infuriating victory for gutter blood over aristocracy.
oh what's that, nothing to say?
wow speechless I guess. You're probably crying right now. That would make my fucking day.
hey look at me being the one to talk shit at warp speed then log off before you can reply.
bye, idiot.


carcinoGeneticist [C.G] ceased trolling arachnidsGrip [A.G]

carcinoGeneticist [C.G] began trolling arachnidsGrip [A.G]

A.G: Oh, back so soon! Did your thumb slip on the button????????
I guess you can't get enough of me.
(smiley face with eight eyes)
C.G: you made me do that.
and you know it.
A.G: You ain't got nothing on me and you can't prove shit!!!!!!!
Anyway, Karkat, I just wanted to say.
(heart)

arachnidsGrip [A.G] ceased trolling carcinoGeneticist [C.G]

Karkat: Be the other asshole.

[Image description: A troll boy stands in a room. He has very straight, neat hair that goes to just below his shoulders. His horns are shaped like arrows, but one of them is broken off. He wears dark, cracked sunglasses and many of his teeth are broken or missing entirely. His shirt is a black tank top with a royal blue sagittarius symbol on it. He wears grey shorts and black shoes that look like they're made of metal pieces riveted together. The floor around him is scattered with broken bows, broken arrows, and pieces of broken robots. All the robots look identical, excluding the damage done to them. They have wide, red oval eyes but no mouth. Their horns begin curving in almost as soon as they come out of the head, but they're decently large none the less. A beat up robo head with one horn missing and cracked eyes lats on the floor to the troll's right. A broken arm, it's missing horn, and a broken eye are near it. An undamaged robot stands in the back corner, but the floor around it is covered in wires, broken limbs, and half and eye. 
To the troll's left is a lusus that looks like an armless white centaur. One of the lusus's eyes is pinched shut and there's a deep grey smudge around it, like it's bruised. A large, pointy nose takes up most of its face and it has a large moustache that curls out at the ends, like Jade's grandpa's did. Other than the moustache, he is completely bald, and also lacks horns. It has a large udder underneath it and very defined chest muscles. Another broken robot, this one missing half its face, stands behind him.
The walls are plastered with several posters. From left to right, they are a large, overly-muscled horse standing near a wall. It has a penis that runs the entire length of its body and sticks out in
front of its chest, but that bit is pixelated out. The next poster is a black and white drawing of a muscular man with his arms flexed so his fists are next to his head. Instead of a human or troll head, though, he has a bear's face with a lion's mane. A massive area between his thighs is pixelated. The next poster, which is on the second wall, is a brown, anthropomorphic horse who is pointing and laughing at a small blue planet that looks a lot like earth. His crotch is also pixelated. The last poster runs almost the entire height of the wall. It shows an anthropomorphic brown horse sitting on top of a naked troll. The troll is laying on his back on top of a brick wall and the horse's butt and crotch are both pixelated. Another troll lays on the ground at the base of the wall with the horseman's hoof firmly planted on his chest.]

You are now the other... oh.

Oh god.

You decide that we could probably stand to delay this guy's introduction a little longer. Why don't we see what someone else is up to.

Anyone.

HURRY

[Image description: A pink cuttlefish, which looks like a small squid with very short tentacles, floats deep in the ocean. It's tentacles are a darker shade of pink than the pointed part of its body.]

You switch to a vague teaser of the final unseen troll in the nick of time.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. A golden trident sticks on screen, held by a troll's hand. Whoever it is has on a wide, gold bracelet and two smaller, beaded ones. One is two shades of turquoise and the other is turquoise and pink. Another cuttlefish, this one yellow and orange, floats in the distance. The troll pokes the trident towards the cuttlefish. With every little push, a word appears on screen. Prod. Prod. Cull. Cull.]

Next

[Image description: It switches to an extreme closeup of a girl's face. She has golden eyes like many of the other trolls, and wears fuchsia swimming goggles with a white band connecting the two eyepieces. A golden band of some sort rests on her forehead. The bottom edge of it is smooth, but the top is cut into concave arches, leaving shallow tips every inch or so. The band, perhaps a diadem of some sort, dips down in the center slightly, coming to almost a point slightly above the level of her eyebrows. At this point is a circular, fuschia gem with a white pisces symbol on it. The pisces symbol is shaped like a capital H with the vertical lines curved outwards, making them shaped like opposing parenthesis. The narrowest point of the symbol is in the center, where the crossbar is. The girl is smiling, but most of her mouth is cut off by the bottom of the panel.]

Aradia: Go home.

[Image description: Aradia sits on the top of the frog temple's decapitated head, riding it across the landscape.]

You head back to your hive to get the blue team's session started.

It's been a while.
You revisit the remains of your quaint rural hive. Your lownring and the small excavation sites you dug up for practice are all overgrown with vegetation.

You haven’t been here since the night of the accident. On that night you found your Calling. The voices of the dead grew louder, urging you to return to the ruins you discovered not long before. You left so abruptly, you didn’t even have time to bury your lusus.

But that’s fine, because trolls don’t typically bury their dead. Leaving bodies to be consumed by wild animals is more customary.

Aradia: Begin session.

You have a server player connect to you, someone you personally selected for the role. The devices required for entry are deployed.

The kernelsprite awaits prototyping. But unlike all eleven other players, your dead lusus is not available. You have to use something else.

Aradia: Tier 1 prototype.
Prototyping with the frog head before entering the Medium would prove to be critical for later success. Just another of many assurances whispered by the dead. You've long since stopped questioning them, or doubting the future significance of even spontaneous acts of frivolous desecration.

Compelling your nonplussed server player to perform this task might have proven difficult. Luckily your telekinesis, an ability greatly magnified through your Calling, would be sufficient to move the massive object, whereas the game cursor likely would not.

Your server player simply watched in mystification.

Next

[Image description: Nepeta sits in her cave near the rocks that fell down and crushed Pounce De Leon. She smiles and looks down at her tablet, which she rests on her knees. A second image zooms in. Now, she looks confused. A speech bubble above her head flickers between a black question mark and a small picture of the frog head. A third image shows her tablet. On screen is Aradia's kernelsprite, which is a sprite's body with a frog head and long, spindly arms that end in three webbed fingers. This sprite is still inside the kernel, which is not flashing anymore.]

She really just had no idea what the hell was going on.

Aradia: Enter.

[Image description: Aradia and her sprite hover to the west of the ruins of her hive. The top of the hill now sits on top of a mount of blue crystal, which is surrounded by jagged, sharp-edged spires of crystal that stick up to make a towering, almost apocalyptic-looking skyline against a pink and purple sky. A single, dark red gate is visible above Aradia's hive in a band of darker sky that seems to point towards her home.]

You enter the Medium, taking your place in the Land of Quartz and Melody as the Maid of Time.

Meanwhile, your client player has been exploring another world. The blue blood has a present for you. The present cannot be duplicated via alchemy at this stage of the game. It would cost too much grist, a detail which this player had not been aware of. The player would have to progress to the second gate of their own world, arrive through the gate above your hive, and deliver it in person.

Facilitating this delivery was one of the reasons why it was important for you to enter second.

Next

[Image description: Nepeta leans back against the red rocks that crushed her lusus, once again writing on her tablet with a stylus. A second image shows her screen. Aradia's Crosbytop still sits on the floor where she left it and the sprite, now out of its kernel, hovers to the right of it. Aradia is nowhere to be seen.]

Your server player's confusion is only in part due to learning the ropes of a new game. There is a more significant reason for her befuddlement.

While she followed your advice and went through the simple motions of game setup, at no point were you visible on her monitor. She saw your damaged hive. She saw the alchemiter and other devices she deployed. She saw the strange computing device on the floor, bearing the visage of a
species she didn't recognize. She even saw a great big stone frog head fly through the air all by itself, and become the Frogsprite.

And though she would ask why, and you would always delay the answer, the fact remained.

She couldn't see you.

Aradia: Tier 2 prototype.

[Image description: It shows the same scene, but now from inside the session rather than from Nepeta's screen. Now Aradia is visible, hovering just to the left of the laptop. Suddenly, she launches herself forward, into the sprite. Red beams shoot from it as she prototypes herself into her sprite, and the screen fades to white.

She couldn't see you up until the moment after the sprite's second prototyping.

Because you were dead all along.

Next

[Image description: Aradia, now combined with the sprite and frog to make Aradiasprite, hovers against a background streaked with purple and black. She looks almost the same as before, only her hair is now red, her sleeves are tattered rather than her skirt, and where her rams horns were are now two smooth lumps, like those that contain a frog's eyes. Her arm is long and spindly, like the frogsprite's, and her hand has three webbed fingers.]

We are all completely blown away by this stunning revelation.

Wow. Dead. Really? Like a ghost?

Huh.

Nepeta: Interrogate frog girl.

[Image description: The screen splits between Aradiasprite on the left with her Crosbytop hovering in front of her and Nepeta with her tablet on the right. Each has the other's symbol in an alert next to their computer.]

pesterlog
arsenicCatnip [A.C] began trolling apocalypseArisen [A.A]

A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) aradia i can see you!
that is you right
A.A: yes
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) why are you the floating frog all of a sudden?
A.A: im dead
my spirit merged with the frogsprite
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) wow
dead
really?
A.A: like a ghost
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) huh
well i hope this doesnt make me sound dumb
but i am completely blown away by that stunning revelation!
A.A: you dont sound dumb
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) whew! (Cat face with two mouths) how did you die?
A.A: i ignored the advice of a friend and made some bad choices
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) *A.C rumples up her nose in purrplexment at A.A's really vague and spooky answer*
but actually thats good because i kind of think i dont want to know its making me sad to think about (frowny face with two mouths)
A.A: ok nepeta can you please keep this a secret
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) yes i purrmise i wont tell anyone about it and by purrmise i mean promise just so you know im serious!
A.A: thank you ribbit whoops
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) hee hee hee!!!

Aradia: Be the huge bitch.

[Image description: A scribbly drawing of A.G shows her rearing back with her arms out to her sides. She holds a magic 8 ball in one hand and has Huge Bitch written above her in red. The drawing fades away to show her standing in the corner of a room, surrounded by the smashed remains of many magic 8 balls and a single pile of FLARP books against the wall. The wall to her left has a 12-paned window with semi-transparent black curtains tied back from them. The sky outside is red, like the sun's almost done setting. Several massive spiderwebs run from where the wall and ceiling meet to the floor and places lower on the wall. On the righthand wall there's a flarp poster like the one Tavros had in the flashback and a drawing of A.G wearing a grey shirt with her symbol on it, dark pants, knee height red boots, and a long blue coat like one a pirate captain might wear. One of her arms is blocked by the edge of the panel. Unlike the flashback, her eyepatch doesn't have the red dots on it in any depiction of her.]

Bluh bluh.

Enter name.

[Image description: It zooms out. A large, somewhat conical piece of machinery sits on the left side of the room, near the base of a spiderweb. It looks somewhat like an engine or a complicated lock, though not much detail is visible. A black, dome shaped object sits to its right, but it isn't identifiable either. On the far right is a royal blue chair at a grey desk. The corner of a laptop and several 8 sided dice sit on the desk. The previously blocked arm on the drawing is visible now, and she has a hook for a hand, not unlike Captain Hook from Peter Pan. On the wall to the right of the drawing are many, many printouts with lots of text and diagrams, all of which have red markings on them.]

Your name is Vriska Serket.

You are a master of Extreme Role Playing. You can't get enough of it, or really any game of high stakes and chance. You have persisted with the habit even in spite of your Accident. But then again, you don't have much choice.

Your lusus is Very Hungry, All the Time. She can only be appeased by the Flesh of Young Trolls. You cloud campaigns for teams of Flarpers, utilizing your abilities for Orchestrating the Demise of the Impresssssssssssssonable. Your victories supply you with treasure, experience points, and Spider
Food.

[Note: Impressionable is written in her quirk, with the B replaced with the 8 and far too many repeated letters.]

You are something of an Apocalypse Buff, which is something you can be on Alternia. You are fascinated by end of the world scenarios, and enjoy constructing Doomsday Devices for the hell of it. You are drawn to means of Dark Prognostication and the advantages they offer, particularly in gaming scenarios. Your abilities in this department were hobbled with the loss of your Vision Eightfold, and you have since sought alternatives through various Black Oracles. You consult with these ominous globes, but routinely destroy them in frustration over the Puzzling Guaranteed Inaccuracy of their predictions. Breaking them has developed into a habit Bordering on Fetishistic, and with each you destroy, you add to an insurmountable stockpile of Terrible Luck. You have to stop. But addiction is a powerful thing.

Your trolltag is arachnidsGrip and your statements tend to be just a little bit overdramaaaaaaaatic.

[Note: The last phrase is written in her quirk too.]

What will you do?

Vriska: Check out cool drawing on wall.

[Image description: Vriska stands in front of the FLARP poster and stares lovingly at the drawing. A second image shows the drawing itself. The hook hand is connected to a robot arm and the word Yeah!!!!!!!! Is written in the top left corner of the page.]

You drew your own role playing character for fun, as many Flarpers are prone to do. She is the best character, and you wish you were her. Oh wait, you are her! Your wish has been granted. Probably as a special boon for being so great at everything.

Her name is Marquise Spinneret Mindfang, scourge of land dwellers and sea dwellers alike, and worst nightmare to silly Boy-skylarks everywhere. She has accumulated more treasure and gained more levels than any member of the Petticoat Seagrift class ever. She gained all the levels. All of them.

Yeah!!!!!!!!

Vriska: Proceed to computer.

[Image description: Vriska steps forward and grits her teeth in a pained expression. A box in the top right corner shows her foot about to land on a pyramidal, 4-sided die. An arrow points from the box to her foot and is labeled D4'd!.]

You have a lot to do. So many irons in the fire OW!

Lousy dice. You just can't ever seem to go anywhere in your hive without stepping on an errant D4. Pointy little bastards.

It's just your bad luck, you guess. You've had such terrible luck ever since your accident. And it just keeps getting worse. As far as you're concerned, the world can't end soon enough.

Next

[Image description: She stands by her desk with her normal, pleasantly neutral expression. Her
As you were saying. So many irons in the fire. Such a tangled web. It is a web full of flaming irons and mixed metaphors.

Tonight is a big night. You have a lot of meddling to catch up on tonight. Bugging and fussing and meddling.

Vriska: Take dice.

You equip your enchanted dice set, the fabled Fluorite Octet.

It consists of eight D8, plundered from a ghost ship during a particularly challenging campaign. In ancient times such weapons were employed by roving bands of Gamblignants, deadly marauders with a passion for chance. They all died off though. Took too many crazy risks.

Rolling the dice will execute a wide range of highly unpredictable attacks. Very high rolls can be devastating to even the most powerful opponents.

Of course with the luck you've had lately, you couldn't make a good roll to save your life. Got to do something about this awful luck.

Gotta catch a break!!!!!!!!!

[Note: The E.A in break is written as an eight.]

When you get worked up about stuff you put eightss in places that don't really make a lot of sense phonetically.

Vriska: Begin meddling.

Time to get this show on the road. There are So Many people to meddle with tonight.

After you ditch an unwelcome solicitor first, that is. Doesn't she realize how rude it is to meddle??

You'll fuss with her meddling later.

Next

[Image description: A blank alert flashes on screen momentarily, startling Vriska and making her
turn around. It slowly fades back in and she stares at it suspiciously.]

What now?

Oh, him. You thought he'd washed his hands of you. Strange timing that he's bugging you tonight after so long without a peep from him.

Vriska: Deal with this guy.

[Image description: Vriska sits at her computer again, frowning at her screen. The blank alert still hovers above her computer.

[Note: This person types in white text, which is nearly impossible to read on the light grey background of the website. It must be highlighted to read it, which places a blue box around the text. This person has no handle but a question mark will be placed at the beginning of each of their lines to differentiate them from Vriska’s.]

pesterlog
(question mark) Hello.
A.G: Oh my god, why are you talking to me????????
(question mark) This is the last time we'll ever talk.
A.G: Still sticking with the white text I see. So smooth and stylish! I forgot how much I loved highlighting it to read all the boring things you have to say. It's like a fun game for super extra handicapped retarded people. Like opening a present! Find out what obnoxious thing the mystery tool typed.
What is it!
(question mark) A parting courtesy, I suppose.
All the ways I've exploited you were meant to bring about the events that will take place this evening.
Knowing this will provide context for the events in your near future, and will affect how you behave in response.
These events will be just as important as those preceding it.
I've gone to great lengths, you see.
A.G: You didn't exploit me.
You are just a petty douche with a bad temper who likes to play games, and all I did was humor you.
(question mark) I did exploit you, very thoroughly. It was easy.
A.G: So full of yourself!!!!!!!!!
(question mark) Have I ever lost a game?
A.G: Don't change the subject!!!!!!!!!
(question mark) What subject are you referring to?
A.G: (open-mouthed face with all eight eyes pinched shut) I'm going to log off in a big huff and you have to promise not to use that nasty trick where you log me back on out of petty douchey spite!
And then we can go back to never ever talking, because man! That was heaven when it was like that!!!!!!!!
(question mark) There's no need for that kind of assurance.
I'll be brief.
I no longer hold you accountable for any wrongdoing. In fact, I've given your transgression very little thought since the incident.
If you acknowledge this amnesty and regard it as sincere, you may begin to find the odds falling in your favor again.
This may be essential if you are to succeed on your journey.
A.G: Mm hmm. Slow down! Man.
I am just wearing out so many pens taking all these important notes! Fuuuuuuuuck!
Fuck you for ruining all my good note-taking pens and giving me this terrible cramp in my good
note-taking hand!!!!!!!!
(question mark) Incredible, the risks you take with your scorn.
But of course it was your unpleasant, simplistic temperament that made you so easy to control.
Vicious and predictable, like an insect.
If you turn a swarm of wasps on a crowd, the outcome is certain.
It takes no skilled strategist to understand this. You were in fact a waste of my talents.
A primitive expedient.
A.G: Blech. What a snob. You're worse than my meddley meddler meddlefriend.
(question mark) I wonder why they waste their camaraderie on you. I'll never understand it.
A.G: I thought you said you would be brief??????????
(question mark) I'll say one last thing.
Though the magnitude of the ensuing destruction resulting directly from your actions will be
neither possible or necessary for you to fathom, there nevertheless ought to be a silver lining.
The only question is whether you will live long enough to see it.
I'm not a gambling man.
But if I was, I wouldn't bet on it.
Goodbye.
A.G: Zzzzzzzzz. bye, asshole.

Next

[Image description: Vriska grits her teeth and pinches her eyes shut in frustration. She trembles and
holds a magic 8 ball in one hand like she's about to slam it down on something. A second image
shows her hitting it into her desk with a Bunp (though the B is written as an 8). Her expression
changes to one of resigned annoyance.]

More hollow comebacks. As hollow and wishywashy as the inside of one of these dumb black
globes. What use is all that attitude against a guy who's never wrong? It's so depressing, you can't
even work up the energy to smash this stupid thing.
Maybe you could stand to have some camaraderie wasted on you, even if it comes from a meddley
meddler meddlefriend.

Vriska: Endure meddling.

[Image description: The screen splits between Vriska on the left and G.A on the right. G.A stands
on one of the paths around her hive and types on a holographic keyboard projected from a blue
lunchtop at her feet. The lunchtop has a picture of a purple squiddle and an orange squiddle on the
front. Each has the other's alert near their computer.]

pesterlog
arachnidsGrip [A.G] began trolling grimAuxiliatrix [G.A]

A.G: Whaaaaaat.
G.A: Just Wanted To Know
Is Your Lusus Dead Yet
A.G: Huh? What kind of question is that!
Is this a trick? Are you trying to sabotage me? Are you in cahoots with someone????????
G.A: Uh No
A.G: Cahoooooooots!!!!!!!!!
Cahoots I say.
G.A: You Sure Do Seem To Be Saying Cahoots
Im Just Asking
Because Mines Dead
How did that happen?
G.A: It Was Just Her Time
A.G: Really? Are you sure it wasn't sabotage? I would suspect sabotage if I was you.
G.A: No There Was No Plot Or Conspiracy Or Any Trace Of Saboteurs Operating Through The
Special And Magical Union One Can Only Describe As Being In Cahoots With Another
When A Virgin Mother Grub Abdicates And Renounces Brooding
Her Time Will Be Relatively Short
I Always Knew This
A.G: (frowny face with eight eyes)
She was so cool, you had the coolest lusus of anyone I know.
I wanted to meet her some day.
G.A: Maybe You Still Can
A.G: Yeah, meet her corpse! I guess that's not so bad a consolation prize.
Seeing a big dead cool mother grub. Wow!
You were so lucky. My lusus sucks! Haha.
Why did you ask if she's dead, anyway? Do you know something????????
G.A: They Are All Dying
Or Are Going To Soon
I Believe Its A Preemptive Consequence Of The Game We Are About To Play
If A Preemptive Consequence Is A Concept That Can Be Said To Hold Any Meaning
But From What I Understand If It Is Applicable In Any Sphere At All Then This Game Holds That
Sphere
A.G: Okaaaaaaaaay, I don't really get that. So you can just go ahead think I'm some dumb flighty
broad again.
G.A: I Wasn't Going To Think That
You Know What I DONT Think Even I Really Understand What I Just Said So Nevermind
A.G: Now you have me a little worried. Man! I hope she's ok.
Why would this happen? This is just my luck. Have some died besides yours????????
And uh, you know who's, I guess. (gasping face with eight eyes)
G.A: Yes A Few
Karkat Thinks Its His Fault
G.A: He Believes His Actions Triggered An Inauspicious Chain Reaction
A.G: You mean a curse?
G.A: Sure
A.G: Wow, between his curse and my shitty luck we are so screwed.
G.A: Im Not Surprised To See You Endorse His Paranoia Without Hesitation
But I Was Attempting To Illustrate A Point In Bringing It Up
A.G: Whew! There goes another one sailing over the idiot girl's head! Ok, lay it on me.
G.A: These Events Are Inevitable And Regardless Of Whatever Emotional Entanglements
Obfuscate Their Significance They Will Ultimately Serve An Important Purpose
The Curse Had Nothing To Do With It
And Karkats Notion Of A Curse Is Inseparable From His Perception Of Events As Intrinsically
Negative And As Tailored To His Personal Dissatisfaction
And Your Bad Luck Is The Same Way
I Believe Anyway
A.G: Uh. Ok.
G.A: What Would Happen If You Just Cleaned Up A Bit
Dont You Think You Would Step On A Few Less Hard Triangles
A.G: Why do you try to help me and stuff? What's the point!
It's kind of bothersome. And insulting sometimes!
So I have a messy room. big deal. My luck fucking blows! It's got nothing to do with it and you
just don't even know.
Meddler. Why you so meddley, Miss Meddlesome McFussyfangs????????
G.A: Because Youre Dangerous
A.G: No way! I'm just fine. Why don't you can it.
G.A: Every Time You Tell Me To Can It I Think Its Funny
I Mean Its Just A Funny Thing To Say Dont You Think
A.G: (tongue sticking out face with eight eyes)
G.A: Its Ok To Be Dangerous
Lots Of People Are
And Dangerous People Can Be Really Important
Maybe Even The Most Important Sometimes
But It Just Means Theres Got To Be Someone Around To Keep An Eye On Them
And If Not Me Then Who
Everyone Has An Important Job To Do
A.G: Ok, so you're spying on me. Kind of creepy! Man, maybe you should get a life.
Or you know, if you're so high and mighty and think you're so great, maybe you could oh I don't
know........
TRY AND STOP ME FROM DOING BAD THINGS????????
G.A: That Wouldn't Work
If I Tried To Stop You You Would Regard Me As An Enemy
Instead Of Merely As A Nuisance
And What Good Would That Do
So Im Afraid Mcfussyfangs It Must Be
A.G: Ugggggggggh!
Ok, great. Fine! I'm going to check on my lusus now.
but I'm starting to think you are full of shit, and I am quite sure she will be QUITE FINE!
G.A: Youre Right Anything Can Happen I Guess
But Just So You Know Im Sorry For Your Loss In Advance

arachnidsGrip [A.G] ceased trolling grimAuxiliatrix [G.A]
arachnidsGrip [A.G] began trolling grimAuxiliatrix [G.A]

A.G: Aaaaaaaaah!
Man, why didn't I just get the last word and sign off real quick like I usually do????????
Let you sneak that stinkin' little ninja quip in there. Ah! So mad.
Lousy stupid goddamn supportive friend!
arachnidsGrip [A.G] ceased trolling grimAuxiliatrix [G.A]

Vriska: Check on lusus.

[Image description: Vriska walks down a spiral staircase that seems to curve around the inner wall
of a wide, cylindrical tower. Two vaguely rounded windows let in red light just above her head. Her
hands are stuck into her pockets and she looks dejected.]

You go down the like fifty million stairs to her nest below. You wonder if any other kid on the
planet has such a high maintenance lusus? You DOUBT it.
You pass by one of your completed doomsday devices. You promised you'd build it for an especially powerful and influential member of the nautical aristocracy, in return for his collusion during your campaigns. Some guy you were in cahoots with! You guess none of it matter now though.

It was tough to build, and isn't perfect yet. Luckily one of your pals nearby is pretty handy with technology. He can be tapped for parts and favors frequently.

You wonder if any other kid on the planet has as many irons in the fire as you.

You Doubt It.

Next

You... guess you're relieved? Yes, of course. Whew! Why wouldn't you be. It would be devastating if anything happened to your dear sweet custodian.

Next

You pass by one of your completed doomsday devices. You promised you'd build it for an especially powerful and influential member of the nautical aristocracy, in return for his collusion during your campaigns. Some guy you were in cahoots with! You guess none of it matter now though.

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You... guess you're relieved? Yes, of course. Whew! Why wouldn't you be. It would be devastating if anything happened to your dear sweet custodian.

Next
Next

You guess there's no delaying this guy's introduction anymore.

As long as we're in the neighborhood.

Enter name.

Your name is Equius Zahhak.

You love being Strong.

You are so strong, you would surely be the class of the elite legion of Ruffiannihilators. And while such a calling would be quite honorable, you would prefer to join the ranks of the Archeradicators, perhaps the most noble echelon the imperial forces have to offer. Unfortunately, you Suck at Archery. You have not successfully fired a Single Arrow. Every time you try, you Break the Bow. You are simply too strong. You have broken so many bows, it has developed into a habit Bordering on Fetishistic. You have to stop. But addiction is a powerful thing.

You have a great appreciation for The Fine Arts. You use your aristocratic connections to acquire Priceless Masterpieces, painted in the oldest and most respected Alternian tradition of Nude Musclebeast Portraits. These striking depictions of the Exquisite Fauna native to Alternia remind you of the Purest Physical Ideal that must be sought by anyone who professes a Love of Strength. When those of lesser bloodlines turn up their uncultured noses at such stunning material, it Makes You Furious.

Practically everything Makes You Furious. You have so much rage, it can only be expressed through Staggering Quantities of Physical Violence. You build strong and sturdy robots, set them to kill mode, and Beat the Shit Out of Them in caged brawls. Sometimes you Lose Teeth. But they usually grow back.

Your trolltag is centaursTesticle and with your bow and arrow ever at the ready, you (Bow and arrow) Take exception to lewd language unbefitting of blue bloods

[Note: The last phrase is written in his quirk. The X is a percent sign and everything that sounds like loo is replaced with 100, including Lewd, Blue, and Blood.]

What will you do?

Equius: Check on lusus.
Now where did that craven excuse for a custodian go. It makes you furious when he goes missing like this. Probably off somewhere nursing his bruises. You swear, the old boy is made of glass. You are starting to get agitated.

Aurthour! Where are you???

Next

[Image description: The scene shifts to the left slightly, showing Aurthour and Equius standing between a 12 paned window and Equius's desk. Aurthour holds a silver tray with a glass of milk on it.]

Oh, there he is. He was just preparing an ice cold glass of nutritious Lusus Milk for you, with a thick foamy head on it, just the way you like it.

You cannot hope to beat Aurthour in a butler-off. He is simply the best there is.

Equius: Thank Aurthour.

[Image description: Equius pats Aurthour's head and the lusus cringes away like it hurts.]

You accept the frosty beverage and give the good fellow a grateful pat, as gently as possible.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Aurthour's face. He frowns sadly and a hand shaped bruise slowly fades in on his head where Equius patted him. The word Bruise fades in beside it.]

Seriously, he's like a soft summer peach.

Equius: Drink lusus milk.

[Image description: Equius chugs the milk, dribbling some of it down his chin. A second image shows the glass shattering in his grip, sending milk and glass shards all over his face.]

Lusus milk is the secret to being Strong.

Actually it isn't. You like to think that though. The truth is you're really strong because you're kind of a freak. You were chosen by one of the strongest lusus species on the planet. It was the only sort of custodian that could handle raising you.

Whoops there goes the glass, as usual.

Next

[Image description: Equius clenches his fists and holds his arms out to his sides. A vein in his forehead pops out as the milk evaporates off of him with a hiss. The rest of the milk and glass shards sit on the floor at his feet.]

And as usual, it sends you into a rage. The spilled milk quickly evaporates.

Got to do something to calm yourself down. Let off some steam.

Equius: Equiup a bow.
You mean equip.

A little archery practice ought to cool you off. But of course the piece of shit snaps like a twig the moment you pick it up.

Actually, the feel of the brittle wood giving way under the astonishing might of your mangrit is starting to calm you down already.

You equip it to your 1/2bowkind Specibus, which is pretty much useless.

Next

You also keep a plain old Bow kind Specibus in the event that you are able to fire an arrow some day. Because a boy can dream, right?

But for more practical purposes, you keep a Fist kind card on hand. You stow them all in your Strife Portfolio.

Remember the Strife Portfolio? It still exists. It didn't stop existing or anything.

Equius: Answer.

You proceed to have a conversation we read not all that long ago. It went mostly like this.

C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) no
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) no
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) no
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) no
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) no
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) no
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) no
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) no
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
A.C: (Cat face with two mouths) no
But when all was said and done, you are quite sure you convinced your good friend to stay on the right team. Not the team full of degenerates with swill coursing through their veins. You're starting to get worked up again.

Routine helps calm you down. Maybe you will talk to another friend. You talk to him every day for some reason. Though it's not exactly right to call him a friend, since you despise him. Your relationship with the fellow is difficult to describe.

It should be noted that in troll language, the word for friend is exactly the same as the word for enemy.

Equius: Talk to friend slash enemy.

[Image description: Equius scowls at his computer, which now has an indigo capricorn alert.]

pesterlog

centaursTesticle [C.T] began trolling terminallyCapricious [T.C]

C.T: (Bow and arrow) Have I ever told you what a reprehensible disgrace you are
T.C: haha, fuck yeah, only every motherfuckin day bro!
I'm not in a very good mood
There are a few things I'd like to get off my chest
T.C: motherfuckin spill it, don't be all keepin that shit bottled up
like a fuckin all shaked up bottle of faygo.
fuck dogg i'm thirsty.
i'm down to my last bottle and i don't fuckin know if i can get anymore in this motherfuckin magic land so i don't know.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) What you do appear to know is exactly how to maximize my livid contempt for you
With your revolting language and your sense of decorum
At such breathtaking odds with the richness and perfection of your blood
I just hate you so much
T.C: that's cool, i can't all be making not everybody happy all the time.
if we ever met i could bake you a fuckin pie and we could chill and maybe we'd be better bros that way.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) And the degrees to which you pollute your precious blood
With your bottled fizzy sugar and soporific toxins
Maddening
You will stop
T.C: whoaaa, i will?
how do you know that?
C.T: (Bow and arrow) No, you don't understand
It's not a prediction, it's an order
I command you to stop
T.C: oh, alright brother.
you motherfuckin got it.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) What
Are you serious
T.C: yeah.
i mean, you got to show some faith in your friends, cause they're all the ones who're being to look out for you.
so fuck if you say i'm not doing the shit right, then what the motherfuck do i know!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) No
This is unacceptable
Ok, let's start over
I apologize
I was completely out of line, and I'm sorry
I have no right to talk to you like that, or tell you what you can't do
T.C: aww, no worries!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) It's not my place
Your habits notwithstanding, I am lesser than you
An inferior
T.C: hahaha. ok.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Don't you understand that you're better than me
Can you please act like it
That's not a command, it's just a polite request I guess
T.C: ok, i can try, but man i don't know if i know how to be like a better motherfucker than any other motherfucker.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) look, it isn't that difficult
Try to be cognizant of your desires and needs
And attempt to regard those around you as simple vehicles meant to bring about your gratification
T.C: wow, what?
C.T: (Bow and arrow) What are you doing
T.C: uhhhhhh.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Right now
It sounds as if you have begun playing with the red team
Is this true
T.C: well yeah, i'm all up in the fuckin shit of this wicked mystical motherfucker.
i bonked an imp on the head with a club.
and then a little later i scared one with a horn.
(smiley face with a large round nose)
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Good
This is very good
It really pleases me to hear tales of physical subjugation
I presume these were lesser beings, toiling in the lower ranks of some hierarchy
T.C: well yeah, they're underlings.
and there's some subjugation involved for fuckin sure!
but now we kind of settled down and me and the imps are sharing some pie
these motherfuckers are pretty dope actually, i like them.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Ok
It pleases me considerably less to hear things like that
But I've already stated I have no right to be disappointed by your conduct, so I will try to control myself
T.C: aw shit bro, i don't want to be all like to disappoint you!
what can i do to make a brother fuckin shape his shit up?
if i could make you smile it'd be the best fuckin miracle i ever did part of.
honk honk honk! (smiley face with a large round nose)
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Hmm
Would it be too much to ask
For you to maybe
Boss me around a little
T.C: uuuhhhhhhh.
you mean like role playing?
C.T: (Bow and arrow) If it would help to couch it in those terms
Then yeah, I guess so
But not the especially juvenile kind
Let's keep it serious and professional
T.C: i'll try, but i'm not much fuckin any good at it i think.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Just
Say anything
As long as it's authoritative
T.C: ok.
uh, hey you, don't go near the motherfuckin ocean, cause i all told you not to a bunch of times!
T.C: shit is straight up dangerous, and i'm getting my harsh on about it.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Hmm
Decent
I don't live near the ocean though, so it's hard to immerse myself in the scenario
T.C: alright, well, what aren't you all not supposed to do?
what kind of mischief do you get your bad fuckin self up to?
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I do so many bad things
Just awful things
I'm incredibly impudent and a superior needs to put me in my place
T.C: ummmm, ok well.
don't be doin all those bad fuckin things bro!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
Yes, that's good
Like that
T.C: cut that shit out, i'm so all meaning this! hahaha.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Excellent
Now tell me this, highblood
I've been roughhousing a little too hard lately
I've made a bit of a mess and anyone in a position of authority would surely be % about it
T.C: uh.
%
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Cross
T.C: ohhh.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) What do you make of it
This wretched misbehavior
T.C: fuck man, i am so motherfuckin salty about all that business you said!
fuuuuuck, im like all moving my mouth and the wicked noise is coming out in the frontiest way
possible.
and it's going at your direction, cause that's the direction to fuckin be angry at!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
So good
I am presently whipped into a state of contrition
One befitting of our class disparity
But I'm starting to perspire again so it's best that we stop
Thank you for indulging me
T.C: haha, no problem bro.
it's cool we could all up and motherfuckin open up a little bit with each other.
like bros.
if there's stuff you want to get off your chest dude, like i said i'm fuckin here for a motherfucker.
kind of like a miracle, how it's always there.
it never goes away, you know?
C.T: (Bow and arrow) No
But I comprehend the sentiment
I have lots of thoughts, but they're difficult to communicate
If you'll listen
T.C: sure! (very happy face with a large round nose)
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Honestly I'm confused by the social order
T.C: man, me too. I don't know what of fuckin what color is what, so I don't bother with thinkin on
that motherfucker.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) See, that's what I mean
How is it possible for one of your distinction to be so ignorant
And loathsome
Whereas
A member of the most abject, verminous bloodline of all
Can conduct herself with such grace and possess nothing but admirable mannerisms
I find these striking juxtapositions perplexing, and I confess strangely intoxicating
I wonder if I have gone mad
To form such a pact with her
T.C: wow, I got no fuckin clue what you're talking about
who is she?
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I shouldn't be talking about this
You're the enemy

centaursTesticle [C.T] ceased trolling terminallyCapricious [T.C]

Vriska: Be in cahoots with Equius. Cahoooooooots.

[Image description: The screen splits between Vriska on the left and Equius on the right. Each has
the other's symbol in an alert over their computer.]

pesterlog
arachnidsGrip [A.G] began trolling centaursTesticle [C.T]

A.G: Equiiiiiiiiiiiiuuuuuuuuuu.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) What
A.G: Hey! I'm about to meddle with so many losers right now.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) How many
A.G: So many! All the losers. All of them.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Good
Use your cunning and venom to make them envy our nobility
A.G: Oh man, was that sarcasm? That sounded like sarcasm!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) No
Humorous insincerity is for pedantic wigglers
A.G: Pshhhhhhh, I know! I know you never make jokes. I was the one being sarcastic, you
stooge!
I was being sarcastic about you being sarcastic. Duh.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) That's because you're a little worse than me
A.G: The fuck I am! Anyway. Hey!
Did you finish Aradia's present yet? I'm about to fuss with her and I want to know if I can keep my
promise or if you're gonna make a liar out of me.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) It's finished
I'll deliver it shortly
A.G: Great! Thanks, buddy. I'll be waiting here for you.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I'm happy to help
But I don't understand why you're intent on gratifying that worthless peasant
A.G: because I promised I would and it's none of your damn business! Man.
Quit your prying! Always fidgeting and poking and prying.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Fine
Then let's proceed with the plan in a curt and professional manner
A.G: Agreeeeeeeced.
So just to review!
A.G: We will let Aradia perpetrate her cute little ploy on Sollux and usurp his power.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
A.G: Isn't it funny when these chumps try to get all tactical and underhanded? It's really adorable!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I guess it is pretty quaint
A.G: Anyway. She makes her little powergrab, and that's when we both step in and usurp her as co-leaders.
Right?????????
C.T: (Bow and arrow) That's the plan
A.G: Ok, good. Then the best team will be led by the two highest bloods, the way it should be! Or at least, the highest bloods who aren't shitty clown worshippers or under water freaks. Sound good?
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes, we're in absolute agreement
A.G: Yes.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
A.G: Yes.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
A.G: Yeeeeeees!!!!!!!
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Stop
A.G: Great! What a great team we are.
Heeeeeeeey....... You wouldn't be planning anything sneaky, would you????????
C.T: (Bow and arrow) No, don't be absurd
Are you
A.G: What! How could you suggest such a thing! Man, so insulting.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Ok
A.G: Perfect. We have the perfect plan, and no one is plotting any sort of doublecrossings or backstabbery or anything like that.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) There are no doublecrossings up my sleeve [Note: Doublecrossings is written with two percent signs]
Also, I don't have sleeves
I am as transparent as can be, and my word is my bond
A.G: I know! Don't worry, dude. I trust you completely.
C.T: (Bow and arrow) You know
I can feel you trying to read my mind
A.G: bullshit!
Probably just another one of your many daily rage aneurysms.
Why don't you cool your jets and have a glass of gross musclebeast milk????????
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Get out of my head, it's making me angry
Try to remember who built your arm for you
A.G: Oh god!
Don't you dare!!!!!!!!

Next

[Image description: Vriska's left arm, the robot one, slaps her across the face. The word Robo-Slap hovers next to her.]
Equius: Go check on Aradia's present.

[Image description: Equius stands in another room full of robots in various states of destruction. The walls of this room are a lattice of metal bars, like the inside of a cage. Something in the bottom right corner is covered with a red tarp.]

You delve deeper into your hive where you store many of your robotic projects. The lair doubles as the caged arena where you battle them.

Under the tarp is the completed gift. You of course have no intention of delivering this to your neighbor as promised. You naturally will doublecross your accomplice, just as you assume she has plans to doublecross you. You assume she is assuming the same of you. Business as usual for blue bloods.

You will deliver it to Aradia yourself to gain her favor, and then doublecross her and take your rightful position as team leader. How ironic that someone of your blood purity must work to win the favor of the lowest sort of peasant. Humiliating. Strangely titillating, even. But in the end, class order will be restored.

Equius: Remove tarp.

[Image description: The tarp lays on the floor and Equius stands next to a robot that looks almost exactly like Aradia. Other than the fact that it's made of metal, the only differences are that its eyes are red, like the other robots' eyes, and its mascara, lipstick, and aries symbol are a bright blue rather than the dark red.]

You reveal her sparkling new chassis. You have paid a great deal of attention to quality and detail in this model. She is perfect.

You don't know what to make of the feelings she stirs. For one like you to entertain thoughts of attraction for such genetic filth would be utter depravity.

Exquisite, delectable depravity.

Next

[Image description: A somewhat scribbly drawing shows Equius wrapping his arms around Aradia bot to support it as he dips it and goes for a kiss. Aradia bot remains completely impassive.]

Why, Aradia. It appears the red glass of your eye has caught the pink and green glint of the moons in their perigees. The sweet poetry almost makes a man forget how the grime that once filled your veins made his stomach turn. It is a good omen for illicit lovers. Could you imagine the scandal if anyone found out?? No one must ever know.

But worry not. Your heart will pump no more of that despicable red sludge. You have been given a new heart. You can be taught the ways of the class you were always meant for. No one is beyond redemption.

Be grateful, dear Aradia. For the first time in your meaningless life you have met a man with true compassion.

Next

[Image description: The background turns red and Equius turns his head to the left. He snarls and a vein pops out in his forehead. A second image shows a mostly intact robot staring off to the right.]
And just what do you think YOU'RE looking at?? Keep your cold, mechanical judgment to yourself. As if your own record is so spotless! Don't forget who made you. Oh, what's that? My, that is a smart mouth you have. That was the last straw. An example must be made of this insubordination.

Next

[Image description: Equius punches the robot so hard it explodes and drops Aradia bot. Example is written in the explosion.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the outside of Equius and Vriska's hives. The robot bursts through the wall on Equius's second or third floor and flies over the gorge. A second image shows it Robosploding above the doomsday device.]

Next

[Image description: The scorched and smoking robot head lands on the central dome of the device, pressing it down with a Pop. A second image shows all of the domes flashing red and orange. An orb of white light surrounds the device, which also throws out streaks of black lightning.]

The Catenative Doomsday Dice Cascader is unfortuitously activated.

[Note: "Catenative Doomsday Dice Cascader" is a link to a Problem Sleuth page.

Strike back at the midnight crew using awesome dice based technology.

[Image description: The midnight crew, with their weapons out, surround a group of scribbly men drawn in a similar style to the Midnight Crew. None of the new crew have any weapons out.]

You've been pushed to your limit by the larcenous Midnight Crew. You have no hope of defeating these felons unless you resort to measures of desperation. You call for PFPI's help.

[Image description: A giant blue version of one of the trapped men hovers to the right of the now smaller group. It has one hand out like it's controlling the a doomsday device that looks like the one Vriska built, minus the domes on the outer edge.]

PFPI conjures one of his most deadly imagined weapons: the Catenative Doomsday Dice Cascader, featuring loathsome Popamatic Bubble Technology.

[Image description: It zooms in on the doomsday device. Six domes appear around the outer edge. Most of them are white, but the bottom one is black.]

You press the Prime Bubble to allocate the empty Catenator Crucibles with bubbles.

You rolled a 6. The most favorable result! The crucibles are allocated with 6 Cascader Bubbles, each containing a D6.

[Image description: A red circle appears around of the domes with an arrow pointing off to the side, where x2 is written. Green arrows point from each dome to the next, going counterclockwise around the face. The dice in all the domes except the center one and the one circled change to one with more sides. A red arrow points from the dome opposite the circled one to an enlarged picture of one of the new dice. D12 is written beneath it.]

You press the first cascader. The result is a two. Not very good, but it's just the beginning! The other five cascader dice are multiplied by this number to become 12-sided dice!

[Image description: The circle progresses to the next dome, which rolls an 8. The larger die shown to the side changes to a D96.]
The 2nd cascader is pressed for a resulting multiplier of 8. The remaining 4 dice now have 12 x 8 = 96 sides each.

[Image description: The next dome is pressed and rolls a 25. The large die to the side changes to a D3360, which has so many sides that it's approaching spherical. The rest of the roll results are shown through numbers. The next rolls a 2922, making it a D9,817,920. The next rolls a 5,101,894, making the last die a D around 50 trillion.]
The 3rd cascader is pressed for a resulting multiplier of 35. The remaining 3 dice now have 96 x 35 = 3360 sides each.
The 4th cascader is pressed for a resulting multiplier of 2922!! The remaining 2 dice now have 3360 x 2922 = 9,817,920 sides each.
The 5th cascader is pressed for a resulting multiplier of 5,101,894!!!! The final remaining die now has 9,817,920 x 5,101,894 = 50,090,870,753,280 sides!!!!!!

[Image description: The blue man's hand reaches on screen and presses the final cascader in the ring with a Pop! A red circle goes around the top face and an arrow points to a zoomed in image on the right. It rolled a 1.]
You roll the last die by pressing the final Doomsday Cascade. This will trigger the weapon on the terrible device and potentially deal up to 50 Trillion Hit Points in Damage!
The Doomsday Cascade rolls a 1!

[Image description: The bottom of the doomsday device hovers over the midnight crew and their captives. The background flickers stripes of purple and blue lightning crackles over all of them.]
[Image description: The scene returns to normal and red health bars above the Midnight Crew show -1.]
[Note: Now we return to the main story.]

Next

[Image description: Everything stops flashing and grey smoke billows from the device.]
The lousy thing breaks.

You seriously cannot believe how unbelievably shitty this doomsday device is.

Next

[Image description: The two chains holding up the left side of the device snap, sending it careening towards the cliff below Equius's hive.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out, showing Vriska's Spidermom in her web below the device. A second image shows the device slamming into the cliff and bursting into a massive fireball, sending giant chunks of rock to rain down on Vriska's lusus.]

Next

[Image description: Half of the spire Equius's hive sits on breaks away, pulling one of the towers with it. The rockslide cushions Spidermom under it.]

Next
Moments earlier...

Vriska: Meddle with Terezi.

A.G: It looks like tonight we will have to break our truce. Or at least suspend it. Hope you don't mind!
G.C: how do you figure that
A.G: because tonight we will play a game together. For the first time in I don't even know. Forever!
G.C: the truce was about not playing games together dummy
it was about not stabbing each other in the back anymore
and stopping the endless cycle of revenge
and above all not using your powers to hurt people who don't deserve it!
A.G: man, you like to give me such a hard time about all that. I can't catch a break!
can't you see I'm trying to put all that behind me and make amends with everybody?
no, of course you can't see that. What am I saying!
G.C: it's hard to believe you with all the lying you've done
your blueberry bubblegum words still smell pretty good but your deceit stinks! (Wide eyed gasping face with furrowed brows)
A.G: (sad face with 8 eyes)
I'll prove it to you. I'm giving Aradia a present that will make her feel all better finally.
then I'll be in the clear. Phew! Totally redeemed. You'll see. I mean smell.
G.C: I don't know why you're bothering trying to help her
she won't care
whatever it was you did to her I think you broke her brain
it's so terrible
A.G: man, why can't you cut me some slack for once?????????
it's not like I even did anything that bad to you.
I lost seven eyes but you only lost two! I would say you came out ahead in the bargain.
G.C: I know
and actually
I never really got the chance to thank you (Very happy face with furrowed brows)
A.G: ugh! Your sarcasm really stings when here I am just trying to be nice. Ok, I guess I deserve it.
G.C: I'm serious though
but I don't expect you to get that
A.G: aaaaaaah!
fine, be that way. But you shouldn't sit there and pretend we're so different.
remember team scourge? How convenient all that must be to have forgotten! You were so nasty.
oh man, if you crossed Terezi Pyrope you were fucked!!!!!!!!
G.C: yeah if you were a bad guy
we were supposed to be like a vigilante duo dispensing justice
and you could take the bad guys home and feed them to your stupid spider
but instead you just fed her everybody!
and lied and lied and lied
A.G: yeah, those were the days.
I mean, days full of mistakes and regret!
but it was still a lot of fun. Watching you dismantle huge teams of flarpers with nothing but politics
and head games.
without even using any special powers! Wow.
G.C: meh
A.G: come ooOOOOOOon!
what do I have to do here?
G.C: I dunno
A.G: well if you want to know what I think, you should start changing your tune.
cause even though you got all these highfalutin morals and fancy reservations, you know as well as
me that a killer is a killer is a killer!
there ain't no changing your ways for good, and one day you're going to flail that silly little cane of
yours and not find nothin to bump into, and fall face first into the shit again.
and you're going to do something terrible to somebody and wish you could take it back but you
can't!!!!!!!!
and then you'll work hard to win back their trust, and you'll try and try and try, and you'll see how
hard it is!
you'll seeeeeee!
G.C: I doubt it
A.G: you'll see.
I am whispering that and it is echoing and ominous.
you'll seeeeeee........
you'll seeeeeee eeeeeeeee eeeeee eeeeee eeeeee eeeeee eeeeee eeeeee........
G.C: oh will you can it serket!
A.G: hahahahahahahaha.

Arachnidsgrip [A.G] ceased trolling gallowscalibrator [G.C]

G.C: (exasperated face)

Arachnidsgrip [A.G] began trolling gallowscalibrator [G.C]

A.G: whoa, what was that?????????
G.C: what was what
A.G: there was a loud noise outside my hive!
it sounded like an explosion.
G.C: wow really
A.G: and then another one!
and now something that sounds like an avalanche!!!!!!!!!
G.C: well if I had to guess
I would say
it was probably two explosions and then an avalanche
A.G: that dumbass is probably punching robots again.
I will go outside and look.
G.C: ok
try not to get burned or crushed to death or anything that would be awful
A.G: you got it! (smiley face with 16 eyes)

arachnidsGrip [A.G] ceased trolling gallowsCalibrator [G.C]

And much earlier than that...

[Image description: It shows Terezi standing at her computer. The word Flashback is written at the top of the screen. Terezi isn't wearing her glasses and her eyes are the same golden yellow as many of the trolls. The colorful draperies are nowhere to be seen and the walls are covered in the same type of papers that Vriska had and a massive FLARP poster. A dark red Aries alert hovers over her computer.]

pesterlog
gallowsCalibrator [G.C] began trolling apocalypseArisen [A.A]

G.C: how is he
A.A: ok
he cant walk though
probably never will
G.C: (sad face with furrowed brows)
maybe he could be fixed
with robo prosthetics
if you didnt mind getting help from...
uh (uncertain face with furrowed brows)
A.A: no!
neither he or I should have ever had anything to do with those hateful snobs
it was a big mistake
no offense (Wide eyed blank face)
G.C: thats ok
im a little too teal for their tastes anyway (Smiley face with furrowed brows)
A.A: I dont see why theyd lift a finger to help him
they hate us both so much
im so mad!
G.C: I hope youre not thinking of doing anything in retaliation
itll end badly
you should let me handle it
A.A: im not scared of her
she cant control me
she's tried it doesnt work
G.C: I know
but trust me if you piss her off she'll find a way to get you
this is really tricky just let me deal with it
A.A: but it was my fault
I was distracted when I could have helped him
G.C: I was too
we were both distracted by the same thing
A.A: yeah
who was he anyway
G.C: pretty sure it was vriskas friend
A.A: what was he doing there
watching us
G.C: who knows
hes not really her friend though
you should see how he talks about her behind her back
she has no idea how bad he's playing her
but then I don't think he knows how bad she's playing him either
see its complicated
you really need to stay out of it and let me deal with this
A.A: I guess so
I feel powerless sitting here doing nothing though
it’s like she wins even if you get her back!
G.C: don’t think of it that way
I know how to stop her
trust me
A.A: I guess our gaming days are over then
us four at least
G.C: yep
I’m pretty much done with her

Next

[Image description: It shows the hilltop the ruins of Aradia’s hive were on, but now her hive is still intact. It is similar to the rest of the hives, but somewhat more subdued. The architecture isn’t nearly as wild as most of the other’s. The awnings and windows on her hive are a dark, brown-ish orange and there is a wind turbine on the roof.]

Next

[Image description: Aradia stands in a room, but her clothes aren’t tattered and her eyes are golden yellow rather than white. The walls behind her have posters for FLARP and what looks like Troll Indiana Jones. A counter behind her has two music boxes on it and the desk in front of her has FLARP magazines, several red dice with varying numbers of sides, and her Crosbytop. A triangular trowel, two pickaxes, and a whip sit on the floor. Her lusus, which looks like a cross between a dog and a lizard with ram horns, is asleep on the floor next to her.]

It’s probably best you listen to the advice of your friend.

And yet, the voices are as lucid as ever. They urge you to make her pay.

Aradia: Make her pay.

[Image description: It fades between a close up of Aradia’s face with her hands on her temples and the bodies of many, many young trolls entangled in a massive spiderweb.]

It’s a shame it had to come to this. You don’t like summoning the spirits of the dead to settle scores.

But if she had to face her victims again, maybe she’d finally learn to feel remorse.

Next

[Image description: Vriska looks over her shoulder at several ghostly figures that hover in the darkness behind her.]

Next

[Image description: Even more spirits crowd around her and she falls to her knees. Her eyes are pinched shut and she’s bracing her arms against the floor like she expects something to attack her. A blank alert slowly fades in on the right side of the screen, where the corner of her computer]
pokes on.]

Vriska: Answer white text guy.

[Image description: Vriska sits at her computer, but she's hunched over and the spirits still crowd around her.]

pesterlog

( question mark ) Well?
A.G: Well what! I am surrounded by ghosts and kind of freaking out about it!
( question mark ) I know.
I'm asking what you intend to do about it.
A.G: I don't know, I guess I will just curl into a little ball and cry and hope they go away!
Is that what you want to hear you sick fuck????????
( question mark ) Aren't you going to kill her?
A.G: Who????????
( question mark ) Your friend.
The one who summoned the spirits.
A.G: Will that make them go away?
( question mark ) Does it matter?
She brought them here to torment you. This obviously warrants revenge.
You know you're going to anyway. You won't be able to help yourself.
A.G: I don't have to do shit!
Maybe I don't mind ghosts. Maybe they'll be great company once I get used to them!
( question mark ) No, they are terrifying you.
There's only one thing to do.
A.G: Ok, so why don't YOU kill her! be my guest! Wow, thanks for offering. What a pal!
( question mark ) That's not how I work.
A.G: Oh really, well you seemed pretty excited about killing Tavros too.
And you even helped! So I guess that is how you work after all.
( question mark ) Not really.
All I did was stand somewhere for a few minutes.
I just gave you an opportunity to do something you wanted to do anyway.
You hated him, remember?
A.G: I know I did! I still do, I guess. I dunno.
but I was never gonna kill these people. They were like, off limits I guess?
these games were just supposed to be fun and serve no other purpose!
( question mark ) They were serving a very important purpose.
A.G: Yeah ok, you getting off on talking a girl into killing her buddies sure is important!
Loser.
( question mark ) Again, I didn't talk you into anything, nor am I doing so now.
You were, and are, going to do this regardless.
I only ever place myself into positions of tangential involvement with events that will bring about
my employer's entry into this universe.
I oversee the events as they take place, and ever so slightly nudge them into motion when
necessary.
A.G: I'm beginning to think you really believe that! So delusional. You're just a pathetic, lonely
gamer who buys into his own character profile BS.
( question mark ) The omniscient have no need for beliefs and no room for delusion.
A.G: Hahahahahahahaha!
You're the dumbest omniscient person I ever met.
Sure you know a lot, but I know for a FACT there's stuff you don't know.
That's true.

But the gaps in my knowledge exist by design.

They are the pillars of shadow on which my comprehensive vision is built.

Necessary pockets of void meant to effectuate outcomes I've foreseen and which will require my influence.

Each dark pocket, in time, will be filled.

But I wonder why I waste this nuance on you.

A.G: because you need to add more blatant lies to patch up all the holes in your sad cover story.

Deception is only necessary for those like you to achieve their objectives.

I play with my cards face up.

Isn't it funny how during our various matches, I can tell you what my moves will be in advance, and still win?

A.G: (Tongue sticking out face with 8 eyes)

Yeah, but I'm getting closer to beating you. You'll see.

Look at that. The short amount of time I have reserved for arguing with a child has expired.

But maybe you're right. Maybe you are a person with free will and you won't kill your friend.

What do I know?

Enjoy your haunting.

Vriska: Make her pay.

Of course he's right. Not much point in living with all these moaning spooks just to spite some guy you don't give a shit about.

But how to go about it? Can't control her. It can be difficult to manipulate the mind of the psychically gifted.


How about this guy? Unfortunately, you can only control him about half the time.

Then again, that should be all the time you need.

Next

pesterlog

arachnidsGrip [A.G] began trolling apocalypseArisen [A.A]

A.G: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA.

A.A: what

A.G: Nice trick! With the ghosts and all. Man, you got me pretty good.

A.A: id rather not talk to you

A.G: Fair enough!

Just wanted to say I'm sorry, that's all.
A.A: im not the one you should apologize to
A.G: Yeah I know. I'll make it up to him some day. Don't worry!
Anyway, hey guess what?
I've got a message for you from your boyfriend.
He's outside your hive right now!
A.A: not falling for it
A.G: Take a look.
A.A: i dont see anything out there
A.G: Well ok, I'm just the messenger. If you want to risk missing him then suit yourself.
Later!!!!!!!

Next

[Image description: Aradia walks towards the open door of her hive. The view through it and the window next to it show a night sky with the faint glow of dawn or sunset at the horizon. Tall hivestems are barely visible in the distance.]

It must be a trick! He surely would have told you if he was making the trip all the way out here from his hive stem.

Next

[Image description: A figure with a glowing blue outline hovers outside of Aradia's hive. A second image focuses in on the silhouetted figure, which looks like Sollux.]

Next

[Image description: Aradia smiles up at him.]

Sollux??

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Sollux, who holds his glasses in one hand and a jar of honey in the other. Some honey is smeared around his mouth and wisps of red and blue float up from his eyes.]

Next

[Image description: Aradia looks up in horror as red and blue lights flash over her.]

Pesterlog

A.G: Arrivederci, Megido.

arachnidsGrip [A.G] ceased trolling apocalypseArisen [A.A]

Next

[Image description: It shows the entirety of Alterna and the two moons that orbit it. The larger, green moon is to the left and the pink one with its own, smaller moon is to the right. A second image zooms in on the green moon.]

Be the white text guy.

[Image description: A man with a white cueball for a head stands in a victorian sitting room that’s
entirely green. He wears a white suit with a green shirt and bowtie and flickers in and out of existence like Bec did. A model of the cube battlefield after several prototypings is on his right and a model of a fully realized battlefield is on his left. A green belt with a white holster and pistol hangs from a chair near the realized battlefield and a grey typewriter sits on a table behind him.]

You try to be the white text guy, but fail to be the white text guy. No one can be the white text guy except for the white text guy.

The white text guy is known as Doc Scratch.

He is an officer of an indestructible demon known as Lord English. His job is to pave the way for the arrival of his master, who will be summoned upon the termination of the universe. He has worked at this task for many centuries, and will continue to do so until The Great Undoing.

Scratch is Alternia's First Guardian. Every planet destined for intelligent life has such an entity meant to protect it, and facilitate the planet's ultimate purpose. A first guardian is typically almost as old as the planet itself, and each has a unique, circuitous origin through the knots of paradox space. They can be born into a great diversity of forms, though they all share a common, especially potent genetic sequence. The code grants them near omnipotence, and when merged with a host of great intelligence, near omniscience as well.

What will he do?

It's up to him. All we can do is stand here.

And watch.

Next

[Image description: Doc Scratch stands near the cube battlefield.]

What's he up to now? Hard to say since we're not telling him what to do. Guardians can never be told what to do. Neither the omnipotent kind, nor the ordinary kind who raise kids in houses. It's a universal law of reality.

Looks like he's pondering over his next move in a game he is playing with some wicked troll girl down on the planet. Usually these matches are no contest, but she has been getting closer to beating him lately, and he has no idea how this is possible.

Uncertainty, though rare, is quite a troubling sensation for the omniscient.

Next

[Image description: Doc Scratch turns to look at the typewriter as it Taps out a message. An alert over it shows a teal libra symbol.]

What's this? It appears someone is contacting him. More bothersome uncertainty. How is it this youngster is able to relay an unsolicited message? He doesn't even have an account name.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the message it typed out.]

Pesterlog

G.C: hey white text guy
I have a tip for you
(_question mark) How were you able to contact me?
Never mind, I figured it out instantly.
G.C: really?
(_question mark) Yes, through my limitless intellect.
Occasionally I discover there are things I have not always known.
It gives me the opportunity to make deductions, which are practically always flawless.
It's gratifying.
G.C: uh ok
thats neat I guess
(_question mark) You asked your clever friend with the colorful spectacles to trace the source of my messages.
He then established a relay for your messages to reach this source through some sort of computational proxy.
I gather he has recovered from his implementation as a weapon in the sabotage of your mutual friend, whom you both believe to be dead.
G.C: oh my god white text guy!
shut up! (gasping face with furrowed brows)
im trying to give you a message here
(_question mark) I have a name.
It is not white text guy.
G.C: oh what is it
(_question mark) I'm not going to tell you my name.
But if you wish, you may refer to me as mr. Vanilla milkshake.
G.C: you are so weird
why would I do that
(_question mark) It is perfectly in keeping with a habit which you will develop in the future.
G.C: I doubt it
(_question mark) Why?
G.C: sounds kind of silly and frivolous
blur why do you keep derailing me!
youre right sollux is working with me and we have important business for you to consider wait
you said we believe our friend is dead
is she not?
(_question mark) Yes, I said you believe she is dead.
And soon, you will believe she is not.
Both statements are true.
And yet each exhibits a trace of falsehood.
G.C: wow why did I bother asking
no wonder she snapped shes got to deal with your stupid riddles all the time
anyway can you just help me get revenge so we can call it a night
(_question mark) Why would I involve myself in your paltry feud beyond the extent I already have?
I believe the need to exert such influence has come to an end.
G.C: because youll want to
when you hear what I have to say
(_question mark) I doubt it.
G.C: havent you wondered how she can come close to beating you in games lately
honestly im surprised you havent deduced it yet
with your shiny white superbrain
(_question mark) It's disturbing.
But sometimes that is the nature of these hollows in my perception.
It feels a bit like dark water, sloshing about the cavity in my head. What do you know of this?
G.C.: She's cheating
she always cheats if she can find a way
lately she's used the same advantage she uses against me when we play games
but she told me about it
she tells me lots of stuff like that probably to rub it in my face
but she'd never risk telling you
(question mark) What advantage is this?
G.C.: hold on
I have to talk to your partner in crime for a second (smiley face with furrowed brows)
(question mark) I thought you were hers.
G.C.: (tongue sticking out face with furrowed brows)

Terezi: Orchestrate demise of the wicked.

[Image description: Terezi scowls at her computer.]

She went too far this time and she knows it. She's got to pay. Justice is long overdue.
The only sad part is how easy it's going to be. It will take no skilled manipulator to orchestrate her downfall. She's a waste of your talents.

Terezi: Contact partner in crime.

[Image description: It zooms out. Terezi still scowls at her computer, which now has a medium blue scorpio alert over it.]

pesterlog
gallowsCalibrator [G.C] began trolling arachnidsGrip [A.G]

G.C.: hey vriska
anything to say
A.G: ummmmmmmmmm, no?
about what?
G.C.: about killing her
after you said you wouldn't
A.G: oh, that? I thought we were done talking about it!
we concluded I messed up and I'm completely horrible in every way.
I can only feel so awful, you know. Here, I'm banging my head against the desk now.
bang bang bang. Are you happy?
G.C.: not really
A.G: uuuuuuuugh, what do you want from me?????????
G.C: im not sure
I guess im looking for some reason to change my mind
I don't know what you can say that'll do it
I sorta hope there's something though
A.G: you should lighten up a bit. Maybe even congratulate me!
wow, great job vriska! Single handedly taking out team charge like that.
no more competition from those low class clowns!
G.C: nah that wasn't it
A.G: ok, well, change your mind about what!
what are you going to do, pyrope!
G.C: I was probably just going to kill you
A.G: hahahahahahaha!
you mean from your tree? With all your amaaaaaaaazing powers?
tell me, what sort of powers do tree girls have? Swinging from vines and stuff?
G.C: my tree doesn't have vines (frowning face with furrowed brows)
sometimes I let other people swing from ropes though (smiley face with furrowed brows)
yeah anyway you'll be dead in a couple minutes
A.G: yeah right!!!!!!!!
complete and total musclebeast shit!
G.C: if you don't believe me
why don't you consult with your little advantage
it seems to have all the answers
A.G: I don't need to do that to know you're bluffing.
G.C: yeah
but
you know you're gonna anyway
addiction is a powerful thing (smiley face with furrowed brows)
see ya

gallowsCalibrator [G.C] ceased trolling arachnidsGrip [A.G]

Vriska: Consult little advantage.

[Image description: Vriska sits at her computer, holding a shiny white orb. Her glasses lens has the
circle of red dots on it, the same as she did when a hologram of her appeared while Tavros was
playing FLARP.]

She can't be serious. What could Possibly lead to your demise in a matter of minutes?

What could it possibly be???

Next

[Image description: She holds the orb up.]

You consult with your Magic Cue Ball, an extremely rare treasure you recently plundered from an
ancient crypt, and one of many rumored to be hidden across the globe. Each at one time belonged
to the strange and powerful man fabled to live on the green moon, but have since managed to
escape his vision.

It is said to make predictions with alarming precision and specificity. Unfortunately it lacks a
portal on its surface that allows you to view the prediction.

So who could say for sure whether its predictions were accurate? It would require someone with x-
ray vision.

Or, just maybe...

Next

[Image description: She holds the orb close to her face and the red dots on her glasses pulse with
red light.]

Someone with Vision Eightfold.
You channel your powerful eyesight through your customized lenses and whisper to the faithful little oracle: Should you be worried about Terezi's threat?

Next

[Image description: The hexagonal arrangement of dots from her glasses appears on the surface of the orb. They flash red, then fade to black. A blue triangle floats up to the now transparent dots on the surface, revealing the answer.]

Yes

Terezi: Inform Mr. Vanilla Milkshake about his missing orb.

[Image description: Doc Scratch hunches over slightly and flashes with stars against a background of green lightning.]

Pesterlog

/question mark/ SHE HAS WHAT?
[Note: This text is much larger than normal and flashes white, black, and green as lightning crackles over it.]
G.C: (shocked face with furrowed brows)

Next

[Image description: Vriska glares at the orb and holds it just inches from her face.]

Ok, little ball. Fine. If you're so smart, then answer this! How is it going to happen!

HOW????????

Next

[Image description: A new answer floats to the surface, and a small bit of green lightning flicks across it.]

I Will Explode in Your Face

Next

[Image description: Vriska stares at the orb in horror as it flashes green and jumps in her hand. Yellow lightning crackles behind her.]

Next

[Image description: The orb explodes into green fire, throwing Vriska to the ground and blowing away her left arm and eye. Something that glows blue appears behind her.]

In the aftermath of more recent misfortune...

[Image description: Equius kneels on a slab of rock next to Aurthour's body. A dark blue kernel and a purple sgurb cursor hover nearby. A second image shows Vriska standing on the rock that juts out into her lusus's web. Spidermom looks like she's in a lot of pain and is splattered in medium blue blood.]

One retrieves his dead custodian from the rubble below.
Another finds hers struggling to survive.

Next

[Image description: Vriska holds out a set of 8 dice, each with 8 sides.]

You guess you've got to put her down.

The question is, do you have the luck to get it done?

Would a sufficient roll even qualify as good luck in this case? You don't know.

Vriska: Roll.

[Image description: Vriska tosses the dice down and stares grimly towards her lusus.]

Maybe the dead girl is on to something. Maybe the only way to beat your bad luck is not caring about the outcome.

Next

[Image description: Seven of the dice land, rolling one through seven. The last dice flips through the air. The word Tumble is written next to it. In the top left corner, a list of options scrolls quickly.]

1 musclebeast
2 blizzard
3 Weasel
4 Levitation
5 Reroll times 2
6 Dutton
7 Nap time
8 Guillotine

Seven of the Fluorite Octet land, narrowing the field down from the full 8 to the power of 8.

One tumbles through the air. It will decide among the eight remaining techniques.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out to show the entirety of Spidermom's web. The final dice is in the top left corner, having landed on 8. A blue box crosses the top of the screen. It reads Guillotine de la Marquise. A blue bubble expands over Spidermom's head and a white outline of a guillotine appears inside. The bubble fades away and the guillotine pops into existence around Spidermom's head. The blade falls.]

Next

[Image description: Vriska rears back as medium blue blood splatters over her with a Slorsh.]

Au revoir, spidermom.

Next

[Image description: The rest of the pillar supporting Equius's hive collapses onto Spidermom's body. A second image shows Vriska pulling back in surprise.]
Your mercy killing triggers another avalanche. More rotten luck!

Next

[Image description: Just before Equius's house lands, it disappears, leaving a blue spirograph in its place, which quickly fades away.]

Vriska: What's her deal????????

[Image description: The screen splits between Vriska, who is still covered with blood, and Aradia, who is still in sprite form. Vriska angrily slams on her keyboard, which has a broken magic 8 ball next to it, and Aradia levitates her crosbytop to eye level. Each has the others' symbol in an alert over their computer.]

pesterlog
arachnidsGrip [A.G] began trolling apocalypseArisen [A.A]

A.G: What's your deal????????
A.A: what do you mean
A.G: Did you just zap Equius into the game? His hive disappeared!
A.A: are you not happy about that
A.G: Hell no! I was supposed to get your surprise present from him! Um, that he was keeping for me! but only temporarily! And then we were going to jump in the game together! As co-leaders! Remember????????
A.A: you were about to be killed by his hive proceeding with that plan wouldn't have made sense we certainly don't need two dead players
A.G: but!
Aaaaaaaaah!
You knew this was going to happen! You were planning it all along! You're planning all this. I know a schemer when I see one!
A.A: yes it was the plan it had to go this way
A.G: No! It had to go the way we said it would. I was going to give you the present I convinced him to make for you. Me! It wouldn't have got made if not for me! And then you could have a body again and everything would be fine. Then we could go back to being friends again.
A.A: were we ever really friends
A.G: Yeah!!!!!!!!!
I don't know. I felt like we were even if you didn't think so.
I guess I'm not very good at acting like a friend. Or saying stuff like, hey friend! You're my friend! It doesn't really occur to me.
but we were! Why would you play with me if you didn't think I was your friend?
A.A: i dont remember it doesn't matter
A.G: barf. More of this apathetic baloney. Why don't you cut the ghost girl act already? I get it! You're dead and spooky.
A.A: ribbit
A.G: Hm.
Uh, okay?
Haha. Pretty odd!
A.A: sorry
A.G: That's cool, you can ribbit if you want. In a weird way it almost makes you sound normal!
So what now? I guess you and Equius co-lead since he managed to usurp me. That cunning bastard.
I guess I follow you into the game instead? Fine by me! I'll follow you guys. Just give me my orders, boss.
A.A: no
youre not on the blue team
A.G: Oh what the fuuuuuuuuck!
A.A: you were never going to be
A.G: I get it. I finally see now. This is your revenge.
You finally did it, Megido. You got me pretty good. Well played.
A.A: its not revenge
you were always supposed to be on the red team
youll believe me later
when you wake up
A.G: What a load of SHIIIIIIIIIT. You've been plotting your revenge since day one. And I fell for it like a sucker. Can't say I blame you.
A.A: i've never thought about revenge at all
A.G: but why not!
I killed you!!!!!!!!!
A.A: i dont care
A.G: AAAAAAAAAAH!!!!!!!!!
You're so infuriating! Why can't you just hate me? It would be a lot easier that way.
Or at least feel bothered or annoyed or SOMETHING! God!!!!!!!
Maybe I should just rip my heart out of my chest and pound it to a bloody pulp here on my desk with my super strong robot arm.
Pound pound pound pound pound pound pound pound!
Look at that, more nasty blue blood all over me. Why not! Might as well open the floodgates and paint my whole hive with this oh so enviable medium blue SWILL.
because clearly it's up to me to feel emotions for the both of us, you miserable soulless witch!
A.A: (Wide eyed blank face)
A.G: I hate you!
Hate hate hate hate hate hate hate haaaaaaaate!
A.G: I only regret killing you cause it made you so BORING!!!!!!!!!
A.A: sorry
A.G: I don't want to be on the red team. (sad face with eight eyes)
It's full of jerks who just think I'm a big jerk.
A.A: they need you though
and its where you need to be
karkat will be in touch with you soon
A.G: Oh god, I can't wait for THAT conversation.
A.A: also if its any consolation
the teams are meaningless anyway
A.G: What? Why would that be consolation? It's more vague spooky nonsense!
Fuck you for me trying to help you.
Fuck the blue team, fuck your conniving, fuck Equius's doubledealing and the stupid musclebeast he rode in on, and fuck you for saving my life.
FUUUUUUUUUCK YOOOOOOOOOUUUUUUUUU!!!!!!!!!
arachnidsGrip [A.G] ceased trolling apocalypseArisen [A.A]

Next
And soon, in a place known as the Land of Caves and Silence...

Equius: Let her know the deal.

[C.T. began trolling apocalypseArisen]

C.T: (Bow and arrow) Aradia, here's the deal
Now that the game has begun, the plan will be modified slightly
We will not be co-leaders of the blue team
I alone will be the leader
Is that understood
A.A: thats fine
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Good
Wait
You have no objection
Are you sure
A.A: no
im ok with it
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Do you typically embrace such a passive attitude when your superiors give you orders
A.A: i dont usually receive orders from superiors or otherwise
but really its fine
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Hmm
A.A: what
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I think I should get a towel
I'm perspiring heavily again
A.A: why
whats wrong
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Never mind
I'm trying to stay professional about this
A.A: about what
what are you talking about
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Forget it
It's just pleasant to consort with one of lesser breeding who clearly understands her place
A.A: ive understood for some time that this will be my role
to function as your server player
and that you would be the team leader as the first in the chain
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Perfect
Then we are on the same page
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I look forward to seeing how well you serve me, server player
A.A: uh
 thats not quite the meaning of the word server
C.T: (Bow and arrow) What do you mean
A.A: as your server i manipulate your environment to help you advance
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I don't understand
Are you
Are you saying
That
You are in a position of control over me
A.A: i suppose so
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Oh
A.A: what
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Oh my God
A.A: (Wide eyed blank face)
C.T: (Bow and arrow) This is
Impropriety of a caliber I cannot even
It's
You are as low on the hemospectrum as possible
To consider that someone so low could be in a position of authority over me is
It's just so
Disgusting
A.A: you really are quite a snob
C.T: (Bow and arrow) No it's
FILTHY
A.A: (Wide eyed blank face)
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I need some air
Or some cold milk
Or a towel, I need a towel
Where the fuck are all my fresh towels
I mean
Fiddlesticks, please pardon my language
It won't happen again
A.A: you look really agitated
are you sure you're alright

Next

[Image description: Aurthour disappears and Equius trembles violently.]

pesterlog
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I'm fine
I'll be fine
I just need to breathe
And to break something possibly
A.A: break something
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
It helps me relax
A.A: oh
i think i understand
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Do you
A.A: i like breaking things
i didn't used to but now i do
its fun
um
hello
are you sure you're ok
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
A.A: you really do look like you're sweating pretty hard
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I just need a blasted towel
Where ever did that Aurthour get off to
A.A: maybe you should break something
to try to calm down
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Perhaps
A.A: do you want me to break something
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Whoa what
A.A: i could break something if you want
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Do you
Want to break something
A.A: kind of
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I, uh
Ok

Next

[Image description: A red, squishy-looking bathtub crashes through the poster of the naked musclehorse on the wall. Equius shouts.]

pesterlog
A.A: Equius im about to throw an ablution trap through your wall
heads up
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
Yes that was wonderful
A.A: it was pretty cool
C.T: (Bow and arrow) But could you please refrain from dipping into the vernacular of commoners
In fact, this is an order from your leader
Call things by their proper names
A.A: what
you want me to call it a bath tub
that sounds ridiculous
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Nevertheless, do it
A.A: fine
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Now
Could you please
Uh
Do that again
A.A: what
you want me to throw the trap through your wall again
i mean the tub
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
A.A: is that an order
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
Wait
I don't know
A.A: what don't you know
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Maybe I don't want to order you to
Maybe I want
You to do whatever things that you want to do
A.A: I really have no idea what you're talking about
C.T: (Bow and arrow) You could cause quite a bother for me, with the power you wield
I can do nothing to stop you, peasant girl
It's so magnificently depraved
A.A: you are so weird
and this is coming from a ghost
ribbit
C.T: (Bow and arrow) What was that
Are you role playing now
Stop, it's unbecoming
A.A: sorry
C.T: (Bow and arrow) You're better than that
And by better, I mean worse
Much, much worse
Downright coarse and degenerate
Just reprehensibly sordid
A.A: (Wide eyed blank face)
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Actually
Yes
You may role play and proceed to deepen this already irretrievable debauchery
In fact I command it
I command you to have free will and do as you please
And continue being bothersome and unpredictably destructive
I mean
If you want
A.A: I'm not really role playing
im part frog
but ok
I guess I can break some more stuff
ribbit
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes
Ribbit again
A.A: I can't really control the ribbits

Next

[Image description: The bathtub is gone and a hole is smashed through the wall with the poster of
the overly muscled horse and ripped lion man. Author hovers near the first hole and the sgrub
cursor hovers in the corner.]
pesterlog
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I will make haste through this mysterious realm and find your gate
It will pose no challenge for me at all
A.A: yeah I know
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I will then give you your new body, and you may take your rightful place as
my subordinate
A.A: sure
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Actually
Now I'm beginning to wonder
A.A: what
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Whether I want you to be my subordinate
Hmm
C.T: (Bow and arrow) I hope this doesn't sound too strange
A.A: everything you say sounds strange
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Maybe I would like you to be the co-leader again
A.A: ok
C.T: (Bow and arrow) In fact
Oh my goodness, I can't believe I'm entertaining this thought
It feels just vile
Try not to roll your eyes at me
A.A: i dont have pupils
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Would you mind terribly
Being the leader
A.A: fine
C.T: (Bow and arrow) But
Don't tell anyone
You will be the leader of me, and I will lead all else
You would in effect be the secret leader
A.A: yeah sure
A.A: thats pretty much how it is anyway
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Yes, that's the spirit
You take to authority well for one of your blood
A.A: i dont have blood
C.T: (Bow and arrow) Not yet
But soon your heart will beat anew, and through it, fresh blood and fresh passion
A.A: (Wide eyed blank face)
wow uh
A.A: can you just bring me the robot already
C.T: (Bow and arrow) On my way

centaursTesticle [C.T] ceased trolling apocalypseArisen [A.A]

A.A: ribbit

Equius: Proceed to second gate.

[Image description: It shows Equius's hive again. A creature that looks like Aurthor with horns and the frog temple's mouth towers over the cliffs in the distance. Strongjump is written next to Equius's roof and a motion blur extends from his roof to the first gate. A second image shows Equius jumping over his land, which the gate transported him to. The land is made of jagged rocks, like the ones around his hive, but much less orderly. An imp that looks like a frog with wings watches him. A third image shows him jumping up and baring his teeth as he pulls his fist back. In the fourth, he punches the head off of the enemy that loomed over the cliff.]

Next

[Image description: A blue temple-like building is carved into the rock. A long staircase leads up to it and a spirograph is carved above the doorway. A second image shows Equius's silhouette dropping down into another gate, which seems to be inside a deep pit. Teal waterfalls pour down past the gate.]

This poses no challenge for you at all.

Equius: Enter

[Image description: Equius drops down into Aradia's land. The word Strongfall is written next to...
him as he falls, presumably in a strong manner.]

Equius: Deliver present.

[Image description: Equius stands next to Aradia bot and watches Aradia, who stares at the robot.]

spritelog
Aradia sprite: it looks nice
Equius: (Bow and arrow) Yes
It is perfect in every way
Aradia sprite: ribbit
Equius: (Bow and arrow) Do you
Have a clean towel anywhere

Aradia sprite: Enter soulbot.

[Image description: Aradia darts forward and Equius steps out of the way. The screen flashes white as Aradia merges with the robot.]

Next

[Image description: Aradia, now Aradia bot, examines her new body and smiles. Equius watches creepily from the background.]

spritelog
Equius: (Bow and arrow) I think it suits you
Much more so than the form of a levitating ghostly amphibian
How does it feel
Aradia bot: it feels
different!
Equius: (Bow and arrow) Ok
But I mean
Do you feel anything else
Aradia bot: uh
Equius: (Bow and arrow) Any sort of
Stirring sensations
Aradia bot: stirring?
Equius: (Bow and arrow) Yes
Such as
Sensations which may be stirred by flowing blood and a beating heart
Aradia bot: im not sure
Equius: (Bow and arrow) Can you detect anything within you might describe as
Smoldering passion
I mean
Just out of curiosity
Aradia bot: wait
what is that
Equius: (Bow and arrow) What's what
Aradia bot: this feeling
oh god
OH MY GOD WHAT DID YOU DO!

Next
Aradia grits her teeth and flicks her hand out, using her powers to lift Equius into the air. He looks more than a little scared.

**spritelog**

**Aradia bot:** did you program this robot to have feelings for you?

**ROMANTIC FEELINGS??**

**Equius:** (Bow and arrow) Hrrrk

**Aradia bot:** ANSWER ME BLUE BLOOD SCUM

**Equius:** (Bow and arrow) I

Yes

Uh

It's a chip in your heart

Is that not ok

**Aradia bot:** get it out

**Equius:** (Bow and arrow) Urrk

I guess I can

Uninstall it if you would just

**Aradia bot:** Get it out!!

**Equius:** (Bow and arrow) Sorry

I'll

**Equius:** (Bow and arrow) Hrrrrrkk


Next

Aradia pinches her eyes shut and plunges her fist into her chest, spilling blue blood down her front. A second image shows her shouting as she rips her robot heart from her chest. Equius, who she is still holding in the air, looks horrified.

Next

She screams and slams her fist into the heart over and over again, pounding it into little metal bits. Equius grips his head as she destroys his creation. A second image zooms in on his face.

Next

Aradia grabs him by his shirt and shakes him violently. A second image shows her slapping him repeatedly in the face. With each blow, the background flashes white and the word Smack flashes to her left.

Next

Aradia pulls Equius closer to her and shouts in his face.

Next

They grab each other and begin kissing passionately.

Next

Nepeta's tablet shows them kissing. A second image shows her watching the screen and looking confused. A speech bubble over her head flashes between pictures of Equius
Nepeta: Update wall.

You consult your Shipping Wall. Clearly some changes are in order. You must admit you didn't see this one coming, even with your remarkable matchmaking acumen.

You should probably recolor all the Aradia panels so she looks like a robot too. It is a major commitment keeping up with all your ships, but it is worth it.
7. Act 5 Act 1 Part 2

Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 5: Hivebent, Act 1: Mobius Double Reacharound, Part 2

Karkat: Recruit Vriska.

[Image description: The screen splits between Vriska on the left and Karkat on the right. Karkat's computer is sitting on a pink desk that looks like an insect and he's standing on one of the islands in his Land. Vriska looks vaguely annoyed and Karkat looks like he's shouting. Each has the other's symbol in an alert over their computer.]

pesterlog
carcinoGeneticist [C.G.] began trolling arachnidsGrip [A.G.]

C.G.: ok this is going to sound preposterous given our last conversation. and I guess practically every conversation preceding it. and I'm probably going to have to do something completely disgusting like apologize. and even though I'll hate myself for it I will totally mean it, I promise. like, really really mean it.
A.G.: you're going to ask me to join your team, aren't you.
C.G.: yeah.
how did you know.
A.G.: I don't seem to have much choice now! Aradia kicked me off the good team.
C.G.: hahahaha wow that is great.
wait, sorry.
no wait, I don't have to apologize, that's right. You have no choice now.
I apologize to myself for offering you a shitty meaningless apology.
apology accepted, karkat. Let's bury the thresher with a totally platonic bro bulge bump.
bump hahahahahahahaha.
A.G.: you dork.
do you really think your usual pedantic quips are going to bug me now????????
C.G.: I'm not trying to bug you I'm trying to get you to join my damn team, now step in line serket.
A.G.: I was just betrayed and abandoned by my two accomplices and best pals, and on top of that I am soaked in the blood of my lusus which I just had to decapitate myself. so listening to a crabby asshole be all tickled with his own mediocre retorts isn't going to spoil my evening!
C.G.: ok, well, sorry to hear about that. but I mean you can just dump her carcass in the kernel and bring her back stronger than ever.
A.G.: wow.
uh, good to know.
I guess. (uncertain face with eight eyes)
C.G.: now why don't you hop in the trap, wash that nasty blue shit off, and join our fucking session already.
A.G.: what! It's so rude to dictate hygiene procedure to a lady. Under any circumstance! Even for douchey loudmouths with delusions of leadership.
maybe you should try to think about the dumb things that fall out of your protein chute for once, vantas.
C.G.: blah blah blah.
now my chute is doing a fucking stellar impression of something that doesn't give a shit.
A.G.: anyway, you know my blood's the prettiest and you'd obviously kill to have it.
C.G.: no it sucks.
totally happy with mine, nice try though.
A.G.: BS!
why would you hide behind your lame gray anonymity then?
you do realize everyone thinks that's totally lame, right?????????
C.G.: it's nobody's business.
I don't see why it should be a matter of public record.
I'm not going to wear that shit on my sleeve like you do.
literally and figuratively.
it's private, so everyone can go point their probing busybody sniffnodes up their own impertinent seed flaps.
A.G.: fine. Like anyone really cares! It's just lame and insecure.
so why don't you tell me what I've got to do here???????? I await instruction from my bigshot ablooded leader.
C.G.: ok first thing's first.
you've got to connect with tavros quickly and get him in the session before he gets killed.
A.G.: can't someone else do that?
A.G.: (annoyed face with eight eyes pinched shut)
C.G.: what's the big deal, just do it.
A.G.: but I hate that guy!
C.G.: who cares.
A.G.: this is your command decision? Getting someone who hates a guy to save his life? Pretty weak, boss!
C.G.: why do you even hate him, it's fucking ridiculous.
if anything you should pity him.
especially since you were the one who paralyzed him.
A.G.: I know. I don't really understand it.
it's just a really special kind of hate! It never goes away and it doesn't make a lot of sense.
C.G.: this is kind of a weird time to be confiding in me about your feelings of black romance but ok.
A.G.: oh god, what?
C.G.: I mean if you're really implying tavros is your kismesis I think you're braying up the wrong frond nub.
both parties have to hate each other equally, I mean like true hate.
maybe your feelings come somewhat close to fitting the bill but I don't think he can hate anyone,
it's weird, he's kind of broken in the head.
A.G.: fuuuuuuuuck, what are you talking about?
C.G.: I think this subject is beyond a lot of people's grasp but I know a lot about it, nobody ever really wants to talk to me about it though.
A.G.: whoa really? Oh no shit, really????????
C.G.: ok, most people who haven't had their lobe stem cauterized are capable of feeling the two primary emotions, hate and pity.
pity is of course just the toned down version of the central emotion, hate.
and all the nuances of pity manifest as various other kinds of feelings like whatever chemical reactions trigger mating fondness or the mysterious forces that are behind moirallegiance.
A.G.: karkat, holy fuck.
so.
boring.
C.G.: a well balanced person is is going to have a good distribution between hate and the various pity humors.
having a good balance keeps all the emotions sharper, see I think that's your problem.
A.G.: oh??????
I hope you know I already wore out some good note-taking pens today. All the pens.
all of them.
C.G.: see, my hate is like a finely tuned instrument because I'm aware of these principles.
I could hate a hole in paradox space itself, straight through to a new reality fresh for the hating.
A.G.: hahahahahahahaha, you don't even know how much I'm laughing at this.
C.G.: but see, you're too heavy on the hate side, or at least you pretend to be which is maybe worse.
A.G.: you aren't reading anything I say are you? You just want to talk and talk and talk.
C.G.: and you think you're hating up everyone hard when you're really just burning out that entire emotional hemisphere.
it's like lukewarm hate. Pretender's hate, with no counterpoint at all.
as such there's no real substance to your hate, it's like a cardboard movie prop.
which is why your brain is broken, kind of like tavros's but on the opposite hemisphere I guess.
or maybe your broken brain led to the imbalance in the first place, I don't know.
whatever the case is, you're kind of emotionally screwed, sorry to say.
your hate's too dull for a proper kismesis, in my opinion.
and I don't see anyone chomping at the bit to be your moirail honestly, unless there's someone out there who would actually bother pitying you.
and landing a matesprit? Hahahaha!
seriously, like that would even interest you.
basically any feature of your emotional profile that usually makes someone viable in the redrom department must be totally fried.
your blackrom potential's probably toast too.
hey.
are you there.
A.G.: oh, yeah.
I started tuning you out.
are you done?
C.G.: no way, I could go on.
this is fascinating, tell me how the fuck this isn't fascinating.
A.G.: did you learn this crap from your awful romance movies?
C.G.: they're really intriguing sociologically.
incredibly complex, sophisticated stories, you wouldn't get it.
A.G.: hey asshole, stop watching movies for girls.
C.G.: what part of intriguing sociologically don't you understand.
also they're awesome, shut up.
A.G.: argh, ok! Man! Just let me connect to stupid boy-dumbfuck so I don't have to listen to this anymore!
C.G.: yeah ok.
oh, wait!
I never even got to the damn point.
A.G.: what is it now!
C.G.: I didn't need you specifically to connect to tavros, I mean I could get any schlub to do that. you just have to get in here asap because I really need your mind powers.
A.G.: you do ????????
I mean.
obviously you do. Duh.
what for?
C.G.: I ran into someone here.
a sort of double agent I guess.
his name is Jack.

Next

[Image description: Karkat glances back over his shoulder at a black carapace who looks exactly like Jack Noir in his base form. Karkat's hand is bleeding, but the blood fades through all the colors of the rainbow, so it is unclear what the actual color is. A speech bubble next to the blood has a question mark that fades through the colors at the same time as the blood.]

pesterlog
C.G.: he has some inside information about his kingdom.
he wants to work together with us to overthrow the black queen.
so I said ok.
and now I need your help.
A.G.: um, ok.
I can try.
what does he know?
C.G.: he recently got hold of some intel regarding a weakness in the queen's defenses.
I don't know any more than that.
but we've got to hurry and get started on this thing, or it could get kind of awkward.
A.G.: awkward? What do you mean?
C.G.: I mean he's just standing here now.
waiting for me I guess.
but it's ok, I think he's pretty much settled down.
A.G.: settled down?
C.G.: well, he stabbed me once.
A.G.: oh, only once!
are you sure you should trust him? I don't know if I would, but hey I'm not the leader.
C.G.: no, no, it's cool.
he's cool, it's fine I don't really mind the stabbing, it was all a misunderstanding.
well ok I'm pretty sure he meant to stab me.
but I kind of think that's like
the way he greets people?
A.G.: this game is so stupid.
C.G.: in any case I think he's probably all stabbed out.
A.G.: whew!!!!!!!!
oh, man.
since you're bleeding I should ask terezi what color your blood is.
C.G.: good luck with that.
she can't see me or smell me or anything, I'm way out of my hive somewhere else on the planet.
A.G.: ok, then I'll ask jack.
C.G.: no, jack won't tell, I made him promise he wouldn't tell.
doesn't trollian have some kind of viewport feature?
C.G.: yeah but I'm pretty sure only sollux knows how to set that up, and he's been incommunicado for hours for some reason.
anyway that whole feature seems totally invasive and largely pointless to me, so just forget it.
A.G.: yeah ok, here we are about to embark on an espionage mission. A spying tool sounds totally useless!
another great point, caP.T.A.in.
C.G.: whatever.
just get your ass in here so we can dethrone this goddamn queen.
it'll mean one less god boss we have to fight.
A.G.: fine, I'll be right there.
just try not to lose too much of your mystery blood and die.

arachnidsGrip [A.G.] ceased trolling carcinoGeneticist [C.G.]

Be Jack a few minutes ago...

[Image description: Jack Noir glares at Karkat and grits his teeth. He's holding a knife in one hand.]
You find the kid you've been looking for. He's got a pretty sharp tongue and can't seem to keep it sheathed. He should learn up front you're no stranger to sharp objects yourself.

Next

[Image description: Karkat pulls back and holds a hand in front of his face to ward off another attack or hide while cradling his other hand near his chest. Blood drips from a gash Jack cut in his hand, but the blood just flashes with rainbow question marks.]
He still won't shut up. He doesn't seem to care about the wound. He's just going on and on about the freakish color of his blood. He doesn't want you to look at it. Just look away, he says.
You've got to admit. Now you're curious.

Jack: Look at knife.

[Image description: It zooms in on the knife. It's smeared with bright red blood.]
You don't see what the big deal is. Nothing special. This kid's out of his mind.
But he's still blubbering on and on about it.

Next

[Image description: Karkat lowers his uninjured hand and looks at Jack with an uncertain expression. The flashing question marks on the blood are gone, showing that it's the same bright red as the blood from the knife.]
It seems he's the only one of his kind with this mutant candy-red blood. An outcast. He thinks he was put on this planet covered in an ocean of his own blood to be taunted. Punished for something.
Saddest story you ever heard. Got to do something to shut him up.

Next

[Image description: Jack holds the knife near his own hand. A second image shows him slicing a
shallow cut along his palm. His blood is the same bright red as Karkat's.

Next

[Image description: Jack holds his palm out towards Karkat. A second image zooms in on Karkat's face as he stares at the gash with a shocked expression. The diagonal line of the cut with blood dripping from it reflects in his pupils.]

Next

[Image description: Jack holds out his bleeding hand for a handshake. A second image shows Karkat doing the same.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. The two of them clasp hands on top of a jagged hill sticking out of a sea of red the same color as their blood.]

Karkat: Be in cahoots with Jack.

[Image description: A purple notebook with the Black King's symbol on the cover sits on a purple desk. A black hand sticks on screen, holding a black quill pen. A bottle of ink sits to the right of the book, along with a spilled puddle of ink. The notebook has the Black King's symbol scribbled out and a scribbly drawing of the black queen is drawn in its place. She has incredibly tall horns sticking out of her crown, fin-like frills on either side of her face, 2 sets of arms (one with hands and one with crab pincers), massive dragon wings, goat legs, and a mermaid-like tail sticking out from her lower back. Huge Bitch Bluh Bluh is written to the left of the drawing and the entire book is titled Operation Regisurp.]

You and your like-blooded accomplice soon put Operation Regisurp into motion, a contingency plan which the archagent conveniently had on file and named himself. If it were drafted by a legitimate contingency firm, it would ostensibly have been given a better title.

Your whole team executes the plan along the course of its journey, employing espionage, mind control tactics, political sabotage, vicious interrogations and cold blooded assassinations. Everyone does their part and you begin to learn the true meaning of teamwork, as well as this troll disease called friendship.

Next

[Image description: A version of Courtyard Droll wearing a ridiculous hat that incorporates all the elements added to the queen pokes his head around a corner in a purple hall. A shadow of the black queen looms on the wall.]

But before a single step is taken, Jack briefs you on the intelligence uncovered by one of his agents. It is an advantage over the queen you will seize upon while she has let her guard down.

With each prototyping by each player, the royalty of both sides would evolve. The queen with her Ring of Orbs Twelvelfold would first take on the claws and ridged carapace of your lusus. And then the wings and scales of Terezi's young dragon. And then the horns and gills and cloven hooves of Gamzee's fallen custodian. And so it would continue.

Though a queen is a vain creature, she is also sworn to her duty. She would be braced for the heavy load of augmentation ahead. She could certainly withstand the eight eyes of an arachnid. The fairy wings might at worst be frivolous, and the great bull horns could even be regarded as striking
additions. For that matter, the sultry lips of a mother grub might very plausibly suit her. She perhaps would wear a brave face even behind a dignified mustache, and the centauring of her lower torso could transpire without much complaint. She would dutifully indulge a lactating udder. And when all was said and done, doubling her head count would surely be insult to elevenfold injury, but nothing she hadn't essentially endured already, all in the name of her kingdom.

But she would spare herself all of these additional debasements. Because before the rest came, there would be one corruption to her figure she could not abide. Her vanity wouldn't allow it.

Next

[Image description: Aradia's Frogsprite from before she prototyped herself hovers in the center of the screen. The crystal cliffs and pink sky of her land surround it.]

She could not stand bearing the visage of the most loathsome creature known to existence. So vile is its appearance, so contemptible its purpose, all depictions of the creature let alone members of its population are permanently banned from any jurisdiction in the reach of her agents. Those of its kind go by many names, and so does the reviled patron god they herald - The Great Detestation, King Pondsquatter, Speaker of the Vast Joke, or most commonly, Bilious Slick.

His true name is of course forbidden. And wearing his face is where she drew the line.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the Black Queen's hands as she removes her ring. This version of it has 12 orbs around it, rather than 4. The top three and bottom three are white while the left three and right three are still grey. A second image shows the base Black Queen in front of a large vault door with her symbol on the front. This version has 12 towers, but it is otherwise identical to the one from the kid's session.]

She removed the ring and concealed it in the Royal Vault while she was quite sure no one was looking. She then retired to her private chamber from which she would dispatch orders, no one the wiser of her disadvantage.

Or so she thought.

Red team: Execute Operation Regisurp.

[Image description: The black queen, now dressed in a black wrap similar to the one the Windswept Questant wears, stands in the pastel desert from the intermission. A Dersite flying ship sits in the sand behind her, blocking part of a ruined city from view. Alternia's pink moon and the smaller moon that orbits it poke on screen from the upper right.]

The operation in time would be a total success. The Banished Quasiroyal would make the future Alternian wasteland her home.

Next

[Image description: The view shifts to look over B.Q's shoulder. The desert flashes with green and yellow lightning and suddenly Doc Scratch appears at the top of a sand dune. His hands are behind his back and his posture makes him look vaguely smug.]

Until she was given a new purpose.

Next
But at the onset, you would know nothing of the queen's aversion to an amphibious likeness, or about her orbs twelvefold, or any such details. You were informed of her disadvantage, and would act accordingly. You and your red teammates would work to dethrone the queen in your session, while the blue team members would take on the entirely separate set of royal adversaries in their own session. This was to be a competition, after all.

Or so you thought.

You would begin to notice a strange pattern. The blue team's prototypings would affect the mutations of your session's underlings.

And your prototypings would affect theirs.

Though the signs pointed to two distinct sessions - two sets of mystic ruins, two opposing teams, two separate chains of connected players - this was all misleading.
You were joining a particularly unusual bifurcated session, meant from the start to receive all twelve players through two separate connection chains. A session with one Skaia about which twelve planets would circle. With one army of dark and one of light. With one pair of kings and one pair of queens. And with one cantankerous archagent and his typical disdain for authority. It wouldn't be until later in the session when the full chain was nearly closed that you would realize the truth.

The truth was it had always been the same session all along. That your teams were not competing, but cooperating toward a common goal.

In the more drawn out form of this adventure's narrative, figuring this out would have been a huge deal. We would have been completely blown away by this stunning revelation.

Wow. Same session all along. Really?

Huh.

But since we've decided to engage this epic in shorthand, you feel you must insist that we continue with this expository interlude.

It would turn out the arrangement of planets looked like this, rather. Bifurcated from each other, each team appearing to comprise a distinct chain in a distinct session without the luxury of the complete picture we see here.

It appeared that way until it was time to link the two chains, completing the circuit of twelve and uniting the teams.

For these final two links, Skaia had a plan, as it did with the order of every preceding link, and as it did with the paradoxical seeding of its own players on the surface of the planet it would later devastate to buy itself time. Its plan was as inescapable as all others, as inevitable as the reckoning.
it would ultimately face.

Next

[Image description: Two more arrows appear. A red one makes a sideways S shape from Karkat's circle over to Sollux's. A blue, mirror image of the red arrow connects Equius to G.A. The new arrows cross three times- once near each edge of the circle, and once more, over Skaia, though the blue arrow appears to go behind it while the red one goes over it. Mobius Double Reach Around flashes on screen. Mobius Double flashes at the top of the screen, alternating with Reach Around, which is written at the bottom.]

Next

[Image description: The pisces and aquarius circles flash as the rest of the map greys out.]

After watching the phrases Mobius Double and Reach Around toggle for a few minutes while in a sort of stupor, you finally snap out of it. Your attention drifts toward these two symbols.

You would try to be these mysterious characters but you suspect you would fail, so you don't bother.

They're way too mysterious for you to be them yet! Seriously, what's up with these guys? Do they live under water or something? What's their deal!

We'll learn all about them a little later.

Next

[Image description: G.A's Virgo symbol flashes.]

For that matter, what about this young lady? What is HER deal???

We'll probably find out about her later too. It will probably be quite some time before you get to be her. It could very well be pages and pages and pages.

And pages and pages and pages.

[Image description: G.A stands in a room. Her chainsaw leans against a bookshelf to her right and a grey wardrobifier stands to her left. Two red, embroidered pillows are squished into the corner behind her. A blue squiddles lunchtop and an old fashioned sewing machine sit on a desk near the wardrobifier. Pieces of colorful fabric are scattered across the floor and draped across the desk.]

Seriously, it could take forever.

Enter name.

[Image description: It zooms out. The structure of the room is the same as Jade's or the rooms on Prospit and Derse, but the furniture is quite different. A magenta recuperacoon hangs from the ceiling past the window to the right of the bookshelf. More pillows sit below the right window and a potted plant sits beneath both the right and left windows. Unlike the windows on the other troll's hive, these are open, untinted, and shaped like pointed arches. Numerous candlesticks of varying heights are on top of the bookshelf and wardrobifier. Fabric drapes down from the corners of the room, though one piece seems to have been shredded.]

Your name is Kanaya Maryam.
You are one of the few of your kind who can withstand the Blistering Alternian Sun, and perhaps the only who enjoys the feel of its rays. As such, you are one of the few of your kind who has taken a shining to Landscaping. You have cultivated a lush oasis around your hive, and in particular, you have honed your craft through the art of Topiary, sculpting your trees to match the Puffy Oracles from your dreams. You have embraced the tool of this trade, which conveniently is the weapon of choice for those who would hunt the Heinous Broods of the Undead which crawl from the sand at sunrise to feast on the light and the living.

It would be convenient if you actually hunted them, but it is of course far too dangerous, every bit as suicidal as attempting to poach the terrible Musclebeasts who roam at night. So you indulge in your bright fascination with the grim through literature. Just before the sun goes down and you join your flora in rest, you immerse yourself in tales of Rainbow Drinkers and Shadow Droppers and Forbidden Passion.

You are one of the few of your kind with Jade Green Blood. As such you are one of the few who could be selected and raised by a Virgin Mother Grub, an event so rare as to elude documented precedent. She would defend you from desert threats, and though her life would be short, in time you would assure her of progeny.

You are one of the few of your kind whose affection for the aesthetic strongly overpowers instinctive regard for the utilitarian. As such, you are one of the few of your kind who has developed a zeal for Fashion and Design and Lively Colorful Patterns. You decorate your hive with Flora and Fabric, as delicately or aggressively as inspiration demands. You are a Seamstress or a Ragripper or a Treetrimmer or a Lumberjack, whichever you care to be, and your unique hive is equipped with a great supply of advanced technology to accommodate your interests. The technology and indeed the hive itself were all recovered from the ruins nearby when you were very young. The seed of your hive was deployed on the volcanic rocks beneath the sand with the assistance of your lusus and her remarkable burrowing skills, and you have lived there happily together since.

You know the ruins and the hive and everything here that is not sand and rock originated from the world of your dreams. You also know that one day you will visit this world while you are awake. That day is today.

Your trolltag is grimAuxiliatrix and you Tend To Enunciate Each Word You Speak Very Clearly And Carefully

What will you do?

Kanaya: Equip chainsaw.

[Image description: Kanaya looks over at the chainsaw, which folds itself up into a tiny tube.]

What Chainsaw? You are quite sure there is no Chainsaw leaning on that bookshelf.

There is however a tube of Lipstick on the floor.

Kanaya: Fine, equip that then.

[Image description: She steps forward to the tube. A strife specibus card for Makeupkind appears in the top right. Her clothes change from the red skirt and black top with her symbol on it to a red dress with seashell-like designs on it and a black belt where the buckle is a white version of her symbol.]
Alright, let's settle down. No need to get hysterical.

Oh, there goes your Wardrobifier again. Never a dull moment in fashion when the randomized cycle is on.

Kanaya: Apply.

[Image description: It shows a close up of the now open lipstick container. The left half of the lipstick is black and the right is a jade green color. A second image shows Kanaya examining the tube.]

You can choose between your trademark jade or black. Even though a troll's lips are naturally black.

But they can always be blacker, and a lady with a true sense of style knows this.

In any case you think you'll mix things up and go with green for a while.

Next

[Image description: Kanaya, now wearing green lipstick, turns towards her desk. An alert with a fuschia pisces symbol in it appears next to the lunchtop. Her dress changes to a blue robe with floral designs on it. It is fastened with a pink sash and a red and white version of her symbol.]

Kanaya: Answer C.C.

[Image description: The lunchtop projects a keyboard and a trollian window.]

pesterlog
cuttlefishCuller [C.C.] began trolling grimAuxiliatrix [G.A.]

[Note: C.C types in fuschia. She prefices all capital E's with a dash and replaces all h's with a pair of parenthesis, an open one then a closed one. She also tends to use capitals for emphasis. Her emoticons are usually prefaced with a 3 to represent a tiara and have an 8 for eyes to represent goggles.]

C.C.: HELLO!
G.A.: Hey
C.C.: Kanaya Hi!
Glub glub glub glub glub!
(smiley face with a tiara and goggles)
G.A.: You Seem More Excited Than Usual
Or Less
I Cant Tell
C.C.: Glub glub glub glub glub glub!
G.A.: Im Going To Type This Face Now
(face with a question mark for a mouth)
Even Though No One Knows How To Make A Mouth Do A Question Shape Like That
C.C.: haha sorry!
I cant really control the glubs.
G.A.: Yes You Can
But Thats Fine You Can Glub To The Content Of Your Collapsing And Expanding Bladder Based Aquatic Vascular System
If It Means You Are Excited About Something
C.C.: I AM EXCITED!
G.A.: Ok Why
C.C.: Everything we are about to do next is exciting.
It is always exciting.
I'm EXCITED!
[Note: Approximately 16 dashes precede the second E in excited.]
Pchooooo.
G.A.: It Looks Like One Of Your Letters Got Away From You
C.C.: haha yeah I really launched that one.
G.A.: You Forked An Innocent D Loitering Over There By The Shout Pole Minding Its Own Business
C.C.: HEHE!
Glub glub glub!
HEY! Lets stop being retarded for a minute.
G.A.: Yeah Sure
C.C.: I am just worked up about this game, it will be great.
Ive been waiting a long time to get started! We all have.
G.A.: I Thought So
I Have Been Cloaked In A Mood Of Perpetual Anticipation For Some Time As Well
C.C.: We should compare notes. Even though we are on different teams!
G.A.: Well
Not Really
C.C.: hmm really?
See this is why we should be comparing notes! (Gasping face with goggles and a tiara)
G.A.: What Notes Would You Like To Submit For Comparison
C.C.: hmmmmmm.
Well I am going to join my team pretty late.
I think I have to!
I will need to connect after my goofball moirail does so I can keep my goggles on his nefarious escapades.
Its a tough job but its important! Everyone has an important job to do.
G.A.: Yeah
C.C.: Isn't that what youre doing too? Joining late to keep an eye on yours?
G.A.: I Dont Know For A Fact That She Is Mine
C.C.: haha youre not supposed to know for a FACT dummy!
You just do what you think is right and even if you were wrong the worst that happened was you helped somebody and helped the whole world too!
G.A.: I Know
But What If I Dont Really Want Her To Be That
C.C.: Glub glub glub glub SHRUG.
G.A.: Yeah Glub Glub Shrug Is The Right Attitude I Think
Our Minds Are Already Made Up Anyway Arent They
C.C.: Yes probably!
Your clouds tell you everything so what do you even have to worry about?
G.A.: They Dont Tell Me Everything
Just As I Am Sure She doesnt Whisper Everything To You
C.C.: Thats true.
Oh shucks now Im going to get sad.
She will be gone soon. (Sad face with a tiara and goggles)
Though I guess it will be a relief not to have to worry about keeping her voice down anymore!
G.A.: I Wonder If Any Other Kid On The Planet Has As Many Burdens In The Fire As You
I Doubt It
C.C.: They aren't burdens!
Ok I guess they are haha.
But I love them and I wouldn't have it any other way because this is why I'm here!
On that note I think I'm going to go say goodbye to her. Maybe you should too while you have the chance!
Even though I'll see her again soon which still seems kind of strange to me.
But that's why this is all so EXCITING!
Kanaya Bye!

cuttlefishCuller [C.C.] ceased trolling grimAuxiliatrix [G.A.]
Kanaya: Check on lusus.

[Image description: Kanaya stands by the window between her recuperacoon and bookshelf. Her robe changes to a green sundress with white speckles, a pink sash, and her symbol on the breast.]
You had nearly forgotten. Today her time would come.
Maybe you should be there in her final moment. But then it isn't exactly final, is it?
Death is pretty confusing without the finality.
Next
[Image description: Kanaya leans out the window and looks down sadly.]
Next
[Image description: It zooms out. Her lusus, the mother grub, lays on the grass not far from the base of her tower.]
It's too late.
You'd better change back into your work clothes. No point in getting a good dress dirty.
Kanaya: Go downstairs.
[Image description: Kanaya stands next to her lusus and pats her head.]
She brought you this far. Now to live up to your end of the bargain.
Kanaya: Operate.
[Image description: Kanaya uses her lipstick to draw a dashed line down her lusus's side.]
Next
[Image description: She takes her chainsaw out and braces herself. In one quick motion, she cuts a gash along the line she drew, splattering jade green blood on the grass and herself.]
Next
[Image description: She grimaces and looks away as she reaches inside the cut she made. Splorch
is written above her arm.]

Next

[Image description: She holds up a grey orb with horn-like spikes protruding from it in all directions. Her arm and the orb are smeared with green blood.]

Kanaya: Captchalogue that thing.

[Image description: A grey captchalogue card appears in the top left corner. The orb disappears from her hand and appears on the card, which turns solidly grey after a moment. Chains wrap around the card and are padlocked together.]

You secure the Matriorb through your Chastity Modus. Safe and sound!

You will serendipitously discover the key to unlock this card when and only when you are ready to use this item, and not a moment before!

Next

[Image description: It shows a close up of Kanaya's bloody hands.]

Look at this mess. All this blood and sunlight is stirring bright feelings within. You often fantasize about being a true rainbow drinker from your literature. It would be a life of darting between the shadows, of persecution and being misunderstood. And of Romance. You would drink heavily from its multicolored well, and the hemospectrum would be your wine list preceding the great feast of passion.

Surely it couldn't hurt. While no one is looking...

Kanaya: Just a taste.

[Image description: She brings her hand closer to her mouth and sticks out her tongue a little.]

Next

[Image description: A scribbly drawing shows Kanaya rearing back and yelling Bluh.]

Kanaya: Meddle with moirail.

[Image description: Kanaya stands on the bath a few yards from her lusus's body. Her lunchtop sits on the ground and projects the keyboard and chat client for her. It has a medium blue scorpio alert next to it.]

pesterlog
G.A.: Just Wanted To Know
Is Your Lusus Dead Yet

You then proceed to have the rest of this conversation we already read, bugging and fussing and meddling through the special and magical union one can only describe as being in moirallegiance with another.

[Note: "This conversation we already read" is a link to the full conversation on Vriska: Endure meddling.]
At least, you guess that's how you would describe it. Maybe.

Troll romance sure is confusing!

Next

[Image description: Kanaya holds the lunchtop, which now has a purple aquarius alert next to it.]

You will put her out of your mind for a while. It should be hours before you have to connect with her anyway. Might as well pack this thing up and head inside.

Oh what now. What could this guy want?

It never ends!

Kanaya: Answer C.A.

[Image description: Kanaya sits on the ground and types at the projected keyboard, but this time she looks incredibly annoyed.]

pesterlog

caligulasAquarium [C.A.] began trolling grimAuxiliatrix [G.A.]

[Note: C.A types in purple. He doubles all W's and V's and drops the g from the end of words that end in ING.]

C.A.: kan make her talk to me do somethin
G.A.: Who
C.A.: your no good connivin fuckin backstabbin girl crush thats who
G.A.: Overstating Our Relationship Wont Make Me Feel Very Cooperative
Its Paler Red Than That Ok
C.A.: pshhhhhhh that is a fuckin laugh and you know it everyone does so help me out tell her to talk to me i think she blocked me you got to
G.A.: Why Do I Got To
I Dont Got To And Every Time You Take My Help For Granted I Feel Like I Got To A Little Less
C.A.: whatEVER you are so the village two wheel device when it comes to auspisticing you cant let a grudge go by you wont stick your busy stem betwixt so get with the program
fussyfangs
G.A.: If Your Slander Werent So Predictable Id Block You Too For Saying That
Has It Occurred To You She May Have Blocked You Because You Are Very Overbearing
[Note: Kanaya doubled up her v's on the last two words.]
I Just Said That Aloud Now In Your Silly Accent And Had A Private Moment Of Enjoyment
C.A.: who gives a shit why she blocked me or about my fuckin manners come on youve got a way with her i figure if youre going to auspisticize any two brine suckers who sneer at each other a funny way you might as well make it official and be ours right
G.A.: Your Black Solicitation Just Seems Really Indecent
What Do You Want From Her Anyway
C.A.: she made me somethin per a prior arrangement
she will deliver it when we meet in this game but i dont know what the logistics are yet im tryin to connoiter with her here but shes blowin me off again fickle dirtscrapin landhag
G.A.: What Is It
C.A.: kan stupid what do you think its a fuckin gizmo to blow up the world or somethin
ok well not that obviously
but somethin that'll kill all land dwellers what else would i be after
G.A.: Can You Just For A Moment Entertain The Thoughts Of One Untouched By
Megalomaniacal Derangement And Tell Me Why I'd Want To Assist You With That
C.A.: well
im not goin to very well kill you am i that would be fuckin unconscionable
what kind of friend would i be
G.A.: Also Speculate For A Moment That Self Preservation Might Not Be What Would Sway My
Decision
C.A.: yeah go ahead and kiss us off but therell be blood on your hands
you could either play along as our auspistice and do a little mediating like you were fuckin hatched to
or watch she and me devolve into fuckin full fledge kismesissses the kind like you dont get once in
ten thousand sweeps
you know thats what it would be there would be rainbow rivers runnin through star systems and all
nebulizin like liquid fireworks
it will be beautiful and heartbreaking all at once
you should read up on your history instead of poring through that godawfull sunny rubbish
G.A.: Its Just
Laborious Listening To This
Im Sorry
None Of It Matters
C.A.: yeah it does its important sorry but the fate of the race and purity of the bloodline is
important excuse me for being concerned
G.A.: I Know
But You Really Should Know By Now The World Will End Tonight Regardless
Land And Sea Dwellers Alike Will All Die
Because Of The Game We Are About To Play
And I Agree The Fate Of The Race Is Important But Its In My Hands Now
All Of Ours Really
C.A.: huh
well ok
G.A.: Really
C.A.: ordinarily id call bullshit on terrible stinkin bs like that but i know you dont really lie about stuff
unless its to yourself
but thats why i bother even talking to you i wouldnt even be here SAYIN any of this otherwise
so did your clouds tell you that
G.A.: The Doomsday Scenario In Particular
No Not Exactly
C.A.: i got clouds and they dont tell me SHIT they hide nothin but misfortune and monstrosities
fuckin pain in the ass fuckin clouds
so how do you know then
G.A.: I Have Another Source
C.A.: ok well you are jacked tight the fuck into this thing in so many ways i dont know what to say anymore
whatever we will just play and find out i guess
so can you tell her to talk to me anyway
G.A.: No
C.A.: god dammit
she and me are teammates weve got to have a powwow or SOMETHING
G.A.: You Arent Actually On The Same Team
C.A.: fuck
fine i get it ill step off
you dont want to be our auspistice cause you dont want to get locked into that sort of relation with
her i can respect that
G.A.: No Thats Not It
C.A.: yeah it is your real feelins run pretty awful RUDDY methinks everybody knows it
especially that assblood karkat he and me have you so pegged about that its upright silly
but its cool its totally fine dont worry ill leave you alone and give you a shot
G.A.: Its Unbelievable
Her Patience
C.A.: what
whoa wait who
G.A.: Never Mind
C.A.: ok wait did she talk to you today
what did she say
or glub or whatever
G.A.: Something About Longing To Touch You Indiscretely
C.A.: WHAT
G.A.: And That Shes Basically In The Scarlet Throes For You
As Deep In The Flushed Quadrant As One Can Be
C.A.: wait
did she actually say that
in confidence
G.A.: To The Letter
C.A.: can you copy exactly what she said
G.A.: Absolutely Not
C.A.: this is bullshit youre bee essing me in some way awful
you dont lie but you do tease and ill tranfuse my kickass royal blood out with incontinent
musclebeast discharge if i wont know when im gettin hooked
G.A.: Yeah
She's Just A Concerned Moirail
Looking Out For You
Thats All
C.A.: awwww fuck
see im tellin you
you got to play your cards right
G.A.: What Do You Mean
if youre not savvy about how you define yourself to people
C.A.: you can just splash into the moirail zone before you know which ways upward
G.A.: Oh
Hmm
C.A.: kan its hard
G.A.: What
C.A.: being a kid and growing up
its hard and nobody understands

caligulasAquarium [C.A.] ceased trolling grimAuxiliatrix [G.A.]

Kanaya: Return to room.

[Image description: Kanaya stands near a pile of pillows near her recuperacoon.]

There is a lot to do before you enter. There will be a lot of people to talk to and help along the way.
No, not meddle with or mediate. HELP, dammit! You are very helpful.
You have a lot of inside information on what you and your coplayers are about to face. You are jacked tight the fuck into this thing in so many ways we don't know what to say anymore. And it's not just cloud visions either.

You have another source.

Kanaya: Consult source.

[Image description: Kanaya sits on the pile of pillows and types at the keyboard her lunchtop projects. Everything but her lunchtop and the pillows fade away to a black void populated by the distant silhouettes of tentacled monsters and a dersite server, which resembles a remote.]

Next

[Image description: The screen projects the Caveats and Condolences portion of Rose's walkthrough, as well as her flashing RL signature.]

In one dream, the clouds pointed you to the address of a server hidden in an obscure pocket of a realm unknowable to mortals. It contains a journal written by a young member of an alien species. She has documented her experiences playing the game you are about to play.

You can only assume this took place a long time ago. This race is likely ancient, preceding yours by millions of sweeps. Maybe billions! You like to try to imagine the adventures of these players. Were they successful in repopulating their race? Did they manage to protect their matriorb and hatch a new mother grub? Could they hold it together, or were they torn apart by the complex social dynamics, the matespritships and moirallegiences and auspisticisms and kismesissitudes that will surely plague your group along the way?

You have little doubt they succeeded with flying colors.

Next

[Image description: A person who looks like a Troll version of Rose stands on top of an ogre, wielding a black wand. With it, she blasts a line of pink magic directly through its forehead. She has long, nearly straight horns, a black bob, a black shirt with the RL signature on it, and a long pink skirt.]

You have little doubt their victory was because of their leader, a great heroine, the Tentacletherapist. From what she recorded, it seems the group had very little knowledge of what they were getting into. And yet they appear to have been the only of their kind to have risen to the challenge in a session stacked heavily against them. You are convinced her leadership was the difference.

It would be nice to have the chance to talk to her. Alas, she's likely been dead for millennia. Only the incomplete record of a long forgotten quest remains.

On the other hand, if you were to discover her quest ended in failure, it might be somewhat disillusioning.

But that thought never crossed your mind.

Tavros: Enter.

[Image description: Tavros's hive sits in the center of a round, jagged edged patch of dark green grass on a landscape that is otherwise brown and orange sand. The sky swirls shades of yellow and
a strong wind spins the windmill on the roof.]

Having narrowly dodged obliteration, you take your place as the Page of Breath in the Land of Sand and Zephyr.

And in time...

[Image description: Spindly stairs and platforms form a crazy spiderweb reaching up towards the first gate. The windmill now sits on the lawn with the alchemiter and totem lathe, which are set about as far apart as they could possibly be. Bright orange imps slowly move closer to the house.]

pesterlog
A.G.: Taaaaaaaavros!
A.G.: Go outside and look at what I built for you! You are going to FLIP!
A.T.: Okay,

Next

[Image description: Tavros sits at the bottom of a set of stairs with his husktop, which has a medium blue scorpio alert over it, on his lap. He frowns down at the screen. A bright orange imp with bull horns stands to his left.]

pesterlog
A.T.: I think this, is,
probably meant to antagonize me,
A.G.: what are you talking about. Look at my beautiful building. Don't you think it's about time someone got a little creative with this game????????
A.T.: ummm, maybe,
A.G.: everyone always wants to do things the boring way.
didn't we make a truce, tavros? That we would try to be less boring from now on?
you don't want to break your truce with me, do you tavros?
A.T.: no,
A.G.: great. Now get climbing!
A.T.: please don't read this as,
a boring thing, I hope,
but,
it's physically impossible to do that, mostly,
A.T.: why don't you, in like,
a not boring way, build,
more inclined surfaces, like you did over there,
maybe you could color them, with fun colors,
so you won't think they're boring and get angry at me some more,
A.G.: I built that ramp because we were in a hurry to save your life, remember?
a dead tavros is even more boring than an alive and crippled tavros by a slim margin.
my stair structure is lovely and I'm not changing it.
now hop out of your wheel device and get climbing!!!!!!!
A.T.: uhh,
climbing,
A.G.: or crawling. Whatever! Stop being so helpless. It's pathetic.
A.T.: it will take a long time,
A.G.: what's the rush! You're in the game, safe and sound. Look in the sky. Do you see any meteors? I sure don't!
A.T.: but, there are imps around, and I'll be sort of defenseless, lying down on stairs,
A.G.: siiiiiiigh. you did not just use that excuse. We both know you can commune with these things.
hey! Why don't you psychically command them to carry you up????????
oh my god that is a great idea. Once again, leave it to vriska to come up with the creative solutions.
A.T.: I wouldn't really, want to make them do that, I just don't understand, why, we can't do this the easy way,
A.G.: what good would that do you?
whatever the purpose of this game is, it makes you work hard for it! that way you become stronger along the way and you are better prepared for whatever's next.
remember when we used to flarp together?????? It was the exact same principle. And that's why you were always outmatched! You were too soft and not well prepared.
nothing comes easy, tavros. That is why we go through the trials in the brooding caverns when we are young.
to make sure we are strong when we come out!
do you remember the trials, tavros?
A.T.: not very well, no,
A.G.: well, I do, and they were a bitch. but now that I think about it, it would make perfect sense if your trials were really easy by some mistake.
that is why you are such a soggy phlegm sponge, and why you got picked by such a sad, frail little lusus!
A.T.: (sad face with bull horns)
A.G.: but that's ok, it probably wasn't your fault. Just a bad break!
you're lucky you have me as a server player, so I can challenge you and help you get strong.
now hop out of that seat and get climbing! I will deliver the device to you once you are at the top.
climb, pupa!
ciiiiiiimb!
A.T.: maybe I should ask tinkerbull about this, he's really smart, now that he can talk,
A.G.: no!!!!!!!!! you don't need help from your lame bull fairy. He is only holding you back.
A.T.: he's my friend,
this is getting frustrating.
why did I have to get stuck with the cripple? Just my luck.
do you have any idea how inconvenient this is? Do you have any sympathy for what I'm dealing with here?
A.T.: uhh,
A.G.: you're so inconsiderate. You just sit there looking smug. It's infuriating to look at you.
you haven't even thanked me! Or apologized for that matter!!!!!!!!! uhhhhhh thanks vriska, for saving uhh my life,
ummmm it sure was brave and heroic and pretty of you, also ummm duhhh,, ummm,, I am sorry from the bottom of my nook,,,,,,, seriously, how hard would that have been?
A.T.: okay,
thanks, I guess, but,
Sorry for what,
A.G.: for being crippled, you ass!
A.T.: you want me to apologize,
for being paralyzed,
A.G.: yes.
say you're sorry.
A.T.: I don't mean to be rude, or boring,
but that's ridiculous, given,
uh, the circumstances,
A.G.: bullshit!
it's something called basic decency and civility you fudgeblooded boor.
now get down on your useless wobbly knees and apologize.
A.T.: no, I don't want to,
A.G.: (Gasping face with eight eyes and furrowed brows)

Next

[Image description: Vriska grabs his wheelchair with the cursor and shakes it violently. The imp and Tavros both look distressed.]

pesterlog
A.G.: Apologize, Pupa!
Apologiiiiiiize!!!!!!!
Say you're sorry for being a cripple! Wheeeeee!
Aaaaaahahahahahahahaha!

Tavros: Summon Rufio.

[Image description: Tavros glares upwards. The scene shifts up and the background fades to a drawing of a troll version of Dante Basco as Rufio from the movie Hook. He has fluffed up black curls with thin, mohawk-like bands of straight red hairs sticking out of them. His horns are almost identical to Tavros's, though they are a little larger and taper a bit more towards the end. He's wearing a black vest over a short sleeve shirt with red and black stripes down the sleeves.]

Now she's done it. She has awoken the mighty inner fury that is...

RUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUFIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Next

[Image description: Tavros looks down sadly. Rufio is gone. Vriska still gently pushes his chair back and forth.]

But unfortunately, Rufio is not real. He's imaginary. A fake. Like a made up friend, the way fairies are.

You continue to be sad and alone.

Vriska: Wheeeeee!

[Image description: Vriska sits at her computer, jiggling the mouse back and forth. An alert over her computer shows Tavros in his chair, jiggling back and forth too.]

Next
Kanaya: Mediate.

A.G.: Hey, what's your deal! Shouldn't you be helping me out of this jam instead of fussing with my plumbing????????

G.A.: Just Presenting A Floating Reminder That Tavros Will Need Plenty Of Inclined Surfaces For His Ascent

G.A.: That's silly. I made so many ramps, you wouldn't even believe it.

I specifically decided I wanted to build something ugly and boring. It is now the land of ramps and yawns.

G.A.: Hes Reported Otherwise

A.G.: That lousy snitch! Maybe I should take his computer away so he can't go crying to fussysfangs anymore.

G.A.: Maybe I Should Upend This Load Gaper Over Your Head

A.G.: No, don't!

G.A.: I made some ramps. Do they count?

A.G.: I'm only trying to help him. (sad face with eight eyes)

G.A.: Think Of Another Way To Help


I'll do something NICE.

I have an idea. I will be right back.

And for the record, I was going to do this anyway! I was just trying to make him a better player first.

G.A.: Ok

A.G.: In the meantime, how about I serve my client player the way I think is best, and you can do the same for yours????????

G.A.: Hmm

I Thought I Was

Vriska: Scurry downstairs.

Vriska: Scurry downstairs.

Vriska: Scurry downstairs.

You make your way down to one of your innumerable Loot Strongholds where you stash riches and gold and jewels and prizes plundered during your campaigns.

There they are. Your Rocket Boots. You must confess you will find favor with just about any kind of footwear as long as it is bright red. You would wear these striking boots even if they were broken pieces of junk!
But as it happens they work just fine and they are awesome.

Vriska: Take them.

[Image description: A black captchalogue card with a blue center portion appears in the top left corner. Vriska steps forward and captchalogues the boots. A moment later, the card shrinks into a magic 8 ball and falls at her feet.]

Vriska: Go back up.

[Image description: Vriska stands in her room again, now with the totem lathe against a window opposite her desk. All the broken magic 8 balls, flarp magazines, and dice that were strewn about the room are now in semi-neat piles. She frowns at Kanaya's cursor as Kanaya drags another die to the dice pile.]

pesterlog
A.G.: Quit cleaning up after me!!!!!!!!
You are so ridiculous.

Vriska: Get code.

[Image description: Vriska stands by the computer again and shakes the magic 8 ball that contains the boots.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the window on the magic 8 ball as the captcha code slowly floats to the surface. The design is blue and purple lines with thicker, white lines curving across the background. The code is pshoooes.]

Vriska: Send code.

[Image description: The screen splits between Vriska on the left and Tavros on the right. A red arrow points from Vriska's computer to Tavros's husk top. The arrow is labeled pshoooes. The imp stands right behind Tavros and looks like its about to attack.]

Tavros: Alchemize.

[Image description: A brown totem sits on the alchemiter's small platform and Tavros sits in a bright red rocket chair hovering a short distance above the platform. Two imps standing at the base of the platform look angry.]

Tavros: Fly, Pupa!!!!!!!!!

[Image description: Tavros speeds through the yellow skies. A second image shows his smoketrail tracing a winding path around the house and up to the first gate. The imps on the ground jump around in confusion.]

pesterlog
A.G.: Flyyyyyyyyy!

And again, in time...

[Image description: Tavros, in his rocketchair, flies at the head of a massive hoard of orange imps and ogres. They're all standing outside a building of some sort. The structure itself is low to the
ground, but it is topped by two massive statues of lizards standing on their hind legs. An hourglass shaped carving of overlapping triangles takes up the space between the lizards.

Tavros: Lead fearsome entourage into ruins.

[Image description: Tavros puts his fingertips on his temples. The word Commune hovers to his right. The O in Commune has horns that make it look like the taurus symbol.]

Next

[Image description: Tavros watches one of the ogres climb up a pedestal to a frog-shaped dent in the wall. Several green, puzzle-like pieces fill in part of the outline.]

Tavros: Confer with teammate.

[Image description: Tavros hovers near the ground with three orange imps surrounding him. He holds a phone in one hand and grins down at it. There is a medium blue scorpio alert next to it. The wall behind him is carved with lizards and water lilies.]

pesterlog
A.T.: yessss, another piece fits, we are making some strict progress on this puzzle,
A.T.: so where do you think, is the next one,
A.G.: um, I don't know? Probably buried in the stupid sand somewhere like all the others.
A.T.: okay, that's mostly what I was thinking too, but, it suddenly doesn't sound like you think the puzzle is cool,
A.G.: the puzzle sucks! All these puzzles suck.
if I have to help you put one more dumb slab of boring rock into another stupid wall indentation I am going to put an indentation in my desk with my face.
A.T.: but it, uhh,
it looks like a frog, and that's kind of fun,
A.G.: snore. These puzzles are for wigglers. I solved way better puzzles than this in my heyday as mindfang.
oh look some ruins. Oh look another mysterious recess in the wall! I wonder if something fits in there???????? it probably just opens a secret passage to more wall indentations. I am so over this puzzle.
A.T.: uhh, but,
they are necessary to solve, aren't they,
to find new magic artifacts and things, and learn more about the lore of this land,
A.G.: tavros, let me let you in on a little secret about the lore of your land.
it's boring!!!!!!!!!
A.T.: (gasping face with bull horns)
A.G.: the minds of your consorts are very soft and impressionable.
as easily manipulated as all those imps you've been bossing around.
I have picked apart their tiny little lizard brains and seen through all the smoke and mirrors of their riddles.
I have gotten to the truth they are guarding. The great big mystery behind this planet. And you know what it is, tavros?
A.T.: no,
A.G.: it's bullshit!
meaningless, boring, fanciful bullshit wrapped in flowery poems to keep you guessing.
it all leads to one thing anyway, and that's what we should put our attention on.
real gamers cut to the chase. They power through all the nonsense and go for the gold.
they cheat, tavros.
it is time you learned to start cheating.
A.T.: I thought, I kind of was cheating,
by making friends with monsters,
A.G.: well, it's a good start. You are bending the rules and getting stuff done.
ok I will admit, I am fairly impressed with your progress so far. Even though you still probably
haven't even killed a single enemy!!!!!!!
A.T.: umm,
A.G.: no, don't bother. I know you haven't.
but maybe that's ok. Maybe it's just your style, and your real strength is surrounding yourself with
allies who are much stronger than you.
like me!
I'm sure there is more than one way up the echeladder. In your case probably the only way is to
roll gently up the echeramp.
the path of the invalid.
A.T.: yeah, I agree,
A.G.: but I think it's time to stop fucking around! You need to be challenged more.
I have been designing a quest for you that should test your true limits.
A.T.: ohh,
is that what you were doing, all this time,
A.G.: yes.
A.T.: I mean, not that I don't,
appreciate it, but,
don't you have your own quest to do,
A.G.: yeah, well, after she got me in the game, kanaya just left me in the lurch, probably because
she's dealing with her own crisis now.
which is just as well because I was starting to get nannied hard. You wouldn't even believe it.
A.T.: nannied,
A.G.: so I had some time to kill.
I drew you a map!
A.T.: whoaaa,
A.G.: here, take a look.
it marks what will be your new destination. Where you will find the ultimate challenge.

Tavros: Look at map.

[Image description: A hand drawn map of Tavros's land takes up the whole screen. The temple is
near the bottom of the map. Directly east of it is a red cave labeled with snoring. To the north west
is another cave, this one labeled More boring puzzles. Ignore them!!!!!!! To the north east is a red
windmill labeled To 7th gate! Go here. A winding dashed line leads from the temple to the
windmill, with Tavros in the rocket chair drawn at either end.]
pesterlog
A.T.: where does it go,
A.G.: I have determined from your consorts that there is a terrible monster deep underground.
it guards a hoard of treasure bigger than either of us can imagine!
it is called a denizen, and it is the boss of your whole planet.
tavros, you will go and face your denizen.
A.T.: won't that be,
too difficult,
A.G.: it will be the most powerful adversary you have ever met. but you can handle it. I believe in you!
A.T.: um, thanks,
I mean, I respect that you have lots of, piratey bravado about stuff, and you type fast about it, but I think this is foolish and not sensible, I will probably just get killed, realistically, A.G.: maybe! That is the risk you take by being a brave adventurer. but it is a good opportunity to apply your cunning. maybe you can rally a huge army to bend to your will and overwhelm the monster???????? Who knows! It is up to you.
this is it, Tavros. It is time to sink or swim. A.T.: I should get Kanaya's advice, or maybe Karkat since he is the leader,
A.G.: no!!!!!!!!
oh god, every time. Always going and getting to others to bail you out. anyway, kanaya is missing in action, and karkat has his head up his nook with his new stabby hatefriend.
neither can help you.
A.T.: it's just hard to figure out, if you really think this is a good idea strategically, or if it's just more of the thing, where you harass me but sound excited about it, A.G.: tavros, I know nobody believes me about this, probably not even a gullible dope like you. but I actually care about your advancement as a player. everything I have done has been to make you stronger!
A.T.: okay,
I still don't know what to believe, about that,
A.G.: ugh, you are useless!
I'm done talking about this. Now shut up and point that cherry vehicle of yours toward the x on that map. next stop, gate seven. Let's go.
A.T.: uhhhhhh,
A.G.: this isn't optional. You know very well that I can make you go to that gate whether you want to or not! but I would rather it not have to come to that. what will it be? advance or advance?
A.T.: okay,
I will go,
A.G.: oh one last thing.
equip your boy-skylark outfit. this will be Pupa's last stand!
I mean sit. hahahahahahahaha.

Tavros: Point cherry vehicle toward X on map.

[Image description: Tavros, who is now wearing his Pupa Pan costume, flies his rocket chair towards a windmill on top of a tall spire of red rock. A spiral ramp goes around the outside of the building, leading up to the point where the blades attach. Not far above it is a brown spirograph gate.]
Next

[Image description: Vriska's hive sits in a small jungle on top of a pink plateau island. Wooden walkways lead around the cliffs and two rope bridges lead out to smaller islands. At the bottom of the cliff is a dock, but there are no boats in sight. The sky is pink and gold with maps and compass roses scattered across it. A trail of smoke leads from the sky to the top floor, where Tavros crashes his rocket chair.]

You proceed through what seems to be your second gate, into the Land of Maps and Treasure. The Thief of Light lies in wait.

Next

[Image description: Tavros's rocket chair is tangled upside down in spiderwebs that now cross Vriska's room. Tavros flails and tries to get free. The window above the totem lathe is smashed and the top portion of the lathe is gone. Vriska, now wearing a white dress and blue fairy wings, is asleep on top of the pile of broken magic 8 balls.]

Vriska: Wake up.

[Image description: Vriska sits up and holds her arms out daintily. Tavros finally falls from his upside down chair and lands next to her.]

Oh my!

It appears Pupa Pan himself has flown through your window while you were asleep. How exciting! Surely he is here to take you away on the adventure of a lifetime. He is more dreamy and heroic than you ever imagined.

But what's this?? It seems the legendary Boy-Skylark has misplaced his shadow. He is looking Everywhere for it, to no avail. He is having a devil of a time, what with being paralyzed from the waist down and all. He clearly needs your help.

Vriska: Help Pupa find shadow.

[Image description: Vriska stands over Tavros and lifts one foot slightly off the ground. Tavros grimaces.]

Pupa! You truly are a silly goose. Your shadow has been trapped underneath your useless torso the whole time! Honestly, where else would it be you stupid sack of shit?

Next

[Image description: Vriska lightly nudges Tavros's hat with her foot.]

Of course, the secret to reuniting with your shadow is to get up and walk around. And play and dance and frolic! Your shadow will surely join in your gaiety.

But it appears Pupa has lost the use of his legs. There will be no frolicking in this young man's future. (sad face with eight eyes)

Unless...

Vriska: Apply special stardust.

[Image description: Vriska throws a handful of glitter into Tavros's face.]
Everyone knows that just a pinch of Special Stardust along with a happy thought will allow any boy to get up and walk again. Everyone knows this because it is in the classic tale, Pupa Pan. Young Pupa flies through the window of a fairy girl's respiteblock, falls on the floor, and has trouble getting up like an enormous pansy. The fairy girl then helps him walk again, and in return, he teaches her to fly, even though she probably already knows how to fly. Because she's a fairy. They fly out of her window together, and have magical adventures for many sweeps thereafter.

To be honest, you hardly know a damn thing about Pupa Pan. But you do not care.

Next

Pupa remains as pathetic and useless as ever. The stardust did nothing! Probably because it is just glittery powder with no magical properties whatsoever and is basically bullshit. Because in case it wasn't clear, magic isn't real, and neither are miracles.

or

It could just be that Pupa has failed to have a happy thought!

Your duty is clear. You will have to MAKE him have happy thoughts.

Vriska: Make Pupa have happy thoughts.

Next

Vriska: Vriska hauls Tavros up by his shirt and grins menacingly. Tavros trembles and looks afraid.

Next

Vriska: Vriska pulls Tavros close and kisses him. Tavros's eyes go wide and he flails his hands.

Next

Vriska: Vriska holds him at arms length again and frowns at him. He looks completely horrified. A symbol between them flashes between a red heart and a black spade, both with a question mark inside.

Next

Vriska: Vriska scowls and dumps Tavros on the floor.

Next

Vriska: Still scowling, she puts her fingers on her temples. The background changes to blue lines and the word Manipulate is written to her left, though it is written with a Scorpio sign for the M and the number 8 in place of A.T.E. Hearts appear in Tavros's eyes and he looks stunned.

Next

Vriska: Her expression changes to confusion as Tavros grabs her dress and makes a kissy face up at her.
Kanaya: Deal with your own crisis.

Whew, crisis resolved. It was no doubt harrowing and suspenseful.

But in the meantime, you have left your client player in the lurch. Ideally she has not gotten herself into too much trouble.

And ideally the dramatic irony has not gotten so thick you could draw a dotted line on it with a tube of lipstick and cut it in half with a chainsaw.

Kanaya: Return to serving client.

So THAT'S why she had you make this dress for her???

And you just went along with it like a sucker.

Argh, you are such an IDIOT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Kanaya, it's hard.

Being a kid and growing up.

It's hard and nobody understands.

Try to understand.
The problem is that when the subject of troll romance is broached, our sparing human intellects instantly assume the most ingratiating posture of surrender imaginable. But we will do our best to understand regardless.

Humans have only one form of romance. And though we consider it a complicated subject, spanning a wide range of emotions, social conventions, and implications for reproduction, it is ultimately a superficial slice of what trolls consider the full body of romantic experience. Our concept of romance, in spite of its capacity to fill our art and literature and to rule our individual destinies like little else, is still just that. A single, linear concept. A concept usually denoted by a single symbol.

(Troll)

Troll romance is more complicated than that. Troll romance needs four symbols.

Next

Their understanding of romance is divided into halves, and halved again, producing four quadrants: the Flushed Quadrant, the Caliginous Quadrant, the Pale Quadrant, and the Ashen Quadrant.

Each quadrant is grouped by the half they share, whether horizontally or vertically, depending on the overlapping properties one examines. The sharpest dichotomy, from an emotional perspective, is drawn between Red Romance and Black Romance.

Red Romance, comprised of the flushed and pale quadrants, is a form of romance rooted in strongly positive emotions. Black Romance, with its caliginous and ashen quadrants, is rooted in the strongly negative.

On the other hand, the vertical bifurcation has to do with the purpose of the relationship, regardless of the emotions behind it. Those quadrants which are Concupiscent, the flushed and caliginous, have to do with facilitating the elaborate reproductive cycle of trolls. Those which are Conciliatory, the pale and ashen, would be more closely likened to platonic relationships by human standards.

There are many parallels between human relationships and the various facets of troll romance. Humans have words to describe relationships of a negative nature, or of a platonic nature. The difference is, for humans, those relationships would never be conceptually grouped with romance. Establishing those sort of relationships for humans is not driven by the same primal forces that drive our tendency to couple romantically. But for trolls, those primal forces involve themselves in the full palette of these relationships, red or black, torrid or friendly. Trolls typically feel strongly compelled to find balance in each quadrant, and seek gratifying relationships that each describes.

The challenge is particularly tortuous for young trolls, who must reconcile the wide range of contradictory emotions associated with this matrix, while understanding the nature of their various
romantic urges for the first time.

Of course, young humans have this challenge too. But for trolls, the challenge is fourfold.

Examine flushed quadrant.

[Image description: A red heart vibrates against a black background. In the two curves at the top are pictures of Rose's Mom and John's Dad. A second image shows them standing on the bow of Jade's Grandpa's ship out in the meteor field as they stare in towards Skaia, which is just a small dot in the distance.]

When two individuals find themselves in the flushed quadrant together, they are said to be Matesprits. Matespritship is the closest parallel to the human concept of romance trolls have. It plays a role in the trolls' reproductive cycle, just as it does for humans.

This is pretty obvious! Not much more needs to be said about this. Moving right along.

Examine caliginous quadrant.

[Image description: A black spade vibrates against a red background. In the curves at the bottom are pictures of Jack Noir and the Black Queen from the Kid's section. A second image shows the Black Queen sitting on her throne while Jack stands in front of her.]

When a pair of adversaries delve into this quadrant, they become each other's Kismesis. As one of the concupiscent quadrants, it plays a role in procreation as well. There is no particularly good human translation for this concept. The closest would be an especially potent arch-rivalry.

For instance, human players would never be able to adequately diagnose the relationship between the queen and her archagent. But troll players could immediately place it as a dead ringer for kismesissitude. They would think we were all pretty stupid for not getting it. And they would be right.

Next

[Image description: The outline of a giant, bipedal creature with massive spikes on its back is silhouetted against the Alternian sky. It holds a bucket in each hand. The left arm is marked with a red heart and the right arm is marked with a white spade.]

Trolls have a complicated reproductive cycle. It's probably best not to examine it in much detail.

The need to seek out concupiscent partners comes with more urgency than typical reproductive instincts. When the Imperial Drone comes knocking, you had better be able to supply genetic material to each of his Filial Pails. If you have nothing to offer, he will kill you without hesitation.

The genetic material - Without Going Into Much Detail - is a combinative genetic mix from the matesprit and kismesis pairs, respectively. The pails are all offered to the mother grub, who can only receive such precombined material. She then combines all of it into one incestuous slurry, and begins her brooding.

This doesn't mean the initial combination was for naught, however. In the slurry, more dominant genes rise to the fore, while the more recessive find less representation in the brood. Especially strong matesprit and kismesis pairings yield more dominant genetic material. The more powerful the complement or potent the rivalry, the more dominant the genes.

Troll Reproduction Sure Is Weird. We all take a moment to lament how pedestrian the human
reproductive system is, and further lament that the phrase "incestuous slurry" is not a feature of common parlance in human civilization.

Examine ashen quadrant.

[Image description: A black club vibrates against a grey background. The top curve has a picture of Kanaya in it and the bottom two have pictures of Vriska and Tavros.]

This quadrant involves a particular type of three-way relationship of a black romantic nature. Falling on the conciliatory side, it has no bearing on the reproductive cycle, except for indirect ramifications.

When two trolls are locked in a feud or some otherwise contentious relationship, one can intervene and become their Auspistice. The auspistice mediates between the two, playing the role of a peace keeper, preventing the feud from boiling over into a fully caliginous rivalry.

Since such lesser feuds are quite common among trolls, there is a significant need for auspisticating parties. Without them, too many ashen feuds would become caliginous, and begin to conflict with other exclusive kismesis relationships, leading to a great deal of social complexity and sore feelings (even more so than black romance usually involves). Without auspisticism, the result would be widespread black infidelity.

Next

[Image description: A Matesprit heart containing pictures of Aradiabot and Equius rips in half, turns upside down, and recombines into a Kismesis spade. The spade rips in half and turns back into the heart. This continues endlessly.]

The relationships each quadrant describes tend to be malleable, if not volatile, especially on the concupiscent half where more torrid emotions reside. It doesn't take much to flip a switch and transmute blackrom feelings to redrom, and vice versa.

In many cases, one party will have red feelings while the other has black. But it will often be the case that one party's feelings will swap to match the other's, since there is no quadrant which naturally accommodates such a disparity. But thereafter, it's not uncommon for the two to toggle between red and black in unison now and then. These scenarios naturally result in both red and black infidelities.

This sort of relationship volatility is why conciliatory relationships are an important part of troll romance.

Next

[Image description: The Auspistice club with Kanaya, Vriska, and Tavros appears. Kanaya's portion rips away and the shape transforms into a Kismesis spade, then to a Matesprit heart, then back to a Kismesis spade. Kanaya's picture comes back in and stabilizes it to a club, then leaves again, letting the cycle repeat.]

An auspistice can stabilize particularly turbulent relationships. If the auspistice fails to mediate properly, or has no interest in the role, or perhaps has different romantic intentions him slash herself altogether, then the relationship often quickly deteriorates into one of an especially hostile and torrid nature. There are many outside factors and influences tugging and pulling these relationships in different directions, and unlike humans who have very orderly, simple, straightforward romantic relationships without exception, trolls exist in a state of almost perpetual
confusion and generally have no idea what the hell is going on.

Being confused by troll relationships is one thing we do have in common though.

Examine pale quadrant.

[Image description: A red diamond vibrates against a grey background. This one has pictures of Nepeta and Equius in it.]

This quadrant presides over Moirallegience, the other conciliatory relationship. A reasonable human translation would be the concept of a soul mate, but in a more platonic sense, and with a more specific social purpose.

Trolls are a very angry and violent race. Some are more hot-tempered and dangerous than others, to the extent that if left to their own devices, they would present a serious threat to society, or even to themselves. Such trolls will have an instinctive pale attraction to a more even-tempered troll, who may become their Moirail. The moirail is obliged to pacify the other, to function as the better half. The two partners in a strong pale relationship will serve to balance and complement each other's emotional profiles, and thus allow their other relationships to be more successful.

It's often ambiguous especially among young trolls whether a bond formed between an acquaintance is true moirallegence, or the usual variety of platonic involvement. Furthermore, romantic intentions of a more flushed nature can often be mistaken for paler leanings, much to the frustration of the suitor.

But some pale pairings, as the one above, will be strikingly obvious to all who know them.

Next

[Image description: The screen splits between the tiara-wearing Pisces troll from quite a while ago on the left and an unknown troll on the right. At the border of the two sections is a red diamond. The new troll has black, fluffed hair with a purple streak above his forehead and lightning bolt shaped horns. He has flared fins extending back from his cheeks and wears large glasses. He is wearing a black shirt with a violet Aquarius symbol on it, a blue striped scarf, blue and black striped pants, a floor length purple cape with a tall collar, and purple shoes with a medium blue stripe up the center. He is standing on sand with a bottle of faygo to his right and a small crab to his left.]

And yet others will seem to have been hatched for each other.

Wait! More troll romance exposition please.

[Image description: Two romance symbols appear on a grey background. The left is a Moirallegiance between the pisces troll and the aquarius troll and the other is the auspisticism between Kanaya, Vriska, and Tavros. Kanaya moves away from the auspisticism and it flips between a Kismesis and a Matespritship. Kanaya moves back in, but Tavros moves away and it turns into a Moirallegiance that splits in half. Kanaya's half flips between a Moirallegiance and a Matespritship, but Vriska's stays as a Moirallegiance. As Kanaya's and Vriska's relationship vacillates, the same thing happens with the other two trolls. The pisces troll stays a moirallegiance while the aquarius troll flips between moirallegiance and matespritship. The pisces troll, Tavros, and Kanaya all move away and the Aquarius troll and Vriska move towards the center, where a Kismesis forms. Kanaya moves in and it turns into an auspisticism. Then everything resets and the cycle begins all over again.]
God you just can't get enough of this can you! That would have been a great point for a transition out of this illustrated sociological study, but ok, if you insist.

Now see, what's going on here is...

It's perfectly simple. When the full matrix of troll romance is in action, we have... uh...

Hey, why don't you figure it out! You should be an expert on all this by now anyway.

Next

[Image description: The screen splits. Karkat flails and chatters his teeth on the right against a background of Troll Movie Posters. On the right, John shrugs against a background of Human Movie Posters.]

Later our troll hero would try to explain this to our human hero, attempting to convey all the nuance of troll romance through a nearly verbatim recitation of the preceding excerpts.

He would try to describe how rich and textured the troll romantic comedies were compared to the one dimensional schlock of our human cinematic counterparts. He would barely scratch the surface of Troll Will Smith's virtuosity with the delicate lattice of troll romance, as he would assist the bumbling fudgeblooded Troll Kevin James through the interwoven minefield-briarpatch of redrom and blackrom entanglements, all the while sifting through his own prickly romantic situation and ultimately learning the true meaning of hate and pity. But would they succeed before the imperial drone came knocking with his thirsty pails at the ready??? Yes, they would.

But John didn't understand any of this because he's a moron, and he wouldn't shut up about his awful bullshit Earth movies. He would just go on and on and on about that garbage.

Next

[Image description: It focuses in on one of the Troll Movie Posters featuring a troll woman and a troll man almost kissing in the rain.]

But if there was one theme to be hammered through his thick skull, it would be the trolls' cultural preoccupation with romantic destiny. Yes, the romantic landscape is rife with false starts and miscues and infidelities, red and black. But every troll believes strongly that each quadrant holds one and only one true pairing for them, and it is just a matter of time before the grid is filled with auspicious matchups through the mysterious channels of Troll Serendipity.

In short, their belief is that for each quadrant there exists a pair or triad of trolls somewhere in the cosmos that were...

Next

[Image description: It returns to the split screen with the pisces troll and the aquarius troll.]

Made for Each Other.

Wow, another great transition. You wonder if it will stick this time. You have no choice but to take a stab at the rare and extremely dangerous 2x Transition Combo.

Attempt 2x transition combo.

[Image description: The right side with the Aquarius troll expands, pushing the pisces troll off
Looks like it worked.

So who IS this guy, anyway?

Enter name.

[Image description: The troll sits on the back of a white, floating seahorse and tugs on its reigns. He holds a blue gun that looks like the Ahab's Crosshairs that John got in the box from Jade. The troll scowls at something off screen. He wears countless gold rings on almost all of his fingers. The sky behind him is black with low, heavy clouds on the horizon. A streak of purple lightning strikes.]

Your name is Eridan Ampora.

Eridan: Do something awesome.

[Image description: It zooms in on his face and he sneers.]

Next

[Image description: His hand grips the gun's handle and one finger rests on the trigger.]

Next

[Image description: Eridan looks out into a sky so full of clouds that its impossible to see if its day or night. Two more purple lightning bolts strike.]

Wait for it...

Next

[Image description: It zooms out, bringing a dark blue ocean that stretches from horizon to horizon into view.]

Wait.

Next

[Image description: It shifts up. Eridan looks miniscule.]

Next

[Image description: A white, flying whale bursts through the clouds.]

Thar She Blows.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out as the whale swoops down underneath Eridan.]

Next

[Image description: The whale charges at him, its mouth open like its screaming.]

Next
Eridan fires the gun, which sends out a massive beam of blue light and crackles with lightning.

Next

The beam blasts a hole in the whale's abdomen, splattering indigo-violet blood across its body.

Next

The whale falls towards the ocean.

Next

It sinks beneath the surface, leaving only a blood-smeared tail sticking out above the water. The word Fishfood hovers below it.

Next

The screen splits again between the pisces troll and Eridan. This time, it shows a close up of the Pisces troll's left eye and Eridan's right. Eridan's section slides away, revealing the rest of the pisces troll's face. 2x TRANSITION COMBO appears at the top of the screen.

Ok, that guy is pretty much squared away.

What about her?

Enter name.

The girl grins up at something. She holds a dual-sided trident with three prongs on either end. The outline of a coral reef and multi colored cuttlefish are behind her.

Your name is Feferi Peixes.

Feferi: Do something adorable.

Feferi swims directly towards the screen, her hair whipping around in the water. The word Swim vibrates behind her.

Next

A whale carcass sits on the ocean floor, sending out wisps of indigo-violet blood. She swims directly towards it.

Next

The carcass is wrapped in a net, being hauled along through the ocean. It is still bleeding.

Next

Feferi swims through the water. The end of the net is tied to one end of her trident.
She pulls the whale carcass down deeper into the ocean, to where the light begins to die out.

Feferi's faint silhouette can just barely be seen against the black water.

She releases the net, letting the whale fall out of it and drift down deeper.

A massive white tentacle reaches out to the carcass.

It wraps around the whale and two more tentacles come on.

The tentacle moves the whale towards a massive beak. The whale looks like its the size of a peanut compared to this creature.

It zooms out, revealing more of this eldritch creature Feferi is feeding. More tentacles come on screen.

It zooms out another step. The whale is so small it can't even be seen.

It zooms out again. The creature is covered in tentacles that tangle around themselves. The beak the whale was being fed in to is barely visible. Tentacles still extend off screen.

Feferi: Go home.

A castle-like hive sits atop a conical spire of rock with a spiral ramp and many, many cave entrances carved into it. The area around the base of the rock is dotted with chunks of pink coral.

That should keep her quiet for a while.

At least until she dies.

Eridan: Go home.

Eridan and his seahorse hover near a hive built into a shipwreck on a tiny, sandy island.

That should keep her happy for a while.

And make a freshly orphaned troll somewhere pretty sad.
Eridan: Examine block.

[Image description: Eridan and his seahorse stand inside his respiteblock. There is a black refrigerator in the corner behind him with several guns and harpoons leaning against it or the wall next to it. Two wizard statues stand on pedestals to its left. There is a brown computer sitting on a desk to his left and a table with piles of gold coins to his right.]

You conveniently return to your respiteblock so that we may study your variety of Interests.

This was very considerate of you.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Behind the seahorse and to the right of the fridge is a doorway and beyond that are bookshelves. More harpoons, wizard statues, piles of gold coins, and jewels are scattered around the room.]

Flowing through your veins is nearly the richest blood the hemospectrum has to offer, penultimate on the scale. As such, you are a Sea Dweller, a sub-race of troll distinct from the commoners by mutation and habitat, a caste which rules over the entire species.

But ruling, in your view, is not enough. You have an overpowering Genocide Complex, and have made it your sworn duty to Kill All Land Dwellers. You have amassed resources and deadly weaponry from around the world for this ambition through many sweeps of Extreme Role Playing, while pursuing a working Doomsday Device which will bring armageddon to all those on the surface. Haven't had much luck with that, but maybe tonight's your night.

You hold a fascination for Military History and Legendary Conquerors. You have dubiously modeled your profile and exploits after the most notorious figures and their stories, which are bristling with the Glory of Victory and the Sting of Defeat and Political Machinations and Romantic Intrigue. It is an image you are careful to craft through Exaggerated Emotional Theatrics, and your penchant for mass murder notwithstanding, people tend to regard you as a Bit of a Tool.

You also like Magic, even though you know it to be Fake. Like a made up friend, the way wizards are. Made up make believe Fakey Fakey Fakes. It's still fun though.

Your trolltag is caligulasAquarium and you speak with a very weird and sort of wavy soundin accent.

You hold off on doing anything for the moment on account of courtesy to fellow royalty.

Feferi: Examine block.

[Image description: Feferi stands in a room full of multi colored cuttlefish that float around her. The walls are bright fuschia and the carpet is purple with a tiled pattern of tentacled creatures. An ipad in a pink case sits on a blue desk to her right. A white creature with a black spade on its side floats above her desk. A horse floats to her left and another peeks in through the window.]

On the subject of courtesy, you have also returned to your block so we can get a better look at you. Again, quite considerate.

Royalty sure is civilized!

Next
You are also a Sea Dweller. You have the most noble blood possible, the only of your kind known to possess it, and the only to share it with Gl'bgolyb, a deep sea monster also known as The Rift’s Carbuncle, Emissary to the Horrorterrors, or in more hushed tones, Speaker of the Vast Glub.

This makes you the Heir Apparent for Alternian rulership, which ordinarily would place you in considerable jeopardy. Her Imperious Condescension would steer the flagship from the fleet and make an attempt on your life herself, if not for the protection of your monstrous lusus.

And if not forewarned of your race’s extinction by the whispers of that lusus, you would have Big Plans for the Throne. All the plans. All of them.

You would redefine what it means to be Culled in troll society. Under your rule it would mean caring for the unfit and infirm rather than exterminating them, and you have put this idea into practice by Culling the Fauna of the Deep. You tend to wild and beautiful Aquatic Hoofbeasts, grooming and feeding them daily. You capture and cage Cuttlefish by the thousands for their own good, and also because they are funny and colorful and you love them. They often swim through the bars of their cages, but that is fine. You run your whole palace as a sort of Wildlife Adoption Facility, even if the wildlife's need for care is dubious at best, and the practice really just amounts to an elaborate Role Playing Scenario. It's still fun though.

You would also look forward to using your reign to Unite the Two Races. You were told you would do this one day by your lusus, even if it does contradict her message of extinction. Oh well, you suppose Not All Prophecies Can Come True.

Your trolltag is cuttlefishCuller and you Have a Hard time not getting REALLY EXCITED ABOUT PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING!

[Note: That last segment was written in her typing quirk.]

Next

[Image description: The screen splits between Feferi and Eridan standing in their blocks.]

What will you both do?

Eridan and Feferi: Do something ridiculous.

[Image description: A scribbly sketch shows Feferi riding one of the Aquatic Hoofbeasts. She looks like she's having a good time.]

YES.

Next

[Image description: A sketch shows Eridan riding his seahorse, though he looks more angry than amused.]

FUCK YES.

Next
HELL

Next

FUCKING

Next

YES.

Eridan: Bother Feferi.

pesterlog
caligulasAquarium [C.A.] began trolling cuttlefishCuller [C.C.]

C.A.: fef
hey
C.C.: (question mark)
C.A.: glub
C.C.: Glub glub!
(smiley face wearing a tiara and goggles)
C.A.: yeah
hm
C.C.: What is it!!!
C.A.: what
C.C.: I am wondering if you can forego the exaggerated emotional theatrics for once and actually
tell me what's on your mind!
C.A.: nothins on my mind why cant i just fuckin talk and glub at you for a reason i dont have
C.C.: (uncertain face wearing a tiara and goggles)
C.A.: well fine but you dont want to hear it
C.C.: Yes I do.
We are supposed to talk to each other, that is what moirails are for.
C.A.: uhuh whatever
C.C.: Glub glub glub glub siiiiigh.
Will you take the chip off your nub and tell me what's the matter?
C.A.: yeah well ok since we are the PALEST OF PALS A GUY COULD EVER ASK FOR
i will tell you
even though you will only humor me as usual since you dont agree with my agenda
any of my agendas really
none of the agendas
none of them
C.C.: Are you fretting over another one of these dumb contraptions?
C.A.: see
more condescension
you are goin to make a hell of an empress
C.C.: No I'm not! But that is beside the point.
None of your plots to kill the land dwellers ever work out, and every doomsday device you get
your hands on turns out to be a piece of junk!
C.A.: so
i got to keep tryin thats how all the great military masterminds became great through upright
perseverance
C.C.: I think deep down you stack these plots against you so you fail because you know it's wrong.
C.A.: it isn't wrong
im not going to explain it to you again
at this point all you need to know is its important to me
and im doing it for us
i mean our kind
nobody understands not even you
C.C.: This is the last time I will say this.
We are not better than anybody!!!!!
GLUB. (angry face wearing a tiara and goggles)
C.A.: pshh
hemospectrum begs to differ
C.C.: If you're as sickened by them as you say, why do you spend so much time on land?
You can't have the sort of affinity for "our kind" that you profess if you've only spent, what...
A few days underwater, maybe? In your whole life!
C.A.: whatever
i have to keep an eye on em up here
its all about tactics
C.C.: What about your friends? Do you ever think about them?
If they are beneath you then they have to die too.
And I know you like talking to some of them. You say you hate them but I think you are
pretending!
C.A.: history is full of cases where conquerers consort with members of the enemy in a mannerly
way before wipin them out
even goin as far as growin fond a some
its only civilized
C.C.: Mmm hmm.
I have a fishy feeling...
That this stupid doomsday machine thing is just another excuse to consort!
With someone in particular...
C.A.: all your feelins are fishy
C.C.: (Face with its tongue sticking out, wearing a tiara and goggles)
C.A.: GLUBGLUBGLUBGLUBGLUBGLUBGLUBGLUBGLUBGLUB
C.C.: (shocked face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Don't you glub in that tone of glub with me mister!
C.A.: ill glub in whatever dumbass bubbly soundin fishnoise i want to glub
C.C.: Oh SHIT, you are angling for so much trouble now.
C.A.: ok please lets just not get into the whole fuckin fish pun thing again ok
like we get it we are nautically themed
C.C.: hehe ok. (smiley face wearing a tiara and goggles)
C.A.: but yeah i dunno
i dont know why she ignores me i guess she's just bored with me
we had it all set up for her to give me this thing tonight that probably doesnt even work but yeah
maybe that wasn't the point
i mean you think we have a pretty good rivalry goin right
or at least had
it was pretty fuckin bitter and contentious for a while there and there was some good chemistry i
dont know what happened
C.C.: Um, I guess?
I wouldn't really know.
Sometimes people just drift away I think, or just aren't as into the quadrant as the other wants to be.
So you really think your feelings for her run that dark?
C.A.: it doesn't matter like i said shes bored shitless
i guess im not as good a adversary as i thought
C.C.: That is so ridiculous, any girl would be lucky to have a kismesis as diabolical as you,
especially THAT one.
Who knows what her problem is! She has issues.
C.A.: ehhh
well ok thanks for sayin so
C.C.: You know, I'm not sure why we never talk about our romantic aspirations.
We should more often. It is kind of EXCITING!
C.A.: shrug
C.C.: Probably because you fill your gossip quota with your nubby horned bro.
You leave nothing left to talk about with your dear sweet moirail!
We are supposed to help each other with that stuff too, remember.
C.A.: maybe
seems kinda
odd though
C.C.: Your stupid fishy face is what's odd!
Have you ever thought about that??
C.A.: fine
well those are my stupid feelins what about yours
seems to me like you get along too well with everybody to be harborin any black sentiments
C.C.: Um...
Yeah. I can't think of anybody I feel that way about. (uncertain face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Maybe I am just not old enough to have those feelings yet? We are still pretty young you know.
C.A.: yeah
C.C.: So ok. Those are your black leanings.
What about RED, Eridan???
HMMMMM?????? (very happy face with a tiara and goggles)
C.A.: oh god
C.C.: Is there a lucky lady you are waxing scarlet for?
OR LUCKY FELLOW?? (gasping face with a tiara and goggles)
C.A.: uh
C.C.: Tell me!
Don't pretend you're all EMBARRASSED SUDDENLY!!!
C.A.: ok fef
this is NONE OF YOUR DAMN BUSINESS
C.C.: (shocked face with a tiara and goggles)
C.A.: i gotta go
be back later when its time to play

caligulasAquarium [C.A.] ceased trolling cuttlefishCuller [C.C.]

C.C.: (sad face with a tiara and goggles)
Eridan: Go get a beverage.

[Image description: Eridan stands behind his desk. He holds a bottle of red faygo and stares sadly down at it.]

Another emotionally exhausting conversation. Too many Feelings and Problems. It couldn't be any clearer to you. You and this sea princess have splashed down hard into the moirail zone, and now you don't know which way's upward. Perhaps tonight you will reveal your true feelings toward her, and end these exaggerated emotional theatrics once and for all, one way or another.

You need a stiff drink.

But... ugh. Not this swill. You're not THAT desperate.

Eridan: Check fridge.

[Image description: Eridan stands closer to the fridge.]

You pay a visit to what the common land dwellers refer to as a Thermal Hull, instead of the more aristocratic and especially esoteric and alien sounding term, a Refrigerator.

Eridan: Open it.

[Image description: The door opens and a pile of black and white wands pours out onto him. He pinches his eyes shut and bares his teeth.]

A bunch of Unbelievably Shitty Wands tumble out.

Of course you knew these were in here. You're not even sure why you looked.

Feferi: Go get a beverage.

[Image description: Feferi holds a pink can of soda with some sort of alternian writing on it. It looks like a can of Tab. She frowns at it.]

Another emotionally exhausting conversation. Too many Feelings and Problems. That guy. Talk about a high maintenance moirail. Perhaps tonight you will reveal your true feelings toward him, and end these exaggerated emotional theatrics one way or another.

You need a sugary drink.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Feferi's hands as she opens the soda with an Underwater Pchhhissss. Some of the drink starts to diffuse out into the water.]

Next

[Image description: Feferi rears back and sticks out her tongue. This Is Stupid! Flashes at the top of the screen. The soda continues to diffuse into the water.]

Feferi: Disarm.

[Image description: Feferi stands near her window, which now has a gold, double-ended trident leaning against it. A second image shows a strife specibus card for 2 times tridentkind, but the 'tri' in trident is written as a three.]
You decide to unwind and take your mind off the drama for a while before starting the game. You nearly forgot this is going to be an exciting night. Everything you are about to do next is exciting. It is always exciting. You are excited.

You unequip Psidon's Entente, a golden Double Culling Fork, a legendary weapon reserved for royalty, and generally only used for ceremonial purposes.

[Note: Psi in Psidon is written as the greek letter psi, which looks like a trident's prongs.]

Eridan: Disarm.

[Image description: Eridan stands near his desk and puts a large, ornate harpoon gun on the table to his right. A second image shows his strife specibus card, which is rifle kind.]

You unequip Ahab's Crosshairs, which is Yet Another legendary weapon, about as powerful as your Kind Abstratus will allow.

You plundered it from a ghost ship during a particularly challenging campaign. It was the same old gambllignant's ship from which your accomplice at the time also plundered a set of extraordinarily powerful dice.

You almost feel sorry for the adversaries you will face tonight. They will likely pose neither team much challenge at all. Unless one of the links in the prototyping chain includes something especially huge and monstrous, but really, what are the odds of that happening?

Eridan: Bother Vriska.

[Image description: Eridan sits at his desk and scowls at his computer, which has a black spade alert over it.]

On the subject of your old accomplice slash rival, you guess you'll try talking to her one more time, even though you know she won't answer. You know she is bored shitless with you and your drama. You are almost starting not to care about this stupid doomsday device which probably won't even work. She probably KNOWS you know it won't work. She has probably put all the pieces together and knows it was an elaborate ruse to be in cahoots with her again.

And she just went along with it playing you for a chump.

You are such an Idiot!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Next

[Image description: Vriska's computer has a purple aquarius alert over it, but Vriska herself is not there to see it. A second image has a 3 by 3 square grid showing the sequence of events leading up to Spidermom's death. Vriska walks down the stairs. She stands on the small platform overlooking Spidermom's nest. The doomsday device is inadvertently activated. It explodes. Rubble crushes Spidermom. Vriska stares at her dying lusus, who is obviously in a lot of pain. She tosses the dice to put her lusus out of her misery. It selects the Guillotine de la Marquise. Spidermom's blood soaks Vriska.]

Yeah, see? No answer. Bored shitless, just like you thought. She has much hotter irons in the fire than you these days.

Next
[Image description: Vriska stands on a blue boat out at sea, waving a skull flag that has her horns and strange arrangement of 7 eyes. She waves sarcastically at Eridan, who shakes his fist and bares his teeth at her. The canons on her ship are smoking, like they were just recently fired. Behind her, broken parts of ships smoke and sink into the water.]

But it wasn't that long ago that you were the hottest iron. At the height of your prowess as seagriffs, Marquise Mindfang and Orphaner Dualscar were in alliance an unmatched terror, and in competition, unbridled tempest. Either way, spoils were typically traded and shared. No levels were left for anyone else to gain. None of the levels.

Next

[Image description: Vriska and three other, unknown trolls stand on the platform overlooking Spidermom's nest. She holds her hands to her temples and forces the others to jump down into the nest.]

She would have the victims of your conquest walk the plank.

Next

[Image description: The corpses of several lusi float and bleed in the ocean. A patch of something black floats alongside them. From under the water, several long, white tentacles come to take the bodies away.]

While you would reap the custodial spoils.

Next

[Image description: Feferi stares upwards as blood diffuses down through the water.]

And while yet another partook not in revelry, but necessity.

Next

[Image description: Feferi, who is barely a speck on the screen, floats near one of her lusus's mouths, which is splattered with multi-colored blood.]

She had to keep her fed to keep her calm, to keep her terrible voice down.

Next

[Image description: Feferi pats her lusus, though the lusus looks more like a white wall because of the scale.]

If she were to raise it above a whisper, trolls would begin dying. First, the lesser bloods, those more psychically susceptible. If she raised it to a shout, all on the planet would die. Land and sea dwellers alike.

And if she were ever to get really upset, she might release The Vast Glub, a psychic shockwave that would exterminate every troll in the galaxy.

Next

[Image description: Eridan sits at a table and rubs his eyes. Papers on the table show a photo of Feferi's lusus and a map with red arrows tracing several paths across the land.]
In truth, it would be all too easy to solve the land dweller problem once and for all. You'd just need to lighten up on the feeding schedule for a while. Maybe you'd be a little too busy to bother with that hassle for once? Or maybe you could happen to be off your game for a spell? It happens, even to the best sometimes.

But nah. It would make her upset.


Some time later...

[Image description: Feferi's hive sits in a massive fish bowl on a planet with a swirling sky and green grass. Tendril-like plants in a rainbow of colors dot the landscape.]

The Witch of Life takes her place in the Land of Dew and Glass.

Feferi: Report to Eridan.

[Image description: Feferi stands at her desk and frowns down at her tablet, which has a purple aquarius alert over it. A cruxtruder sits near the window and a swirling pattern like oil on water covers the whole scene.]

pesterlog
cuttlefishCuller [C.C.] began trolling caligulasAquarium [C.A.]

C.C.: Whhhheeeew.
C.A.: fef are you in
C.C.: Yeah...
C.A.: that took forever
i was gettin worried kinda
C.C.: Yes, it was a pretty close call, and got kind of complicated.
But Sollux finally came through, and now I believe the full chain is complete!
C.A.: man that guy
hes a fuckin drama machine it is fuckin pathetic
C.C.: YOUR STUPID FISHY FACE IS THE DRAMA MACHINE THAT DOES NOTHING BUT WHINE AND GLUB.
(Face with its tongue sticking out, wearing a tiara and goggles)
C.A.: fuck SORRY
C.C.: Anyway you shouldn't say that about him, he is a hero and he saved my life.
C.A.: yeah sorry
i was just really worried and stressed out i thought you were dead
and i didnt even get to thank you for savin my life or really for anythin
and i just spent all this time here worryin and thinkin about stuff
and i decided i have something i want to tell you
that ive been meaning to get off my nub for a while now
C.C.: Oh, really?
That's good! Actually, I have something I have been meaning to say to you too.
C.A.: whoa really
uh
what is it
you go first
C.C.: Mm, okay.
But this isn't easy to say!
C.A.: yeah i know
its ok maybe i will understand more than you think
we might even be sayin the same thing
C.C.: Okay, I hope so.
I think...
Now that we are both in this game, and have left our world behind...
And you can no longer pose the danger to our people that you had always planned to...
I think it is not really necessary for me to be your moirail anymore.
C.A.: whoa
wait
what
C.C.: (sad face wearing a tiara and goggles)
I am really sorry, Eridan. It has just been so hard looking after you and keeping you out of trouble!
It has taken its toll, and honestly I am really exhausted.
C.A.: fuck
this isn't what
i dont know i wasn't expectin this at all
im not sure i can handle this
C.C.: I'm sorry!!! (crying face wearing a tiara and goggles)
It will be the best for both of us. We can just sort of be...
Regular friends instead.
C.A.: no
please dont
look im bein serious here dont do this
i wont even use my weird accent while i type ok so you know im bein really dead serious and
honest about this
C.C.: Uh...
Okay, I am being serious and honest too. SEE?
C.A.: ok good
are you sure you arent bein hasty about this youve just been through a lot
i mean we are supposed to be fated to be moirails arent we
isnt that how it works
you cant just throw all that away cause youre sick of me
C.C.: I am not sick of you, Eridan! I still really like you.
In order to be destined for moirallegience, both people have to be on board, don't you think?
But I cannot do it anymore. So I think it just wasn't meant to be all along.
And really, you just don't need me anymore. You are free to do as you wish! We both are.
I can't look after you anymore.
C.A.: I DIDNT EVER NEED ANYONE TO LOOK AFTER ME
i was totally fuckin fine my ambitions were noble
and really none of your fuckin business QUITE FRANKLY your majesty
and the only reason i put up with stickin my flipper in this fuckin shithole quadrant with you was
C.C.: Was what?
C.A.: nevermind
C.C.: Tell me!
C.A.: ok fine
i apologize for losin my shit over this i was just caught off guard is all
but maybe its a good thing really
actually i might a been proposin the same thing to be honest
C.C.: Oh?
C.A.: yeah
fef have you thought about
since you dont wanna be pale with me no more
the possibility a some other type of arrangement with me
c.C.: What do you mean?
c.A.: i mean
somethin a bit more
kinda reddish
like
brighter red
c.C.: (gasping face wearing a tiara and goggles)
No, I hadn't thought about it!
c.A.: ok well what do you think about it
now that you're thinkin about it
c.C.: Um...
I really don't know about that.
c.A.: why not i thought you said you liked me
c.C.: I do! But I don't know if it's really in that way.
c.A.: couldnt it be though
dont you think theres room in your collapsin and expandin bladder based aquatic vascular system
for those feelins
c.C.: I've never had a chance to consider anything like that! I have just spent all my time worrying
about you and trying to keep you from killing everybody or hurting yourself.
It took all my energy.
I don't think I have anything left for those feelings either.
c.A.: oh god
c.C.: What?
c.A.: im the biggest fuckin idiot who ever lived
i cant BELIEVE i just opened up to you like a chump when i knew what was comin
i am one sad fuckin brinesucker
overemotional sappy trash you're right im not better than anybody
im worse than anybody
EVERYBODY
all the bodies
c.C.: STOP!!!!!!!!!!!
God.
Will you just clam up for once in your life?
Always carping and carping and carping!
You go completely overboard with your emotions, always looking to reel in drama wherever you
can.
I am up to my gills in it! I just can't salmon the strength anemonemore.
c.A.: i cannot
BELIEVE
you are doin the fish pun thing while you're breakin up with me
real nice
whoops i mean REEL nice
C.C.: HEHEHE, sorry.
But really, this shouldn't be as bad as it sounds.
When all is said and done, I am still your friend.
We have left our world behind. Everyone is dead, and there's no use in worrying about it now.
It's over! It is time to play this game and focus on building something new and EXCITING.
So hang in there, Eridan.
I have to go now! Sollux is in serious trouble, and I have to go help him.
BYE!
c.A.: wait
cuttlefishCuller [C.C.] ceased trolling caligulasAquarium [C.A.]

C.A.: glub

Next

[Image description: Eridan puts his head down on his keyboard and hits himself in the back of the head with his fist. The word Bonk appears above him.]

Feferi: Proceed to gate.

[Image description: Feferi leaps from the water of the fishbowl and launches herself up to the first gate. A second image shows her hair whipping around in the wind as she flies.]

YOU'RE FREEEEEEEE!

Karkat: Check on Sollux.

[Image description: It shows the diagram with all the troll's symbols and their strange double-reach around arrangement. Karkat's red cancer and Sollux's blue gemini flash. A second image shows Karkat looking at his computer in horror. Gamzee and Jack Noir stand behind him.]

pesterlog

carcinoGeneticist [C.G.] began trolling twinArmageddons [T.A.]

C.G.: bro are you ok.

hey

oh god

what have I done.

sollux?

please tell me that's just honey.

please just be honey please just be honey please just be honey

haha, ok, make-believe time is over!

oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god

Next

[Image description: Sollux lays on a alchemiter in the center of his mainframe room. Dead bees lay next to him and he's splattered with something yellow. A yellow totem sits on the small platform and a sprite with two heads floats next to him.]

It is all your fault. You couldn't get him in before the glub.

Next

[Image description: Karkat covers his eyes and cries red tears. Jack puts his hand on Karkat's shoulder and, in the background, Gamzee honks.]

There, there, you blubbering goddamn pansy.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out to show a planet covered in mountains that look like circus tents.]
The three of them stand on a small red and orange striped plateau with red balls hovering nearby. The sky is streaked with orange and yellow beams, like large lights are pointed up from the ground. Gamzee pulls out his laptop and Jack continues trying to comfort Karkat. The name of the land hovers at the top of the picture. Land of Tents and Mirth.

Next

[Image description: It zooms back in on the trio. Jack is slapping Karkat in the face repeatedly. Both Karkat's and Gamzee's computers have purple aquarius alerts. A red, rocket unicycle lays on the floor, along with a bike horn.]

Gamzee: Indulge emotional theatrics.

[Image description: Gamzee, who looks completely stoned, looks vaguely in the direction of his laptop screen.]

desterlog
caligulasAquarium [C.A.] began trolling terminallyCapricious [T.C]

C.A.: gam i need to talk to kar where is he he isnt answerin
T.C: He's busy being slapped motherfuckin senseless by the guy who likes knives
but I can relay what message you got, my brother
C.A.: i dont feel comfortable with that
i have some serious feelins and problems here and i need some advice
T.C: haha, yeah I feel you, he's pretty worked up too
C.A.: why
T.C: because our good bro sollux just kicked the wicked motherfuckin shit
C.A.: what the fuck do you mean by that
are you sayin he's dead
T.C: yeah (sad face with a round nose)
C.A.: oh fuck
oh god fuck now i feel like an asshole
T.C: Yeah I'd say that an asshole is the thing that just about what everybody feels like
Karkat blames himself on it, poor motherfucker
but I told him to be chill
because there is a miracle coming, I can feel it
C.A.: that is the worst fuckin advice
what an awful thing a you to say
MAGIC ISNT REAL STUPID STOP BELIEVIN IN IT
T.C: I've got to believe at what my heart tells in me, even if it's a fake thing
honk
C.A.: this is a lot a pointless fuckin rubbish and isnt no emotional help to him or me either for that matter
put kar on
T.C: Uuuuh, I can't really think about intervening, the black frowning motherfucker kinda scares me
are you sure I can't help a brother up into his motherfuckin chill?
C.A.: i dont know
it probably doesnt matter
my feelins seem petty and meaninless now
she had better things to worry about than my overwrought bullshit
like the dead guy who saved her
so forget it thanks anyway
T.C: Bro my advice is you just kick back and motherfuckin snap into some rude elixir and maybe get your wicked zone on
there I said my peace
C.A.: what the FUCK are you fuckin babblin about
T.C: Snatch an icecold, dog
motherfuckin chug that shit like you and the bottle was reunitied lovers
C.A.: are you recommendin a beverage to me or somethin
is that what this is
T.C: Yeah man slam a faygo
C.A.: i dont have a fuckin faygo you stupid fuck why would i keep that disgusting shit on hand
T.C: Are you motherfuckin sure about that?
C.A.: oh
oh god youre right i do
i totally forgot about it
T.C: You see man
mother
fuckin
miracles
(smiley face with a clown nose)

Eridan: Slam a Faygo.

[Image description: Eridan holds an open bottle of faygo and looks at it uncertainly.]

You prepare to kick back and motherfuckin' snap into some rude elixir and maybe get your wicked zone on.

It sure would be startling if what followed was a crudely drawn spit-take accompanied by an odd, short exclamation.

Eridan: BLUH!

[Image description: A drawing of Eridan rearing back and sticking out his tongue flashes on screen for a moment before it returns to him just standing there like in the previous panel, only now with a little bit of the soda gone.]

What.

It's just soda. Not great, but not that bad either. What's the big deal?

We all need to settle down here.

And later still...

[Image description: Feferi stands next to Sollux's body on the alchemiter. Outside the window, the world burns.]

A princess prepares to administer a universal remedy for the unawakened.

Next

[Image description: She grabs him by his bloody shirt.]

Next
Next

Karkat: BLUH!

Next

```
hey kid
never got a chance to say
how much I hate you
every last one of you
```

Next

```
Goddamn troll kids. Every time you turn around they're smoochin' each other. Makes a man want to stab his own gut and puke blood.
```

Next

```
It is like I am the kid from the Never Ending Story. I was chased by some bullies into this fucking attic and now I am watching people watching people watching more people kissing and stuff basically forever. How many metalayers removed this story can we get??

This attic is spooky. I wish those bullies would just leave me alone.

Later I am going to ride a long magic dog through the sky and fuck their shit up.
```
Ugh. This troll paint is making a mess. This was such a bad idea.

MSPA: Quick, become more meta while A.H is brooding.

A.H employs a daring execution of Authortech Ladder to Self Indulgence behind his own back. It keeps happening.

All MSPA readers make a solemn vow to do an acrobatic fucking pirouette off the stump and blow their brains out if it doesn't stop keep happening.

A.H: Ok, ha ha, get back to the story jackass.

Excuse me?

Oh, I'm sorry. Am I not going fast enough for you?

Well QUITE FRANKLY, your majesty, I don't think you realize what kind of hell I've been through.

Do you have any idea how long I've been trapped in this attic??

Do you have any idea how FUCKING SCARY it is in here???

Do you have even the SLIGHTEST CLUE how many times that wolf head over there has SCARED THE SHIT OUT OF ME?????

Uh... Wolf?

This is ridiculous.
which has fallen off the headband.]

No, this is MY LIFE we're talking about here. Bullies. Wolves. Musty attics. Huge spiders. Did I mention the spiders? Let me tell you, I got HELLA spiders up in this...

Fuck, this horn fell off. Dammit. Piece of shit. Wonder if there's any glue in here... oh screw it.

Do you have any idea how much power I wield over you?? To what extent I can RUIN the shit you step in with that squeaky clean sunday loafer you use to stomp that bookmark and stamp that F5 key, day goddamn in and day fucking out??? Do you possess even the most infinitesimal kernel of cognizance for the degree to which I can make the shorn, shivering weasel that is the totem spirit representing your wretched fascination with this website squeal in heartrending remorse????

It would be so easy! I could snap my gray smudgy fingers RIGHT NOW, and make you read all the troll romance exposition segments all over again, BACK TO BACK TO BACK TO BACK TO BACK TO BACK.

Oh, you don't think I'll do it????????

Oh my god.

[Image description: The crazy, fluctuating romance entanglements with Kanaya, Vriska, Tavros, Eridan, and Feferi flash on screen.]

The problem is that when the subject of troll romance is broached, our sparing human intellects instantly assume the most ingratiating posture of surrender imaginable.

But we will do our best to understand regardless.

Humans have only one form of romance. And though we consider it a complicated subject, spanning a wide range of emotions, social conventions, and implications for reproduction, it is ultimately a superficial slice of what trolls consider the full body of romantic experience. Our concept of romance, in spite of its capacity to fill our art and literature and to rule our individual destinies like little else, is still just that. A single, linear concept. A concept usually denoted by a single symbol.

(heart)

Troll romance is more complicated than that. Troll romance needs four symbols.

Their understanding of romance is divided into halves, and halved again, producing four quadrants: the Flushed Quadrant, the Caliginous Quadrant, the Pale Quadrant, and the Ashen Quadrant.

Each quadrant is grouped by the half they share, whether horizontally or vertically, depending on the overlapping properties one examines. The sharpest dichotomy, from an emotional perspective, is drawn between Red Romance and Black Romance.

Red Romance, comprised of the flushed and pale quadrants, is a form of romance rooted in strongly positive emotions. Black Romance, with its caliginous and ashen quadrants, is rooted in the strongly negative.

On the other hand, the vertical bifurcation has to do with the purpose of the relationship, regardless of the emotions behind it. Those quadrants which are Concupiscent, the flushed and caliginous, have to do with facilitating the elaborate reproductive cycle of trolls. Those which are Conciliatory,
the pale and ashen, would be more closely likened to platonic relationships by human standards.

There are many parallels between human relationships and the various facets of troll romance. Humans have words to describe relationships of a negative nature, or of a platonic nature. The difference is, for humans, those relationships would never be conceptually grouped with romance. Establishing those sort of relationships for humans is not driven by the same primal forces that drive our tendency to couple romantically. But for trolls, those primal forces involve themselves in the full palette of these relationships, red or black, torrid or friendly. Trolls typically feel strongly compelled to find balance in each quadrant, and seek gratifying relationships that each describes.

The challenge is particularly tortuous for young trolls, who must reconcile the wide range of contradictory emotions associated with this matrix, while understanding the nature of their various romantic urges for the first time.

Of course, young humans have this challenge too. But for trolls, the challenge is fourfold.

When two individuals find themselves in the flushed quadrant together, they are said to be Matesprits. Matespritship is the closest parallel to the human concept of romance trolls have. It plays a role in the trolls’ reproductive cycle, just as it does for humans.

This is pretty obvious! Not much more needs to be said about this. Moving right along.

When a pair of adversaries delve into this quadrant, they become each other's Kismesis. As one of the concupiscent quadrants, it plays a role in procreation as well. There is no particularly good human translation for this concept. The closest would be an especially potent arch-rivalry.

For instance, human players would never be able to adequately diagnose the relationship between the queen and her archagent. But troll players could immediately place it as a dead ringer for kismesisissitude. They would think we were all pretty stupid for not getting it. And they would be right.

Trolls have a complicated reproductive cycle. It's probably best not to examine it in much detail.

The need to seek out concupiscent partners comes with more urgency than typical reproductive instincts. When the Imperial Drone comes knocking, you had better be able to supply genetic material to each of his Filial Pails. If you have nothing to offer, he will kill you without hesitation.

The genetic material - Without Going Into Much Detail - is a combinative genetic mix from the matesprit and kismesis pairs, respectively. The pails are all offered to the mother grub, who can only receive such precombined material. She then combines all of it into one incestuous slurry, and begins her brooding.

This doesn't mean the initial combination was for naught, however. In the slurry, more dominant genes rise to the fore, while the more recessive find less representation in the brood. Especially strong matesprit and kismesis pairings yield more dominant genetic material. The more powerful the complement or potent the rivalry, the more dominant the genes.

Troll Reproduction Sure Is Weird. We all take a moment to lament how pedestrian the human reproductive system is, and further lament that the phrase "incestuous slurry" is not a feature of common parlance in human civilization.

This quadrant involves a particular type of three-way relationship of a black romantic nature. Falling on the conciliatory side, it has no bearing on the reproductive cycle, except for indirect ramifications.
When two trolls are locked in a feud or some otherwise contentious relationship, one can intervene and become their Auspistice. The auspistice mediates between the two, playing the role of a peace keeper, preventing the feud from boiling over into a fully caliginous rivalry.

Since such lesser feuds are quite common among trolls, there is a significant need for auspisticing parties. Without them, too many ashen feuds would become caliginous, and begin to conflict with other exclusive kismesis relationships, leading to a great deal of social complexity and sore feelings (even more so than black romance usually involves). Without auspisticism, the result would be widespread black infidelity.

The relationships each quadrant describes tend to be malleable, if not volatile, especially on the concupiscent half where more torrid emotions reside. It doesn't take much to flip a switch and transmute blackrom feelings to redrom, and vice versa.

In many cases, one party will have red feelings while the other has black. But it will often be the case that one party's feelings will swap to match the other's, since there is no quadrant which naturally accommodates such a disparity. But thereafter, it's not uncommon for the two to toggle between red and black in unison now and then. These scenarios naturally result in both red and black infidelities.

This sort of relationship volatility is why conciliatory relationships are an important part of troll romance.

An auspistice can stabilize particularly turbulent relationships. If the auspistice fails to mediate properly, or has no interest in the role, or perhaps has different romantic intentions him/herself altogether, then the relationship often quickly deteriorates into one of an especially hostile and torrid nature. There are many outside factors and influences tugging and pulling these relationships in different directions, and unlike humans who have very orderly, simple, straightforward romantic relationships without exception, trolls exist in a state of almost perpetual confusion and generally have no idea what the hell is going on.

Being confused by troll relationships is one thing we do have in common though.

This quadrant presides over Moirallegience, the other conciliatory relationship. A reasonable human translation would be the concept of a soul mate, but in a more platonic sense, and with a more specific social purpose.

Trolls are a very angry and violent race. Some are more hot-tempered and dangerous than others, to the extent that if left to their own devices, they would present a serious threat to society, or even to themselves. Such trolls will have an instinctive pale attraction to a more even-tempered troll, who may become their Moirail. The moirail is obliged to pacify the other, to function as the better half. The two partners in a strong pale relationship will serve to balance and complement each other's emotional profiles, and thus allow their other relationships to be more successful.

It's often ambiguous especially among young trolls whether a bond formed between an acquaintance is true moirallegence, or the usual variety of platonic involvement. Furthermore, romantic intentions of a more flushed nature can often be mistaken for paler leanings, much to the frustration of the suitor.

But some pale pairings, as the one above, will be strikingly obvious to all who know them.

God you just can't get enough of this can you! That would have been a great point for a transition out of this illustrated sociological study, but ok, if you insist.
Now see, what's going on here is...

It's perfectly simple. When the full matrix of troll romance is in action, we have... uh...

Hey, why don't you figure it out! You should be an expert on all this by now anyway.

Later our troll hero would try to explain this to our human hero, attempting to convey all the nuance of troll romance through a nearly verbatim recitation of the preceding excerpts.

He would try to describe how rich and textured the troll romantic comedies were compared to the one dimensional schlock of our human cinematic counterparts. He would barely scratch the surface of Troll Will Smith's virtuosity with the delicate lattice of troll romance, as he would assist the bumbling fudgeblooded Troll Kevin James through the interwoven minefield-briarpatch of redrom and blackrom entanglements, all the while sifting through his own prickly romantic situation and ultimately learning the true meaning of hate and pity. But would they succeed before the imperial drone came knocking with his thirsty pails at the ready??? Yes, they would.

But John didn't understand any of this because he's a moron, and he wouldn't shut up about his awful bullshit Earth movies. He would just go on and on and on about that garbage.

But if there was one theme to be hammered through his thick skull, it would be the trolls' cultural preoccupation with romantic destiny. Yes, the romantic landscape is rife with false starts and miscues and infidelities, red and black. But every troll believes strongly that each quadrant holds one and only one true pairing for them, and it is just a matter of time before the grid is filled with auspicious matchups through the mysterious channels of TROLL SERENDIPITY.

In short, their belief is that for each quadrant there exists a pair or triad of trolls somewhere in the cosmos that were...

Made for Each Other.

Wow.

[Image description: Hussie, who now has the one-horned headband on again, spikes Lil Cal into the ground with a victorious Booyeah!]

THAT'S WHAT JUST HAPPENED BITCH.

Alright, now you're DEFINITELY trolling us. Come on.

[Image description: Hussie rears back and holds his hands up like he's laughing maniacally. The trolls' heads and the symbols for the various quadrants float around him against a background of explosions and Alternia and it's moons.]

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHH HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HH AHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

[Note: There were nine more lines of HAs, but they have been removed for brevity's sake.]

A.H: Recap, then?

[Image description: Hussie calms down. The broken off horn and Cal still lay on the floor near
him.]

Hmm.

Nah, I think we're good.

A.H: Reel it in.

[Image description: Hussie's grey fingers type at his keyboard, leaving paint smudges on the keys he used. He writes SS: Move this along.]

Yeah ok. Guess I've trolled you guys enough.

Where were we? Oh yeah. Slick.

SS: Move this along.

[Image description: Slick types equals equals greater-than and presses the Next button. This arrangement matches the Next arrows from the first four acts with the kids, but not the longer arrow of the troll's section.]

It's bad enough you had to watch this broad smooch a corpse and this kid bawl his eyes out once already, even if it was centuries ago.

NEXT.

Next

[Image description: The screen turns black and Next Invalid Syntax flashes red and yellow on it. Spades Slick fumes.]

Oh for the love of...

Why would they even DESIGN a button like that if it doesn't print the right advancement characters???

You are getting really tired of mashing the 'equals' key.

SS: Type 'four equals signs', then equals equals greater-than

[Image description: Slick types four equals signs. A second image shows him type equals equals greater than, then pound the Next key.]

Next

[Image description: Dream Sollux, who woke up when Feferi kissed his awake self corpse, floats in the skies above Derse. Two dreamer towers tower over the skyline in the distance.]

This moon is different. It's very...

Purple.

And quiet.

Doesn't look like anyone here is awake yet.

Next
Not like the yellow moon you were just dreaming about. Plenty of friends there, all up and around, making a racket.

It was fun for a while. Until you woke up with honey in your mouth, killed your lusus, saved a princess, and died.

Luckily you had a couple lives to spare.

Next

Most other players only get one extra.

But you're kind of a special case.

BOY.

YOU THERE. RED AND BLUE EYE BOY.

I REMEMBER THIS!

I did not get the chance to formally greet you. I suspect this is what made you angry. But worry not. I have been brushing up on your "troll etiquette". Pardon me while I consult the appropriate pages.

IT WILL ONLY BE A MOMENT.

Just what you need. Another voice of the imminently deceased invading your head. Haven't they caused you enough trouble already?
Get it out.

TROLL ETIQUETTE SURE IS CONFUSING.

[Image description: Sollux screams and the lightning gets bigger and faster.]

GET IT OUT GET IT OUT GET IT OUT GET IT OUT GET IT OUT GET IT OUT GET IT OUT GET IT OUT
GET IT OUT GET IT OUT GET IT OUT GET IT OUT GET IT OUT GET IT OUT

OH JEEZ.

[Image description: Clubs Deuce stands at a command terminal much like the one Slick used to watch Karkat. This one has the third monitor on the third row active, showing Sollux. Blue and red lightning sparks around the computer, shaking the room and making Deuce flail around in fear. A large grey book bounces around on the floor next to him.]

Next

[Image description: A large, spider-like base with a grey Sgrub logo on it walks across a pastel desert. There is a smoking hole to the left of the logo. A large green moon hovers near the horizon behind it.]

Sollux: Blast off.

[Image description: Sollux flies away from Derse's moon, leaving a trail of flashing red and blue light behind him.]

You've wasted enough time on sleeping and dying. You've got to get back to adventurin' while the adventurin's good. And also change out of these stupid pajamas.

PCHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Note: The Os in Pchooo alternate between red and blue.]

Sollux: Get back to adventurin'.

[Image description: Sollux hovers above the scorched, exploded remains of his hive on his planet. The ground burns and disembodied brains of various sizes float through the air.]

The revived Mage of Doom returns to the Land of Brains and Fire for a surprise rendezvous with the Witch of Life.

Next

[Image description: Feferi, who is still standing next to Waking Sollux's corpse on the alchemiter, screams and prods at one of the brains with her culling fork. Several ones with stab holes litter the ground around her. Dersite Sollux hovers next to her.]

Hey what the heck is going on in here???

Vriska: Get back to adventurin'.

[Image description: Vriska, who is wearing her rocket shoes, and Tavros, who is using his rocket chair, hover at one of the wooden platforms on her island.]

Somewhere on LOMAT, the Thief and the Page plunder the untold riches of innumerable pointless
side-quests.

Next

[Image description: Vriska grins down at an unopened treasure chest.]

Next

[Image description: The chest opens. It is filled with Boonbucks.]

Next

[Image description: Vriska picks up two of the boonbucks and Tavros puts his hands on his cheeks in surprise.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out to show Vriska on the second monitor on one of the computers that the Midnight Crew has used to watch the trolls.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out a little bit, but the exile controlling the computer is still nowhere to be seen.]

The Thief is proving useless. Completely unresponsive to commands.

You'll need to rely on someone else. Someone less stubborn.

[Image description: Terezi pulls out her coin with the eyes scratched through on one of the sides and a captchalogue card. A second image shows her scratching the face of the card and smelling it. The code on the back of the card is r5jQS?v2.]

You search for the appropriate card through your Scratch and Sniff modus.

The card will be unmistakable. It is the one that smells like a fruity rainbow that makes you sneeze.

Next

[Image description: A captchalogue card with a large black question mark floats to her left. The question mark flashes, then changes to a box of chalk. The card fades away, letting the chalk fall into the grass. A long red dragon stalks through the ruins on a distant hill.]

Next

[Image description: Terezi kneels by the boulder and holds the piece of red chalk.]

Terezi: Inquire.

[Image description: She writes 'Time for what?' on the rock.]

To begin your mission.

[Image description: She writes 'What mission (Confused face with furrowed brows)' on the crumbling wall. The dragon continues on its way in the background, now stretching farther than the image can show.]
You must eliminate the archagent.

[Image description: Terezi looks confused. A command box appears above her and text fades in. Exile Jack Noir.]

Nepeta: Surely you must be adventurin' by now.

[Image description: Nepeta stands in her land, which is covered in sugar, sugar cubes, and cat themed tea pots. A pink ogre with two heads, wings, crab claws for hands, Tinkerbull's and Goatdad's horns, one set of frog eyes, and Arthour's moustache stands to her right. The name of the land is at the top of the image. Land of Little Cubes and Tea. A second image focuses in on her as she readies her long, blue claws for battle.]

Why yes, as a matter of fact. It does appear that the Rogue of Heart has been keeping herself quite busy.

Nepeta: Agress.

[Image description: Nepeta jumps up and slashes the ogre repeatedly. It screams in pain.]

Next

[Image description: She makes a dive and slices both of its heads off.]

Next

[Image description: She stands among scattered pink gusher shaped grist and red diamond grist. Equius stands on one of the sugar hills to her left.]

Next

[Image description: She looks over her shoulder and spots him.]

Next

[Image description: She grins at him. saccharine disposition! (smiling cat face with two mouths) hovers above her.]

Next

[Image description: Nepeta, still with her claws out, jumps towards him. Pouncegreet! Is written along her flight path. Equius looks surprised.]

Next

[Image description: A scribbly drawing shows her landing on top of him and pushing him to the ground, making them slide. Tackleslide is written above them. Small sugarcubes scatter in their path and are labeled 'little cubes everywhere'.]

Next

[Image description: Nepeta stands up and makes a kissy face at Equius, who is still laying on the ground. A speech bubble over her head switches between a red heart, Equius and Aradiabot kissing, Aradiabot's face, and a question mark. A speech bubble over Equius flips between Aradiabot's face and a question mark.]
You inquire into whereabouts of the Maid of Time. The Heir of Void has no idea where she went! She just disappeared.

Equius: Get up and commence the adventurin'.

[Image description: Equius and Nepeta look into the distance, where a massive pink monster with countless tentacles stalks over distant hills. A grey cancer alert hovers over Equius.]

The underlings have been getting enormous lately. Must have been something one of those other clowns prototyped.

Speaking of clowns...

Equius: Answer Karkat.

[Image description: It zooms in on one of Equius's glasses lenses, where a faint reflection of Trollian is visible.]

It does not appear to be a message from Karkat directed at you specifically.

He has just updated one of the many memos on the transtimeline bulletin board he set up a while ago. You've since no longer bothered keeping up with the endless and mostly incomprehensible communique.

But while checking the update, you can't help but skim through the first memo in the long sequence, which was written hours ago from your present perspective.

Equius: Read first memo.

[Image description: The Trollian screen takes up the entire panel. The chump roll on the side shows everyone online. A timelines window is open and has 12 arrows, each in someone's typing color and in hemospectrum order. It goes Aradia's dark red, Tavros's brown, Sollux's mustard yellow, Karkat's grey, Nepeta's olive green, Kanaya's jade green, Terezi's teal, Vriska's medium blue blue, Equius's royal blue, Gamzee's indigo, Eridan's violet, and Feferi's magenta. On some of the lines, there are dots that are labeled. Sollux has a dot about four fifths up labeled P.T.A.. Karkat's has 2, one at the very top of the line labeled F.C.G. and one about a third up labeled P.C.G.. Teresi has one at the same third mark labeled P.G.C.. Equius has one just slightly over four fifths of the way up labeled C.C.T.. A chat room is open in another window. It is labeled Bulletin Board: Team Adorabloodthirsty]

pesterlog

P.C.G. 6:12 HOURS AGO opened memo on board Team Adorabloodthirsty.

P.C.G.: ok I think I set this up right.
fuck I should have come up with a better board name.
but I guess that's the name it was supposed to have since that's the name that uh
I already read.
wow that probably won't make any sense to anybody.
whatever, it's just a stupid name, let's just do this.
this is a public bulletin using trollian's weird transtimeline features which I don't even really understand yet.
but I'm guessing might be useful.
I've included all twelve players in the subscription list so you should all be able to read these memos at any time.
that is, all the memos posted, past and future. I think.
it could get pretty temporally confusing obviously. I'm going to try to keep the memos as simple and linear as possible.
also let's keep this a one-way-only bulletin to make this as simple as possible.
do not reply to my memos!!! This is not a fucking chatroom, assholes.
if you have something to say to me in response to a memo, message me in private at the appropriate point on the timeline.
first order of business is about the teams.
as of now, you should all be aware that there is really only one team, and we are all working together.
and by "now" I mean time local to me as of writing this.
so if you're reading this in the past...
uh ok first of all, how do you even know about this feature already? Second why didn't you fucking tell me.
whatever I digress.
if you're reading this in the future then who cares, it's probably old news to you.
actually now that I think about it, what's so special about reading this in the future?
it's like any bulletin board, you post stuff and it sits there for a while and people in "the future" read it.
huh. Big fucking deal I guess.

PAST gallowsCalibrator [P.G.C.] 5:51 HOURS AGO responded to memo.
P.G.C.: Oh my god Karkat!
Who cares!!!!! (gasping face with furrowed brows)
P.C.G. banned P.G.C. from responding to memo.
P.C.G.: anyway like I was saying.
one big team, over which I have assumed total leadership.
I will assume that it will continue to stay this way for the duration of our quest, and that I will remain an impeccable leader for a span of hundreds of hours while I guide us all to a stunning victory.
in fact, I don't even need to assume.
I browsed through this whole bulletin in advance, and it does appear to be the case. Go me.
in fact, since I've seen what I will write in the future, I wonder what impetus I will have for writing it later when I'm supposed to?
I wonder if I could just copy/paste it... Hold on.
damn.
I guess they thought of that? I dunno. I tried to look at the whole bulletin again, but now that I've opened this one from the beginning, I can't see the whole thing anymore.
unless I look at it on one of your computers...
or maybe if you send me like a text file of it? Would that cause a paradox or something?
you know what, this is so stupid.
I actually remember reading all this shit like a half hour ago, and now here I am typing it anyway.
I probably can't avoid typing any of this, how weird is that.
I hate time travel.

PAST twinArmageddons [P.T.A.] 0:34 HOURS AGO responded to memo.
P.T.A.: eheheheheh KK im basically just lmao here at this, WOW.
P.C.G.: Holy fucking shit, are you people retarded.
P.T.A.: dude don't worry i wont fuck up your memo for long, i just cant believe this was the big reason you wanted "future me" to help you open those ports.
to basically just babble about paradoxes and argue with yourself for hundreds of pages heheheh.
P.C.G.: Ok so you're saying this from like 5 hours in the future just to give me a hard time, nice. well thanks for the help, so when do I ban you, future boy?
P.T.A.: a few lines down, after i pretend like im going to die.
im sure for a laugh on account of my imminent banning, FUCK how could you even do that two me.
so cold man.
P.C.G.: Are you really still sore at me five hours later for running that virus, god damn get over it. it was your fucking virus anyway, you're to blame.
P.T.A.: eheh no bro we're cool about that, now future you is connecting with me so i can enter the game.
P.C.G.: Oh yeah?
P.T.A.: yeah so thanks for that five hours in advance.
P.C.G.: This is bs isn't it.
trolling me from the future, how juvenile can you get.
P.T.A.: no man its true, we are bulge bumping pupa pals again.
P.C.G.: Oh fuck this condescending future knowitall act, we aren't bumping shit, you are so banned.
P.T.A.: nooooooo, not the ban, it buuuuuuurns, oh god hahahaha.
wait.
oh god.
it does burn.
something's wrong, im serious!
that horriible psychic noise
the voices
they're all going to die
oh SHIT im bleeding
shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii
this is bad
i have to get her in quick
got to go
P.C.G. banned P.T.A. from responding to memo.
And so the porcine hoof belonging to the swollen hag known as lady destiny has stomped another throat.
which one of you fuckers is next?
nobody???
ok, good.
although I'm fairly sure I remember someone else chiming in before I closed this memo.
you add disordered shit rinsers can't keep your lascivious prongs out of the roe hole, can you.
sollux, for future reference, or past reference or whatever
if you want to do that kind of roleplaying, you can start your own bulletin.
you can all act like braindead asswipes in your own festering flap of paradox space, fine with me.
everyone will be so confused by the time paradoxes, it will distract them from how awful their terrible hobbies are.
choose your classes now! Level 69 nooksniffer is up for grabs, who wants it.
no that's not an invitation for you fucking nerds to come in here and correct me on your goddamn fairy elves.
just do me a favor and keep me banned from that one ok.
I'll return the favor if you nerd up my memos, I seriously can't believe how many fucking nerds are on this team.
just remember this is my personal podium, a stump if you will, for sole use by me as leader for important leadership business.
got it???????????
FUTURE carcinoGeneticist [F.C.G.] 612 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.
F.C.G.: Groan.
this is so embarrassing.
what was I even thinking.
P.C.G.: STFU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
P.C.G. banned F.C.G. from responding to memo.
P.C.G.: Ok, I'm fed up with this memo, gonna close it out.
you'll hear from me again later when I got something else to say, i.E. Just scroll down you douche.
it's all right there already.
because of
tiiiiiiiiiiiiime traaaaaaaaaaaaaaaavel!
I know, right?
anyway, just to reiterate:
full steam ahead
leader = me forever, obviously
peace the fuck out dbags
CURRENT centaursTesticle [C.C.T.] RIGHT NOW responded to memo.
C.C.T.: (Bow and arrow) I'd like to add to this useless memorandum
That I still don't recognize the validity of your leadership
P.C.G.: Sweet mother grub's oozing vestigial third oral sphincter.
how can you people be so stupid.
C.C.T.: (Bow and arrow) It may be true that we are all playing in the same session, but I see no reason to disband the former power structure
Especially if it means instituting a tactical midget with a short fuse, a foul mouth, and paralyzing insecurity over the color of his blood
That's all I have to say
P.C.G.: oh I have a short fuse! That's very funny, you can almost hear me laugh over the sound of the robot you are probably beating to death.
or doing worse to.
hey, you do kiss your robots, right?
C.C.T.: (Bow and arrow) Uh
P.C.G.: might as well clear the air as long as we're broadcasting this across the entire spacetime continuum.
C.C.T.: (Bow and arrow) Not usually
P.C.G.: Hahahahahahahahaha
The funny thing is in the future everyone will recognize me as the undisputed leader, even you.
You will be standing on the tippytoes of your idiotic metal shoes, taking delicate purchase of my nubby horns and hoisting yourself over my head to put your sweatiest tough guy smooch upon my twitching spine lump.
It will be tender and deferential, like a pauper kissing a noble's ring.
Just scroll down, read the logs.
C.C.T.: (Bow and arrow) Nowhere have I seen evidence of this
Most of this is you from various points in time raving about nonsense and arguing with yourself
Do you realize that here in the future, this bulletin has come to be regarded as something of a joke
A lengthy piece of comedy, often quoted amongst ourselves in private moments of levity
It seems I'm the one to inform you of this up front
Which is likely why you persist with the ingratiating charade against better judgement
P.C.G.: You're getting off on this aren't you
C.C.T.: (Bow and arrow) What do you mean
P.C.G.: This excites you, being the tough guy and pretending like you're putting the awesome leader in his place.
you're probably working up a good sweat.
hope you alchemized a bunch of spare towels.
hey why don't you doublepunch them with your spongey brain for extra absorbency.
C.C.T.: (Bow and arrow) How do you know about my perspiration problem
I mean, aside from reading about it in this memo
Wait
Fudgesicles
P.C.G. banned C.C.T. from responding to memo.
P.C.G. closed memo.

Next
[Image description: Terezi walks through one of the ruins, writing responses to the exile commanding her. She stands at the top of a set of stairs to write the last responses.]

What about the queen?
Jack was helping us exile her so… Both?? (uncertain face with furrowed brows)
Okay hehehe
(smiley face with furrowed brows) wow
Oh my god dark text lady I get it!!!!!!
(sad face with wide eyes and furrowed brows) No
I don't think so
Where are you then?

She switches from red chalk to light blue chalk.

Ok sorry I asked! (gasping face with furrowed brows)
What? No hehehe
It's ok
Because]

Next
[Image description: It shifts down the stairs and Terezi kneels on top of a treasure chest to write the last responses.]

because
I don't want to run out of red (sad face with furrowed brows)
Because!!
Red is the best and it tastes the best!!!
(Red heart)]

Next
[Image description: Terezi licks the red chalk. A command box in the top left fills in with 'You are a strange and funny girl.']
Karkat: Begin another memo.

[Image description: Karkat and Jack stand in a turtle temple. There is a turtle shaped indentation in the wall with one piece of stone from the back of the shell filled in. Two other pieces lay on the ground. Karkat types violently at his computer and Jack holds an ornate torch with a pink and blue flame. A second image shows a trollian client. The timelines are still open, but now there is a dot for Tavros about halfway up labeled P.A.T, three for Karkat- one just over halfway up labeled]
pesterlog

CURRENT carcinoGeneticist [C.C.G.] RIGHT NOW opened memo on board Team Adorabloodthirsty.

C.C.G.: this is as good a time as any to start a new memo. in fact it's a better time than any because according to the laws of chat client predestination I don't really have a choice do i. fuck. it doesn't matter, it's still a good time to do it. people, we need to get organized here. shit is getting serious. we are about to embark on operation regisurp, a cunning plan devised by double archagent jack noir to exile the black queen. we will need all hands on deck for this, even the idiots. and once again, a reminder do not troll me in these memos from any point in time or it's an insta-ban. also a note to my future self if you feel the need to say something smug, do me a favor and shove a throb stalk in it. just sit there patiently and wait for me to become you in the due course of time, thus improving your intellect drastically. or, intellects plural. I forgot, there are a lot of you fuckers out there. all of you, just zip your chutes. I mean seriously, like there's nothing better to do in the future?? it's the future for god's sake, a realm of endless fucking possibilities. now before we get started, let's take a toll of the situation at this point in time. *my* point in time. who's in so far, who's not, etcetera. FUTURE caligulasAquarium [F.C.A.] 3:11 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo. F.C.A.: hey sorry for bustin in on the memo but i cant get ahold of you youre not answerin C.C.G.: oh for fuck's sake. F.C.A.: gams advice is fuckin useless all he told me was to enjoy a beverage C.C.G.: No, dude, don't drink that shit. If it were up to him we would all drink faygo at once in some ritualistic rap clown suicide pact. but instead of committing suicide the thing that we all accomplish is becoming instantaneous assholes with awful taste. F.C.A.: i mean its not even that bad its just soda but whatever this isnt the point C.C.G.: this isn't the venue for airing your future problems, count sea dipshit. F.C.A.: i know i know its just i got a problem with feferi with feferi and im really kinda sittin here in bad shape about it emotionally speakin C.C.G.: Ok, well
I get that, I hear you bro
but this is still not the right place for this so I've got to ban you.
C.C.G. banned F.C.A. from responding to memo.
C.C.G.: But seriously just get in touch with me in private about it, ok man?
We'll get your shit straightened out.
Ok.
Is everybody good?
Just gonna sit here for a minute, local time, and see if anyone else has any shit they want to scrape off their bulge on to my clean nutrition plateau.

nobody?
great, wonderful.
I now officially declare the nonsense portion of this memo to be over.
this decree shall be binding and lasting.
back to planning regisurp.
bear down everybody, this is fucking important, there is a queen on the loose and we've got to show a bitch the door.
FUTURE arachnidsGrip [F.A.G.] 609 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.
F.A.G.: (Very happy face with eight eyes)
C.C.G.: Un be fucking lievable.
F.A.G.: Kaaaaaaarkat!
I'm sorry!
but do you have any idea how funny this thing is? I mean this whole thing???????? I can't stop laughing!
C.C.G.: hey can future you mind-prevent me from hitting the ban button?
I'm genuinely curious! Go ahead, try to stop me I dare you.
F.A.G.: I'm not going to try, I'm just here to say this whole thing is ridiculous.
We didn't really need you to pretend to be a little angry general to get any of this done.
We kicked the queen out of there no sweat! It was easy. In fact, I did most of the work myself, right before I found all the treasure and scaled all the rungs.
C.C.G.: Oh, all of them you say?
fascinating.
hey forget the ban button, use your mind powers to help me locate the desperately attempt to give a shit button. Whoops we both failed, it doesn't exist.
F.A.G.: Hey, I'm gone. I just think you should relax.

You were wound up so tight through the whole adventure, and now here in the present you're about to explode. It's insufferable!
C.C.G.: Everybody, did you hear that?? Superfuture vriska has an important life lesson for us all.
we don't have to worry about our present responsibilities and obligations!
because as it turns out, in the future all that stuff already happened. We're off the fucking hook!
time to relax. Let's all crawl into our cocoons and get busy stimulating our autoerogenous shame globes.
first one to start a wank fire gets a shiny boondollar.
this is an order from your leader.
C.C.G. banned F.A.G. from responding to memo.
too bad the acronym wasn't "hag" instead, it would have suited you much better.
instead of that nonsense word
maybe its association with you will colloquially cause it to take on a negative connotation, what do you think?
maybe F.A.G. will be "the new burn!" Even though it really means nothing in our language.
I don't know, this is stupid, forget it
ok I'm rambling here, I'm aware of that.
future me, don't you fucking dare weigh in on this, I know what you're thinking.
if I were future me, which I guess I am, I would read this and be all over it, like dammit karkat
what do you think you're doing.
get to the point.
FUTURE carcinoGeneticist [F.C.G.] 0:20 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.
F.C.G.: Yeah pretty much.
C.C.G. banned F.C.G. from responding to memo.
C.C.G.: So I'm saying it to myself already here and now, so I won't have to later, got it you
trenchant backbiting pricks????
damn, I'm losing my train of thought.
maybe I'll pick it up again in a fresh memo later.
I don't know if that's right though, because I vaguely remember this one being longer than this.
PAST adiosToreador [P.A.T.] 0:38 HOURS AGO responded to memo.
C.C.G.: oh son of a bitch.
P.A.T.: I thought,
since it looks like, you're saying you're out of important memo stuff to say,
uhh,
maybe you could help me, here,
since I don't know where you are now, but maybe help me,
about a thing that has to do with a girl,
like,
a romance thing, you might know about,
C.C.G.: you people are imbeciles.
all of you.
I am not posting these memos to counsel you on your past and future dating
problems!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
why are you all such basket cases. I don't even know what to say anymore.
P.A.T.: sorry,
C.C.G.: should I ban you? What's even the point anymore! One of you stooges will be right on the
last ones heels with another sob story.
just
hurry up and tell me what your problem is bro.
P.A.T.: okay,
I'm sort of, lying on vriska's floor right now,
like, in her block,
lying down,
uhh, you know, because I can't walk,
C.C.G.: oh no shit really???
you can't be serious, when did this happen.
P.A.T.: uh, yeah, anyway,
she tried to kiss me,
well, she didn't try, she actually did,
and then, kind of dropped me,
and also we are wearing costumes,
ow, I'm not explaining this well,
C.C.G.: this is so fucked up, what have you gotten yourself into.
P.A.T.: and now, to make it,

uhhhhh,
an a lot weirder,
there is an angry voice in my head,
I don't think it's Rufio this time,
Rufio's not that angry,
he's also imaginary,
like, a fake made up friend,
you know, like,
the way fairies are, (sad face with bull horns)
C.C.G.: god, actually I remember reading this bullshit.
or skimming it at least.
how could I forget???
more looney block theater, and here I am drawing the curtains for you guys like a dope.
P.A.T.: anyway, I think vriska is upset about it, and she's not talking or anything,
what do I do,
C.C.G.: ok well, I can advise you and stuff
but you do realize this is a public bulletin.
we should be having this chat in private.
everyone can read this, even her.
I mean fuck, she was *just here* talking you dummy!
I know, I read that,
but,
that's future her, which,
doesn't seem so bad,
maybe future her can read this, and,
I guess,
know I'm sorry about it,
I didn't mean to hurt her feelings,
C.C.G.: well, fine, if you want to broadcast a transtimeline apology then fine.
but you should realize the future is kind of a wide open thing, I mean she could read this like two
minutes in the future as well as 600 hours.
at that point you would essentially be talking to present her, completely defeating the purpose of
your spineless message in a bottle apology.
P.A.T.: oh,
yeah,
I didn't, really think of that,
PAST arachnidSgrip [P.A.G] 0:08 HOURS AGO responded to memo.
P.A.G.: Hi.
C.C.G.: Ahahahahahahahahahahahah.
P.A.G.: Karkat, shut up! This does not concern you.
C.C.G.: Ok whatever. My memo, but whatever.
P.A.T.: uh, wow,
hi,
So you don't feel that way about me! That's fine. I shouldn't have expected any different.
I can deal with it! I am not a wimp like you. I roll with bad breaks all the time. No biggie.
In fact, I already have dealt with it. I was over here dealing with it while you were over there on the
floor fooling around with your computer after a cute girl tried to kiss you for some reason.
As it turned out, fooling around with your computer to........
Go cry on future Karkat's shoulder about this????????
P.A.T.: um,
yeah,
P.A.G.: Hahahaha. You are a strange and funny boy, Tavros.
C.C.G.: oh god
this is
completely hilarious.
now I see why everyone has been ripping on my memos.
P.A.G.: Karkat I said shut the fuck up!!!!!!!!
Anyway, though totally unnecessary, your apology is accepted.
P.A.T.: okay,
P.A.G.: Now pick yourself up off the floor so we can go wring some fucking treasure out of this miserable magic rock!
P.A.T.: Yeah, I'll try.
P.A.G.: Actually, never mind, I'll be over there to help you with that too, kind of like I do with everything.
Just lie still and try not to start crying or anything, and wait a few minutes for your timeframe to catch up with mine.
P.A.T.: uh,
what,
P.A.G.: Exactly! I aaaaaaaam smarter than you. You see? You're learning!
C.C.G.: Fuck, enough already.
there, great, another happy couple
in whatever hideous quadrant this batshit pairing will sustain.
now off you go.
C.C.G. banned P.A.T from responding to memo.
C.C.G. banned P.A.G from responding to memo.
C.C.G.: holy hell.
this is exhausting.
I don't even know what I was talking about anymore.
ok, maybe I'll take a minute to collect my thoughts and get back on topic here.
FUTURE carcinoGeneticist [F.C.G.] 609 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.
F.C.G.: No you won't.
this one was particularly nauseating in retrospect, I'm shutting this down.
F.C.G. banned C.C.G. from responding to memo.
F.C.G. closed memo.

HEY RUNT

[Image description: Tavros lays on the floor in Vriska's room. He's holding his phone and typing on it while Vriska stares sadly at the ground. Four command boxes are on screen.
Hey Runt
Get up Runt
Get up on Those Goddam Jelly Legs of Yers
Go Kiss the Girl]

I said get yer ass up and go kiss the girl you pipsqueak

[Image description: Tavros frowns and shakes. Vriska moves to her computer. More command boxes make a line between them.
Yer making me mad runt
Kiss that girl
Ill rip yer horns off and put em through yer eyes
Ill pop yer little head like a grape
Yer a wimp you know that
Make me sick
Kiss her
Kiss her you wimp]
Get up and kiss the girl

You are having trouble bringing yourself to get up and kiss the girl.

YOU KISS THAT GIRL THIS INSTANT

[Image description: Hearts Boxcars stands at a 12 screened computer. The first monitor in the first row is turned on, showing Tavros on Vriska's floor. Boxcars flails and throws a temper tantrum as scribbly hearts appear and disappear over his head.]

Next

[Image description: Tavros's eyes get really small and his mouth turns into a flat line. A bead of sweat rolls down his forehead.]

You cannot do it. You cannot kiss the girl.

Thief.

[Image description: Vriska stares at her computer with a dejected expression. A single command box is on screen. The command fades in with the same fancy handwriting that commanded Terezi. Thief.] You will need to be strong.

[Image description: Vriska looks up and a new message fades into a command box. There is significant work for you to do.]

Next

[Image description: It shows a 12 screened computer with Vriska's monitor activated. A shadow appears on the left side of the machine and resolves into Snowman's silhouette.]

And in time, though prone to distraction and obstinacy, she would.

But not alone.

Next

[Image description: Snowman stares down the computer. She's wearing a coat that falls to mid calf in the front and has two long tails in the back that reach almost to the floor. It is patterned with stars and galaxies and shimmers green in the light. Her pants have the same pattern, but do not shimmer. Her whip is loosely coiled and hung on the wall behind her.]

To bring every circle closed, her partner and rival would have to be guided in tandem. The Thief and the Seer were to serve as twin lashes of the scourge cracked by a quasiroyal against her own former kingdom to settle a score. To make him pay. Scourge's black inches would rip red miles through Derse, and the bright rivers gushing from its wounds would wash her mutineers down the drains of exile. In time they would have to answer for their treason.

Patience would be necessary. But then, she'd recently come into all the time in the universe.

Next

[Image description: It focuses in on Terezi's monitor, which shows her licking the chalk.]

Snowman: Continue briefing.
Find the ring before he does.

Where is it?
A command box fills in.
Retrieve the ring from the royal vault.

And then,

A golden ring with 12 white orbs around it hovers against a purple background and sends out tendrils of golden light. A command box at the top of the screen fills in.
Destroy it.

Next

Snowman turns to look towards the door.

Next

A long ladder embedded in a grey wall leads up to a pastel desert. The sky is dark blue, like it is near sunrise or sunset.

Next

A beam of light shoots from a hole in a dark grey building. A cap bearing the sburb spirograph lays in the sand next to it.

Next

It zooms out. The building is not a building. It is a mothergrub's skull with the 12-roomed sgrub logo on its forehead. The beam of light shoots out of its right eye socket.

Next

It zooms out more. Red frog temple ruins barely poke out of the sand to the southeast of the skull. The arrangement looks similar to Kanaya's hive and the frog temple nearby. Black, insect-like creatures with many red eyes and countless legs creep through the desert.

Centuries ago...

Kanaya's hive sits on top of a tall, green mountain that makes the third island in a small archipelago. Now it has a large, grey base that makes it identical to Jade's home. The largest island is two islands to the right and is a massive volcano. Beams of light shoot out of an unnaturally blue ocean up into a pitch black sky. The name of the land is at the bottom of the image.

Land of Rays and ?????
The second part of the name is a flickering mess of letters with no clear word decipherable.
And yet, right now...

The Sylph of Space was able to vacate the impact site with several features of her buried landscape in tow. She sits atop her session's dormant Forge.

Next

[Image description: Kanaya sits in her pillow pile on the lip of the volcano with her lunchtop in front of her.]

Kanaya: Reply to memo.

[Image description: Three screens float around her. Behind her, one is open to Rose's walkthrough, to her right is a timeline screen showing F.C.G. at the top of Karkat's line and C.G.A. about three quarters up Kanaya's line, and the final screen in front of her is open to a memo. A second image shows the Trollian client in its normal, single-screen layout.]

Pesterlog
FUTURE carcinoGeneticist [F.C.G.] 599 HOURS FROM NOW opened memo on board Team Adorabloodthirsty.

F.C.G.: Fine then.
since past me just banned current me from the preceding memo
and doesn't appear to give a shit about my future wisdom, as usual
looks like I'll just have to start another memo from scratch.
hey past me, go have a blast killing the king, I'm sure it will be awesome.
in fact, it was awesome. Bang up job with that, dude!
too bad it was all a huge waste of time.
oh, what's that, pasthole? You didn't read this and figure that out ahead of time?
or maybe you just skimmed this and it didn't get through your thick bulge???
what a shock!
mem within-mem to present self: put forth a more concerted effort to impress upon everyone in
the past, myself included, what a bunch of fucking idiots they all are.
I am learning a valuable lesson today!
it turns out you can't alter the outcome of decisions made by morons, no matter how much you yell
at them.
all you can really do is give them a hard time and try to make their lives just a little more miserable.
which sounds like a more noble pursuit than changing destiny for the better anyway, frankly.
losers should be forced to face the music, even for the mistakes they haven't made yet.
their punishment is being allowed to make the mistake in the first place. Talk about poetic justice!
and then getting soundly berated before, during, and after the mistakes are being made is just the
mucus on the grubloaf.
the sweet, tangy mucus.
this is dumb.
why did I ever think these memos were going to be a good idea.
nobody cares
I mean
nobody's even trolling me anymore.
and I'm leaving myself wide open too, saying some pretty dumb things here.
I guess maybe I wrote too many.
and filled too many of them with long arguments with myself.
no one's going to read through all this, all the valuable information is just getting lost in the yelling.
you stupid stupid idiot.
oh fuck you, why'd you even start another memo then? 
I guess 
there are a couple things I want to get off my chest, ok? 
oh god, now I'm arguing with current me. 
I didn't even notice I was doing it, this is really fucked up. 
I've got to pull it together. 
think back to what we might have done wrong. 
but the thing is 
as much as our past selves are a bunch of stubborn unlistening assholes 
I can't even really identify any mistakes we made. 
it was all pretty much like clockwork. 
a 600 hour campaign to complete a game like this is pretty good if you ask me. 
and I have asked me. 
it turns out me agrees. 
I can't shake the feeling someone else must be responsible for this. 
it doesn't seem like it was something that was supposed to happen in our session. 
sollux has the same intuition about it as me, he thinks there's something fishy about it. 
it's really insufferable the way her fish puns have rubbed off on him, it kind of makes me want to vomit. 
anyway 
he says he's working on tracing the origin of this disaster. 
if I find out who's responsible 
I will 
I don't even want to think about it now. 
wa... waste of good fresh rage. 
I'm a little tired of all the old things I've been angry about. 
it's gotten so stale. 
in a weird way I'm sort of looking forward to having something new to be pissed off about. 
it's not like there's anything else to live for now anyway. 
so I'm keeping my prongs crossed. 
it will be like fucking 12th perigee's eve up in here. 
last sweep's eve was probably the last happy memory I have in fact. 
what did you guys do for the last holiday? 
anyone? 
I remember my lusus had been gone for days and I was starting to get worried. 
but then he finally returned, triumphant. 
he brought the fresh behemoth leaving into our hive, and together we decorated it. 
and 
I dunno 
that's all I can say, I'm getting a lump in my squawk blister. 
I guess I'm done. 
I'm going to lie down now 
on the steel floor of this frigid meteor drifting through the black uncaring void of our null session. 
null, kind of like this memo I guess. 
later. 
CURRENT grimAuxiliatrix [C.G.A.] RIGHT NOW responded to memo. 
C.G.A.: I Don't Think We Did Anything Special 
F.C.G.: Whoa, hey 
what? 
C.G.A.: Last 12th 
We Stayed In 
And I Read Stories To Her It Was Nice
F.C.G.: Oh
that's cool.
this is the first time you've responded to a memo that I can recall.
you took it right down to the wire. I was just about to close this thing.
C.G.A.: Yeah I Know
I Wasn't Sure If I Was Going To
But Then I Noticed A Conversation In Which I Was A Participant
Which As It Turns Out Is The Conversation Taking Place Now
I Scanned It Briefly And Then Perused Other Memos For My Presence
I Found None And Returned To This One
But My Part Of The Conversation Was Gone
I Regarded This As A Prompt To Begin Typing And Record My Contributions Live
That Is How This Works Isn't It
for a while it was frustrating.
when I discovered the feature I kind of breezed through all my future memos, not really reading all
of them carefully or thoroughly.
then I looked at it again, and the whole board was gone.
because it was time to make it in the first place, so I did.
and then I kept making memos with only foggy recollections of what they contained.
while all these other chumps from different times kept giving me shit.
including myself.
but it was all good, because as I eventually became my own future selves, and got to be on the
other sides of those conversations.
and could do my past selves the service of informing them how stupid they were being.
I stopped bothering trying to remember how any of these memos went.
honestly the last few weeks have been a blur to me, just non stop yelling at myself, haggling with
past and future knuckleheads, killing monsters and solving puzzles, cycling through all the gates
and planets like a hundred times, zigzagging down to the battlefield, out to the veil, over to prospit,
back to derse, and on and on and on like that until we thought we won.
but we didn't win. We lost.
we lost as hard as fat guys fall.
F.C.G.: did you read the memo just before this?
C.G.A.: No
F.C.G.: Give it a read, I'm done ranting about all that for now.
C.G.A.: Alright
In A Moment
F.C.G.: But yeah, that's how trollian's timeline stuff works. You'll get used to it.
or not! Since apparently this is your only memo reply. You were pretty shrewd in sidestepping this
whole clusterfuck.
C.G.A.: It Seems Like A Logical Way To Engineer A System Wherein One Simultaneously
Functions As The Reader And Author Of The Transcripts
Its Temporally Sound Construction
F.C.G.: Then you're the only one who thinks so.
hell you probably would have been a better maid of time than the one we were stuck with.
she's completely shithive maggots, don't even get me started.
C.G.A.: I Think We Are Given Roles To Challenge Us
That Don't Necessarily Suit Our Strengths
At Least I Was
I have no idea what im doing here
F.C.G.: sure you do.
or, you will. Trust me you'll do fine.
so what prompted you to respond anyway.
I mean aside from being strongarmed by conversational predestination.
C.G.A.: Oh
At This Point Im Not Even Sure If Im Inclined To Ask Anymore
F.C.G.: You might not have a choice.
do you remember if this memo was much longer than this?
C.G.A.: Um
There Is A Good Way To Go I Think Yeah
F.C.G.: Then might as well spit it out.
C.G.A.: Its Such A Silly Question
F.C.G.: Red or black?
C.G.A.: What
F.C.G.: Your problem, does it pertain to redrom or blackrom interests?
C.G.A.: Thats Not What This Is About
F.C.G.: Come on. People have been using these memos to sift through their romantic problems for weeks, I am a fucking veteran at this shit by now.
seriously, I don't mind, it'll be a welcome reprieve from shouting at myself.
C.G.A.: Im Not Sure What To Say About It
F.C.G.: Didn't you at least get a sense of what this conversation was about when you skimmed it?
C.G.A.: Not Really
If I Were Thinking About It I Probably Wouldn't Have Wanted To Anyway
Dont You Think Its Better To Have Unrehearsed Conversations
Even If The Subject Matter Is Awkward
F.C.G.: Yes I completely agree.
it's good you didn't read it. We can avoid the sort of verbal slapstick routines I'm sick to fucking death of by now.
I am so tired of people being all coy and telling me what we're about to say before we say it, and then we wind up fucking saying it anyway.
and then we prove to the invisible riddler that is father time beyond a shadow of a doubt what a bunch of fucking idiots we all are.
do you have any idea how old that gets after a while?
so really, tell me.
I know it's on your mind, I got a sense for these things.
r or b???
C.G.A.: Ok
Red Then
But I Guess
Not Really Red Enough
F.C.G.: Haha, well isn't that always the case?
story as old as time.
even in places where strictly speaking time didn't exist until recently.
who's the target of these flushed leanings?
if you don't mind my asking.
C.G.A.: Its Not The Asking I Mind
Its The Telling
In A Public Forum
did you notice anyone else join in later?
C.G.A.: No
It Appeared To Be Just The Two Of Us
F.C.G.: See
nobody cares enough to bother.
C.G.A.: I Don't Know Whether That's Reassuring
Or Just A Bit Disheartening
F.C.G.: Well I didn't mean it like that.
their disinterest is more a reflection on me than you.
C.G.A.: Disinterest Is The Operative Concept Here
Shes Not Even Responding To My Messages Anymore
Could Be Busy
But I'm Rapidly Approaching A Resolution To Discard The Preposterous Infatuation
F.C.G.: She? Well I guess that narrows it down somewhat.
C.G.A.: Shit
F.C.G.: If I think back on events knowing this I could probably piece it together...
C.G.A.: How About
If I Agree To Consult With You About It In Private
We Can Drop It Here
Before You Crack Me Like A Vault
With Your Weird Romance Sleuthing Acumen
F.C.G.: Alright, deal.
C.G.A.: It Still Puzzles Me That You Are So Versed In The Topic
Do You Have Access To A Manual Archived On A Remote Server Somewhere
F.C.G.: what
no of course not.
I don't actually know all that much.
I just know this stuff will drive you shithive maggots if you don't figure out how to deal with it.
C.G.A.: That Figure Of Speech You Keep Using Puzzles Me Too
F.C.G.: Like
not that I expect you to give a shit but personally I am all twisted up about blackrom stuff
especially.
honestly I don't think I was cut out to have a kismesis, I think my standards are way too high.
did you know that...
this feels so insane to admit, but
over the course of this adventure, at times I actually began to suspect I was my own kismesis.
how fucked up is that???
C.G.A.: I'm Not Qualified To Say
Neither Romance Nor Psychology Are My Strong Suits
F.C.G.: But obviously its not true, I never even did any legit time traveling where I could meet
myself, I just bickered with past and future ghosts on a chat client.
fitting really. Every caliginous adversary I've contemplated has eluded me like a phantom, even
myself!
whatever, I'm done with it.
C.G.A.: And What Of Scarlet Ambitions
Fare Any Better In That Quadrant
F.C.G.: No no no I'm not airing that shit out here.
maybe privately.
it's private.
let's change the subject, what were you originally going to ask me.
C.G.A.: Oh Fine
Heres This Silly Question For You
I Was Just Wondering Given Your Vantage Of Hindsight
If Youd Had Cause To Observe At Any Point In Time
Magic
F.C.G.: Uh...
C.G.A.: Like Real Magic
I Guess What Im Asking Is
Is Magic A Real Thing

F.C.G.: Wow, you're right, that's kind of the dumbest fucking question I've ever heard.
C.G.A.: I Know
Its Just That I Have A Good Reason To Believe Magic Is Real
Our Ancient Predecessors Discovered How To Use It
But Then They May Have Surpassed Us In Skill By A Great Deal

F.C.G.: You put way too much stock in that ratty old guide.
but anyway no, we never used magic.
I mean, let me try to put into perspective how ridiculous the whole notion is anyway.
we can alchemize practically anything with the right materials and grist.
we can, and did, make super powerful weapons and items that can do practically anything.
what additional advantage could magic offer? All this shit is practically magic anyway.

but more like
goofy sciencey magic. You know?
C.G.A.: Sure

F.C.G.: But everything here is kind of magic in a way, isn't it.
fortune telling dream clouds and golden moons and shit.
if you look around
there's magic everywhere in this bitch.
It's all around us.
mother fuckin miracles, right?
C.G.A.: Heh

F.C.G.: What do you need magic for anyway?
C.G.A.: Im Running Out Of Ideas
I Need To Figure Out A Way To Stoke This Volcano
In Case You And The Others Are Successful In Recovering The Queens Ring

F.C.G.: you'll figure it out.
and you won't need magic, trust me.
just be patient, the answer will come to you somehow.
C.G.A.: I Guess You Would Know

F.C.G.: Yeah, really there's nothing to worry about.
at least as far as the details of the adventure go.
we were all pretty awesome at this game.
really awesome in fact.
until a little while ago.
when it turned out we weren't actually all that awesome.
turns out we were pretty fucking unawesome all along.
C.G.A.: Still Baffled By What Would Conceivably Cause Such A Crisis In Awesomeness Post-Victory

F.C.G.: well
for starters
have you scrolled up to the top of the timelines yet?
C.G.A.: No

F.C.G.: Check that out
maybe read a few recent memos
but other than that it's not for you to concern yourself with.
just deal with getting through the quest.
I'll catch up with you about it when you catch up with me on the timeline.

which just happens to be right now.
C.G.A.: Say Hi To Me For Myself
F.C.G.: ok I probably won't do that, but alright ha ha. what the hell are you doing over there anyway?  
C.G.A.: You Mean Future Me  
F.C.G.: Yeah. you're messing around with your chainsaw. while tavros is sleeping on the floor. oh god. fuuuuuuuuuuuuck what are you doing????????  
C.G.A.: What What Did I Do  
FUTURE carcinoGeneticist 2 [F.C.G.2] 600 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.  
F.C.G.2: Ok. everything's fine I guess.  
C.G.A.: What Happened  
F.C.G.2: I passed out for about an hour. fucking embarrassing. you are out of your goddamn mind, you know.  
C.G.A.: Shithive Maggots You Mean  
F.C.G.2: Yeah in a good way though. ok I'm shutting this memo down for my past self. since he's currently lying unconscious on the floor an hour ago. see you in the future-now.  
C.G.A.: Til Then  
F.C.G.2 banned C.G.A. from responding to memo.  
F.C.G.2 closed memo.  

Kanaya: Scroll up.  
[Image description: The timelines shift down so F.C.G. is near the bottom of the screen. About two thirds of the way up, the lines cut off like a piece of paper was ripped. Beyond the line, there's white and black static so bright that it shines off the screen.]

Terezi: Fly up.  
[Image description: Terezi wears a pair or rocket dragon wings and hovers high above the teal synapese clouds of her land.]

Next  
[Image description: She and her sprite fly up alongside a massive building made of pieces of her hive.]

Next  
[Image description: Her sprite, which looks like a dragon, sniffs at something.]

spritelog  
DRAGON SPRITE: sniff sniff  
heeeeeeeyyyyy! heeeeeeeyyyyy! hiiiiii terezi!
hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!
sniff sniff sniff
heeheeheeheeheeheeheeheeheeheeheeheeheeheeheehee!

Next

[Image description: Terezi moves closer and it keeps sniffing.]

Next

[Image description: Terezi grins. A grey cancer alert appears over her head.]

Terezi: Respond.

[Image description: She sits down at the edge of the building and takes off her wings. Her glasses project two almond-shaped screens.]

pesterlog

carcinoGeneticist [C.G.] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [G.C.]

C.G.: ok I got your message
thanks for not hassling me about it in one of the memos to get my attention, I appreciate that.
unless you did, but it was in a future memo I haven't written yet, in which case have a bigtime fuck
you about that in advance.
G.C.: no I didn't bug you about it in your stupid memos!
they are annoying and im tired of getting banned for no reason
C.G.: posting in them at all is the reason. You're not supposed to reply memos period, that's the
reason.
G.C.: maybe I will start my own bulletin board
and everyone will be allowed to reply any time they want
except for guys with nubby horns, oh no, they will not be able to reply at all
grumpy karkats will be expressly forbidden from rainbow rumpus partytown!
(tongue sticking out face with furrowed brows)
C.G.: sounds lame.
G.C.: by the way that will be the name of the board in case it wasnt clear
C.G.: yeah I got that.
this is an empty threat, because if you made a board at any point on the timeline I would be able to
see it right here and read the whole thing already.
wait...
oh god, you actually did.
G.C.: yessss!
future terezi is looking pretty cool right about now (wide eyed smiley face with furrowed brows)
C.G.: look I don't care about the fruity rumpus asshole factory.
what's all this about going after the queen's ring.
C.G.: well
the thing that is all about it is
we have to go after the queens ring
it is a new mission
C.G.: but we're still in the middle of trying to pull off regisurp with jack.
why don't we take it one mission at a time.
G.C.: yeah about that
the whole point is to destroy the ring so jack doesn't get it
C.G.: why would we want to do that, jack's an ally.
G.C.: also
the mission sort of involves exiling jack too
(blank face with furrowed brows)
C.G.: this is bullshit.
we're not exiling jack, he's cool.
karkat, he is not that cool!
yes he is, he's a total badass with a fuck ton of blades and shit, and he's helping us out.
G.C.: ok, I think its pretty cute that you sort of look up to him like that
but seriously, I do not get a good feeling from him!
he kind of
C.G.: stinks?
let me acted shocked like I didn't see that coming.
(gasping face)
fuck I forgot my horns, I always forget them
(gasping face with nubby horns)
G.C.: no!
well
sort of
he doesn't smell bad actually
he smells really clean and shiny and dark dark dark like an oil slick and there is a tiny hint of
licorice there too
its more like
the way he moves
I smell his smooth motions and the way he squints his eyes and it gives me this really nervous
feeling
C.G.: what a surprise, you are dragging your schizophrenic nose into this, what an outstanding
character witness.
objection your tyranny! Hahaha
G.C.: (Very happy face with furrowed brows)
C.G.: the bottom line is I am not going to exile jack because you believe you can smell malice off
an interpretive dance.
G.C.: karkat, hes a jerk!
he has stabbed you on more than one occasion!
C.G.: some of those stabbings were accidental!
G.C.: (wide eyed blank face with furrowed brows)
ok, well I know for a fact the third time was accidental.
anyway you've beaten the shit out of me a few times yourself.
G.C.: but I didn't draw blood!
I mean I could have to satisfy my curiosity (smiley face with furrowed brows)
but I didnt as a courtesy to you
since you still want to keep it a secret from me like a petulant little wiggler (tongue sticking out
face with furrowed brows)
C.G.: hey I promised I'd tell you.
I just
wasn't ready ok
G.C.: well
its ok
I know what color your blood is anyway (smiley face with furrowed brows)
C.G.: no you don't
G.C.: yup, I totally do
C.G.: lies, I've been very careful.
not like all you classless shitbags who slop your blood all over the place every goddamn minute
like it's some weird fetish.
G.C.: err
hm (uncertain face with furrowed brows)
C.G.: what
G.C.: blar
hold on
C.G.: what is it?
G.C.: I said hold on! Sometimes it's hard to pick out the letters from the holo projection
I need to get a closer look!
C.G.: are you licking your glasses again?
I hate it when you do that, it's fucking disgusting.
G.C.: nomp, whath woulb eber gith you thath ibea??
hehehehehehehe

Terezi: Get closer look.

[Image description: Terezi takes off her glasses and licks one of the lenses.]

pesterlog

G.C.: that is better
its much easier to read your color this way
your drab dirty pavement gray
on top of bright candy red, like a shiny lollipop
does that sound familiar karkat??
C.G.: yes, I'm extremely familiar with this sort of nonsense by now, sure.
G.C.: no I mean
gray on red
like the way your skin
conceals your blood
C.G.: what
G.C.: candy candy red!
like your planet
you have strong cherry cough syrup in your veins! It is completely delicious.
C.G.: who told you
did jack tell you
G.C.: no he doesnt talk much
I figured it out myself
C.G.: how
G.C.: I got a closer look
remember (smiley face with furrowed brows)
C.G.: no
G.C.: pfff you are playing so dumb, you know exactly what I am talking about
C.G.: I cleaned up my wound and changed my shirt before I even met you, I've been extremely
careful.
so you're going to have to fill me in.
G.C.: it was when I got close enough
to smell it under your skin
please karkat, do not pretend that you forgot about our little moment
C.G.: whoa
you mean
during
fuck.
ok shhhhhhhhh shh shh shh...
let's not talk about this, not here.
G.C.: this isn't a memo!
its a private correspondence just between us, remember?
C.G.: I know but

dammit
riting all these memos has made me paranoid.
it just doesn't feel secure chatting about it over the client, I dunno.
we can talk about it in person.
G.C.: how "in person" do you mean?
uh oh look at my eyebrows getting carried away here
(winky face with furrowed brows)
(winky face with raised furrowed brows)
(winky face with furrowed brows)
(winky face with raised furrowed brows)
(winky face with furrowed brows)
(winky face with raised furrowed brows)
karkat help, they are out of control!!!!
C.G.: those are eyebrows?
I thought they were horns.
G.C.: they are horns too
they are are whatever I want them to be
C.G.: (uncertain face with nubby horns)
G.C.: dont change the subject by being cute!
C.G.: well apparently I just can't fucking help myself can i.
G.C.: nope
C.G.: how can you even smell so damn well, anyway.
you give me a hard time about being coy about shit
but when it comes to your crazy senses you're so vague, it's like trying to decipher the daily
horoscope riddle.
or the riddles for all 48 signs combined.
G.C.: aaargh
you are a relentless subject changer! (gasping face with eyes pinched shut and furrowed brows)
fine, its ok if you dont want to talk about it
god you are sooooo shy for an angry guy who wants to be a bigshot leader, its ridiculous
C.G.: look
we'll talk
I promise
why don't you just say some stuff about yourself for a change
and cut me some slack.
G.C.: ok (smiley face with furrowed brows)

Next

[Image description: Dragonsprite hovers near Terezi, who is still perched on the edge of the
building. She is so far up that the curve of the planet is clearly visible.]

pesterlog

G.C.: im sure I mentioned after you met my sprite
I learned from her through my dreams
before she hatched!
C.G.: yeah, but it's still so vague.
that's the whole point.
how about a straight answer?
G.C.: ok, ill try
when I went blind, thats when I first woke up
and my lusus helped me wake up!
sort of
C.G.: you mean on prospit's moon.
G.C.: yes
but
except for a very brief moment...
I was blind in my dreams too
the dream self image I project can't see, because I guess deep down I dont really want to
C.G.: why is that.
is it out of spite to vriska?
I know I'd probably be cool with it out of spite more than anything.
G.C.: no
not that there wasn't some satisfaction in being okay with it
grateful about it even!
and making sure she knew that
but that's not it
the day it happened was the first time I ever heard from my lusus
she woke me up, and ever since has been teaching me a different way to see
a different way to perceive everything I guess, not just in a sensory way
C.G.: ok, so why did you never tell me any of this?
G.C.: you wouldn't have gotten it!
even now you still don't really
you have not even seen skaia yet
C.G.: how am I supposed to wake up.
G.C.: I don't know!
something different does it for everybody
C.G.: how many of us are awake now?
how much of the future did you "see" before we started
in the clouds, like kanaya
also how did you go blind anyway???
what did she do to you, I don't know why you're so cagey about that.
I still don't see how she could blind you without being anywhere near you.
obviously she can't control you, so what gives?
G.C.: karkat shut up!
god
how about if
I tell you all about that stuff next time we are "in person" (winky face with furrowed brows)
in fact, I will tell you when you wake up!
until then I will keep tabs on you in your tower while you sleep like a little honey pajama'd pupa
nestled in his cocoon
C.G.: wait let me guess.
do I look adorable???????????
G.C.: actually
you look kind of like a big pile of smelly barf
C.G.: wow, what the fuck.
G.C.: of cooooooooooarse you do, dumbass (smiley face with furrowed brows)
C.G.: oh
then
good I guess
G.C.: ok ive got to fly
dont worry about the ring mission
you can stay busy with regisurp
I will organize the new mission myself
later!
C.G.: wait
terezi
please don't tell them about my blood.
I want to tell them, I mean I will tell them.
later
once they respect me as a leader.
G.C.: ok
I will keep that secret if you keep this one I tell you
which is that
between you and me karkat
I think they already do
bye!
(heart)
C.G.: bye
gallowsCalibrator [G.C.] ceased trolling carcinoGeneticist [C.G.]
carcinoGeneticist [C.G.] ceased trolling gallowsCalibrator [G.C.]
carcinoGeneticist [C.G.] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [G.C.]
C.G.: (heart)
carcinoGeneticist [C.G.] ceased trolling gallowsCalibrator [G.C.]
[????????]
[Image description: A large, teal libra sign takes up most of the panel. There is a box below it that says Enter Password or go back!]
Password Hint
If you don't know the password yet, it means you're not supposed to, Dummy! Go back!!
Go back.
[Image description: There is a Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff style comic with a title in Alternian. A scribbly Jack holds a scribbly sword.

kid whered you go i was was going to shoa you my stabs.... ..
ahah seer are those wings?

A scribbly Terezi flies toward a badly photoshopped Skaia.
Time to fly up away to skaia you fucknig pieze of garbage

A vertically squashed Karkat says
Um… Okaaaaaaayaay?
A tiny dragonsprite says
Byye terezi!!!! Byyyyyyyyye! terezi bye! Heeheehee heeeheeheeeheheeheehee hee!11

The bottom of the comic says
PUASE... ..

[S] Make her pay.

[Image description: The song Crystalmethequins begins to play. A magic 8 ball splattered with medium blue blood lays on the floor. The image pans right, where a hand comes on screen in a pool of medium blue blood. The image flashes to black and white, then back to color. It cuts to Vriska's hive against a black sky and red clouds. Lightning crackles and the sky turns red. Everything flashes white and it cuts to the Wolf head in Hussie's attic. It flashes back to the room.

Vriska lays on the floor in a pool of her own blood. Her left arm is ripped off and her left eye, which was the arrangement of seven, is nothing but a bloody smudge. Her only remaining eye snaps open. She hauls herself to her feet, hunched over and clutching the stump of her arm. Lightning flashes outside the window and blood drips onto the floor. Her eyes narrow and she lifts her remaining hand to her temple. A black circle with a medium blue scorpio symbol in it appears on her forehead. It pulses and the scene cuts back to the outside of her hive.

The pulse grows and the circle moves off screen. The scene fades to Tavros's hive. The circle descends through the roof. The word Psychic flashes on screen. The circle connects with Tavros's head and he looks dazed. Vriska appears as Tavros fades out. She's concentrating hard. She twitches her arm and grits her teeth. Psychic Double flashes on screen along with the Scorpio circle and a new black circle with a brown taurus symbol. A curved blue line connects the two circles.

Tavros, still dazed, raises his hands to his temples. He sends out his own pulse. His circle floats through Terezi's forest. It sinks into Terezi's Lusus's egg, which is still on the scale. Vriska shakes. Psychic Double Reach around flashes on screen. The two circles appear along with one showing the outline of Terezi's lusus's head. A brown line connects Tavros's circle to the dragon's circle.

The outline of the dragon lusus pulses through the shell. A detailed drawing shows it curled up in its egg, still unhatched. Tavros's circle descends into its head. It cracks its eyes open a tiny bit. The eyes glow white. The lusus sends out its own pulse and a dragon head circle flies off to Terezi's hive. It descends on Terezi, who is asleep in green sopor slime. Still asleep, she stands up and walks outside. It fades to her dream self walking on Prospit. She takes slow steps forward. It fades back to her waking self doing the same. It zooms in on her face, then fades back to her dream self. Dream Terezi opens her eyes and looks up at Skaia. It cuts to what she sees. Skaia flickers to a bright red sun for a moment, then back to Skaia. She looks up in awe. It flickers back and forth between her waking self staring up at the Alternian sun and her dream self staring at Skaia.

Her waking self's eyes snap open. Skaia turns into a bright red sun that makes the air shimmer with heat mirages. Terezi's eyes reflect the sun and turn white, then bright red. The image of her staring up at the sun shakes and gets narrower, then disappears in a white flash. The screen fades to black. It slowly fades back in. Terezi lays on the forest floor, sleeping or unconscious, it isn't clear. It fades to her dream self doing the same on Prospit. It fades to black.

Black, castle-like buildings stick out of a red sea. The focus shifts down. Karkat holds a lumpy orange sickle and faces off against two green imps that are a mashup of many different lusi. Jack stands behind him. Karkat slashes the imps, which burst into Grist, but three more appear a few feet away. Karkat bashes two of them and Jack stabs the other. Karkat runs off to the left, across black rocks and broken pillars, to attack a dark red ogre with two heads. He bashes it several times until Terezi does a front flip into the battle. She pulls her cane apart into swords and joins Karkat in
destroying the ogre. Before they finish the kill, it fades to somewhere on Gamzee's land.

Small striped plateaus stick out of the ground. Gamzee jumps down onto one and uses it as a springboard to reach others. A purple basilisk pops up and Gamzee pulls out two juggling pins and spins them.

It fades to Feferi running on top of a giant brain. She pulls out a double sided trident, which how has brains at the bases of the prongs, and gets ready to slash at two pink imps. Sollux jumps up to join her and picks them up with his psionics.

It flashes to Nepeta's land. Equius is facing off against a magenta lich and Nepeta is slashing at something off screen. Equius punches the lich twice and it explodes into grist. A pink lich comes up behind him and he jumps up onto its shoulders. The focus shifts to Nepeta, who slices two imps, then jumps up onto the lich to help Equius. Before she lands, Equius punches the lich to death and drops to the ground. Nepeta turns her pounce into a tackle hug that knocks them both over.

Tavros fades in. He's holding a fidus spawn egg and grinning. It fades to him riding a tentacled horse creature and holding a red and yellow jousting lance.

Kanaya walks along a stone path inside a cave. She reaches the edge and changes into a pink dress as a yellow giclops pops up from below the path. She takes out a weapon that's a cross between a short sword and a chainsaw and glares at it.

It cuts to a massive building sculpted to look like a brain. Eridan flips onto the brain-like walkway that leads up to it, his Ahab's Crosshairs still in his hands. He fires it and a massive bolt of blue energy shoots out. Sollux jumps onto the other side of the walkway and takes off his glasses. With a scream, he lets out two massive bursts of psionic energy. The two blasts meet in the middle and the screen goes white.

It fades to Vriska's hive on her land. She and Tavros fly out over the ocean. Vriska slows down and angles herself upright at an island. She does a flip, just because she can, and lands in a slide on a wooden bridge. She slams into blue imps and kills them with the force of her slide. She stands up and grins at something.

The screen flashes and Aradiabot holds her hands out to her sides. Two objects that look like a cross between Dave's time tables and miniature buildings float near her hands. She snarls and flings one hand forward. Vriska stalks towards her. Aradia jumps up and kicks Vriska in the stomach. Vriska spits out blood. Aradia kicks her in the face. Aradiabot hovers in the air and pulls Vriska up with her. She scowls and grips Vriska's shirt. She punches Vriska's cheek, making her mouth bleed more and throwing her glasses off. Vriska falls and Aradia floats forward menacingly. She lifts her hand, pulling Vriska up into the air telekinetically, and throws her. Vriska hits a building and it collapses. Aradia lifts her back up and slams her into a bridge. Tavros flies over and stares at Aradia in horror. Aradia calms down slightly and lets Vriska fall back to the floor. Aradia stares down at Vriska, who is splattered with her own blood, and disappears in a blue flash.

Vriska lays on the floor the same way that Terezi did after collapsing from the sun. It fades to her dream self, who is laying on the ground on Prospit the same way. It fades to black. Dream Vriska fades back in and suddenly sits up. Dream Terezi stands over her and waves. Then Terezi slaps Vriska.

Next

[Image description: A monitor shows Vriska on the ground, unconscious after Aradia's beating.]
Next

[Image description: Another monitor shows Aradia throwing her around. The command box on the computer says Make her pay.]

Next

[Image description: The scene shifts. Whoever gave Aradia that command is reading The Gray Ladies newspaper.]

Next

[Image description: Diamonds Droog smokes a cigarette and glances up at the screen. A cue stick leans against the wall behind him.]

Next

[Image description: He smirks.]

Atta girl.

DD: Move this along.

[Image description: Droog stands next to a 12 screened computer. The last monitor on the bottom row shows Aradia disappearing in a blue flash.]

Someone needs to grab the reins on timeline management here. These delinquents waste too much time. Can't seem to conduct their business with any efficiency at all.

Payback scenarios notwithstanding. There's always time to be made for a good comeuppance.

Skip to the end.

[Image description: Aradia, who is splattered with Vriska's blood, looks up. A command box on screen says 'Skip to the end.']

Next

[Image description: Aradia flicks her hand forward, flinging some of Vriska's blood off.]

Next

[Image description: She uses her powers to form the blood into words.]

quit bossing me around
im not ok with it]

Next

[Image description: She glares and reforms the blood to new words.]

i know what im doing]

That's what I like to hear.

[Image description: A command box says As you were, then. Aradia and her two timetable like devices disappear in a blue flash.]
Aradia: Skip to the end.

[Image description: Meteors rain down through Skaian clouds. Aradia appears in the center of the screen. Three more Aradias appear in the distance, each flashing in the same as the first.]

pesterlog

FUTURE apocalypseArisen [F.A.A.] 2:16 HOURS FROM NOW opened private transtimeline bulletin board road to the undoing.

F.A.A. 2:16 HOURS FROM NOW opened memo on board road to the undoing.

F.A.A.: this private board will and has already served as a log of past events for future selves to record and a guide of future events for past selves to follow. I don't know which half of its role has been or will be more important. Possibly neither is critical since deviation from the course is mostly impossible and reflection on its traversal is completely irrelevant. But I'm typing this anyway because I'm bored again.

PAST apocalypseArisen [P.A.A.] 601 HOURS AGO responded to memo.

P.A.A.: and here I was thinking we were finished taking orders from voices! We've only swapped the imperatives of the dead with those of our future selves who are also dead.

F.A.A.: yes it seems that way.

P.A.A.: oh well it was an enjoyable reprieve from fatalism while it lasted. I'd nearly managed to savor it.

F.A.A.: an error narrowly avoided then.

P.A.A.: I think we should refrain from dialogue in this memo without resorting to bannings or absurd exchanges of self repudiation.

F.A.A.: yeah I agree.

P.A.A.: I just thought I'd interject that and go.

F.A.A.: ok.

Next

[Image description: Countless Aradiabots hover over a burning Skaia as meteors rain down on its surface. The panel is titled Soulbot Video Log]

pesterlog

F.A.A.: we will and have already amassed an army to confront the black king. An army consisting of our alternate future selves.

Each one rerouted from a doomed offshoot of the alpha timeline.

Each given another chance at a constructive influence over the ultimate outcome by the way if you didn't know already.

A future self returning to the past from a doomed timeline will always be slated for imminent destruction herself.

Its one of the rules.

And the unfortunate reality is:

This will and has already been a mass suicide mission or it would be.

And already would have been.

If we all weren't already dead.

(wide eyed blank face)
pesterlog
F.A.A.: mobilizing ourselves in such numbers would be required to neutralize the kings psychic attacks
it would take our combined concentration to dampen the abilities he inherited from glbgolyb
without the cumulative effort of our doomed reserves
without the heightened mental and physical endurance of our robotic vessels
without the untimely demise we all shared before this began
victory would not be possible
he would kill us all with one dreadful sound

Next

pesterlog
F.A.A.: i dont know if it was just bad luck
or an extension of the curse karkat insists he brought on us
that lead to the incidental and unfortuitous prototyping of feferis powerful lusus
without which the battle would have posed little challenge
i think
it was more likely just another inevitability
a product of collusion between the disparate forces at play
a bargain struck between what skaia knows already and what the gods demand up front
together they orchestrate trials sufficient to ensure
that in overcoming them we would be proven worthy
of inheriting the ultimate reward
ribbit
whoops

Next

pesterlog
F.A.A.: and so it would be and has been already
that while distracted by the combined efforts of our doomed legion
the king would be aggressed by the others
and even though each would be well prepared
perched on the highest rungs of their echecladders
equipped with the best weaponry grist could build
versed in the deadliest fraymotifs boondollars could buy

Next

pesterlog
F.A.A.: and so it would be and has been already
that while distracted by the combined efforts of our doomed legion
the king would be aggressed by the others
and even though each would be well prepared
perched on the highest rungs of their echecladders
equipped with the best weaponry grist could build
versed in the deadliest fraymotifs boondollars could buy
F.A.A.: even though the meteors from the kings own reckoning would be turned against him

Next

[Image description: Vriska's eight D8 lay on the ground. All of them rolled an eight.]

F.A.A.: and even with one impossibly lucky roll of the dice at the final moment

Next

[Image description: The king's sceptre cracks and the orbs begin to drop off of it.]

F.A.A.: we would only narrowly succeed

Next

[Image description: The static fades from the image. All of the trolls except Aradia stand at the base of a large Sgrub logo- a purple house with 12 rooms arranged in a cross shape so that each end is 2 rooms wide. Aradiabots hover all around them.]

F.A.A.: but ultimately

Next

[Image description: It zooms in.]

F.A.A.: we would prove our worth

Next

[Image description: Karkat stares at the building in awe and slowly reaches towards a doorknob.]

F.A.A.: and the reward would be within our reach

Next

[Image description: Thin blue bands of lightning stretch from the doorknob, which contains a glowing spirograph, towards Karkat's hand.]

F.A.A.: but only momentarily

Next

[Image description: All of the trolls, including one Aradiabot, crowd close to the door.]

F.A.A.: before we would be able to claim it
we would be interrupted
by something
which would be ushered into our session by a rift in paradox space
a rift which we would determine
will be opened by four members of a fledgling species
who will be playing in another session of the same game that we will and have already played

Next

[Image description: A massive crack opens in the surface they're standing on and in reality itself. The crack glows and static covers the image again.]

pesterlog
F.A.A.: their rift will lead to the great undoing
without necessarily causing it
not directly
such rifts are themselves supposedly benign
useful even
they are catalogued phenomena within the game itself
with a provided means of creating them
and a wide range of scenarios for which it might be prudent to do so
the incipisphere locals have a more formal term for them
they typically refer to such a rift as

Next

[Image description: The crack grows. The entire universe shakes around them. At the bottom of the image, the dark static cuts off as if ripped, revealing a maelstrom of green lightning.]

pesterlog
F.A.A.: a scratch

Next

[Image description: Trollian is open on someone's screen. The timelines are in the background, showing only C.A.A. on Aradia's timeline, just before the point where they become static. A video log showing green lightning is open on top of it along with a bulletin board and a chat between Aradia and Doc Scratch. The bulletin board says
C.A.A.: the direct effects of a scratch are limited to the session invoking it

The conversation between Doc Scratch and Aradia is only partially visible because of his white text.
Doc Scratch says something that can't be seen.
A.A.: OK
Doc Scratch says something that can't be seen.
A.A.: why is he here
Doc Scratch says something that can only partially be seen. -articual instantiation. It's not any of my busines-]

pesterlog
C.A.A.: the direct effects of a scratch are limited to the session invoking it
we would not experience or observe those effects from our session
but we would experience the consequences
in the form of that which prevented us from claiming our reward
he whose hand would be forced by the scratch
to emerge from hiding
pesterlog
C.A.A.: but there would be no adequate way to prepare
even with all the foresight at our disposal
for a foe more powerful than the king we will and have already defeated
for a demon who is indestructible
omnipotent
and enraged

pesterlog
C.A.A.: while the rest of the party would abscond
our duplicates would buy us time
they would all be killed
again

pesterlog
C.A.A.: all except for me
this is just as well i suppose
what would we even do with all those copies anyway

pesterlog
C.A.A.: we would return to the site of our hatching
so to speak
where we would hide
amidst a veil depleted by the reckoning
and wait
drifting in the wide orbit of our soon to be null session
showing a hemospectrum with no top and no bottom, just colors next to colors in a rainbow ring.

C.A.A.: banished from the universe we left behind

[Image description: It zooms out, showing the Alternian solar system around its swirling red sun.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out more, showing millions of stars and massive galaxies in the distance.]

Next

[Image description: A massive nebula glows.]

Next

[Image description: A spiral galaxy hangs in space.]

Next

[Image description: More galaxies appear in the distance.]

Next

[Image description: The galaxy containing Alternia and its surrounding galaxies reflect in a blue glasses lens.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Two galaxies reflect in Sollux's glasses- one in the blue lens, one in the red.]

C.A.A.: and yet in being denied the ultimate reward

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the galaxy in Sollux's red lens.]

C.A.A.: we would be barred from entry

Next

[Image description: The new galaxy hangs among distant others in a red-tinted universe.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the galaxy, which is still tinted red.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms to one of the spiral arms.]
Next

[Image description: A yellow sun glows against other, white stars.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the star. There is a planet in orbit around it; a planet with a single moon and a watery surface partially covered by clouds.]

Next

[Image description: Earth. Constellations are highlighted in its orbit in the same orientation as the trolls colors were around Alternia. Red Aires, brown Taurus, yellow Gemini, grey Cancer, olive Leo, jade Virgo, teal Libra, medium blue Scorpio, royal blue Sagittarius, indigo Capricorn, violet Aquarius, and fucia Pisces.]

pesterlog
C.A.A.: into the universe we created

[Image description: Red curtains close over Earth. Blue curtains close over the red curtains.]

End of Act 5 Act 1
8. Act 5 Act 2 Part 1

Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 5: Hivebent, Act 2: He is Already Here, Part 1

[S] ACT 5 ACT 2 Next

[Image description: A purple Sgrub house logo fades away and the green Sburb house comes in its place. The song Homestuck begins to play. A set of blue curtains open, revealing a set of red curtains. The red ones open on a black and white Earth and its moon. It zooms in on the west coast of North America. Clouds pass by and it focuses on a section of the coast where Washington state is. It zooms closer, passing over a brightly colored geographic map of the area. It fades to a panning image over John's neighborhood before it was destroyed by meteors. It switches to a shot from street level and pans up as the smaller meteors begin to rain down.

A smoking crater sits in the center of the neighborhood. Baby John sits on top of a worn, old Colonel Sassacre's book, which rests on top of Nanna, who is face down in the dirt. A trollian view screen's border fades in around the image. It is titled 'viewing : ghostyTrickster'. It zooms out. A thin blue line connects the viewscreen to a blue arrow on a timeline about halfway up. Karkat stares in a mix of horror, confusion, and possibly disgust. He sneers at the screen. He becomes more and more enraged until he's shouting at the screen.

It fades to a view of the neighborhood and the crater from a nearby hilltop. It rapidly pans up to a stylized sun in the sky. It pans down over John's house. Flowers are blooming in the yard and new leaves are just starting to bud on the trees. Baby John rides the slime pogo bouncer. It throws him off and he begins to cry. Dad runs into the scene. A brief montage fades past. Dad mixes cake batter as Baby John holds the box it came in. Dad and Young John, who is wearing a grey shirt with a black spade on the chest, sit at the piano. They stand on the balcony; Dad wears the beaglepuss glasses and throws a pie into John's face, knocking him out of his shoes. John sits at his computer, which has a smiling pesterchum icon over it. John's screen shows a pesterchum chat window with gardenGnostic.

G.G.: hi my name is jade!!!!
G.T.: hi jade, i am john!

John stands by his magic chest and flails as playing cards shoot from his sleeves. He is still wearing the spade shirt. It zooms out to show the scene in a trollian viewing window. Karkat stares in muted horror. It fades back to John's house, now piled with snow. In his room, he packages a blue slime shirt and pumpkin seeds into a blue box.

It fades to him holding the blue apple and staring up at a massive meteor bearing down on his house. In the game, an ogre traps him in the tire swing and flings him around. Later, he grits his teeth and shakes his fist at something while gripping his pogo hammer. That fades to him being carried by a hoard of happy salamanders. It fades to John asleep on the rocket board, tied in place by the Authority Regulator's caution tape wrappings. A black spade against a yellow background.
takes up the entire screen. It zooms out- they're Karkat's eyes as he watches John's shenanigans throughout his timeline. Karkat still watches in a faintly horrified stupor. It zooms out and he slowly fades away.

Next

[Image description: A trollian timeline screen shows 4 timelines- blue for John, purple for Rose, red for Dave, and green for Jade. They cut off and turn into static the same as the troll's timelines did. A point just before the cut off on John's line has a viewscreen open to him smiling at something.]

You finally found him. After hours of searching.

No.

SWEEPS of searching.

Karkat: Troll this worthless human.

[Image description: John sits on the floor somewhere in Dave's land. He's wearing a set of headphones with Bill Cosby's face on the portion over his ear. It projects a Cosby shaped screen and a keyboard that's split in two. John is wearing a blue shirt with a light blue wind-like design on the chest, a pair of blue pants, yellow shoes, and a dark blue hood that's pushed down.]

pesterlog
carcinoGeneticist [C.G.] began trolling ectoBiologist [E.B.]

C.G.: attention worthless human.
this is your god speaking.
it is a wrathful god who despises you more than you could have possibly dared to fear.
I have watched your entire pathetic life unfold.
I have observed you while you would quake and tremble in personal prayers of shame.
while you pleaded forgiveness for being such a wretched disgusting failure on every conceivable level.
prostrate before the stupid and false clown gods you have scribbled on the walls of your block.
bogus deities worshiped by a primitive "paradise" planet.
but your prayers will not be answered.
there are no miracles in store for you, human.
only my hate.
it is a hate so pure and hot it would consume your sad underdeveloped human think pan to even contemplate.
it is a hate that to fathom must be put into song.
shrieked by the ten thousand rowdy shout sphincters peppering the gruesome underbelly of the most truculent god the furthest ring can muster.
it is a hate that made you and will surely destroy you.
my hate is the lifeblood that pulses through the veins of your universe.
it is my gift to you.
you're welcome for that.
you ungrateful piece of shit.
E.B.: hi karkat!
C.G.: what
how do you know my name.
E.B.: oh man.
this is it, isn't it?
i've been looking forward to this!
C.G.: what is it.
me hating you is what's it.
if that's what you mean, yeah, bingo.
E.B.: no, i mean this is the first conversation between us, from your perspective.
right?
C.G.: yeah.
are you suggesting we've spoken before.
E.B.: yeah, lots of times!
actually...
i should introduce myself properly.
hi karkat, i am john!
C.G.: john, why would I give a pungent whipping lumpsquirt what your name is.
E.B.: because we are buddies!
C.G.: i admit I am new to human social constructs
but I refuse to believe our relationship can or will ever be described as "earth human buddies".
E.B.: yup, we totally are.
we just became earth human buddies in a kind of weird way.
you decide to keep talking to me backwards through my adventure.
and then when you are done with that you come back and talk to me more recently on the timeline
for a while.
you talk to my friends a whole bunch too.
you and your alternian troll buddies help me and my earth human buddies hatch a plan!
which we are busy putting into motion right now, as you can see.
C.G.: these are lies.
I know when I am being trolled, who do you even think you are talking to here.
I am your god, remember.
E.B.: yeah yeah, i know.
C.G.: why would I troll you backwards? That doesn't make any fucking sense.
and why would I help you and your idiot friends?
I would just be helping you blunder down the path that ends with you opening the rift like a bunch
of morons.
E.B.: you mean the scratch?
C.G.: whatever.
E.B.: yes! that is the plan.
you yourself said it was the only hope now.
C.G.: Ridiculous.
I didn't wriggle out of a puddle of slime yesterday.
that was several weeks ago, ok?
E.B.: heheheh.
C.G.: I do not think you appreciate the gravity of my antipathy, john human.
E.B.: egbert.
C.G.: Ok, human egbert.
I fucking loathe you, and I have tuned into your channel moments before the eradication of your
timeline and that smug look on your face, with just enough time for me to basically completely
fucking destroy you with hostile rhetoric.
there is no chance I will ever help you.
you can't possibly understand how much I hate you or why I hate you.
I wasn't joking when I said I was your god, like that wasn't just a lot of bravado and useless pissing
around.
I am literally responsible for your existence.
we beat the game you are playing and created your universe.
we were going to enter your universe and rule over it.
like tyrants.
it was to be our plaything, john.
you have no idea how sweet it was going to be.
but then we couldn't claim our prize because of that monstrosity you sprung on us.

E.B.: man...
i knooow.
none of this is news to me, karkat!
but to be quite honest, it doesn't sound like your intentions were all that great.
wanting to be tyrants and all.
maybe you got what you deserved, you stutid fuckass!

C.G.: Stutid?
wow, your species really is braindead.
E.B.: eh, it's an in-joke, never mind.

anyway, hey!
i thought this was supposed to be the conversation where you do all that AMAAAAAAZING TROLLING!

come on bro, flame me!
i have been really excited about this.

C.G.: You actually want me to troll you?
I mean
don't worry, I can and I will, and it will be a goddamn bloodbath when I get started.
it's just kind of weird you're excited about it, is that normal for your race?

E.B.: um...
i don't know, probably not.
i just think it's kind of funny when you do it.
C.G.: that's really condescending and it's hard to convey how much more I just got pissed off than I already was.
but maybe it makes sense actually
that you welcome my acrimony so readily
on account of probably some weird gland humans have, like a punishment throbber or some silly sounding thing like that.
it might mean that I'm right about you.

E.B.: right about what?
C.G.: I mean that it seems like we are connected in some way, don't you think john.
sort of cosmically.
like our hate for each other is so strong it must have been written in the stars.
you know, the ones I fucking made for you.

E.B.: ha ha, i don't hate you!
C.G.: How can you possibly claim to have talked to me a lot already and not hate me, see it doesn't add up.

E.B.: wait...
are you saying that we are kisme-whatevers?
what do you take me for, that would be such a brazen solicitation.
it's insulting.
I mean
ok I'm not saying I'm ruling out the idea or anything.
like if later over time you started really hating me more
like really got to know me and found out about how much there was to hate

E.B.: er...
C.G.: but... In the past I guess? I'm just saying who knows what could happen.
or has already happened.

E.B.: Uh.

C.G.: fuck what am I babbling about.

this is fucking ridiculous, we just met for fuck's sake.

and it's not like we're ever going to meet in person, so it's all a moot point.

so forget I said anything.

god, what is wrong with me.

E.B.: well...

i just didn't really have any idea that you had any sort of feelings like that, so i am kind of caught off guard.

C.G.: what feelings, there are no feelings, end of discussion.

E.B.: hey, i don't have a problem with your weird sort of alien hate-love thing!

it is just that, uh...

C.G.: what

E.B.: i am not a homosexual.

C.G.: what the hell is that?

E.B.: it is like, when a boy likes another boy.

or i guess hates, in this case.

C.G.: humans have a word for that?

E.B.: yes.

C.G.: how is that even a thing?

E.B.: shrug. It just is.

C.G.: human romance sure is weird.

E.B.: I am just as confused by your troll shenanigans.

so many shenanigans!

anyway, I kind of got the impression that you and terezi were a thing.

C.G.: what do you mean a thing.

E.B.: like, I dunno.

going on weird fight dates and beating the crap out of each other, and being in hate-love or love-hate.

isn't that how it works?

C.G.: you are such an ignoramus I could shit miles of rage snake to choke you to death.

E.B.: ew.

C.G.: who have you been talking to, what have you heard about that.

E.B.: um, I talked to you...

and her...

and some others. I don't know! Like I said it's just a sense I got.

sorry!

C.G.: ok first of all, if there were a "thing" with her, and that's a huge if it would be a totally different quadrant than what we were just talking about.

E.B.: oh god, the quadrants...

C.G.: second, whether she and I have a thing or don't have a thing, or took a romantic hot air balloon ride suspended in a goddamn filial pail together

it's definitely none of your fucking earth business, egbert human john.

got it????????

E.B.: ok, sheesh!

karkat, I am going to be honest...

this first conversation is not going how I thought it would at all!

it is really kind of...

awkward.

C.G.: yeah

wow, it is
E.B.: yeah...
C.G.: huh.
E.B.: well...
um...
C.G.: ok, look.
let's just agree to never bring it up again.
the stuff I was babbling about earlier.
E.B.: yeah, well we never really talked about it in the past, so I guess we do agree to that.
C.G.: but if I talk to you again
in your future, limited though it is
you'll remember my embarrassing shit
so I guess
I'll have to troll you backwards?
E.B.: told you bro!!!!!!!
hahahaha.
C.G.: you really are a smug nook whiffer, john egbert.
I think we need to get back on point here.
which is addressing the matter of what incomprehensibly putrid garbage you and your friends are
and how much I hate you.
E.B.: you mean platonic hate?
C.G.: shut the fuck up, we aren't talking about that, remember.
E.B.: oh yeah.
C.G.: so you wanted to get trolled, well you got it.
prepare to get your puny human bulge flamed into nuclear hateblivion.
welcome to the trollocaust. The painstaking genocide of your fragile self esteem will be my swan
song.
E.B.: oh boy, this sounds great.
but...
we're out of time!
I have to go put this plan into motion.
C.G.: oh I see, taking the coward's way out.
scampering off to get annihilated by a deadly rift, how convenient.
well fine, sayonara you worthless crotchstained barfpuppet.
I will bid you one first and final fuck you.
fuck you, john egbert.
fuck you and fuck the joke book you rode in on.
fuck.
fucking.
C.G.: you.
E.B.: (Very happy face)
see you soon!
C.G.: wait
what

ectoBiologist [E.B.] ceased pestering carcinoGeneticist [C.G.]

Terezi: Open memo.

[Image description: Karkat and Terezi have a slap fight over the keyboard as Eridan and Kanaya watch from either side. Gamzee sits in a pile of horns behind them and Tavros and Equius stick partially on screen.]

pesterlog
C.G.C.: what do you guys think about karkat's new plan
to troll these kids
personally I think he has finally snapped and it doesn't make any sense
I figured maybe we could talk about it here in secret while he stands over there making his boring inspirational speech
im pretty sure hes stopped bothering to invade partytown, he has learned his lesson (smiley face with furrowed brows)
Obviously this is just for us here in the present to remark on
if you are from the past and are curious about this and want to say something you will not be banned as is the general rule here
but I will politely ask you to keep your interjections to a minimum!
I will have order in this rumpusblock (very happy face with furrowed brows)
Past carcinogeneticist [P.C.G.] 7 minutes ago responded to memo.
P.C.G.: you think I stopped keeping tabs on your vapid, seditious bullshit???
think a fucking gain.
C.G.C. banned P.C.G. from responding to memo.
C.G.C.: the topic is now open for argumentation
*her tyranny yields the floor with a mighty bang of her gavel*
bang bang bang!
three mighty bangs
what do you have to submit on the subject of karkat's tenuous grip on the tattered remains of his sanity, counselor nepeta?
current arseniccatnip [C.A.C.] right now responded to memo.
C.A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) *the especially important pouncellor looks really serious and thoughtful as she scoots her chair out from under the official courty looking table and begins to pace around thoughtfully*
*she doesn't understand why
I don't understand why we are doing this!
what was the point again?
C.G.C.: excellent question miss pouncellor
Past carcinogeneticist 2 [P.C.G.2] 5 minutes ago responded to memo.
P.C.G.2: are you fucking retarded.
I can plainly see you are going to start writing this memo in five minutes.
all I have to do is go make my "boring inspirational speech" and then walk over to your computer and start fucking with you.
go ahead, ban me all you want.
C.G.C. banned P.C.G.2 from responding to memo.
C.G.C.: *her tyranny expresses disdainful yet authoritative interest in other opinions on the stupidest plan ever conceived*
any thoughts?
C.A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) I don't see why karkat has to always be banned from these memos!
what if he promises to behave himself?
C.G.C.: we have been over this (frowny face with furrowed brows)
C.A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) what if I talk to him in the past and told him he could post here as long as he was not particularly disagreeable?
C.A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) that's a good idea! Brb
C.G.C.: oh god!
Past carcinogeneticist 3 [P.C.G.3] 10 minutes ago responded to memo.
P.C.G.3: thank you nepeta, for alerting me to the presence of yet more of this tawdry roleplay-
infested cloak and dagger rubbish.
how very interesting.
C.G.C.: *her tyranny face palms in a really dignified and intimidatingly judicial manner*
banned P.C.G.3 from responding to memo.
*the distinguished pouncellor receives a hundred billion rumpus demerits for inviting uncouth
rabble into her orderly block*
C.A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) (sad face with two mouths)
current twinarmageddons [C.T.A.] right now responded to memo.
C.T.A.: I already told kk what I thought about this awful idea.
it just makes no sense, you can count me out.
you all can troll these incompetent aliens all you want, it won't change anything.
I'll just be over here waiting to die with dignity, ok well maybe it's to late for that, but just die I
guess, and y'all can suck it bitches.
C.G.C.: the magistrate from the delicious appleberry jurisdiction makes an excellent point about
the overall shittiness of the proposition
and about managing to be an even grumpier pain in the ass than our fearless leader somehow
C.T.A.: I don't get why you're rp'ing about this, it doesn't make sense, you're all out of your fucking
sponges.
why don't you just use our names.
C.G.C.: (gasping face with furrowed brows)
C.G.C. banned C.T.A. from responding to memo.
C.G.C. unbanned C.T.A. from responding to memo.
C.G.C.: ok sorry about that
tholllluuuuuxxxxthhhh
there are you happy
whatever.
Past carcinogeneticist 4 [P.C.G.4] 4 minutes ago responded to memo.
P.C.G.4: you bastard, is it really so much to ask to take a few tools out behind the grubshed.
all I'm asking you to do is hassle some aliens, god.
after all those times I saved your life you think you could do me one little solid.
C.T.A.: yeah after you got me killed in the first place.
P.C.G.4: how can you throw that in my face again, I thought we were cool.
C.T.A.: I said whatever.
C.G.C.: uuugh
C.G.C. banned P.C.G.4 from responding to memo.
current apocalypsearisen [C.A.A.] right now responded to memo.
C.A.A.: I will not be participating
C.A.A. ceased responding to memo.
Past carcinogeneticist 5 [P.C.G.5] 3 minutes ago responded to memo.
P.C.G.5: oh my god, what are we going to do now.
that's it guys, the plan is canceled.
aradia isn't going to mope at these losers for us, the whole plan hinged on that.
C.G.C. banned P.C.G.5 from responding to memo.
current cuttlefishculler [C.C.C.] right now responded to memo.
C.C.C.: I still don't quite understand the plan either.
I mean, I don't really mind talking to them! It could be fun and they look interesting.
but I really don't think this is all their fault.
can't we say nice things to them instead of troll them?
maybe even help them! (Smiley face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Past carcinogeneticist 6 [P.C.G.6] 2 minutes ago responded to memo.
P.C.G.6: no, fuck.
you can't be nice to them.
you are completely missing the glubbing point, fish princess.
C.G.C. banned P.C.G.6 from responding to memo.
Past carcinogeneticist 7 [P.C.G.7] 2 minutes ago responded to memo.
P.C.G.7: hey terezi I'm about to make this awesome speech and inspire the fuck out of you guys. when I'm done I'm coming over to your station and then your ass is mine.

enjoy this garbage dump of a memo while it lasts.
C.G.C.: blaaaaaar (yelling face with eyes pinched shut and furrowed brows)
C.G.C. banned P.C.G.7 from responding to memo.
C.G.C.: this is why we cant have nice things
im tempted to close this memo now (uncertain face with furrowed brows)
if anyone has anything to say say it quick!
Past carcinogeneticist 8 [P.C.G.8] 2 minutes ago responded to memo.
C.G.C. banned P.C.G.8 from responding to memo.
C.G.C.: not you
Past terminallycapricious [P.T.C.] 420 hours ago responded to memo.
P.T.C.: yeah im not following this motherfuckin plan up at all who are we trolling
C.G.C.: gamzee this conversation is taking place weeks in the future it does not concern you!
P.T.C.: oh
well mother fuck I guess
C.G.C.: dont worry about it (tongue sticking out face with furrowed brows)
just scroll around and look for one of the rrpt open chat memos
P.T.C.: okay
honk (smiley face with a round nose)
C.G.C.: lksd;gdknln
asdm sdfsfd9we0
dfd;
gh
euhfsdklnvstdjklsjkbsdjkf
P.T.C.: whoa
C.G.C.: karkat is mashing my keybosdfdnflblgbsdgfsb[\a
C.G.C.: akjfa
seuhweuiondn
auihdf
sdsad
aaaaugh he is such a littlesdkgbsdjkbg
C.G.C. banned herself from responding to memo.
C.G.C. unbanned herself from responding to memo.
C.G.C. banned herself from responding to memo.
C.G.C. unbanned herself from responding to memo.
C.G.C. banned herself from responding to memo.
C.G.C. unbanned herself from responding to memo.
C.G.C.: fuuuuuuuuck!!!!!
current carcinogeneticist [C.C.G.] right now responded to memo.
C.C.G.: oh now what's up????????????
C.G.C.: god dammit he logged on to my compuroeihgrnvnfsdks'sd and hes still mashing me!!! (Frowny face with furrowed brows)
sdklsdks fhs
yugufy
get off!!!!!!!!!!Sfbsdj
C.G.C. banned herself from responding to memo.
C.G.C. unbanned herself from responding to memo.
C.G.C. banned herself from responding to memo.
C.G.C. unbanned herself from responding to memo.
C.G.C. unbanned herself from responding to memo.
C.C.G.: why are you banning yourself terezi????
pretty fucking mental if you ask me.
really fucked up of yofdihfnjnkgljs
askjksf89ug
ydrhhgh
wefowegwlkngniov
sdijs
C.C.G. banned himself from responding to memo.
C.C.G. unbanned himself from responding to memo.
C.C.G. banned C.G.C. from responding to memo.
C.C.G. unbanned himself from responding to memo.
C.C.G. banned C.G.C. from responding to memo.
C.G.C. unbanned herself from responding to memo.
C.G.C. banned herself from responding to memo.
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C.G.C. unbanned C.G.C. from responding to memo.
C.G.C. banned C.G.C. from responding to memo.
C.G.C. unbanned C.G.C. from responding to memo.
C.G.C. banned himself from responding to memo.
C.G.C. banned herself from responding to memo.
C.G.C. unbanned herself from responding to memo.
C.G.C. unbanned himself from responding to memo.
C.G.C.: I am going to sharpen your stupid looking nubby horns in your sleep!!!
then thats what will be up, bye bye nubs
C.C.G.: why don't you just file them all the way down.
since you're running out of ways to emasculate me in front of my team.
C.G.C.: will you give your boring leader complex a rest for once
its getting so old!
current arachnidsgrrip [C.A.G.] right now responded to memo.
C.A.G.: hahahahahahahaha!!!!!!!
you are both ridiculous.
C.C.G.: hey vriska, you're down with my trolling plan.
why don't you tell everyone in rainbow assgrab junction what a great idea it is.
C.A.G.: I'm busy.
C.C.G.: what the fuck could you be busy with???
C.A.G.: I'm making my own plans! I'm a pretty big deal, remember karkat?
C.G.C.: it looks like you forgot how many irons she has in the fire
C.A.G.: exactly!
C.C.G.: what is so hard about going along with my simple plan to serve a few pink skinned douche bags a piping hot nutrition plateau full of fuck you.
C.G.C.: maybe we will but we all just kind of want to do our own thing!
C.C.G.: there is a word for that, it is called gross insubordination.
C.G.C.: thats two words retard (tongue sticking out face with furrowed brows)
C.A.G.: do you guys realize you are sharing a keyboard and taking turns to argue with each other?
that is kind of cute. (Smiley face with eight eyes)
C.T.A.: yeah I hate to say it, but it really sort of is.
C.C.G.: ok fuck this.
everyone is officially banned from this train wreck.
C.C.G. banned C.A.G. from responding to memo.
C.C.G. banned P.T.C. from responding to memo.
C.C.G. banned C.C.C. from responding to memo.
C.C.G. banned C.A.A. from responding to memo.
C.C.G. banned C.T.A. from responding to memo.
C.C.G. banned C.A.C. from responding to memo.
C.C.G. banned C.G.C. from responding to memo.
C.C.G. unbanned C.G.C. from responding to memo.
C.C.G.: you can't ban me from my own memo!
C.C.G.: whoops (frowny face with furrowed brows)
C.G.C.: you can't ban me from my own memo!
looks like I just did.
C.G.C.: shit. (Very upset face with furrowed brows)
C.C.G.: looks like I just did.
C.G.C.: fine I will just shut the memo down
so you will get the hell out of here!
C.C.G.: fine, I'm gone.
C.C.G. banned himself from responding to memo.
C.G.C.: uuuuuuuuuugh
Future gallowscalibrator [F.G.C.] 6:12 hours from now responded to memo.
F.G.C.: hey!
C.G.C.: oh hey!
F.G.C.: I just thought I would add one last remark to this silliness
a remark of reassurance!
C.G.C.: ohh (confused face with furrowed brows)
F.G.C.: yes, you should troll the humans
it will be fun (smiley face with furrowed brows)
C.G.C.: well, we both know that I was planning to anyway
F.G.C.: of course! I trust your judgment on the matter
just here to say you wont regret it
C.G.C.: that is nice to know!
I trust your judgment as well
F.G.C.: yes!
another triumph of sound judgment and good times for team pyrope and the loyal subscribers of
rainbow rumpus partytown
C.G.C.: hooray! (Very happy face with furrowed brows)
Future carcinogeneticist [F.C.G.] 6:12 hours from now responded to memo.
F.C.G.: I'm going to be fucking sick.
C.G.C. banned F.C.G. from responding to memo.

C.G.C. closed memo.

Next

[Image description: John, who is asleep and tied to the rocket board, flies through the night sky
over the Land of Wind and Shade.]

John: Land already.

[Image description: The board crashes into a rock, snapping the caution tape and tossing John a few
feet away. He remains asleep and two fireflies land on him. An empty parcel pyxis is behind him.

Next

[Image description: It shows the same scene from a different angle.]

Next

[Image description: A trollian window shows the four kid's timelines. A blue dot about halfway up John's line has a viewscreen open, showing him asleep on the ground in the Land of Wind and Shade.]

Vriska: Manipulate this worthless human.

[Image description: Vriska sits at a computer and puts her hands to her temples. Her robotic arm and eyepatch lens are both gone, but her biological arm and eye are back again. She scowls at the computer and trembles from the effort.]

Next

[Image description: Her arms contort and she pinches one eye shut. The background flashes in stripes of white and blue. She seems to be in pain.]

Next

[Image description: Vriska glares at the computer and puts her arms down.]

It is no use. It seems your abilities cannot cross between sessions. Or cannot influence his species. Or both.

Or Maybe you just aren't Trying Hard Enough.

Next

[Image description: She rests her chin on her hands and her glasses reflect the view of John asleep.]

You wonder what this goofball is dreaming about. Too bad these stupid viewports can't see into dreams. This software SUCKS!!!!!!!

Next

[Image description: Dream John walks on the checkerboard battlefield. The bunny Jade sent him follows a few steps behind, still carrying all the miniature weapons. A cloud shows Jade falling, surrounded by squiddle plushes and her lunchtop.]

Next

[Image description: John looks up.]

Next

[Image description: In the distance, John's Dad and Rose's Mom stand on a hill.]

Next

[Image description: John smiles widely. A speech bubble over his head quickly flashes between
Harry Anderson, a can of shaving cream, a cake, a hat, and Dad's face. The bunny Bunnps into John.

Next

[Image description: Dad turns and sees John. A speech bubble over his head flashes between, John, a harlequin statue, a green slime creature, a box of gushers, and a yellow Prospit moon like the one on Dream John's shirt.]

John: Reunite with your loving father, and also scarf lady.

[Image description: John jumps off the edge of a massive ravine separating them. Dad looks terrified.]

Next

[Image description: A scribbly drawing shows him flying through the air over the gap.]

Vriska: Try harder.

[Image description: Vriska puts her hands back on her temples. A circle on her forehead flashes between John's green slime and her own Scorpio symbol. The entire image flashes rapidly.]

Next

[Image description: It focuses in on her eye with seven pupils, though the image is in black and white. Suddenly, something pops and everything colors in.]

Next

[Image description: John is nearly to the other side of the ravine and Dad is standing by to catch him. Suddenly, John disappears.]

Next

[Image description: The ring he was wearing, the White Queen's Ring, falls towards a river at the bottom of the ravine.]

Next

[Image description: John suddenly wakes up in the Land of Wind and Shade. He sits up and his captchalogue cards appear. The top card has his Serious Business Goggles, which have a medium blue Scorpio alert next to them.]

Next

[Image description: On the battlefield, Dad's shoulders slump and he looks down. A cloud behind them shows a massive explosion on the roof of Rose's house in the Land of Light and Rain.]

Next

[Image description: Mom offers Dad a flask.]

Next

[Image description: She sits on a boulder-like lump in the ground and offers the flask again.]
pesterlog
arachnidsGrip [A.G.] began trolling ectoBiologist [E.B.]

A.G.: Joooooooooo
oooooooooo
oooooooooo
oooooooooo
oooooooooo
oooooooooo
oooooooooo
oooooooooo

oooooon!
Wake up!!!!!!!!
E.B.: heheh. i am pronouncing that like a really long "june".
that is so many o's.
A.G.: It is eight groups of eight. I specifically counted them.
It's sort of a thing I do.
E.B.: you typed my name in 64 bit.
A.G.: Wow. What a nerd!
E.B.: have i talked to you before?
A.G.: Um, possibly? This is the first time I have contacted you that I am aware of.
E.B.: i'm pretty sure i remember you. you hassled me a long time ago.
i think you threatened to kill me at some point.
A.G.: John, give me a break! That was obviously just my way of getting to know you.
Or it will be, whenever I get around to it.
E.B.: well, yeah, i know that about you guys by now.
but also i know that it is probably not exactly an empty threat!
since one of you already managed to trick me into getting myself killed.
well, in another timeline at least.
That was probably Terezi! I should have known she would pull something like that. What a meddler.
E.B.: terezi?
A.G.: Yes. The pesky blind troll who licks her monitor and smells words and stuff. The one who
got you killed. I'm sure of it!
E.B.: huh. it never really occurred to me to ask what your names are.
kinda rude of me!
what is yours?
A.G.: Marquise Spinneret Mindfang. (smiley face with eight eyes)
E.B.: man, that sounds so made up!
but if you say so, marquise.
A.G.: Spinneret! Marquise is a title, stupid.
E.B.: oh, ok.
A.G.: And you don't have to worry about me manipulating you to your death!
it is completely beneath me. Unlike her, I plan on taking the high road.
You see John, you and I actually have some things in common, but you couldn't possibly
understand why yet.
So I'm planning on helping you!
E.B.: ok, i will be sure to let my guard down.
psyche!!!!!!!!!

oh damn, that was 9 exclamation marks.
7 exclamation marks, 1
shit!
ever mind.


E.B.: anyway, nice meeting you spinneret.
if you don't mind, i would like to try to go back to sleep.
i was dreaming about something important.

A.G.: You can't sleep now, John!
What about Jade????????

E.B.: oh god, i forgot!
poor jade... (sad face)
i hope she is alright.

A.G.: She's fine. I can see her right now!
but she will not be for long if you don't get her into your session.

E.B.: yeah, you're right.
i have to hurry and go save her!
see ya!

A.G.: Wait!!!!!!!
Where the hell do you think you're going to go? You don't even have your copy of the game yet!

E.B.: oh yeah...
duh, stupid stupid dumb.
do you know where i am supposed to get it?

A.G.: Easy! Just wait around for a few minutes.

E.B.: hmm...

ok?

A.G.: See, John? You need me to advance.
Even though you were going to do this stuff anyway, it turns out I am the reason you were going to
do it anyway in the first place!
Your timeline is my web, and suddenly you are all tangled up in it, wriggling and helpless.
Isn't that coooooooool????????

E.B.: meh.

so, you seem to like 8's a whole bunch, and i guess you are like, kind of spidery themed or
something?

A.G.: Yeah!
E.B.: haha, spiders are gross!
A.G.: Fuck you!!!!!!!

John: Wait around for a few minutes.

[Image description: John just stands there. After a few moments, the pyxis pops open, delivering a
copy of the server side CD. John smiles and an exclamation mark appears over his head.]

Next

[Image description: A scribbly John smiles and holds his hands up in celebration. A light breeze
carries the beta over and gently deposits it on his face.]

You got the server copy of the SBURB BETA!

Yeah!!!!!!!!
Next

[Jade's tower, which is still smoking from where her dreambot exploded on her bedroom, is perched on top of a mountain on a landscape made of gently sloping hills and smooth-sided mountains. Everything is shades of deep purple and blue. The sky behind the tower shows countless stars and a massive, purple moon marked with many craters. A frog temple without any spires sits among the hills. Bec sits on top of a hill, but quickly disappears in a green flash.]

Jade: Land already.

[Bec zaps into place on top of a different hill. He turns transparent, then quickly expands, bringing Jade's bed out onto the landscape. Jade bounces down on the bed and her squiddles and lunchtop land around her.]

Next

[Jade's eyes begin to close and she slowly topples over. A black speech bubble with a white Z in it appears over her as a green slime alert appears over her lunchtop.]

W.V.?: Survey casualties.

[W.V. stands in the middle of a river on the battlefield. The water is streaked with blood. The land around him is dotted with bleeding carapace corpses, both black and white. A cloud in the distance shows Dave in a red suit facing off against a winged basilisk near one of his gates.]

Everyone is dead.

Everyone except you.

Next

[W.V. looks down. The blood in the water swirls around him. Something shines under the water's surface.]

Your Rag of Souls begins to soak in the Blood of the Fallen. You suppose it could be poetic?

No, instead you think it is just sad.

You were very foolish to believe you could be a leader of men. Look at what bearing that flag has wrought.

Perhaps one day you will find something new to bear. A burden befitting of the peasant you truly are.

Oh my what's that shiny thing in the water.

John: Prepare for flight.

[John picks up the rocket board. An alert over his glasses shows Vriska's face. Two small objects, perhaps meteors, streak through the sky behind him.]

pesterlog
E.B.: jade is not answering!
are you sure she's ok?
A.G.: She's asleep!
She sure seems to sleep a lot. She sort of reminds me of my goober teammate.
He napped through most of the adventure, and was practically useless.
E.B.: oh...
you mean carcino geneticist?
A.G.: Hahahaha, no way! Karkat is so up tight, he hardly slept a wink over the whole 600 hour span of our quest.
He didn't even wake up on the moon until AFTER we won the game, hahahahahahahahaha.
What a loser.
E.B.: heheh. car cat. that is how i am saying that.
beep beep, meow!
i will have to remember to give him a hard time about that.
A.G.: John, you are pretty weird! I can see why you would piss him off so much.
E.B.: it is really not hard to do that.
A.G.: Tell me about it!
Speaking of telling me about things...
Why don't you tell me what you were just dreaming about that was so important, fellow Prospit dreamer????????
Prospit is the best. Derse is where all the rejects hang out. Am I right?
E.B.: i never even saw prospit.
aside from flaming bits and pieces of it i guess.
something happened, and it blew up, and dream jade died, and then i was wandering around this place that was like a chess board with a huge crater in it, with loads of dead black and white guys everywhere.
A.G.: Yes, I know all that! That place is the battlefield, which is where your dream self lives now. You will appear there any time you go to sleep.
Prospit dreamers are supposed to end up there eventually. If they're any good, that is. (smiley face with eight eyes)
but you got there so much sooner. Normally a dreamer's journey to the battlefield will not be so spectacularly sudden and violent. Meteoric, if you will!
E.B.: oh, huh.
A.G.: but you didn't answer my question! What was so important that you wanted to go back to sleep again for?
E.B.: my dad was there.
A.G.: What's that?
E.B.: um, you know...
my guardian?
A.G.: Oh, you mean the adult male human who lived in your hive?
E.B.: yes. if by hive you mean house.
A.G.: Haha, I was wondering about that. I was like, what the hell is this guy doing in this kid's hive? Where is his lusus? Is he an orphan contending with some sort of meddlesome grownup squatter????????
E.B.: um...
these observations are very alien of you.
but that's pretty cool i guess, seeing as you are an alien.
A.G.: Yes, I just chalked it up as generic alien weirdness and didn't think too much about it. Just another series of strange exhibits from an inferior civilization.
E.B.: the funny thing is, he is not even really my dad.
i mean, i was adopted by him, although we are not actually unrelated, i think.
he is the son of my grandmother, who isn't really my grandmother...
nanna is sort of like my biological mother, and my biological father would be jade's grandpa, sorta.
both of which i just created, with slime and stuff, and sent back in time as babies. so i guess, if anything, that makes my dad...
my half brother???
A.G.: (uncertain face with eight eyes)
E.B.: tell me about it!

Next

[Image description: John sits on top of the rocket board and flies over a forest of teal trees. A piece of the caution tape still hangs from one of the thrusters.]

pesterlog
A.G.: Wait! before you wander too far off course like a doofus, you need to know how to get to a return node!
So you can get back to your computer. Here, hang on, I am making you a map.
E.B.: but i know where i'm going!
terezi already made me a map.
A.G.: What!!!!!!!
E.B.: first she made a really crappy one, then a really nice one that works kind of like google. she started helping me after she tried to kill me.
A.G.: Ugh. She is still trying to one up me I see. Even preempting my awesome helpfulness! When did she do that? I mean from my perspective? Do you think she already did it, or hasn't done it yet?
E.B.: wow, how could i possibly know that!
A.G.: I don't know. Forget it.
I will show her though. I will show her the meaning of helpfulness.
I will help this little human nerd under the table. The very same table you dined at, while I waited on you prong and fucking nub.
E.B.: you mean like a candle light hate date?
E.B.: oh...
well then, thanks, i guess?
why do you want to be so helpful, anyway?
i mean, with her i got the sense she was being kind of jokestery about it, which is something i can understand.
but why bother helping, if we aren't going to win anyway?
A.G.: You won't win? Says who????????
E.B.: you guys.
it is practically all you ever say.
A.G.: Well, ok yes, you are screwed. And so are we.
but so what!
Just because you are going to fail doesn't mean it won't be any fun along the way!
by the looks of things, you have a very exciting 24 hours ahead of you.
It'll be one hell of a reckoning!

Next

[Image description: John flies towards the castle that looks like a massive pipe organ. Three salamanders, including Crumplehat, flail near the end of the path that leads to a broken bridge. A bronze giclops stands behind the building, holding John's Telescopic Sassacrusher.]

pesterlog
E.B.: that is nice to know.
A.G.: Yes, and besides. Continuing on this path and bringing Jade into the game I think you will agree is very important!
And not just because she is your friend and you would be kind of upset if she died.
Again.
E.B.: yes, i think i would be.
but why else?
A.G.: because you need to complete your prototyping chain!
Only when all players have entered with a prototyped kernel does the battlefield assume its final form.
That form prepares Skaia to grow the new universe you will create.
Or in this case, fail to create. but whatever!
That is no reason to deter you from completing worthwhile game objectives.
E.B.: we are supposed to create a universe?
A.G.: Yeah! You didn't realize that yet?
E.B.: no!
A.G.: boy. How clueless can you get.
E.B.: why are we supposed to do that?
A.G.: What a stupid question! It is the point of the game. It's what happens when you win, and winning is the only point of anything.
E.B.: oh. that's true, i guess.
A.G.: Anyway, you should be glad it's the point. And you should be glad your predecessors were not such a sad sack group of players like you guys.
Otherwise your universe would not exist, seeing as we created it by being incredible in every way.
E.B.: you did?
A.G.: Yep. You're welcome. (very happy face with eight eyes)
E.B.: hmm...
i don't know what to think about that.
A.G.: Not knowing what to think about things appears to be your specialty!
E.B.: hrrrrr oh man what a burn!
(j/k it was actually lame.)
A.G.: (tongue sticking out face with eight eyes)
E.B.: well to be honest, i never really believed any of your guys's doom and gloom nonsense.
ot because i think you are lying...
i just feel like there must still be a way to win!
A.G.: That's the spirit, John!
That is a winner's attitude, and there is always hope for someone who has that.
E.B.: yes, i agree.
also, there is always hope for someone who has good friends to count on!
A.G.: Pf.
Laaaaaaaame.

John: Return.

[Image description: John flies towards the gate at the edge of the broken bridge.]

Next

[Image description: Three imps- a cat harlequin with a sword through its chest, a winged harlequin, and a squid princess with a sword through its chest- stand in John's bedroom. His desk is overturned and his computer is scattered around the room. John appears in the center of his room and shouts.]

Next
IIIIMPS!

John: Dispatch these pests.

That is it.
EVERYBODY OUT.
You are DEAD SERIOUS.

John: Examine room.

Look at this mess.
Will you just LOOK at this slightly bigger mess than usual.

John: Examine computer.

They chucked it out the window. Little oily bastards. You'll have to get your hands on a new one somehow.

John: Examine Posters.

This is just insult to injury. You almost want to cry.

Next

Just look at that face.
A sad face. A forlorn face.

Vriska: What's his deal????????

pesterlog
A.G.: John, why are you standing around wasting time????????
E.B.: um, i don't know. you can see my future, can't you?
how much time am i wasting?
A.G.: Enough to make me wonder what the hell your deal is!
E.B.: then i would venture to guess i am wasting time because you chose to pester me just now!
Stop sounding smarter than me. It is unbecoming of someone so inferior.
E.B.: i mean, i was just pausing for a moment...
to look at my trashed movie posters.
they bring back memories, of a life that i guess is long gone now.
but you probably know what that is all about.
A.G.: Yeah, I know.
E.B.: it wasn't even that long ago, but it already seems like forever since i was on earth!
it was a pretty nice place, i bet you would have liked it.
A.G.: It seems a little too sunny for my liking.
E.B.: well, what about you? do you miss your planet, and your parents and such?
A.G.: The life I left behind wasn't so hot, to be honest.
E.B.: oh. that's too bad.
A.G.: Why don't we we not talk about that!
What are these movies, anyway? They look just awful.
E.B.: but you see, that is where you are wrong. these films are the finest earth has to offer!
A.G.: Are they about clowns?
E.B.: no, no. i drew those clowns in my sleep, for some reason.
A.G.: (blank face with eight eyes)
E.B.: this one here is so great. it is about this street tough renegade who did hard time behind bars,
and wants nothing more in the world than to reunite with his loving wife and daughter. but not so
fast! he has to go on crazy and dangerous escapades through the sky with a motley assortment of
rogues led by john malkovich, who is wise to cage's heroic nature and pure heart. they tether a
grumpy police man's awesome car to the plane and smash it, and then later they crash into some
casinos. cage gets out of the wreckage and hugs his family, and i usually tear up a little.
that is my working troll title for the movie, i hope it was ok.
A.G.: John, even though your title is quite amusing and probably kind of cute, that movie sounds
hilariously bad!
E.B.: yeah, well you are hilariously WRONG!
here, hang on, i will show you.
http://tinyurl.com/ hullo hummin burr

[Note: This link redirects to the 'How Do I Live' scene from the end of the movie where Cage gives
the bunny to his daughter.]

E.B.: oh, but you will probably have to use your troll thingy to rewind time or whatever, to before
the earth internet blew up so you can watch it.
A.G.: Is this like the Earth equivalent of Gratitude or something?
E.B.: i guess??
A.G.: Man. I am not watching this shitty video. It looks so bad!
E.B.: ok, suit yourself.
but there it is, in case you are ever hankering after some incredible movie magic.
A.G.: Ok, I will be sure bookmark it and label it "dumb kid's retarded nonsense."
E.B.: ok, good idea.
A.G.: by the way! Why aren't you using your computer glasses to talk suddenly????????
This device seems less efficient, and doesn't look as cool!

Next

[Image description: It shows the PDA screen. John's chat with Vriska is open on top of the Serious
grayslacks66 - ??:??
p.s. @ff: condolences on tragic losses to family, professional attire.

grayslacks66 - ??:??
@ff: hat status?

fedorafreak - ??:??
commencing search through rubble for steam press, loved ones.

fedorafreak - ??:??
wardrobe largely incinerated. family deceased, remaining garments heavily wrinkled.]

pesterlog
E.B.: oh, the goggles are cool and all, but they kind of restrict my vision stupidly when i'm using them!
i should remember to make a new hands-free device, that is less obtrusive.
maybe after i make a new computer so i can install this game.
A.G.: How will you duplicate it? Isn't it smashed out there on your lawnring?
E.B.: yeah, but i can use one of my old previously punched cards.
A.G.: Oh. great.
Uh.......
John?
E.B.: what?
A.G.: Ok, I will slide you a break because clearly your block was just ransacked.
but maybe you want to put that away? Somewhere discreet, where you usually keep it?
There is at least one girl spying on you right now, you know.
E.B.: put what away? what are you talking about?
A.G.: Your pail is showing, stupid!!!!!!!

Next

[Image description: Several trollian windows are open on Vriska's screen. A point about halfway up John's timeline shows two different view screens. One has John standing on the rocket board and shouting. The other shows him standing near the bucket with his PDA in his hand.]

pesterlog
E.B.: my pail?
you mean this bucket here?
A.G.: Yes! Come on, will you take a hint and show some decorum?????????
E.B.: umm...
i'm really not following. what do you have against buckets?
A.G.: Man! Nothing, really. It's just........
Ok, maybe humans don't really have any sense of shame over this sort of thing?
E.B.: shame over what?
it's just a bucket! you know, for putting soapy water in and cleaning stuff with.
why, what do trolls use them for?
A.G.: Oh.
Haha, yeah, of course!
That's what I was talking about. Your cleaning bucket.
In troll culture we consider cleaning products to be really indecent or something!
I am blushing furiously about it right now. Please try to be sensitive to my cultural ways and
understandings.
E.B.: wow... uh. that is definitely pretty odd.
but ok, i'm sorry you saw my bucket. i will just chuck it out the window i guess.
A.G.: Thank you, John. That is very gentlemanly of you.
Now will you quit shitting around and get on with it!!!!!!! God.
E.B.: well i was GOING to but you started babbling at me!
jeez, spinneret.
A.G.: That isn't my real name, you dope!
E.B.: ok, then what is it!
A.G.: I ain't telling you that!
A.G.: It's a sekret. (smiley face with eight eyes, one of which is winking)
E.B.: *ROLLS EYES*
all eight gross spidery eyes!
oops i mean exclamation mark times eight.
A.G.: You don't even need to say that. I can see you rolling your eyes, remember?
E.B.: oh yeah.

[Image description: The bucket falls down into the dark clouds hiding the Land of Wind and Shade from view.]

John: Exit to balcony.

[Image description: John stands out on the balcony. Several imps and stacks of cookies sit on or next to the alchemiter, which has several new attachments.]

What a surprise, more lousy imps having their way with the place. You wonder where nanna could be. Someone needs to get this motley assortment of rogues under control.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. There are eight imps, two flailing salamanders, and countless cookies and black smears on the alchemiter and balcony.]

Now what in the hell is going on over there??

Next

[Image description: One of the imps holds a broom.]

Oh no, more embarrassing cleaning apparatus. You've got to hide it before Sekret Spinneret or whatever her name is sees it and gets upset.

John: Assail rogue.

[Image description: John kicks that imp in the face, booting the broom from its hands.]

Get that shit outta here!!!

Next

[Image description: The imp and broom fall down off the edge of the cliff.]

Being culturally sensitive is really hard work.

John: Look up.
It looks like someone's server player has been busy.

John: Pester someone's server player.

E.B.: hey rose!
T.T.: Hi.
E.B.: how are you doing? i don't even remember the last time we talked.
i have been so busy.
and it looks like you have been too.
i mean, holy shit!
my house is HUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUGE!
T.T.: Actually, building up your house has been one of the more trivial ways I've passed the time.
Great swaths of the structure may be copied and pasted with little architectural consideration.
I've only bothered to do so while in contemplation.
It's relaxing.
E.B.: oh.
well, it must have cost a fortune!
T.T.: We have a lot of grist.
E.B.: how much?
T.T.: I don't recall any hard figures off hand.
Last I checked, more than a million units of several different types.
Torrented between the three of us.
E.B.: torrented?
T.T.: Shared, through an application.
I unlocked the disc from your registry, and deployed it.
I convinced your nanna to install it on your computer.
Before an imp threw it out the window, that is.
E.B.: you got her to do that? but she's an old lady! also, a ghost.
T.T.: My methods of persuasion have been improving.
E.B.: also, she is really tricky, and plays lots of pranks.
did she try to prank you?
T.T.: No.
E.B.: huh.
i guess you enjoyed the prankster's gambit on that exchange then.
T.T.: (question mark)
E.B.: oh yeah...
what's up with the alchemiter?
it looks weird.
E.B.: did you get nanna to do that too?
T.T.: No, your consorts were utilized for that.
E.B.: the salamanders??
T.T.: Yes. They seem eager to receive simple instruction.
I'm guessing they find their way back to your house to allow the client player to remain productive
while the server player is away.
E.B.: they aren't very smart...
T.T.: No, they aren't.
E.B.: I'm surprised they even understand what to do.
T.T.: Like I said.
Coercion hasn't been much of a problem.
E.B.: yeah...
uh...
what exactly does that mean?
what have you been doing this whole time???
T.T.: Why don't you tell me what you've been up to first?
I've been curious, but too preoccupied to inquire.
E.B.: well,
i have been talking to a lot of trolls, for one thing.
they sure are a talkative bunch!
T.T.: I've noticed.
E.B.: and then i cloned some slime babies in the veil.
T.T.: Did you?
E.B.: yes. um...
ok, long story short is, jade is my slime clone sister, and dave is your slime clone brother, and we
were all born today!
T.T.: Yes.
E.B.: yes?
T.T.: I figured that out.
E.B.: oh.
T.T.: Anything else?
E.B.: umm...
then i fell asleep, and woke up on the battlefield.
oh!
rose, i am fairly sure i saw your mom!
T.T.: You did?
Are you sure it was her?
E.B.: well, it was a nice and proper looking lady, with a pink scarf, so...
i dunno, who else would that be!
T.T.: That was likely her.
How was she?
E.B.: fine, i guess...
she was with my dad.
T.T.: That's interesting.
E.B.: yeah!
T.T.: Did she seem happy?
E.B.: happy?
wow, i dunno.
i don't really know her well enough to say, i guess?
plus, i was a little distracted.
maybe i will find out next time i go to sleep.
T.T.: Fair enough.
E.B.: now stop being so spookily mysterious and tell me what you've been doing!
E.B.: investigating what?
T.T.: Everything there is to investigate.
Information hidden in the lore of our lands, concealed in ruins and riddles.
I'm looking for whatever there is to discover about the game, and more importantly, whatever exceeds its boundaries.
The cloaked traces of myth beyond its scope.
E.B.: its scope?

oh, rose, did you know that we are supposed to be creating a universe with this game?
T.T.: Yes.
E.B.: i think that's pretty neat!
T.T.: It is, in principle.
But it won't happen.
E.B.: so you believe the trolls then?
T.T.: It's not a matter of believing them. The writing is on the wall. Literally.
E.B.: it is?
T.T.: This session was never meant to bear fruit.
It's barren, so to speak.
E.B.: that's a bit of a bummer!
i am still skeptical about that, though.
T.T.: That's why you're our leader, John.
E.B.: huh?
T.T.: Optimism through stalwart skepticism is a defect not everyone is lucky enough to be cursed with.
E.B.: that's stupid.
i'm not your leader, i am your FRIEND, there is a BIG difference!
T.T.: Statements like that are also why you're our leader.
E.B.: pff.
laaaaaaame.
T.T.: Yes, kind of.
E.B.: so, if you're sure that we are going to fail... what is the point of everything we're doing?
T.T.: Simple. The objective is no longer to win.
E.B.: um...
i mean, what are we actually shooting for here?
T.T.: To do as much damage to the game as possible. To rip its stitches and pry answers from the seams. We will snatch purpose from the jaws of futility. Are you ready to wreak some havoc, John?
E.B.: i suddenly don't understand anything.

Next

[Image description: A pink turtle looks upwards somewhere on the Land of Light and Rain. A bead of sweat rolls down its forehead.]

Next

[Image description: The turtle trembles. Rose walks past it on a white beach. Her dress is an ankle length black shift with a tattered hem and a white squid on the chest. She has a bright pink, long sleeve shirt on underneath it, a matching sash tied around her waist, and matching sneakers. She looks to be deep in thought.]

Next
Salamancer.

Wand, please.

Next

[Image description: Casey stands behind her, near the nervous turtle. She's wearing a black robe with Rose's purple and grey scarf tied around her neck. Rose now holds a wand with grey spirals down the shaft and a mustachioed skull on the handle.]

Thank you, Viceroy.

It's way more dramatic relying on a familiar than a boring old sylladex.

Next

[Image description: An island sticks out of the sea. On it is a massive pink structure that looks somewhat like an Egyptian temple. It is made of large pink bricks tightly fitted together with many steep, nearly pyramidal structures topped by carved pink turtle shells. There are many archways in the buildings and straight pillars topped by long lintels. The largest tower has a massive shell on top. Turtle consorts stand on the sand around the edges of the structure and in a small, courtyard like area on the building itself.]

Rose: Investigate.

[Image description: Rose lifts her wand. The background goes white and her outline becomes jagged, like the light is eating away at her.]

Next

[Image description: She points her wand towards the building. Her hand and wand glow pink for a moment, then an explosion of some sort happens underneath the island. The building cracks and the turtles are all flung into the sea.]

Next

[Image description: The nervous turtle shakes harder as debris and other turtles fly past him.]

Next

[Image description: Rose grins and Casey stares at her blankly. Her hubtopband appears on her head and a jade virgo alert appears next to her. Rose looks annoyed.]

Rose: Answer.

[Image description: Rose points her wand back towards the island, which shakes violently. The alert hovers near the bottom of the screen.]

pesterlog

G.A.: Okay This Will Probably Strike You As An Odd Moment For Me To Mention This But Actually There Are Not Many Moments I've Observed On Your Timeline Which Wouldn't Qualify As Odd
And Somehow
Your Idle Moments Seem To Invite Interruption The Least
And This Is A Difficult Topic For Me To Broach
For Reasons That You Probably Won't Understand
T.T.: You're rambling again, Kanaya.
G.A.: Okay Sorry
I've Just Been Meaning To Say
That I Read Your Instructional Guide

Rose: Be the troll girl.

[Image description: Kanaya stands in the computer room on the meteor. A fiduspawn plush and cards sit behind and to her left. A pile of Gamzee's horns is to her right. Sollux stands near some computer parts behind her and Nepeta pokes on screen in the bottom left corner.]

You are suddenly the troll girl.

In a different game session.

In the past.

Kanaya: Confer with leader.

[Image description: The screen splits. In the top section, Karkat sits at his computer. Sollux sits on his left. In the lower section, Kanaya sits at hers with Vriska to her right and Tavros to her left. They each have the others alert next to their computer.]

pesterlog
grimAuxiliatrix [G.A.] began trolling carcinoGeneticist [C.G.]

G.A.: your speech was really
emotional
C.G.: ok I definitely don't need you busting my bulge about the speech now.
I've taken enough shit. I got a little worked up ok?
and if you have something to say, why don't you come say it to my face.
I'm fed up with these back door nookbiting shenanigans.
G.A.: I don't mean to critique your speech
I just wanted to ask you something in confidence
about the humans
C.G.: ok, what is it?
G.A.: are you sure they're responsible for our misfortune
C.G.: yes. There is no doubt about it.
G.A.: was it on account of malice or incompetence
C.G.: I don't know. Maybe both?
why does it matter.
G.A.: it sort of does
im not even that sure why
this is a difficult topic for me to broach
for reasons that you probably won't understand
C.G.: god dammit.
no more mysteries, please.
you'd think we'd had our fill of them by now.
if I have to solve one more riddle, I'm going to...
I don't know.
G.A.: will your response involve an athletic maneuver of some sort
C.G.: no
absolutely not.
I will just go over there and weep gently in the horn pile.
seriously, what is this about?
G.A.: um
C.G.: what I can tell you is
they are all ludicrously incompetent.
soft, pink fragile things who do nothing but waste time.
they don't even have horns!
G.A.: what
really
C.G.: yeah, I was like, whoa did they get filed down or something
but no it turns out that's just how they are.
G.A.: weird
C.G.: they're a miserable pointless crop of lifeforms from a meaningless boring pustule of a planet.
it's infuriating they were somehow allowed to have any influence over us.
G.A.: it is pretty disheartening
but
you are absolutely sure they are all failures
and that they have no chance of succeeding
C.G.: yep.
it's all right here.
G.A.: im not sure which depresses me more
the sabotage of our session or the futility of theirs
C.G.: what are you talking about.
you're being really weird about this.
G.A.: well I havent asked what I wanted to ask
C.G.: then ask!!!
G.A.: its about tentacletherapist
C.G.: yeah. That's the rose human.
she's apparently pretty sarcastic.
it's in my notes.
G.A.: you have notes on them
C.G.: yes.
G.A.: I guess
thats why youre our leader karkat
C.G.: no, I'm your leader because of my incredible tactical skills and my ability to mobilize and
motivate a bunch of useless people toward a common goal, and because I'm extremely ambitious
and intrepid. Also because leadership is in my blood. We've been over this.
G.A.: statements like that are also whyoure our leader
C.G.: ok, I'll accept that.
G.A.: have you talked to her
C.G.: who
G.A.: the rose human
also
do we really have to say things like the rose human
C.G.: of course we do.
it sounds suitably disdainful.
I mean, if a bunch of aliens started hassling you, you would expect them to act really high and
mighty, and superior in every way, right?.
which we are, of course.
G.A.: uh okay
C.G.: and no, I haven't talked to her.
I will probably steer clear of her for the most part.
I have my sights set on the john human, and probably also the jade human, she's a huge culprit too.
G.A.: it just feels really silly when we say things like the john human in confidence amongst ourselves
C.G.: we have to commit to this. Stay in character, you know?
remember the speech.
G.A.: the speech has become emblazoned on my think pan virtually ensconced in the fold of my personal mythology
C.G.: did you want to troll her? Are you volunteering?
because that would be great, I'd really appreciate that.
G.A.: I dont know
im not sure if ive got it in me right now
C.G.: come on. You'll be great at it.
please just do this one thing for me. We've got to stay coordinated on this.
too many of these fucks are going rogue.
like what are we even doing.
G.A.: fine
C.G.: great! Thanks kanaya.
I'll expect a full report soon.
G.A.: a report about what
C.G.: like
how hassled you got her to be
but less stupid sounding than that.
G.A.: is there a metric for that concept
C.G.: no
well there could be
we can gauge your results with the "flighty broads and their snarky horseshitometer".
G.A.: that seems just as disparaging to me as it is to her
C.G.: yeah well
use it as motivation
I gotta get cracking here, later.

Kanaya: Troll the Rose human.

[Image description: A trollian window shows a dot just over halfway up Rose's timeline. A chat window is open showing the tail end of the conversation between Kanaya and John, who was pretending to be Rose. A meter down at the bottom has a jade virgo symbol on one side and a purple squid on the other. From the center point, it is filled about a quarter of the distance to Rose's side of the Flighty Broads and Their Snarky Horseshitometer.]

You begin trolling the Rose human, even though you aren't really feeling this at all.

You can't seem to figure out how to get the viewport feature to work. You muddle through the First Conversation blind.

[Note; 'First Conversation' is a link to John: Answer troll, where he spoke with Kanaya while pretending to be Rose.]

She does not prove to be the intellectual adversary you anticipated. But this is no longer all that surprising, now knowing the true fate of her team.
Nethertheless, you manage to find yourself vehemently fondling the short end of the antagonism stick. The Flighty Broads and Their Snarky Horseshitometer ticks a few notches in her favor. Your aggravation and curiosity are simultaneously piqued. You wish you could get a look at her.

Kanaya: Open viewport.

[Image description: an F1 key flies through the air and bonks down on Sollux's head. A second image shows Kanaya standing behind him as he types on her computer. A third shows the trollian screen. Now a viewscreen is open, showing Rose and Casey standing in Rose's bedroom. The Snarky Horseshitometer shifts towards Kanaya's end.]

There she is.

How underwhelming. No horns. Skin as white as a ghost! You wonder how she manages to look in a mirror without falling asleep.

You resume your stance of alien complacency. The Snarky Horseshitometer ticks back in your favor.

Kanaya: Keep viewing.

[Image description: Rose and Casey stand near Rose's door. The meow code is written on the wall. The Snarky Horseshitometer moves further to Kanaya's end.]

You continue to spy on the Rose human. What's that nonsense she wrote on her walls? What did she do to her totem lathe?? Idiot.

Next

[Image description: The bucket John placed over the door falls on Rose's head and Casey flails. The Snarky Horseshitometer shifts all the way to Kanaya's end and a prankster's gambit bar ticks up once.]

OH DEAR GOD.

Next

[Image description: Kanaya stares at her screen in abject horror. Buckets hover in the background behind her, all rapidly flipping from side to side. The Snarky Horseshitometer goes so hard to Kanaya's end that it begins to spark.]

The exhibit of depravity maxes out your side of the Horseshitometer.

You had this girl wrong all along. She is an utter buffoon.

Next

[Image description: Kanaya looks over her shoulder with a worried expression on her face. Gamzee stares off into the distance with half closed eyes and a dopey smile. Kanaya covers the part of her screen showing the bucket with her hand. The Snarky Horseshitometer goes towards Rose.]

You hope nobody caught you looking at that.

The horseshitometer swings back to her side, as she has inadvertently caused you to flush with the shame of one thousand cocoon-wetting children.
You win this round, Lalonde.

Kanaya: View the past.

[Image description: The viewscreen opens to an earlier point on the timeline, back when a young lady stood in her bedroom. Due to a violent storm, her house had just lost power, along with her wireless internet connection. This had severed her link to a popular video game she was playing with a young man at a critical moment.]

You need to put some distance between yourself and that egregious display.

These look like simpler times. Probably better to mess with her earlier on the timeline rather than later.

Next

[Image description: A screen shows an empty text box over Rose's head, waiting for a name to be entered.]

Hmm.

Kanaya: Enter name.

[Image description: The name fills in. Flighty Broad. Rose scowls and the Snarky Horseshitometer ticks back to Kanaya's side.]

Why Ms. Lalonde. It does appear you have once again fallen out of favor with the Flighty Broads and Their Snarky Horseshitometer.

Your move, Therapist.

Next

[Image description: Kanaya stares blankly at her computer screen, leaning her cheek on her hand.]

This is boring. Where's the challenge in teasing a mentally retarded alien girl? Her stupid walkthrough was probably plagiarized from another more advanced civilization or something.

Maybe bothering her friends will be more interesting.

Kanaya: Troll the John human.

[Image description: John sits at his computer. He is wearing the long sleeved, grey spade shirt. There are pumpkin seeds and two slime shirts- one green and one blue- on his desk. On the floor next to him are a grey box and a roll of blue wrapping paper. Outside the window, snow is falling. A jade virgo alert hovers over his computer and a nearly full prankster's gambit bar sits at the bottom of the screen.]

pesterlog
grimAuxiliatrix [G.A.] began trolling ghostyTrickster [G.T.]

G.A.: Hello
G.T.: hi...?
G.A.: Allow Me To Make This Simple
I Am A Troll From Another Universe Using A Chat Client Utility Which Is Capable Of Contacting You And Your Friends At Any Point Of Your Lives Which I Choose Up To And Including The
Moment Of Your Own Incompetence Fueled Self Destruction
Im Looking For Evidence Of Intelligence In Your Species
A Reason
Any Reason At All Really
To Justify Wasting The Few Precious Remaining Moments Of My Life On You
It Has Fallen On Your Shoulders To Supply Me With That Reason John Human
Go
G.T.: ha ha, what?
G.A.: What Indeed
I Was Just Leaving
G.T.: so you're a time traveler?
G.A.: No
We Dont Actually Travel Through
Uh
Well
Not All Of Us Do
One Of Us Does Though
Thats Not What We Are Talking About Here And Is Aside From The Point
G.T.: so let me see if i have this straight...
you are a time traveling space alien from the future, sent here to study humans?
G.A.: No
G.T.: are you from mars? is it a mission of peace?
G.A.: No John You Werent Listening
G.T.: what does your time machine look like? a phone booth? phone booths are a popular thing for
some reason.
G.A.: Damn It
G.T.: were you lured to earth by a huge gyroscopey thing that jodie foster piloted in contact, while
matthew mcconaughey sort of acted as her spiritual guide i guess...
G.A.: What The Hell
G.T.: and then he kind of preached to her about having faith instead of believing in the sciences so
hard all the time, and i guess in the end she believed him, maybe?
actually, im not even sure what the point of mcconaughey was in that movie. but he was still
awesome.
and then jodie found her dad on an alien planet... but i think he was a ghost or something? or
maybe an alien in disguise.
and then she went home and nobody believed her, but you just KNOW mcconaughey believed her.
because he had all the faith. and i mean ALL OF IT.
anyway, does that have any applicability to your cosmic interstellar astrojourney?
G.A.: Okay Youre Even Dumber Than The Rose Human Thats Incredible Really
G.T.: pff, i know i'm dumber than rose, that is not much of a burn, dude!
G.A.: Im A Girl Not A Boy
G.T.: oh, sorry.
G.T.: i don't know why i thought you were.
G.A.: It Happens
G.T.: were you trolling rose too?
TIME TRAVEL TROLLING???
G.A.: Yes As A Matter Of Fact
G.T.: oh boy, let me go put on my quantum space hat, and extra terrestrial adventure boots, and
you can tell me all about it.
G.A.: If You Werent So Stupid Id Suspect You Were Being Insincere For The Benefit Of Your
Amusement
G.T.: ha ha ha. i don't follow!
G.A.: I Just Spoke To Her In The Future
Shes An Imbecile And Conveying How Much I Dislike Her At This Point Presents An
Overwhelming Gauntlet Of Personal Expression
G.A.: But Regardless She Said To Paste Something From Our Conversation
G.A.: To Get You To Understand Whats Going On
G.A.: I Have Strong Doubts It Will Be Effective But Here Goes
G.A.: G.A.: I Should Figure Out How The Viewport Feature Of This Application Works
G.A.: G.A.: So I Can See What Such A Primitive Creature Looks Like
G.A.: T.T.: you look kind of like...
G.A.: T.T.: even though, to be perfectly frank, he was kind of a big monster.
G.A.: T.T.: because he was a big goofy adult.
G.A.: T.T.: and fred savage was like his child prankster sidekick.
G.A.: G.A.: Is This An Adversary You Have Encountered On Your Quest
G.A.: T.T.: you should ask john about it, because he thinks it's awesome, which it is.
G.T.: hahaha! oh man, you blew it!
now i know for sure you're trolling me. rose hates that movie.
G.A.: Are You Suggesting
I Was Being Trolled
That It Was A Charade Meant To Make Me Look Foolish
G.T.: possibly! i know that sure didn't sound like her.
but i think it's more likely that you made it all up cause you know i like that movie.
so i tip my cap to you, well played miss troll!
G.A.: Now Im Wondering If You Might Be Trolling Me As Well
G.T.: ok well, just between you and me...
SOMEONE here is getting trolled.
and it just might be all three of us.
G.A.: Okay
G.T.: but you shoulda told me you liked little monsters!
we could jam about that. what was your favorite part?
G.A.: Suspicions Pitching Once Again Toward The Conclusion That You Are Just Very Stupid
G.T.: i really want to get a little monsters poster, but they're hard to find!
I asked my dad for one for christmas. fingers crossed!
G.A.: Im Guessing Thats The Human Equivalent Of 12th Perigees Eve
Will Your Adult Human Custodian Forage For Leavings As Ours Do
G.T.: yup, that sure keeps sounding alien of you.
keep up the good work!
listen, i'm kind of busy, i have to wrap this present and mail it in a hurry.
so i'm going to block you!
but i might unblock you again soon, because you're kinda cool.
G.A.: Your Blocks Mean Nothing But Dont Worry You Wont Hear From Me Again
G.T.: yeah well...
you might just hear from me!
also, you should give rose another chance.
she is really great! whatever she did, she was probably just pulling her mind games on you, it's all
in fun.
there is more to her than that, you'll see.
bye!
ghostyTrickster [G.T.] blocked grimAuxiliatrix [G.A.]
AUGH. Stupid trolls.

Looks like this package is going to be late.

Next

The conversations with the other two humans didn't go that well either.

Must be something about the human intellect, and a specific posture it assumes. Particularly when a certain subject is broached.

Next

And yet...

Your curiosity. It remains piqued.

How maddening.

Next

Earth is surprisingly pretty.

It seems very...

Bright.

Next

Ok, you will have to admit that is a nice outfit. Humans get points for fashion too.

You begrudgingly concede a single Snarktick to the stylish human and her loyal snowlusus.

Kanaya: Troll Rose human again.

You will now have to admit that is a nice outfit. Humans get points for fashion too.
desk, which has the blue box, the knitting bag, and her laptop on it. There is a jade virgo alert over her laptop.]

In a little while, she is back in her hive.

You prepare an ambush. This time, the fashionable, hand-crafted gloves are coming off.

Next

[Image description: Rose smirks at her computer screen. The Snarky Horseshitometer flicks back and forth between Kanaya and Rose.]

You proceed to have your Second Conversation.

[Note: Second Conversation is a link to Rose: Answer, where Kanaya spoke at length about the subject of temporal mechanics and sparing human intellects.]

You feel pretty good about your effort. It was a measured balance of barbs and condescension. Your leader will be pleased with the report.

And yet...

It seems the John human was right. This is not the same Rose human you dealt with before. She has been toying with you all along. Oh, the curiosity. How it persists. The maddening, maddening curiosity.

Your arbitrating gauge decides on a draw. Snark reaped and sown in equal distribution.

This is far from over.

Kanaya: Explore this human emotion called friendship.

[Image description: The timelines window shows a point farther up Rose's timeline selected. The viewscreen shows her blasting a monster of some sort near her house. She is wearing the purple Velvet Squiddleknit dress and her hubtopband. The Snarky Horseshitometer moves about a third of the way to Rose's end.]

You can only assume this is a somewhat typical way for human relationships to blossom. It seems friendship for some humans is a basic aggregation of shallow and insincere hostilities. Human friendship sure is complicated.

You skip ahead to a point on her timeline when you suspect friendship may plausibly have been established already. You have your Third Conversation. It does not go as well as you'd hoped.

[Note: Third Conversation is a link to Rose: Get trolled by GA, where Kanaya inquired as to the state of their possible friendship and Rose brushed her off because she was busy blasting monsters.]

Rose takes the lead.

Next

[Image description: Four points on Rose's timeline are highlighted, but they are so close together that their dots are stacked. One shows Rose blasting the monster, another shows her riding on one's back, and the third shows her looking upwards. The fourth viewscreen is hidden behind the others. A second image shows Kanaya staring sadly down at the Snarky Horseshitometer, which is pushed
so far in Rose's direction that it sparks.]

Your Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Conversations don't fare much better. This friendship is stalling fast. What are you doing wrong?

[Note: Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Conversations are underlined, like they would be links, but they aren't linked.]

You are now getting your ass handed to you on a silver nutrition plateau. You are in serious need of a ploy to turn the tables in this duel of snarky one-upsmanship.

Some advice couldn't hurt, you suppose.

Kanaya: Troll the Dave human.

[Image description: A point on Dave's timeline just below the four Rose points opens a viewscreen. Dave sits at his computer, which has a Rose alert and a jade virgo alert over it. The toilet sits behind him.]

You decide to Seek Counsel from the Rose human's dark spectacled friend.

[Note: Seek Counsel is a link to Dave: Answer troll, where Dave told Kanaya to do "all sorts of machiavellian bullshit" to win Rose over.]

You believe you understand how to proceed.

Kanaya: Have seventh conversation.

[Image description: The other Rose points on the timeline close and one from a little while earlier opens, showing Rose sitting on the back of the ogre she knocked unconscious. A second image shows the screen split between Kanaya on the left and Rose on the right. Both look amused by the conversation. The Snarky Horseshitometer at the top of the screen pushes a long way towards Kanaya's end.]

You put into motion a cunning plan in your Seventh Conversation, in which you have attached a Mission Critical Text Document.

[Note: Seventh Conversation is a link to Rose: Answer Troll, where Kanaya attempted to enact Dave's advice. Mission Critical Text Document is a link to a document containing a transcript of the conversation Kanaya had with John while he was pretending to be Rose, albeit with a few tactical omissions, side comments, and small additions from Kanaya.]


G.A.: Im Supposed To Antagonize A Few Members Of Your Trivial Species
I Have To Start Somewhere
And Somewhen
So I Am Starting With You
And Now
Its Going To Be Pointless And Unpleasant
Mostly For Me
[Tactical Omission]
[Tactical Omission]
[Tactical Omission]

T.T.: she's not here right now, she's asleep!
but ok, see you.

And Then I Proceed To Make This Brainless Remark To Complement My Many Others
Or Do I

G.A.: Is This
Your Human Sarcasm That I've Heard About
That You Always Use
And That Is Basically A Terrible Way To Communicate
T.T.: umm... no?
G.A.: I Thought That Was The Thing You Did
The Rose Human Specifically
T.T.: oh, yeah.
that's me! i am the rose human. look at me, i am so smart with all these snooty words and
complicated things to say.
i am the queen of books.
I Am Also Infuriatingly Aloof
And Difficult To Engage With
When Maybe All The Other Person Wants To Do Is Maybe To Try To Be My Friend
Has That Ever Occurred To Me
Probably Not
G.A.: Okay These Are Definitely Insincere Statements
Why Do You Work So Hard At Being So Awful
T.T.: fffuuuhhhhhhh
i'm so burned, these burns are crazy.
can we just cut to the chase and be friends already??
these cat and mouse games are so dumb, you know we're just going to all be friends at some point
anyway.
G.A.: Have We Spoken Before
T.T.: i don't know, uh, maybe???
it's hard to keep track with all your time nonsense.
Am I Being Sincere Here
In Retrospect It Will Probably Seem Unlikely To My current Conversational Partner
G.A.: Now That I Think About It It Is Pretty Conceivable That I Will Talk To You Again In The
Past After This Conversation
T.T.: that's because you guys always do things the hard way.
and the dumb way.
G.A.: I Should Figure Out How The Viewport Feature Of This Application Works
So I Can See What Such A Primitive Creature Looks Like
T.T.: haha, well i know what you guys look like.
you look kind of like...
howie mandel from little monsters.
even though, to be perfectly frank, he was kind of a big monster.
because he was a big goofy adult.
and fred savage was like his child prankster sidekick.
Why Would I Even Be Saying Things Like This
Of Course
I Have Been So Foolish
It Is Because I Am Trolling You
I Wonder Where I Could Have Possibly Gotten The Idea To Do That In The First Place
Whoops There Goes My Human Sarcasm Again
It Is Like A Regrettable Bodily Function
G.A.: Is This An Adversary You Have Encountered On Your Quest
T.T.: no, it's a movie.
you should ask john about it, because he thinks it's awesome, which it is.
G.A.: It Seems [Tactical Omission]
[Tactical Omission]
[Tactical Omission]
T.T.: yeah, i got him this really cool bunny for his birthday, and it's really nicely knitted and everything.
because i am basically in love with him, you are right.
It Is At This Point I Admit To Flushed Longings For The Ignoramus Who Likes Terrible Films
I Am Doing This Only To Bother You
I Openly Acknowledge This Here Specifically To Improve The Chances That We Will Develop A
More Favorable Relationship In The Future
G.A.: [Tactical Omission]
I Think Ill Talk To Someone Else Now
T.T.: why don't you talk to john?
G.A.: Maybe
When Along His Timeline Would You Recommend Communicating With Him
T.T.: oh man, i don't know.
why don't you pick the time that will make the most complicated mess out of everything imaginable?
you know that's what you're gonna do anyway.
I Said Smugly
G.A.: [Tactical Omission]
[Tactical Omission]
[Tactical Omission]
[Tactical Omission]
Im Going To Talk To Your Comrades
This John Human
And Figure Out Whats Going On
T.T.: ok.
if you talk to him in the past...
he'll understand even less buggywhipped fuckall about time, and he'll be confused.
so maybe paste something from this conversation to him? i don't know.
and if you talk to him in the future...
he'll probably know all this stuff, like things you've said to him but haven't said yet!
and then you'll be confused.
sorry, that's just how this works.
don't say i didn't warn you!
Until Next Time Rose
[Tactical Omission]
T.T.: yeah, bye!
(heheheheheheh)
The Last Thing I Said There Definitely Doesn't Make Any Sense Especially Given The Context I
Now Have For Authoring The Remark
I Feel Really Stupid For Having Typed It Along With Many Other Things I Just Typed


Lalonde has finally been outmaneuvered. The horseshitometer is lopsided in your favor. And most
delightfully of all, this fiendish ploy has ensured that all previous snarkticks against you have been
rendered completely irrelevant. It turns out they were just a consequence of your future design all along.

You cannot hope to beat Kanaya Maryam in a snark-off. She is simply the best there is.

(heheheheheheh)

Kanaya: Hop to 8=8.

[Image description: Kanaya clicks on Rose's timeline and drags the point up. A viewscreen flips through several screens. Rose blasts a monster. Rose rides on one's back. Rose stares up. Rose stands on a platform looking out into the sea while surrounded by creatures. Finally, she stops at a point where Rose holds her wands up and out while purple magic swirls around her.]

You scan her timeline for the right moment to sync up both your sides of the dialogue. Ideally she will have long since discarded her train of thought.

You will finally reap the spoils of all your careful subterfuge. You will reap them good.

Next

[Image description: It focuses in on the image of Rose with purple magic swirling around her. A second image shows what she's blasting. It's one of her gates.]

Uh...

Next

[Image description: The gate, which is the first one floating just above Rose's house, explodes, taking part of the roof with it. The sky darkens from blue to purple. The Snarky Horseshitometer flicks back and forth between Rose and Kanaya very quickly, then explodes.]

The Flighty Broads and Their Snarky Horseshitometer explodes.

It simply cannot take this much horseshit.

Next

[Image description: Kanaya stares at the screen in shocked confusion.]

Kanaya: Have eighth conversation.

[Image description: Rose flies out over the ocean on the Land of Light and Rain. She is surrounded by a pulsing red circle.]

pesterlog

G.A.: What
The Hell
Did You Just Do
T.T.: Hi there.
G.A.: You Actually Did It
Blew It Up I Mean
I Had Begun To Believe That Was Embellishment
T.T.: This is it, isn't it?
G.A.: What Is It
T.T.: This is the eighth conversation between us, from your perspective.
As well as mine.
G.A.: Yeah
T.T.: I've been looking forward to this.
G.A.: Really
T.T.: Yes.
I have some questions for you.

Next

[Image description: The angle shifts. Now Rose is viewed from head on. She looks smug and determined.]

pesterlog
G.A.: What Questions Do You Have
T.T.: I'll start with a simple one.
Do trolls have names?

John: Make backup computer.

[Image description: John stands on the alchemiter, which is now devoid of imps. In front of him, among the cookies and next to a salamander, sits a brand new cosbytop. A second image shows a screen split in four pieces. The top left shows John punching an imp that was wearing his Dad's hat. The top right shows John going to pick up the hat while another imp stands nearby. The bottom left shows John captchalaging the hat, which forces the cosbytop from his deck. In the bottom right, the cosbytop collides with the imp, sending them both flying off the edge of the cliff.]

You make a new Cosbytop so you can do some serious computing on the go. You barely got a chance to mess around with the first one you made before it was pilfered by a scurrilous imp. Ok it was actually a sylladex mishap but whatever.

Remember how that happened? That didn't stop being a thing that happened or anything.

John: Reunite with loving fatherly comedian themed laptop.

[Image description: John leans in to kiss the Cosby face on the back of the cosbytop. On the other side, a medium blue scorpio alert appears.]

pesterlog
arachnidsGrip [A.G.] began trolling ectoBiologist [E.B.]

The hell........
Are you doing!!!!!!!!!
E.B.: oh hey.
A.G.: John, stop kissing that adult brown male human computer at once.
E.B.: but...
it is bill cosby.
he's back.
in laptop form.
A.G.: Man. It is just another waste of time.
Everything you do is a huge waste.
A stupid pointless bunch of wastey wastey wastes.
E.B.: excuse me, but spending just a little quality time with my man bill here is not a wastey waste at all.
no amount of eights in words will make that true.
A.G.: You have important things to do!
Remember Jade????????
E.B.: of course i do! jeez!
oh, i'm going.

Next

[Image description: John stands on the alchemiter platform next to the salamanders, who are both flailing and blowing bubbles at him. John's wearing his Serious Business Goggles and rocket pack.]

pesterlog
A.G.: Noooooooo!!!!!!!
(yelling face with eight eyes, all of which are pinched shut.)
E.B.: what?!?!?!
A.G.: What the fuck are you doing now!
E.B.: i am going to blast off and fly a little higher, to see if i can find nanna up there!
and then i will install the game.
it will only take a second!
A.G.: No, that's not what I mean!
You're just not supposed to do it now!
You are supposed to do something else first. And then fly up. It's right here on your timeline. by attempting to do the thing you're not supposed to do yet, you are just wasting more of our time!!!!!!!!
E.B.: jeez!!!
you are incredibly bossy.
more like marquise bossyfangs.
A.G.: I told you, that's my role playing name, not my real one! So your weak burn means nothing.
E.B.: no, you did not tell me that you like to play troll dungeons and dragons.
A.G.: Oh, yes John. I am really going to know what that stupid Earth game is, just because you put troll in front of it. Stupid.
E.B.: i will find out what your name is, i am tricky and i have ways.
A.G.: Pfyyyy, doubt it.
Now shut up and do what you are going to do next!
E.B.: i don't know what i'm going to do next!
apparently what i thought i was going to do next was wrong, so why don't you tell me?
A.G.: because.
That's ridiculous!
That would be a ridiculous way for us to do things.
E.B.: has it occurred to you that i might be wasting so much time because you keep pestering me telling me how much time i'm wasting?
and then when i'm about to make progress you tell me i am doing the wrong thing!
if it weren't for you i would be playing this game already.
A.G.: Okaaaaaaaay, shut up!
Fine. I will hold your hand every step of the way, since that's apparently how you want to do this.
E.B.: but it isn't!
A.G.: I said shut up!
Look, you are about to make yourself a new outfit, and THEN you will fly up and install the game.
E.B.: oh...
but why would i do that? my ecto labsuit is rad!
A.G.: because you look like an idiot!
E.B.: (sad face)
A.G.: Seriously, it's a good thing I did decide to bother you now. Otherwise you would go through
the game looking like a little weenie boy-Skylark.
E.B.: what is a boy skylark?
A.G.: It is the most terrible, gutless class for wimpy losers, ones who have no idea how to handle
themselves when a girl talks to them and stuff.
E.B.: actually, i think i remember passing that rung on my echeladder a while ago.
A.G.: Yes, exactly! It is beneath you, John.
You are clearly much better than that. You should dress like it.
E.B.: who cares what i dress like? it is what's inside the adventurer that counts.
A.G.: Hahahahahahahaha!
I watched you actually say that with a straight face. Oh my god.
E.B.: why are you taking such an interest in my fashion, anyway?
A.G.: Trolls are an extremely fashion-minded race, John. You should make a note of this, since
you pretend to be a scientist or something.
E.B.: ha ha, it sounds like you have a really lame culture.
A.G.: John, that is an outrageous thing to say. You don't even know how important the fashions
are, so be quiet.
E.B.: laaaaaaaame.
A.G.: Look at that! You counted out 8 a's for me, John! That is so thoughtful of you.
E.B.: oh, ha ha...
i didn't even count. it just...
turned out like that.
A.G.: Really????????
E.B.: yeah.
A.G.: (heart with eight 3s)
E.B.: er...
ok, anyway, i will make a new suit, but i am not ditching my ectosuit!!!
it is so sweet, i look like link, if zelda was a quest about an elf scientist.
i am the wind waker. it's me.
A.G.: I know you are, John.
Now empty out your sylladex and let's see what sort of killer gear we can make for you. but do it
fast!

Kanaya: Have sixteenth conversation.

[Image description: Rose, now wearing the black and pink dress, holds her wands. Casey, in her
salamanacer robes, stands behind her blowing a bubble. A nervous turtle stands off to the right.
Her hubtopband has a jade virgo alert next to it.]

pesterlog

G.A.: Okay This Will Probably Strike You As An Odd Moment For Me To Mention This
But Actually
There Are Not Many Moments Ive Observed On Your Timeline Which Wouldnt Qualify As Odd
And Somehow
Your Idle Moments Seem To Invite Interruption The Least
And This Is A Difficult Topic For Me To Broach
For Reasons That You Probably Won't Understand
T.T.: You're rambling again, Kanaya.
G.A.: Okay Sorry
I've Just Been Meaning To Say
That I Read Your Instructional Guide

Next

[Image description: Rose and Casey stand on a mound of sand as Rose uses her magic to destroy a temple much like the one on the island, only this one is on a massive piece of floating pink rock.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Oh?
G.A.: Yeah
T.T.: Sorry to hear you were subjected to that.
G.A.: Why
T.T.: It was a little melodramatic in retrospect. Heavy-handed.
But now it's stuck on that server forever, broadcasting the notes of very confused girl sifting through the aftermath of just another pedestrian apocalypse somewhere in paradox space.
Have you ever written a message you regretted instantly upon sending?
G.A.: Lately
Almost Perpetually
T.T.: That line included?
G.A.: Wow Yeah Kind Of
Also
That One
T.T.: I'm sure you must regard the walkthrough as pretty quaint.
As a veteran of the game.
G.A.: Actually
At The Time Of Reading It Lent Some Useful Insight
Into The Nature Of The Game I Hadn't Yet Considered
And
The Author I Guess
T.T.: At the time?
When exactly did you read it?
G.A.: Uh
By The Way
What Are You Doing Here
Is This Part Of Your Ongoing Investigation

Next

[Image description: The outer layers of rock shatter away from the base of the structure, revealing a massive green orb embedded in the rock.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Yes.
G.A.: Are These Tactics Really Necessary
T.T.: It's faster this way.
If there's one thing you and your friends regularly remind us, it's that time is not on our side.
G.A.: I Know
But I Thought Our Methods Earlier Were Effective
In Illuminating The Underpinnings Of The Game
You Ask Some Questions
And I Answer
If I Can
T.T.: Yes, that has been effective.
But you don't know everything, do you?
G.A.: No
T.T.: My current strategy is comprehensive.
Your notes have been helpful, but the facts you've supplied are being cross-referenced with understandings I already have, and data gathered by the sort of means presently on display. I still have more questions for you, which I will ask in time.
G.A.: Okay
But These Means Presently On Display
Are Making Me A Little Nervous
I Think Its Kind Of A Reckless Use Of
T.T.: Of what?
G.A.: These Forces
T.T.: Dark magic, you mean?
G.A.: Yes
Well
Influence By The Gods From The Furthest Ring
The Communion You Seem To Have Developed With Them I Find Kind Of Troubling
T.T.: I don't think they are as nefarious as you might imagine.
Many of them seem to be intent on helping us.
G.A.: How Exactly Do You Know That
T.T.: From their whispers in my dreams.
G.A.: How Much Time Have You Really Spent Sleeping
Since You Began Playing
T.T.: Not much.
But quite a lot in a failed timeline.
And now and then, memories surface from that alternate reality.
Vague memories, but unmistakable in familiarity, like spontaneously remembering a dream from years ago by some inexplicable catalyst.
In that reality, they spoke to me in my sleep and told me much of what I needed to know.
Including what to do to reset our timeline and create the present reality.
G.A.: That Makes Me No Less Nervous
Our Understanding Is That Influence From Doomed Timelines
Though Seemingly Necessary To Advance In The Alpha Reality
Is Generally Inauspicious
Travelers From Such Branches Are Marked For Death
And Though It Was Only An Insubstantial Part Of You Which Traveled
Just Memories I Suppose
Its Still Troubling
T.T.: I have assurances I'm on the right track.
Surely you must have spoken to the gods by now.
What did they tell you to make you so suspicious?
G.A.: Actually
I Havent
I Have Never Visited Derse Or Traveled Beyond The Veil
Prospits Moon Was My Home
For Most Of My Dreaming Life
T.T.: It was?
G.A.: Yes
T.T.: This surprises me.
G.A.: Why
T.T.: ...
Good question.
G.A.: Skaia Was Always The Foil For My Curiosity
But It Only Showed Me What I Needed To See
It Very Much Had The Presence Of Something Sentient
And
Benevolent
But Silent
Not Something To Converse With Or Be Instructed By
Or Anything With An Agenda Beyond Which It Knows To Be Manifest Already
Like A Very Clear Mirror
That Has Everything There Is To See Inside It
But Only Some Things Are Visible At Any Given Moment
I Always Trusted It
And I Dont Trust Gods That Would Eschew Its Light
T.T.: You didn't actually answer my question.
When was it exactly that you read my walkthrough?

Next

[Image description: More rocks shatter away and float into the debris field around the now
destroyed temple. The orb is partially excavated, but Rose continues to destroy, pulling slabs of
green rock out of the orb.]

pesterlog
G.A.: Oh
A While Ago
T.T.: Before you first contacted me?
G.A.: I Have To Confess That
Ive Been Experiencing Something Like
Impression Whiplash
Since That Time
T.T.: What do you mean?
G.A.: At First I Thought You Were Foolish And Incompetent
T.T.: My apologies for whatever misstep I may have taken to dispel that impression.
It was an honest mistake, I swear.
G.A.: You See Thats What Im Talking About
That Was A Very Snarky Remark That Happened Just Now
Stratified By Your Signature Varieties Of Insincerity Which Cut Through The Literal Meaning Of
The Statement Like Colorful Ribbons
And The Net Intent Is Something Maddening To Try To Know
Its Meaning I Think Exists At The Inscrutable Nexus Of Semantic Space Where Humor Chafes
Against Soft Malice
A Place Perhaps The Human Mind Occupies More Comfortably I Dont Know
Xenopsychology Isn't My Strong Suit
Or Even A Real Word
T.T.: ...
G.A.: Uh Yeah I Know Im Babbling Again
The Point Is Its Not The Type Of Behavior A Very Stupid Person Can Perpetrate
And So My Impression Has Thrashed Around From Conversation To Conversation
And Now
Rather Than Suspecting You Of Incompetence
I Have Begun To Fear Just The Opposite
I Think You Might Be Dangerous
T.T.: To whom?
G.A.: Maybe Not Knowing That Is What Really Bothers Me
Why Don't You Put The Turtle Ruins Down
And Return To Your House
I Have Sketched Some New Outfits For You That I Think Are Nice
We Could Try To Make Them
It Will Be Fun
T.T.: You seem to have taken quite an interest in my wardrobe decisions.
Are all trolls so fashion-minded?
G.A.: Urrgh No
Sadly
T.T.: Maybe later.
G.A.: What If There Isn't A Later
T.T.: Well, we already know there won't be.
That's nothing new.
G.A.: I Mean
There Not Being A Later Might Happen Sooner Than You Think
T.T.: Wow, what?
G.A.: I Mean
For You Specifically
Okay
This Was Something Else I Wanted To Say
Or Ask About
But I'm Afraid My Asking Might Play A Role In The Outcome
And I Don't Know If I Want That

Next

[Image description: Rose jumps from stone to stone, making her way up to the now open green sphere. Inside is a floating green object shaped like a captchalogue card.]

pesterlog
T.T.: The outcome will happen one way or another.
Whether you have something to do with it or not.
You might as well ask me.
At least when it happens, you'll understand what it is that's happening.
And just maybe, if we're really lucky, so will I.
G.A.: Um
T.T.: I have a question for you too.
Let's swap ignorance, ok?
G.A.: Alright
I Can't See You In The Future
The Viewport Won't Let Me After A Certain Point
It's Black
But Only For You
Not The Others
T.T.: When?
G.A.: Several Hours From Now
Do You Know Why This Could Be
T.T.: I have no idea.
I can't see the future.
I'm a disreputable Derse Dreamer, remember?
But I promise that if I have a hand in it, it won't be because you told me.
Does that make you feel better?
G.A.: Sort Of
But It Remains Ominous
T.T.: Is that why you want to dissuade me from my admittedly zealous investigation to go play
dress-up again?
Because our time here is almost up?
And you hope what's on the other side of the dark curtain for me is not some sort of corruption or
damnation?
G.A.: Also Sort Of
T.T.: That's thoughtful of you.
To strive to pacify me as I scuffle down this black corridor.
G.A.: Wait
Is That What Im Doing
T.T.: Is it?
G.A.: On Second Thought
Thats Not What I Want To Do
T.T.: Oh.
That's a pity.
Who will make sure my soul isn't forfeit in service of gods then?
G.A.: Well
I Hope That Doesn't Happen
But Id Rather Not Get Stuck In That Kind Of Pattern Again
So If You Want To Wreck Turtle Villages And Tear Your Planet Apart On The Counsel Of Dark
Gods
Fine With Me I Guess
T.T.: What do you mean, "again?"
G.A.: Ur
Ill Do The Thing You Do When You Dont Say Anything
"...
T.T.: One simple word can so easily begin a story in a very thick book.
But I guess we won't open this one?
G.A.: What Was Your Question
I Believe Youre Owed Some Compensatory Ignorance
T.T.: Yes.
I was wondering.

Next

[Image description: Rose hovers in front of the green object, which is absolutely enormous, easily
twenty times Rose's height. Carved in its surface is an equally massive sun.]

pesterlog
T.T.: What do you know about the Green Sun?
G.A.: I've Never Heard Of It
T.T.: Thank you.
The transaction was very tidy.
G.A.: Agreed
John: Empty sylladex.

[Image description: Many items from John's sylladex lay on the ground in a massive pile. A frog sits on top of the Wise Guy book, which is next to some mushrooms, four pieces of candy corn, a jar of insects, and an oily gear. Off to the left of the gear is the old Sassacre book, which is topped by an uncarved stone tablet and John's PDA. To the right of the candy corn is a small pipe with a chunk of amber on top, which has a firefly inside it. Behind the pipe is John's telescope, a branch from one of the trees on the Land of Wind and Shade, a chisel, and the Barber's Best Friend, which was made from the combination of an umbrella and a razor. To the right of the pipe is one of Dad's shoes and a rock.]

pesterlog
A.G.: This is the most ridiculous pile of useless crap I have ever seen. Why did you pick up all this junk?????????? Rocks, mushrooms, shoes........ Jegus, John.
E.B.: jegus?
A.G.: Yes. Jegus!
E.B.: how do you know about jegus? do you even know what that is?
A.G.: I have no idea! It's something Terezi has been saying non stop for some reason. It is weirdly infectious. What is it, some sort of human profanity?
E.B.: no. well, yeah kind of. it is a misspelling of an adult male bearded human, who was magic.
A.G.: booooooooring.
E.B.: shrug!
A.G.: John! Is that a frog I see there?
E.B.: uh, yes. it is.
A.G.: How do you have a frog already????????
E.B.: i dunno. i found it, and i decided to captchalogue it for some reason. frogs are pretty cool.
A.G.: It seems awfully early in your game for you to be finding frogs. Your session sure is weird!
E.B.: huh. ok...
apparently it is considered illegal contraband.
why would a frog be illegal?
A.G.: John, shut your trap! We are in a hurry here.
E.B.: bossy!!!!!!!
A.G.: Ok, I think I can make you a completely faaaaaaaabulous outfit using this trash, and maybe some other stuff around your hive. but you have to do exactly what I say!
E.B.: bossy bossy bossy bossy bossy bossy bossy bossy.
to the eighth power.
times eight infinities!!!
A.G.: HURRY UP!!!!!!!!
E.B.: that was nine exclamation marks.
A.G.:Oops.

Next

[Image description: Vriska covers her mouth and blushes. Her eyes are open widely and nine tiny exclamation marks hover over her head. The first eight are medium blue but the last one flashes red.]

John: Hurry up!
[Image description: John holds the PDA, which has a medium blue scorpion alert over it, and stares at it. He's now wearing different clothes. His shirt once again has the signature green slime on it, but this time the shirt is black. Over top of it, he has an open, dark green, long sleeve shirt. His pants are dark blue jeans and he's wearing red shoes with flame designs on the side. Off to his right, a princess squid imp stares at him.]

pesterlog
E.B.: so, uh...
red sneakers, some jeans, a tee shirt, and another shirt...
this is the fabulous outfit you had in mind?
A.G.: Yes! Isn't it awesome?
E.B.: it's pretty cool and all...
i was just picturing something...
more elaborate? like maybe more adventurey.
A.G.: Fuck that.
This is a really hot look for you, John. It makes you look a million times more cool, instead of some kind of overabsconding daggerlance flailing pansy.
E.B.: what?
A.G.: Now move your ass!
Go go go go go go go go!!!!!!!
E.B.: ok, jeeeeezeez.

John: Blast off.

[Image description: John blasts off, now wearing his Serious Business Goggles for hands-free communication. A second image shows him flying up past the enormous skyscraper that Rose turned his house into.]

pesterlog
E.B.: phchoo.
A.G.: (distressed face with eight eyes)
E.B.: ha ha, just messin' with ya.
phchooooooo!

Next

[Image description: John spirals his way up around the house, leaving a trail of red smoke behind him. Two alerts hover next to him. One is a medium blue scorpion symbol and one is Dave's broken record.]

pesterlog
E.B.: ok...
marquise bossyfangs mcsekret, this has been a lot of fun...
but i have to go talk to my pals now, and also rescue jade!
A.G.: Yes, I know that, dummy! I am in complete command of your timeline, remember?
E.B.: oh yeah. sure, if you say so.
A.G.: We will not speak again for a while. but for me it will only be a moment.
I do not envy the Serketless coldspell you are about to endure, John.
E.B.: that's too bad.
how long will it be?
A.G.: Man, calm down! It will only be a couple of hours or so.
Sweet Jegus, I have clearly done a number on you to engender such a frothing obsession so
quickly. Not surprising. It's just the burden that comes with being so damned awesome. but you will figure that out soon enough John, because I have you well on your way.

E.B.: ha ha, i guess...

A.G.: Phase two of my program for you begins in a little while.

In the meantime, try not to get corrupted by anyone too lame. Especially nobody with brown text or gray text, or any shit ugly color at all for that matter.

E.B.: ok, i will try.

thanks for all the help. bye, ms. serket!

A.G.: bye, John........

WAIT.

John what?

E.B.: Anderson.

A.G.: Ok. Til next time, Mr. Anderson.

E.B.: (hehehehehehehehe)


John: Pester someone's server player's server player.

[Image description: John continues flying up alongside the house, now with only Dave's alert next to him. His goggles reflect Dave's face.]

pesterlog

-- ectoBiologist [E.B.] began pestering turntechGodhead [T.G.] --

E.B.: hey dave!

T.G.: hey

E.B.: wow, it's been a while since we talked, hasn't it.

T.G.: has it

E.B.: i think the last time i talked to you, i was doing exactly what im doing now...

which is blasting off from my house.

or was it?

wow, i can't remember...

T.G.: man who cares

i mean thats great and all

but i talked to you plenty more times since that from where im standing

ive got to make this quick

E.B.: oh.

you mean like the trolls?

are you using the troll time chat gizmo?

T.G.: fuck no fuck that trollian horseshit

its just regular old time travel

im from the future

E.B.: oh ok. is this dave sprite?

T.G.: no

just regular ordinary dave from the fucking future nothing special dude come on

E.B.: well, excuse me, but i still think time travel sounds kind of special.

sorry you are so jaded by awesome shit!

T.G.: yeah ok it is awesome but im in a hurry

E.B.: what is it?

T.G.: i need to borrow some boondollars off you

E.B.: boondollars? i thought they didn't do anything.
T.G.: no they do do something
E.B.: what do they do?
T.G.: what do you think they buy shit its fucking money
E.B.: what do they buy?
T.G.: i cant answer all these questions dude youll find out anyway its not like youll even really need your money
you you might as well give it to me
E.B.: uh...
how much do you need?
T.G.: all of it
E.B.: oh, fuck that!!!
T.G.: man you just said you thought it was useless why do you care
E.B.: but you just said it wasn't useless!
T.G.: ill pay you back
E.B.: really? when?
T.G.: in the future
if theres one thing im not short on its the fuckin future
E.B.: how far in the future are you from?
i thought we only had something like 24 hours until, like...
E.B.: game over.
T.G.: yeah we do
but chronologically ive been around for at least triple that
E.B.: wow. how... i don't get how that works!
T.G.: no shit your deal is wind not time
youre on easy street what is there even to think about with wind
like what angle to blow it at to fly a damn kite or how gentle its gotta be to make a picnic go swimmingly
its kiddie bullshit time is serious fucking business
leave it to the pros ok
E.B.: but, doesn't going back in time make an alternate reality?
i thought that's what happened with dave sprite, he came back to make sure i didn't die and this is a new timeline now.
T.G.: yeah it can work that way or not
ive been very careful
this whole operation is strung together with stable time loops
no timeline offshoots cause thats when daves start dying and that isnt no good for nobody
E.B.: daves, plural?
T.G.: yeah
there are a bunch of daves running around the timeline
E.B.: oh, man.
T.G.: but they are all me
i mean they will all become me and ill become them one way or another
thats how stable time loops work shit takes a lot of planning and precise choreography
ive got some help though
E.B.: help?
sounds like you have been talkin' to some trolls!
T.G.: yeah
E.B.: they seem to be getting more talkative lately.
T.G.: man dont even get me started with that
the 24 hour span of the reckoning is like some kind of critical spike in us dealing with troll bullshit
I guess it’s just when the most shit is going down so they figure that’s the best time to mess with us.

E.B.: Yeah, that makes sense.

I guess since you’ve lived three days in one day, you’ve just been hassled that much more?

T.G.: I don’t know man, they seem to flock to me.

I’ve been laying waste to chumps nonstop. Its like they heard somebody over here was handing out asses and they’ve known nothing but years of bitter ass famine.

E.B.: Heheh.

So what is the future like?

Or uh, the 3 times future...

Do we win???

T.G.: Oh you know.

Noirs outta control.

Rose is crazy, Jades crazier and you’re well, you’re you.

And together we’re up to our bulges and miscellaneous bullshit alien physiology in hot sloppy shenanigans while hatching plans under our feathery asses like a bunch of cage free farm fresh motherfuckers.

But I’m not about to get into specifics cause this is complicated enough as it is.

And if I started ranting too much about the future it’d start sounding like one of these smug alternian shitheads and I’m not about to drop that retarded science on my good bro.

So I’m staying on track here.

Speaking of which.

Give me your money.

E.B.: But...

I worked hard saving up that money!

I have a whole boonbuck now.

T.G.: Oh Christ.

Only one.

Well fuck, nevermind then.

I thought you’d have more by now but that’s goddamn peanuts.

E.B.: (Sad face)

T.G.: I mean.

I’ll take it anyway but damn.

E.B.: Tell me what you want with it!

T.G.: I’m working the system here.

Using time loops to manipulate the incipispheres financial sector.

Making a goddamn killing in the lohacse.

E.B.: Lohacse?

T.G.: Lohac stock exchange.

E.B.: Um...

Lohac?

T.G.: My planet.

Land of heat and clockwork dude come on.

You know like gears and lava and shit.

E.B.: Oh, huh.

That sounds unpleasant.

T.G.: Wrong it kicks ass.

E.B.: Your unpleasant face is what kicks ass!

Or doesn’t, more like.

T.G.: Egbert stfu and give me your goddamn boonbuck jagus fuck.

I’ll turn it into a boonmint in an hour and you’ll get it back ok.
E.B.: jegus?
*narrows eyes suspiciously...*
T.G.: no comment
E.B.: i don't even know how to give it to you!
they are just more weird gaming abstractions, how do we do this?
T.G.: you can wire it to my account
ill send you the app
E.B.: i'm really pretty busy you know. i have to help jade!
T.G.: i know
but this takes like two seconds
E.B.: bluh...
fiiiiiiiine.
T.G.: dude
dont do the vriska thing ok
shes messed up we talked about this
or will talk
E.B.: who?
T.G.: whatever
alright app incoming

-- turntechGodhead [T.G.] sent ectoBiologist [E.B.] the file "virtualporkhollow.exe" --

T.G.: gotta go later


Dave: Make a goddamn killing in the LOHACSE.

[Image description: Dave walks near a wireframe structure somewhere in the Land of Heat and Clockwork. He has a large, boonbuck patterned briefcase with him. Behind him, three bipedal, red crocodiles open and close their mouths.]

Next

[Image description: Dave, who is now wearing his ishades, stands in a room surrounded by flailing red crocodiles, most of which have brightly colored cards in their hands. Some of them have chunks of smuppet stuck in their teeth or bouncing on their snouts. Off to the left, another Dave, who is wearing a black suit, one of John's Dad's hats, and Terezi's glasses, stands near a rapidly changing set of screens.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out, showing a second set of screens, more flailing crocodiles, a hovering board displaying many different types of grist, and another Dave. This dave is wearing the green Smuppet suit, one of his Bro's hats, and John's beaglepuss glasses.]

It is the perfect crime.

Dave: Receive transfer from John.

[Image description: The Dave we followed here pulls out his computer with the split keyboard, which now has a Boondollar symbol over it. His glasses have a teal libra alert over them. The Dave in the green suit sneaks forward and reaches for the handle of the briefcase. A second image shows Dave's screen. The window is titled 'Virtual Porkhollow version 41.3. On the left side is a picture]
of John. Arrows point from this picture to a floating boonbuck, then from the boonbuck to a blue spotted piggy bank. Boondollars fly from the bank's nose to a screen on the side, which has a list of grist types and a series of flashing numbers next to them. At the bottom of the screen is a massive number next to a boondollar symbol, which increases by quintillions at a time until the number reaches 216 Septillion, 314 Sextillion, 403 quintillion, 256 quadrillion, 904 trillion, 113 billion, 709 million, 354 thousand, 552.

Looks like Egbert came through. He wires you his measly Boonbuck. It's not much, but it is immediately funneled into the pipelines of your various investment scams, and quickly begins paying dividends.

The figures are tight. You have this shit on fiduciary lockdown. The economy belongs to you.

Dave: Answer.

[Image description: the Dave we followed to the stock exchange walks alone on a grey platform at lava level. He has his hands in his pockets and looks down. A teal libra alert hovers next to his shades. Behind him, gears turn on a wireframe structure and spew a stream of lava.]

pesterlog
-- gallowsCalibrator [G.C.] began trolling turntechGodhead [T.G.]

G.C.: hey dave
big news
T.G.: hey
have I made enough money yet
G.C.: of course you have
more than we could ever possibly figure out what to do with
but that is not the big news! (smiley face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: ok
G.C.: I made you another comic
T.G.: fuck
bout time
what took so long
G.C.: I resent the implication dave
that I am not working tirelessly on your behalf as well as on behalf of the fine arts
just because you go for hours without hearing from me
doesn't mean I am not slaving away here at making you rich financially and artistically
its just I dont have the luxury of your expanded timeframe
mister three days in one (frowny face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: k cool lets see it
G.C.: is there anything that a human coolkid cannot do???
http://tinyurl.com/teachmedave
I doubt it! (very happy face with wide eyes and furrowed brows)

[Note: That link opens a comic. The first panel shows a scribbly Terezi flailing at a computer screen that just says Bluh on it. She shouts "I can't figure out how to use the computers!!!!"

The second panel shows her slouching in front of the computer, which now has a robot face on it. She says "When will the coolest kid some and take us all to school??????"

A row of stereotypical 'science pictures' found in nearly every science related thing from the 90s separates the first two panels from the third.
The third panel shows a kid in a red sweatshirt using a massive keyboard like a surfboard as he surfs high above the earth's atmosphere. Shades are drawn at a strange angle on his forehead and a broken record is drawn in on the sweatshirt. Behind him, five more kids surf on similar keyboards. The far left one has red horns and red glasses drawn in near her face, and a teal libra symbol drawn on her yellow sweatshirt. She's saying 'soooo fucking coooooooool'. The one to her right has its head scribbled out, a black cancer symbol drawn on the chest, and Bluh written next to its head. On the main guy's right is a guy in a green sweater with John's slime symbol drawn in on the chest. To his right is a girl in purple overalls with Rose's purple squid drawn in on her chest. A short way behind them, a boy in an orange tee shirt does some sort of Sweet Trick with his keyboard. He has orange wings drawn in on his back.

T.G.: damn
that's incredible
G.C.: the phenomenon of the coolkid is a fascinating one dave
I have studied it
did you know that we do not have coolkids on alternia?
T.G.: oh shit really
that loud sound of shock you just smelled was my jaw hitting the floor
G.C.: its true
some try to be I think, without even being aware of the template they are striving for
it is a sad spectacle
but I think you are probably the coolest coolkid dave
all these other hornies asses surfing on keyboards and putting hats on turnways are a bunch of stutid numpnuts
they have nothing on the one true strider
T.G.: yeah I mean
I cant possibly argue with any of that
so are we done making money yet or what
G.C.: oh I dont know
technically we were a long time ago
T.G.: yeah I kinda figured
G.C.: but its a fun way to stretch out the time youve got left, isnt it?
(smiley face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: im not complaining
but you said there was something specific we were working toward here
I mean aside from buying up all the nastiest fraymotifs
G.C.: yes both are true
and there are some you havent bought yet!
that is important, we need to keep you competitive with john
T.G.: competitive
man
dont matter what I do im not gonna outpace egbert
G.C.: dont say that! Youve got to believe in yourself dave
T.G.: hey its not like the futures a mystery or anything weve both seen it
well
ive seen it
youve just caught a whiff of it
like a hungry beggar loitering cross the street of an olive garden
just cause a filthy vagrants barred from entry dont mean a dude doesnt know italian foods nearby
its a fucking fact to his nose
G.C.: do not distract from the issue with your sassy remarks about earth italian food
yeah ok, john may serve you your own bulge on a silver turn table pre scratch
but what about after that?
we need you to keep pace
it is the classic struggle, the human earth coolkid versus the earth human nerd
who will win????????? (gasping face with furrowed brows)
(dave dave dave)
T.G.: yeah fine
so whats the other thing we were accomplishing here
does that get to be not an obnoxious secret yet
G.C.: yes, now is the time
you must wire your boondollars to my account
T.G.: ok so this was your game
to get rich off me
G.C.: yessssssssssss (smiley face with wide eyes and furrowed brows)
but seriously its important!
it is critical to all our plans
T.G.: alright well its not like I even have a problem parting with this useless bullshit money
how much do you need
G.C.: 413 boonbonds
T.G.: thats all
I can afford to give you a fuckload more than that
how bout I give you an even boonbank
G.C.: no!!!
it must be exactly that amount
T.G.: ok just to be clear
thats 413
not "A.I.E."
G.C.: yeah
jerk (tongue sticking out face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: whats up with that number
ive seen it around
G.C.: they are the numerals of the blind prophets
T.G.: whats that mean
G.C.: I dont know (confused face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: ok awesome
G.C.: also
at the exact end of this conversation
you must wire the money to my account exactly 6 hours and 12 minutes into the past
my past! Relative to my present moment as of typing this
T.G.: you mean I can do that
then
why werent we just wiring money into the past for these investment escapades instead of doing all
this time traveling
G.C.: because!
that wasnt the plan
we had to play along with the stable time loops we were presented with
you know, make sure all those daves running around existed in the first place
T.G.: oh yeah
I knew that its just frustrating sometimes its like paradox space makes you do everything the hard
way
G.C.: yeah tell me about it
but hey its been fun playing along, hasnt it?
T.G.: sure
G.C.: we've got to keep being delicate with time
if you start bending the rules and taking shortcuts
that's when dead daves start piling up
dead daves are the enemy!
as delightful as it is to smell their sweet candy blood everywhere
T.G.: yeah
reminds me
I made you a comic a while ago
G.C.: you did???
T.G.: yeah here

[Note: Yeah Here is a link that opens a comic in the Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff style.

A badly drawn Terezi floats above an oversaturated stock image of a brick wall with like four
different watermarks on it. She says "well time to spaz out on top of this shitty brick wall from a
google image search with these fucknig watermarks all over it".

A second image shows her starting to fall off the wall. She says "damn nobody is stealing this
image or anything (copyright copyright copyright copyright copyright)...

She falls even more, to the point that she's horizontal in the air over the wall. She says "and do
some other bullshit i usually do"

It zooms in on her face and she says "like being weirdly hyperactive and flirty all the time"

It zooms out drastically. She flips entirely upside down. At the far side of the screen is a yellow
schoolbus, drawn in like it just drove past. She says "ain't surprising nobody with any of this
nonsense. shit. that bus smells like daffodils or something."

She still hovers over the wall, now upright again. The Koolaid man Memesplodes through the wall
beneath her.

She falls into the Koolaid man's open top and shouts "FUCK"

It zooms in on her swimming in the Koolaid man's Koolaid. She says "there's pretty much no way
im not getting off on this somehow"

G.C.: (gasping face with furrowed brows)
dave...
this comic is borderline pornographic
you are a really fucked up kid
T.G.: yeah ok whatever you say
fuckin aliens
G.C.: (it is fantastic, I love it)
T.G.: ok cool
hey boonbons incoming now
brace yourself six hours ago

Dave: Be the troll girl.

[Image description: It shows the buildings on the troll's meteor. A second image zooms in on the
top of one of the buildings, where Terezi is standing. A third image zooms in more. To her left is a
grey transportalizer.]
You are suddenly the troll girl.

In a different game session.

In the past.

Terezi: Sniff Skaiaward.

[Image description: She looks up. Far in the distance, a faint blue dot is all that's visible of Skaia.]

You have recently retreated to the Veil to hide from a mysterious demon which appears to be bent on your destruction. Suddenly nobody understands anything.

There is not much to do but wander around the laboratory while the others squabble amongst each other and search for answers. You point your nose Skaiaward. It is a refreshing blue minty dot against the Medium's dark canvas. It is very far away from this meteor though. It is hard to pick up its scent clearly.

Terezi: Deploy smelloscope.

[Image description: A captchalogue card with a telescope like object and a tripod on it appears in the top left corner. The card disappears and the Smelloscope pops onto the ground in front of her.]

You make use of your trusty Smelloscope, an item you crafted during your adventure. It came in handy so many times.

Terezi: Take a whiff.

[Image description: A smudgy image of Prospit and its moon appears with the faint glow of Skaia off to the upper left.]

Your keen nose penetrates deep into the Insniffisphere I mean Incipisphere and zeroes in on the familiar honey-sweet smell of Prospit.

Thank goodness it is still safe. It would be terrible if the demon were to...

Next

[Image description: Prospit's moon explodes into a massive green fireball, destroying itself and Prospit.]

OH NO!

Next

[Image description: The smell knocks Terezi back and her glasses fly from her face. A picture of a smiling green apple bounces of Terezi's face.]

You take the brunt of the stellar smellsplosion like a sour apple punch to the snout!

Terezi: Return to party.

[Image description: Terezi navigates her way down a large spiral staircase, holding her cane out in front of her. A second image zooms in on her.]

You suppose you'd better report this to your teammates. Perhaps a memo is in order. But today,
there will be little reason for rumpus in your partytown. Today is a very sad day. You are all in bigger trouble than you suspected.

Next

[Image description: In another room elsewhere on the meteor, Gamzee and Equius stand near a transportalizer platform. Gamzee looks shocked and Equius looks sweaty and uncomfortable, as always. With a white flash, Terezi appears on the platform.]

Unsurprisingly, you return to a room full of commotion.

What is this guy staring at? Always with the staring. He is so weird.

Next

[Image description: A blurry picture shows Kanaya wielding a chainsaw. Brown swirls come up from the ground in front of her.]

And what is she doing with that chainsaw over there?? The rich scent of chocolatey blood fills the room.

Good grief. You can't turn your back on these lunatics for a second!

Next

[Image description: A blurry Karkat lays on the ground.]

And here is your bold leader, passed out on the floor. He is sleeping like a wiggler.

You wonder what he could be dreaming about? Prospit is gone now, and he never even had the chance to wake up. Poor guy.

Terezi: Report news to partytown subscribers.

[Image description: Terezi sits in front of her computer and leans her chin in her hands.]

It is important to keep your loyal subscribers of the past and future informed. It is your duty as a dedicated bulletin administrator.

Still, it's hard to find the words to break this to them. The partytown has been host to nothing but bad news lately.

Terezi: Open memo.

[Image description: A blurry Trollian screen has the troll's timelines and a chat or memo window open.]

pesterlog
current gallowsCalibrator [C.G.C.] right now opened memo on board Rainbow Rumpus Partytown.

C.G.C.: bad news everyone!

um
Future gallowscalibrator [C.G.C.] 3 minutes from now responded to memo.

F.G.C.: terezi something has come up
C.G.C.: oh?
F.G.C.: yes you will need to cut this memo short
everyone, the bottom line is that prospit was just destroyed
I am sorry to say
(sad face with furrowed brows)
C.G.C.: (sad face with furrowed brows)
Future adiostoreador [F.A.T.] 3:14 hours from now responded to memo.
F.A.T.: is,
that what happened,
F.G.C.: yes tavros
F.A.T.: (sad face with bull horns)
F.G.C.: wow it took you three hours to figure that out?
what the hell have you been doing
F.A.T.: mostly,
getting used to these legs,
falling down stairs, and things like that,
Future centaurstesticle [F.C.T.] 3:14 hours from now responded to memo.
F.C.T.: (Bow and arrow) I'm quite sure I warned you about attempting to navigate stairs while
adjusting to the new equipment
Future arachnidsgrip [F.A.G.] 3:14 hours from now responded to memo.
F.A.G.: yes, you told him bro!
I distinctly remember you telling him about stairs. But he didn't listen.
his never listens! None of you do, really.
and now all of your extra lives are waaaaaaaaasted.
what a bunch of losers! I'm outta here.
F.A.G. banned herself from responding to memo.
C.G.C.: well
not all of them
the derse dreamers are fine as far as I know
Future arseniccatnip [F.A.C.] 3:14 hours from now responded to memo.
F.A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) ummm no not quite (sad face with two mouths)
she is referring to the fact that derse was just destroyed too
I saw him during my catnap, he blew it right on up!
C.G.C.: (wide eyed, very sad face with furrowed brows)
F.A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) (very sad, crying face with two mouths)
feferi was sleeping too, and now she will not wake up!
I am very perturbed by this
F.G.C.: everyone, please!
past terezi has something important to attend to in a moment
so I am afraid I must close this memo!
please scan the bulletin for future memos to continue discussing this and other intriguing topics
as always, it has been a pleasure serving your transtimeline discussion needs here at the rainbow
rumpus partytown
F.A.G. unbanned herself from responding to memo.
you doofus!!!!!!!!
F.G.C.: shut the fuck up!
F.G.C. banned F.A.G. from responding to memo.
F.G.C. closed memo.

Terezi: Wait for this important thing to happen.

[Image description: Terezi takes off her glasses and chews on one of the ear pieces. A boondollar
alert appears next to her computer.]
On the instruction of yourself from three minutes in the future, you wait for something to happen.

You wonder what could possibly happen that will cause you to become your future self in three minutes and interrupt your past self's memo and tell her to wait for three minutes doing nothing but wondering what could possibly happen that will cause her to become her future self in...

Hey. Someone just wired you some money. That's odd.

Terezi: Accept transfer.

[Image description: A blurry blue window opens on top of the trollian window. Only the first few digits are not blurred beyond recognition, and they are 413.]

Huh. 413 boonbucks. The numerals of the blind prophets. A sign, perhaps? A secret message? But from who? This makes no sense.

Wait... those are not boonbucks. Some of the digits are obscured. You need to take a closer look. Which is to say, a closer lick.

Terezi: Lick screen.

[Image description: The rest of the digits come into view. The full number is 413 quintillion.]

413 boonbonds???

Next

[Image description: Terezi stares at the computer, holding her glasses in her hands. Her eyes are solid red, the same cherry red of Karkat's blood.]

This is an absolutely preposterous amount of money.

Terezi: Confer with network administrator.

[Image description: The screen splits. The top section has Terezi at her computer with Vriska standing nearby and a yellow gemini alert next to her monitor. The bottom section has Sollux at his own computer, which has a teal libra alert. Feferi stands next to him and computer parts lay on the floor behind him.]

pesterlog
gallowsCalibrator [G.C.] began trolling twinArmageddons [T.A.]

G.C.: sollux I need you to trace a money transfer
T.A.: someone sent you money?
G.C.: yes
T.A.: why's someone sending you money.
and why now of all times, like we can even use it.
who's this doucebag?
G.C.: thats what i want you to figure out!
T.A.: ok.
bam, done.
I am fucking incredible.
G.C.: who is it?
T.A.: someone in our universe.
G.C.: can you be more specific?
universes are kind of huge.
someone from alternia?
T.A.: no no, I mean someone from our universe, the one we just made.
G.C.: wow, already?
that was fast
we just made it!
T.A.: yeah sure but we are completely outside its temporal envelope remember.
the entire history of the thing exists already in its entirety from our perspective, its flow of time
means nothing to us.
so we don't have to wait for anything, it's all already there.
G.C.: yeah thats true
still seems weird though (confused face with furrowed brows)
someone here has been playing sgrub I guess. Wonder why they'd send us money.
maybe they know we made them? Maybe it's like a tip. Like thanks dudes for making us exist.
G.C.: (very confused face with furrowed brows)
T.A.: why 413, why that number.
any idea?
G.C.: numerals of the blind prophets
other than that, dont know
T.A.: well, seeing as we don't know shit about the guy...
blind seems like the operative concept.
kinda like a blind donation.
and now we're fucking rich.
so I guess you could say...
they're the numerals of the blind profits.
(grey face emoji with red and blue glasses)
G.C.: hurrr (Wide eyed face with its tongue sticking out and furrowed brows)
so then I guess its from an alien
T.A.: yeah.
G.C.: maybe we should tell karkat
whenever he wakes up
T.A.: ehhhh, this shit's probably not important enough to bother him with.
if he finds out, he'll probably want to hatch some dumbass plan that makes no sense.
and badger me into doing a lot of mindnumbing busywork.
I'd leave him alone.
G.C.: what does he look like
our blind donor
T.A.: here come here I'll open him up in a viewport.
G.C.: ok
T.A.: let's shed some...
light on the subject.
(grey face emoji with red and blue glasses)
G.C.: hahaha that wasnt even any sort of pun you doofus
T.A.: that was the joke shut the fuck up.

Next

[Image description: Terezi and Feferi crowd in around Sollux to look at his screen. He looks entirely done with them.]
Next

[Image description: Baby Dave sits on the ground, wearing a grey bib with a pink heart on it. A second image shows Cal, with Bro flashing around to control his movements, trying to feed Dave from a jar with a picture of a skateboarder on it.]

You learn much of this young creature's civilization and its customs.

The adult's puppet assistant commences the standard feeding ritual.

Next

[Image description: Dave scoots around, avoiding the spoon of orange mush at every turn. Sound effect words pop up with each attempted feeding. Shoosh. Pap.]

The little coolkid is making a mess of his lovely new horseleather bib. It is about as adorable as it gets.

Next

[Image description: Baby Dave sits on Lil Cal's head on the roof. Bro stands to their right with a katana in hand. Bro swings the blade down towards Dave, but yanks him out of the way at the last second. He pauses for a moment, then hurls Dave to the left, towards the edge of the roof. Before Dave can reach the edge of the building, he suddenly appears clinging to the back of Bro's head. A]
This race appears to be quite martially adept, even from early childhood. They must have proven to be very powerful Sgrub players. No wonder they managed to make so much money.

You suddenly understand everything.

Next

[Image description: A young Dave stands next to Bro in front of a set of turntables, looking up at him. Dave is wearing the pointy shades and a light grey, long sleeve tee shirt with a red heart on the chest.]

Next

[Image description: Bro hands young Dave a small Katana.]

Sollux: Enter name.

[Image description: A text box appears over young Dave's head. It fills in. Insufferable Prick. It's written in Sollux's typing quirk. The box flashes red.]

You cannot name him yet, no matter how inthufferable you find this coolkid to be! You will need to wait until his wriggling day, when he turns six solar sweeps.

Next

[Image description: A scribbly drawing shows Terezi flailing at Sollux, who shies away from her shooshing and paping. Feferi stands behind Sollux and looks surprised and slightly shocked.]

Mr. Appleberry Blast needs to step off. This kid is yours to mess with. You smelled him first!

Terezi: Troll this awesome coolkid.

[Image description: Dave sits at his computer. He's now wearing his record shirt with the pointy shades. The blue box he got from John for his birthday sits on the desk next to him. A teal libra alert hovers over his computer.]

pesterlog gallowsCalibrator [G.C.] began trolling turntechGodhead [T.G.]

G.C.: hey earth boy
wait...
I just assumed you were a boy
maybe youre a girl?
I dont know much about your weird hornless species, I guess you could be (uncertain face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: yes im a girl
G.C.: oh really?
earthlings are really bizarre
no offense
what is your species called
T.G.: north american hollering phallus baboon
G.C.: (confused face with furrowed brows)
"I think you might be pulling my frond, female earthling."  
T.G.: no its true we are highly endangered  
when our territory is threatened thats when the indiscriminate fucking begins  
could fuck a circus tent down a gas tank  
bunch it up in there good  
slam the lid and drive away  
beep beep albino hairless dickmonkey coming through  
G.C.: im not sure what that means  
but I suspect it was something highly lascivious (blank face with furrowed brows)  
T.G.: the glittering civilization before you was built on angry apefuck power alone  
stand agog and marvel bitch  
G.C.: hahaha ok this is nonsense, you are a joker  
like me (smiley face with furrowed brows)  
my name is terezi, whats yours  
T.G.: shaggy 2 dope  
G.C.: ok shaggy, see  
I can smell deceit  
lies have a subtle odor, easy to miss at first  
but the more they pile up the more they stink!  
that is not your real name  
T.G.: ok sorry  
its ben stiller  
G.C.: also I dont think youre really a girl  
T.G.: nope  
sorry to disappoint you dude  
G.C.: I am a girl not a boy!  
T.G.: dont care  
G.C.: (frowny face with furrowed brows)  
this first encounter is not going as well as I hoped  
T.G.: oh man another failed trolling attempt  
I had such high hopes trapezi it started out brilliantly  
G.C.: terezi!!!!!!!!!  
and I am not trolling you, I am just trying to get to know a little about you and your species  
I just discovered it and I am curious  
T.G.: excuse me but it says right in the header of this conversation that youre trolling me  
persterchum always knows  
G.C.: oh...  
oh yeah  
but  
ok this might be hard for an earth baboon to understand  
but troll is a verb that has a lot of nuance  
the word can mean a lot of things  
for instance, I am a troll!  
T.G.: no shit  
G.C.: no I mean  
that's what my species is called  
T.G.: ok  
let me just set aside some time to be stupid enough to believe that  
hey looks like next month is chemical lobotomy month your'e in luck  
G.C.: oh god what a smartass!  
smartassiest alien ever  
T.G.: so what do you think"
time to block you yet or what
G.C.: no!
lets keep talking
um
what are you doing now
T.G.: drawing a comic
G.C.: hey I like to draw too
im really quite great at it
T.G.: awesome
G.C.: can you show me your comic
T.G.: nah
G.C.: come on
I will draw you something in return
it will be a cultural exchange
T.G.: I dunno
you seem kinda young to me and this thing is like
borderline pornographic
how old are you
G.C.: 6
T.G.: goddamn
ok now youre messing with me arent you you arent 6
G.C.: no its true!
T.G.: whatever thats bullshit
ok fuck it
just dont tell your parents
G.C.: what are parents
T.G.: thats just about the saddest thing I ever heard get said here
http://tinyurl.com/cdandsl
[Note: That link opens a comic. It's not drawn in the Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff style, but it is somewhat sketch-like. It's titled The Adventures of Cool Dude and Stoner Lou.

A person, Stoner Lou, drapes themself backwards over a giant tortoise. A bong sits on the ground beside them. They say "Whoa dude I think I smoked too much pot."

A person with a massive, lecherous grin, a backwards baseball cap, and sunglasses, likely Cool Dude, says "That's ass-hole talk"

Cool Dude shoots Stoner Lou in the chest. Blam.

Cool Dude shoves a massive blunt into Stoner Lou's mouth and says "U just need more pot"

Cool Dude tosses a topless woman at Stoner Lou. She hits him with a Bonk. Cool Dude says "have wunna my hoes"

Cool Dude throws more topless women around and says "I be passin out bitches like cheap cigars"

Cool Dude, now drawn in a less cartoony but still sketch-like style, crouches in front of a couch with a bikini-clad, platform shoe wearing woman lounging provocatively on it.]

G.C.: I am not sure what is pornographic about that
its just kind of strange
T.G.: I guess
G.C.: its pretty good though
T.G.: its ok
im not thrilled with this direction though I think its too much like my bros stuff
need to figure out my own ironic statement to make
spread my wings you know
G.C.: yes
I think you can do that
you just have to figure out what the truth is inside you
T.G.: pretty deep troll girl
G.C.: its true!
there is a lot in your mind which is concealed from your surface perception
you just need to try to become aware of it
close your eyes
and tell me what you see in your mindspace
T.G.: ok
I see
that fucking puppet
G.C.: haha yes your adult custodians servant puppet
T.G.: uh what
G.C.: what else do you see
T.G.: man I dunno
wheres this drawing you promised me
G.C.: oh yeah
hang on
ok here you go ben stiller
http://tinyurl.com/forbenstiller

[Note: This link opens a drawing of Dave in the Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff style, done up in eye-meltingly neon colors. His outline is bright red. His face is neon green. His shirt is bright teal. His hair is navy and his pointy shades are purple. A navy record is drawn quite a ways off to the right of his shirt.]

T.G.: oh my fucking hell
that is horrendous
in the most beautiful way
G.C.: thank you ben (smiley face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: god damn
that mouth
its like
I dont know
a fucking pork chop
jegus
I mean jesus
so overwhelmed I cant even damn type
G.C.: yes well
ben I am drawing with a mouse you know
T.G.: is there even any other way to draw on a computer
fuckin doubt it
G.C.: im starting to think your name isnt ben
I think that was another ruse
tell me your real name!!! (frowny face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: ok lets say its
dave why not
G.C.: dave!
that smells like truth
I will decide to believe it (smiley face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: fuck
ok dave, I have a lot to do
but I will get back to you
T.G.: what the hell could you possibly have to do
doesn't seem like youre into trolling us as much as your numbnut friends
G.C.: my friends?
are you suggesting others like me have trolled you
T.G.: yeah what didn't you get the memo
G.C.: I write the memos!!
I might not have written this one yet though...
I should probably run this by
uh
my leader
T.G.: your leader
that's a retarded thing to say even by the standard of your own bullshit made up vernacular
G.C.: smartass!
T.G.: whos he really
your boyfriend or something
G.C.: pffffffff yeah right
well ok
I mean
its been sort of complicated with him
T.G.: ok asking for an explanation on that is pretty much the exact opposite of what im doing
and interesteds the opposite of what im being
G.C.: smart
ass
(tongue sticking out face with furrowed brows)
actually hes kind of smartassy like you now that I think about it
but you seem calm instead of shouty all the time
also
you type in bright bold red
you dont hide the color of your blood like a stupid wiggler (smiley face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: ok that remark was almost as boring as it was weird
G.C.: oh pipe down dave, I am trying to pay you a compliment!
I am holding out the interspecies olive branch here, and you are giving it a good firm sass grab
T.G.: haha
G.C.: one day you will rue all this sass you have dished dave
you may not be a girl, but you will cry like one when I am through with you
T.G.: I dont cry
G.C.: you will
there will be tears
they will smell salty, and then your cheeks will be my sandy beach (smiley face with wide eyes and
furrowed brows)
T.G.: oh god
G.C.: ok, I will get back to you after you begin playing
that will be next solar sweep for you
try not to be too impatient for my return
T.G.: I plan on forgetting about you instantly after this conversation
G.C.: yeah right
you know I have left my mark
I am seered into your retinas
like a big red sun
T.G.: well maybe
even if thats the case
ill just forget on principle
G.C.: that sounds like something that a cool kid would try to do
T.G.: yeah
pretty cool guy here
case you hadnt noticed
G.C.: I most certainly didnt hadnt noticed (smiley face with furrowed brows)
gallowsCalibrator [G.C.] ceased trolling turntechGodhead [T.G.]
Terezi: Be the awesome coolkid.
[Image description: Dave, who is wearing a red suit and his eye shades, sits in a pot of bubbling water as crocodiles slice onions, carrots, and celery into it. He is crying just a little.]
You are suddenly the awesome coolkid.
In a different game session.
In the future.
Dave: Pester Terezi.
[Image description: It zooms in on his ishades, which have a teal libra alert over them. Onion slices hit his face and make shoosh pap sounds.]
pesterlog
T.G.: what the fuck was the point of this again
G.C.: why dave
what is this that my nose detects
could it be
tears???(gasping face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: this is bullshit
this was a setup all along
G.C.: I told you you would cry dave
I told you bro............... (sweet bro and hella jeff face with wide eyes and furrowed brows)
T.G.: ok jegus
dont say it
if you say I warned you about tears or something one more time
I swear to gog
G.C.: dont!
dont say youre going to do an acrobatic somersault or pirouette off of something, jegus
I get it already!
T.G.: ok fine
our memes can cancel each other out this time
G.C.: yes agreed
now dry those sorry eyes dave
try not to be such a fucking wimp
it is unflattering behavior for a cool kid of your stature
T.G.: god dammit
im not actually crying
its the fucking onions
these piece of shit crocodiles are lambasting me with them
G.C.: thats the lamest excuse ive ever heard
who ever heard of a silly little onion making someone cry, it is absurd
T.G.: I guess the stench of onions is covering up the smell of the truth how convenient
also your nose sux youre not even any good at smellin at all
G.C.: (gasping face with wide eyes and furrowed brows) that is outrageous
but I know you are just trying to get my earth goat
for human ironic purposes
T.G.: the only thing im getting
is out of this goddamn idiot cauldron here
G.C.: no dave dont! You are going to make the most delicious soup
it is making me hungry just thinking about it (gasping face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: the only thing im going to make
is like banana and split
out of this bubbling pail of misery
G.C.: oh gog...
youre right
you are sitting in a huge pail (gasping face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: why whats the relevance of that
tell me its more alien nonsense it will be so awesome to hear more of that
G.C.: I am not going to explain I would be too embarrassed
T.G.: man
why did I ever agree to go along with this horseshit
G.C.: because you had to, it was in your future
and besides you must use diplomacy to win over your consorts
see look dave, they all love you now! You are the hero, its you (smiley face with furrowed brows)
now they will give you all the secrets of the land
T.G.: what secrets
they dont have any secrets
look at them theyre morons
T.G.: the only secret theyve got is how many times a day they accidentally flush their medical alert
bracelets down the toilet
G.C.: dave, they are stupid and yet very wise
you have much to learn and I will keep helping you learn it!
even if you are a huge crybaby who is easily upset by chopped vegetables
T.G.: ok im gonna change out of this wet suit
and into a dry shut your fucking mouth
G.C.: (sweet bro and hella jeff face with wide eyes and furrowed brows) bluhhhhhhh

Dave: Change into Four Aces Suited.

[Image description: Dave steps out of the pot of soup and the crocodiles stop chopping vegetables into it. He pulls out the captchalogue card with a black suit on it and changes into it. The red suit snaps in its place on the card. Another Dave, this one in his regular record shirt stands behind a pillar.]
T.G.: there now I wont be satisfying your crazy red fetish either
G.C.: (very sad, crying face with furrowed brows)
now I am crying too you see what you did
T.G.: all you get to smell is black
like licorice or something
you hate licorice right
G.C.: I love licorice
T.G.: shit
ok lets say I dont smell like licorice then
I smell like
a coal miners asshole
G.C.: too late!
it already smells like licorice since you said that, and now I cant unsmell it
T.G.: whatever
anyway
probably bout time I got on with this game
sans these pointless sidequests you want drag me through for kicks
later terezi nice knowing you
G.C.: wait!
you can't ditch me, weve got important stuff to do together
T.G.: unlikely
G.C.: oh
hey (gasping face with furrowed brows)
how do you know my name?
T.G.: you told me remember
G.C.: yeah, but I thought you forgot!
T.G.: why would I forget
G.C.: you said you were going to make a point of forgetting!
T.G.: oh
I guess I forgot I was supposed to forget
G.C.: well then
mister dave strider
I am glad that you forgot to forget (very happy face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: uh alright
G.C.: oh!!!
speaking of forgetting to not forget things
I forgot to show you this
pretty spot on dont you think
http://tinyurl.com/spotonstrider

[Note: that link opens a picture Terezi made. It's a screen capture from the movie A Troll in Central Park. Two children stand at the bow of a small blue boat as they pass cottage like buildings. The boy at the bow has red shades drawn in across his forehead. The girl next to him has a purple headband drawn in just off of her head and a purple squid drawn on her chest. Her face has been scribbled out in black and Bluh is written next to her. Another person stands at the back of the ship, steering it. This person has horns and red glasses drawn on on its head and a teal libra symbol drawn near their chest.]

T.G.: what the hell
G.C.: hahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha
absolute perfection!
and there goes the big man in his earth sport, driving the hoop through the paint.......
down town!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
T.G.: whats your obsession with making this goofy bullshit anyway
is it troll irony
G.C.: I have developed a passion for combing your internet for the cool kids
and making them cooler
by striderfying them (smiley face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: dont get me wrong its awesome
G.C.: thank you dave
honestly I think I am a better artist than I have presented so far
if only I could draw you something with my chalk (disappointed face with furrowed brows)
oh!!!
I know, I can borrow my friends drawing tablet
I will do that in a little while
T.G.: thats cool
G.C.: dave we should trade some drawings
you and me
T.G.: sure thats fine
im still gonna go off and do my own thing though
later
G.C.: wait!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
T.G.: dammit what
G.C.: ok I get that you are this rad loner and you think you have it all figured out
but how about this
if I am meant to help you, then your future self ought to visit you right now and give you a thumbs
up, right?
it will be your way of confirming to yourself that I can be trusted
there is no way you would plan to do that in the future if you end up regretting my help
does that sound fair?
T.G.: yeah fine but I doubt that I
oh fuck there I am hiding behind that column
G.C.: (Very happy face with wide eyes and furrowed brows)

Next

[Image description: The Dave standing behind the column gives a thumbs up.]

Next

[Image description: The Dave in the black suit looks over and a small red exclamation mark
appears in his hair. Two crocodiles stand behind him.]

Next

[Image description: The Dave in the black suit gives a thumbs up back to the other Dave.]

Next

[Image description: Dave looks towards a wall that has a large gear turning above an archway with
yellow and black stripes. Something inside the archway glows red and an orange arrow flashes
above it, pointing towards the entrance. The Dave in the black suit looks towards the entrance. An
alert over his head shows Terezi grinning. In the background, lava pours off platforms.]

Pesterlog
T.G.: ok so whats the plan
G.C.: I thought you would never ask
there are so many plans
we are going to be so busy dave, you have no idea
T.G.: thats cool
but what is the answer that doesn't have anything to do with meaningless bullshit
G.C.: isn't it obvious?
now that we are a team dave
you and me
it is time
T.G.: time
for
G.C.: time
T.G.: for
come on
G.C.: for..........
T.G.: ......
........
G.C.: ...................
foooooooooorrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.............
T.G.: god dammit
G.C.: a mother fucking dance party!!!!!!! (gasping face with furrowed brows)!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
http://tinyurl.com/omgdanceparty

[Note: This opens an image of two young children dancing wildly. It looks like something out of an old TV show. The one on the left has red sunglasses and a broken record drawn in approximately the right locations. The one on the right has horns, red glasses, and a teal libra symbol in approximately the right locations.]

T.G.: whoa

Next

[Image description: Dave stands on a vibrating platform. Yellow lights pan over the scene from top to bottom at regular intervals, like he's moving down past lit gaps.]

Pesterlog

T.G.: its like
watching a miracle made of nothing but twitching schroder legs
G.C.: you see dave
I told you, you will not regret hitching your shitty jpeggy four wheel device to my constellation
this is where the party's at
T.G.: look at us go
I can't stop watching
damn
those moves
G.C.: trust me
these moves don't stop keep taking place
not at this party
T.G.: I can see im going to have to drop everything
drop it like its simultaneously hot and I just tripped over the rug
dedicate my undivided attention to this shit
G.C.: dave, why trip over that rug... when you can cut it????? (smiley face with furrowed brows) tappa tap tap a pap! shoosh shoosh! 
T.G.: damn youre right truth be told everyone will be tripping when im done once I upset this biznasty with my swift cuts dudes will phalanx themselves agape like theyre offerin to store my shit in their mouths for the night rows of glasseyed human fly catchers beholding categorical fucking domination of the dance floor but they wont catch none cause the flys all mine G.C.: you have all the delicious flies T.G.: theres not any I dont have im crafting a new dance move to shock the shit out of asses in pants fred astaires ghost will weep in the arms of his own nimble rotting corpse G.C.: what is your new move dave (confused face with furrowed brows) T.G.: its called the smug cracker parlor wiggle G.C.: (gasping face with furrowed brows) I imagine these gyrations will smell quite fresh like recently leavened grubloaf T.G.: of course and just when the scene thought it was startin to recover from its ridiculous erection over that thats when I bust out another fierce move I call it rageclock me in the douche smirk plz cut out to the rude jam "askin 4 it!" G.C.: how rude would you say this jam is dave T.G.: id say if I had to take an educated guess it was outright goddamn unmannerly needs to get worked over by some stuffy prude at finishing school G.C.: will you teach me these moves T.G.: I dont know about that G.C.: please dave you stand there and do the unmannerly moves, and I will observe studiously T.G.: I dont know if you can keep up with me kid no offense theres just magic in these shoes and the coy gnome I ransacked wants them goddamn back G.C.: come on you take the lead and I will follow like this http://tinyurl.Com/teachmeyourmovesdave

[Note: This link opens a new image. It's a gif of the same two dancing children, but this time the one drawn over to be Dave does a strange dance move involving the shaking of his right arm as he walks towards the camera, then lifting and slapping his right knee. The one drawn to be Terezi mimics him.]

T.G.: ahahahahahaha

Next

[Image description: Dave walks along a winding grey walkway through a massive, red-tinted pipe]
that curves off into the distance. Lava flows from an upper walkway and from a hole in the wall of the pipe. In the distance, it still glows red, outlining what looks to be a giant crocodile.]

pesterlog
T.G.: i feel like i should be offering some visual rebuttal here
you arent giving me any time though dammit
G.C.: that is because I have you at the temporal disadvantage
I can pause and do whatever I like and then continue our conversation without missing a step!
but do not worry dave
it would be a shame to have to whiff your fragrant tears again
eventually the tables will turn and the advantage will be yours
you will have all the time in the prenatal universe at your disposal
being the knight of time and all
T.G.: oh yeah
I keep forgetting I can time travel
thats fine I guess
G.C.: and once you have the upper hand
and there are more daves scrambling around than you can shake a broken sword at
then you will get your chance to impress me (winky face with furrowed brows)
like so
http://tinyurl.com/thefloar-isonfire

[Note: This gif is of the same two dancers from the other gifs. Now they are attempting to moonwalk backwards. The Dave one crosses one leg behind the other and drops to the floor, then bounces back up into a spin. The Terezi one looks impressed and Nice is written below him.]

T.G.: see
I cant compete with this
G.C.: hehehehehe

Next

[Image description: Dave stares up at something. Everything around him glows red and many spouts of lava splash down just behind him.]

Pesterlog
T.G.: but seriously what is the real plan here
that has to do with not fucking around
G.C.: there is no plan that does not involve fucking around
but we will make sure all of our fucking will be applied in a constructive direction
T.G.: ok could you try to be somehow even less subtle when you hit on me thanks
G.C.: what
what did I say?
T.G.: man
nevermind
G.C.: you will have to forgive me dave, I think sometimes the meaning of words is lost through our cultural differences
T.G.: no shit
im going to infer that your species reproduces by having sex with a grub in a bucket or something
am I close
G.C.: dave
that is absolutely the filthiest thing I have ever heard anyone say (uncertain face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: ok sorry
back on point
what are we doing
G.C.: well, we need to start making you some money
lots and lots and lots of it!
T.G.: ok
G.C.: when you have saved up enough
we will buy you your first fraymotif
then you can start cutting out truly the flyest of moves
and that is when we will begin the most poorly behaved dance party of all (very happy face with
furrowed brows)
T.G.: sounds cool
demons and denizens alike will tremble before your fidgety gyrations
and most importantly, you will prove yourself to be the best human boy of all
way better than that dorky egbert and whoever might be meddling with him at any given moment
T.G.: huh what an odd thing to say
it demands no explanation whatsoever
G.C.: no of course not
T.G.: so how do I start making all this money
G.C.: patience!
remember how I said you have plenty of time
T.G.: tell me anyway
G.C.: ok well take what you have saved up from climbing your echeladder to start with
how much do you have?
T.G.: dont know
I never even looked at it
G.C.: derrrrp, nice job ace gamer
maybe you should have a look at it
T.G.: k
G.C.: and then I will advise you later after observing the grand scheme of all things and all daves
I will leave you alone for a little while to wander and explore
but I will be back!
and I will come back with a drawing tablet
and then you will see some true masterpieces
T.G.: ok after all this hype you better be prepared to fucking dazzle me
are you gonna bring it?
G.C.: allow me to provide an answer through interpretive dance
http://tinyurl.com/hellfuckingyes

[Note: This link opens a gif of the same two children, drawn on to make them resemble Dave and
Terezi, spinning on the floor. "Hell Fucking Yes" is written above them and a smiley face with
furrowed brows is below them.]

T.G.: awesome
peace out t-z
G.C.: (smiley face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: oh shit
G.C.: (confused face with furrowed brows)

Next

[Image description: Dave stands at the end of the walkway in front of a massive, golden building.
There is a narrow walkway extending from the door, which is settled beneath a massive clock]
pesterlog
G.C.: What is it?????
T.G.: fuck

John: Pester Vriska.

[Image description: John sits at the edge of a roof on his house with his feet dangling off the edge. He has his Cosbytop on his lap, which has two alerts. One is a medium blue scorpio symbol and the other is a flashing, pulsing spirograph that changes colors and shape rapidly.]

pesterlog
-- ectoBiologist [E.B.] began pestering arachnidsGrip [A.G.] --

E.B.: hey vriska!
ok, i still cannot find my nanna up here, so now i am just installing this game.
what are you up to?
A.G.: John! What the hell. There are so many things wrong with what you just said.
First of all, who told you you could just hassle me without warning like this? That's not how this works!
E.B.: why not? you guys do it all the time.
A.G.: Yes, because we are trolling you! Those are the rules. We get to bug you any time we feel like, and you have to sit there and take it like a chump.
E.B.: bluh...
A.G.: I am too busy to be fielding your nonsense at the drop of one of your absurd human hats. I have a ridiculous number of irons in the fire. You will speak to me only when I am ready to contact you, is that clear????????
E.B.: that's dumb. i'm going to talk to you whenever i want!
A.G.: Secondly, I am very pissed off that you figured out my name.
E.B.: well, i didn't know it was your name for sure until you just told me now.
so, haha.
A.G.: Dammit!
Who told you?
E.B.: heheh, i am not telling.
a true wise guy never reveals his tricks.
A.G.: I will find out who told you. And then I will make them pay.
E.B.: nuh uh!
anyway, i was just wondering if you had a chance to watch that awesome video i linked you to?
A.G.: What video?
E.B.: you know...
the one about the renegade hero who busted loose from the slammer to save the day.
A.G.: John, the way you describe movies makes them sound extremely stupid. Why would I want to watch this crap????????
E.B.: just do it, you won't be sorry.
i mean, when you are not so busy and have less irons in the fire or whatever.
ok, i am starting this game now and saving jade, like a street tough maverick with nothing to lose. see ya, vriska!
A.G.: (straight face with eight eyes pinched shut)
E.B.: oh, damn...
A.G.: (confused face with eight eyes)
Next

pesterlog
A.G.: What is it now!
E.B.: fuck.

Next

pesterlog
carcinoGeneticist [C.G.] began trolling ectoBiologist [E.B.]

C.G.: hey shithead you are in huge trouble.
a word with you and your friend.
E.B.: oh no.
which conversation is this for you? Your second or so?
C.G.: what are you talking about
E.B.: I mean...
the second time you have spoken to me?
or first??
C.G.: john, for all intents and purposes, this is our ten millionth conversation.
E.B.: oh.
I thought you were going backwards though.
C.G.: I was
got back to the beginning
and then jumped ahead again a bunch of times.
stop being so linear, it's getting old.
now I need you to join this memo so we can discuss something important.
E.B.: memo?
C.G.: click the awesome banner I made.

[Note: the banner consists of a clipart apple, orange, lemon, and lime. The apple has an open-
mouthed smile, the orange has a closed-mouth smile, the lemon looks amused, and the lime is
giving a toothy grin. The banner is titled in shaky handwriting 'Fruity Rumpus Asshole Factory'.]
E.B.: uh...
ok.

Dave: Answer Karkat.

[Image description: Dave stands against a background of pouring lava, staring up at something. His
glasses have a grey cancer alert.]

pesterlog
carcinoGeneticist [C.G.] began trolling turntechGodhead [T.G.]

C.G.: hey shithead you are in huge trouble.
a word with you and your friend.
T.G.: I thought you were asleep
C.G.: yes dave, I was asleep at one point.
it stands to reason I am now and will always be asleep at every point on all timelines.
that really makes a lot of fucking sense.
now you, me, and egbert need to have a chat.
here I made a cool banner using some of your shitty earth clip art.
click it.

[Note: It shows the same banner Karkat sent to John.]

T.G.: not cool
luring me into your cyber boobytrap with shitty clip art who told you my weakness
C.G.: it'll work, won't it?
T.G.: obviously

John and Dave: Respond to memo.

[Image description: The screen splits three ways. A triangular section at the top shows a closeup of
Karkat screaming. The remaining parts of the panel are split in two, with John on the left and Dave
on the right.]

pesterlog
Unknown C.G. at an unknown time opened memo on board Fruity Rumpus Asshile Factory.
current turntechGodhead [C.T.G.] right now responded to memo.
C.T.G.: what
current ectoBiologist [C.E.B.] right now responded to memo.
C.E.B.: ok, i am here.
oh, hi dave!
C.T.G.: hey
C.E.B.: what is going on in here?
C.T.G.: some kinda asshole rumpus looks like
unknown C.G.: everybody shut the fuck up, I hate you both, etc. Etc. Etc.
now that the pleasantries are out of the way, there is important business to discuss.
this memo is not about which guy can manage to be the heftiest sack of shame globes to one
another.
it is not about which one of us will most decisively escort the others "to school", where they will
receive a vast helping of "oh snap" rammed down their insatiable ignorance shafts.
this is an important conversation which I believe needs to take place here and now, so you will
both shape your shit up and perhaps begin to approximate people who aren't excruciatingly
retarded.
C.T.G.: ok later windbag
unknown C.G.: strider fuck off
and by fuck off I mean fuck off right back here and listen, you insufferable prick.
C.E.B.: yeah, dave, don't go!
I think we should listen to what he has to say.
unknown C.G.: yes, listen to your leader dave.
as dumb as egbert is, he is smarter than you and is the rightful superior among your dreary little
party.
but I am the superior of both of you and what you really need to be doing is listening to me.
so dave, try to keep all those sick fires checked and those stoic lips pursed for a god damned
second
and take this simple bit of hatefriendly advice:
stop hitting on terezi immediately, it's fucking embarrassing to watch.
C.T.G.: nah
C.E.B.: haha, dave you're hitting on terezi? Really??
C.T.G.: no
but whatever he thinks im doing im not going to stop
the guys jealous obviously he thinks his girlfriend has a thing for me and you know what hes
probably right
but what else is new just another lady from outer space mackin on me whatever chance she gets
unknown C.G.: oh, ha ha! If smug was a motorcycle, it just jumped over a fucking canyon.
the crowd goes wild with dismay, and then commits mass suicide.
C.E.B.: karkat, is terezi really your girlfriend?
unknown C.G.: guess what this conversation is about! Not that particular topic.
also guess whose business that still isn't, fucking yours, that's right.
C.T.G.: pretty sure she is
or he thinks she is or something
made it pretty obvious when he started ranting at me months ago
back when I suspected these trolls were full of shit
but now look how far we've come
theres not any doubt left about that at all
unknown C.G.: even if there was anything going on, which there definitely [oops time to mind
your own business again, asshole!]
our romance is much more complicated than the joke that passes for your understanding of the
concept.
you only have one quadrant! That's just absurd.
C.T.G.: right
sounds like its time to get a clue she is over you dude
C.E.B.: what is so different about your romance?
what's a quadrant? How many do you have?
C.T.G.: john god dammit stop embarrassing us
first of all we've got to be on record here as not giving a shit about that
second obviously there's gonna be 4 quadrants come on
unknown C.G.: john, I take back everything I said about you being the smart one.
dave is now the leader, even though he's a smug shitstain with shades and a poker face.
if there were five, they'd be called quintdrants, get it???
C.E.B.: wow, okay!
who cares, jeeez.
unknown C.G.: yes, exactly. Who cares?
as fascinating as a lecture on all that would be, it's not what this is about.
which brings me to a related point of business.
john, don't think I didn't notice how many e's you just typed there.
that's got to stop too.
C.E.B.: what does?
unknown C.G.: stop talking to vriska. I'm fucking serious.
C.E.B.: what!
no way. Vriska's cool, I'll talk to her all I want!
unknown C.G.: hahahahahahahaha.
you jackasses have no idea what you're getting yourselves into.
they're dangerous, and you're just blundering right into their hypercompetitive mindfuck murder-thicket.
these psycho girls have already gotten each of you killed at least once to my knowledge.
C.E.B.: well, yeah...
but terezi killed me in an alternate timeline, so that isn't too bad I guess.
plus, I am pretty sure that she is sorry about it.
unknown C.G.: oh god, you even know about it?
and you're still getting up to these antics
you are both fucking hopeless, I give up.
C.T.G.: k then bye
unknown C.G.: shut your squawk gaper and stay put.
I'm not done.
C.T.G.: sounds like a loudmouth inferiority thing going on here to me
like you dont want to acknowledge that your troll ladies find a couple of human dudes irresistible
unknown C.G.: you don't get it.
I do acknowledge that as much as it makes me sick to my various bits of alien physiology you've
never heard of, these girls are clearly flirting with both of you pretty hard.
the fact that they have swept you both into their sick assassination games is sadly what makes this
obvious.
that's what they do.
C.E.B.: wait...
are you saying that vriska is interested in me?
like, romantically?
unknown C.G.: egbert just earned a few brain points!
he has reached a new rung on his echeladder, "easily outfoxed by simple utensils"
"buckaroo"
or something like that
C.T.G.: smooth
C.E.B.: oh man.
uh...
unknown C.G.: yes let's all have a great big oh man over that
and then fucking cut the horseshit forever. Sound good?
C.E.B.: I'm not sure what to think about this.
dave, what do you think I should do?
C.T.G.: I dunno
do you like her
C.E.B.: well, like I said, I thought she was pretty cool...
kinda bossy! But also pretty friendly.
C.T.G.: yeah ok
but I mean
anything more than that
like
if earth wasnt destroyed and she werent in some other universe on a planet full of unspeakable
frothing dipshits
and she was on earth visiting your town or something
would you want to ask her to go see one of your dumbass movies
like the new macconnohey jam where he smirks and like all but deliberately draws the audiences ire
like a goddamn magnetron
C.E.B.: mcconaughey!!!!!!!
um, wow, I don't know.
I mean, yeah, sure it would be fun to do something like that with her, I think.
but...
beyond that, it's a little confusing!
I don't think I have ever actually liked a girl before in that way, so I am not really sure what I am
supposed to feel or do...
unknown C.G.: holy fuck what am I even reading here?????
C.T.G.: doesnt concern you dude
unknown C.G.: ok john, are your feelings quite sorted out yet?
are you quite done slogging through the emotional morass of adolescence, emerging from the
sludge in your junior ectobiology waders?
are we feeling just a little bit wiser? Did we grow today? That would be wonderful!
you would think warning you guys that fraternizing with these females is putting your lives in
danger would be enough.
really, danger you say? Oh goodness, we nearly made a huge mistake! Why thank you, mr. Troll,
how gracious of you to alert us to our foolishness.
C.T.G.: I dunno man doesnt sound like you really got our interests in mind here
you just sound kinda bitter
did one of the human ladies reject you
unknown C.G.: of course not.
C.T.G.: how did it go did you stand in a quadrant like you were playing four square
holding a bucket full of flowers or slime or whatever and jade was like no thanks bro
is that how it went down
unknown C.G.: yes, you figured it out! You are a savant of xenobiology dave and I salute you with
one of my many intergalactic space tendrils
(that's fake, I made that up to fuck with you)
C.T.G.: or maybe it was a guy who rejected you
unknown C.G.: fuck off.
C.T.G.: haha wow bingo
see how I look right now thats a poker face might want to take some notes
unknown C.G.: I see nothing but a coward behind dark eyewear clearly designed for women and a
pair of impudent lips pursed so tight it'll sound like air squealing out of a balloon when I punch you
in the gut.
C.T.G.: oh god stop talking about my lips thats the second time
ok you're clearly gay and you've probably got some issues about it dude
john just a heads up in the future I think you're gonna spurn one of his awkward advances
C.E.B.: uh oh!
unknown C.G.: john don't listen to this fucker, he's the worst guy at giving advice I've ever seen.
C.E.B.: yeah, I dunno dave, I have talked to karkat a lot and I really don't think he has a thing for me.
unknown C.G.: exactly. John once again is flying high as smartest human.
and john, purely hypothetically, if one of us in the future does make some sort of solicitation you
don't quite understand...
because of perhaps some cultural differences
I mean no one in particular here
maybe try to understand that person might not be thinking too clearly at that moment
C.E.B.: uh...
unknown C.G.: it might be the case that this person has gotten too wrapped up in a sort of caliginous ideal
and get carried away, possibly so much so they were blind to how completely fucked up and weird
it would be to pursue anything like that with another species
especially one that didn't even understand the concept of a caliginous relationship
C.T.G.: what
the fuck
are you talking about
unknown C.G.: but I'm not that person. I have a firm grasp on how deranged and unnatural any sort
of interspecies relationship would be, whether caliginous or concupiscent.
so I ask
no I'm fucking begging you both
to quit chatting up these shithive broads and leave well enough alone.
C.T.G.: that's obviously not gonna happen
unknown C.G.: fuck.
look.
alright I admit this isn't purely magnanimous concern for your safety here.
we're all sort of cooking up a plan right now.
my right now.
which if successful, may, and I do stress may, end up with all of us meeting face to face.
and what I'd like to avoid if at all possible
is to have this rendezvous instantly deteriorate into a lot of revolting troll/human sloppy makeouts.
that would just ruin it for me, ok?
really the only scenario that I am sure would cause me to regret success. Got it?
C.E.B.: er...
do...
you think that vriska is going to try to make out with me?
unknown C.G.: shut up.
I'm not answering your dumb questions about how much snogging you're in for and I'm not playing
interspecies match maker here.
seriously, what is wrong with you guys?
I shouldn't even need to be saying this.
god dammit, it's not even like you don't have actual human females nearby for actual biologically
viable matespritships!
do I have to draw you a diagram???
C.E.B.: rose and jade?
so, uh...
you want us to like, date them?
unknown C.G.: would it really fucking kill you to consider it???????
I mean god. What do you even think you're doing here in this game? you're creating your own universe to go live in. and just how do you think your species is supposed to repopulate itself????????????? Idiots.

C.T.G.: dude

no
just
stop

unknown C.G.: oh ok, so the alien here is the only one concerned with the propagation of your species. that makes a lot of fucking sense. Why don't you wise the fuck up, cooldouche?

C.E.B.: I think he is right, I think we are all a little young to be thinking about that!

unknown C.G.: well no shit, now you are obviously. but what about later? Think about the big picture. how did humanity get as far as it got being so dumb?

C.E.B.: um, also, we are kinda all related! Sort of. Through shared ghost slime genes. Right? so, uh...

unknown C.G.: oh right, the bizarre human anathema of incest, I forgot.

C.T.G.: oh my fucking god please let this conversation not be taking place

unknown C.G.: ok well let's say that's hypothetically a problem, even though I'm racking my brain to understand why it would be.

I guess I will have to draw you a diagram, because you are just that stupid. here
http://tinyurl.com/matingdiagramformorons

[Note: This opens a badly drawn diagram. There are four quadrants. The top left is blue and has a drawing of John. The top right is red and has a drawing of Dave. The bottom left is green and has a drawing of Jade. The bottom right is purple and has a drawing of Rose. A double ended arrow points between Dave and Jade and another points between John and Rose. Where they intersect, there is a red heart.]

C.T.G.: ok your by far the worst artist out of any of us and thats saying something

unknown C.G.: shut up I drew it fast

now
as you can clearly see, there are only two sets of compatible quadrants here for legitimate concupiscent pairings.

dave and rose are "related"
jade and john are "related"
that only leaves two pairs.

once again, the decisions pertaining to human romance remain stunningly simple. and yet I still have to spell it out for you. You're welcome. now go hassle your future matesprits and leave the troll girls alone.

C.T.G.: thx for the shipping grid bro imma drop everything and go have a baby with jade right now no peeking k

C.E.B.: wow, I have to marry rose?

uh...
wow.
unknown C.G.: and now that I have saved your entire worthless species with my impeccable romance brokering skills

I will bid you a bitter fucking farewell.
jegus I am so tired.
C.T.G.: you should go back to sleep
it was so much cooler when you were asleep and I basically never had to listen to you ever
unknown C.G.: I can't go to sleep
C.E.B.: why not?
unknown C.G.: because I'm too tired to explain why is why.
you'll figure it out later.
memo over.
get outta here.
unknown C.G. banned C.E.B. from responding to memo.
unknown C.G. banned C.T.G. from responding to memo.

unknown C.G. closed memo.

Karkat: Be Past Karkat.

[Image description: Karkat lays on the floor of the computer room on the meteor. His eyes are pinched tightly shut and he looks uncomfortable. A pitch black alert floats over his head.]

You cannot be Past Karkat because in the past, Past Karkat is asleep!

[S] Past Karkat: Wake up.

[Image description: Karkat's Theme begins to play. This panel is an interactive walkaround, where you play as Karkat.

Karkat stands in the computer room on the meteor. A U-shaped table rings the left, bottom, and right walls of the room and another table runs along the back wall. The tables all have various computer terminals and computer parts scattered around them. Terezi stands in front of one of the computers on the left side of the room, though she's facing away from it and has her cane out. Further down the left side, Eridan stands near another computer terminal, but he's also facing away from it. Instead, he's looking towards a massive pile of horns- the kind that you squeeze to honk- and Gamzee doing some sort of strange dance next to them. The table curves around to the bottom of the room, where there is an unused terminal, then ones being used by Kanaya and Vriska, followed by another empty one. A fiduspawn plush and cards sit on the floor near where the table curves back up the right side of the room. Equius walks towards Tavros and Nepeta, who are near one of the terminals. An abandoned red unicycle lays on the ground. The table on the back wall has four terminals, but only the center two are in use by Sollux and Aradiabot. Feferi stands a small distance behind them. In the center of the room, there is a dark grey transportalizer platform.

In the top left corner, there is a video game control icon. Click it.
A grey text box appears.
Use arrow keys (or WASD keys) to walk and spacebar to interact.

Go to the leftmost terminal on the back table. Press space.
A black textbox with a yellow border appears. There are two options.
Finish responding to Kanaya in memo.
Or
Cancel

Finish responding to Kanaya in memo.

A grey text box appears.
Current carcinoGeneticist [C.C.G.] Right Now responded to memo.
Karkat's talksprite, which is a more detailed but still stylized drawing, appears on the left side of the box. He is a skinny, grey-skinned boy with messy black hair that falls almost into his eyes and is wearing a black, long-sleeve shirt with a grey cancer symbol on the chest.

C.C.G.: ok.
everything's fine I guess.

Kanaya's talksprite appears on the right as Karkat's disappears. She has short, carefully sculpted hair, black lipstick, and winged eyeliner. She is wearing a tight, black, long-sleeve shirt under a looser black shirt with a jade green virgo symbol on the chest. Her skirt is bright red and pleated or striped horizontally until they meet up with a diagonal panel, at which point the fabric becomes plain.

P.G.A.: what happened

As they speak, the sprites change to show the speaker on screen.

C.C.G.: I passed out for about an hour.
fucking embarrassing.
you are out of your goddamn mind, you know.
P.G.A.: shithive maggots you mean
C.C.G.: yeah
in a good way though.
ok I'm shutting this memo down for my past self.
since he's currently lying unconscious on the floor an hour ago.
see you in the future-now.
P.G.A.: til then

C.C.G. banned C.G.A. from responding to memo. C.C.G. banned P.C.G. from responding to memo.
C.C.G. closed memo.

Walk south to Terezi and press space.
A black text box appears with four options.
Talk to Terezi
Get lowdown from Terezi
Be Terezi
Cancel

Talk To Terezi

Terezi's talksprite appears. She has shoulder length black hair that looks somewhat messy, but not nearly as messy as Karkat's. She's wearing a black shirt bearing her teal libra symbol. She holds her cane in her right hand and rests her left on top of it.

Terezi: wow check out who finally woke up!
we've been trying to wake you for an hour, but you were unresponsive to even the most senseless of canedrubblings (smiley face with furrowed brows)
Karkat: my head hurts.
Terezi: probably due to the aforementioned nub drubbings
Karkat: will you shut up about the drubbings. Put that cane away, dammit. It's not like you even need it.
I had a horrible dream, ok.
Terezi: oh?
Karkat: I finally woke up on prospit.
Terezi: you did???
oh god, i cant believe i missed it!
Karkat: yeah well, sorry we can't go on our enchanted golden magic carpet ride or whatever you had in store for us, but now it's too late.
dream me is dead.
Terezi: i know (sad face with furrowed brows)
all of us are, prospit was completely destroyed
Karkat: oh shit, really?
guess that's not too surprising. Anyway, I saw the demon again.
I think I know who it is.
Terezi: who is it (questioning face with furrowed brows)
Karkat: I don't know how it's possible...
I need to search for more answers before I know for sure.
Terezi: stop being mysterious and tell me!
Karkat: no way. I'm not jumping to hasty conclusions. If it turns out I'm right, then I guess we both get to say I told you so.
Terezi: argh, fine
so, you saw him just before he destroyed prospit?
Karkat: yeah. And that wasn't even the bad part of the dream.
Terezi: that was an hour ago! What have you been dreaming about since?
Karkat: I don't want to talk about it.
the bottom line is, everyone here is forbidden from going to sleep.
Terezi: forbidden?
Karkat: yes, as your leader, I am ordering all prospit dreamers to stay awake, no matter how tired you get.
Terezi: um, alright (uncertain face with furrowed brows)
Karkat: do you ever even get tired?
Terezi: what's that supposed to mean!
Karkat: all you do is run your mouth all day, and sniff and lick people inappropriately with that shit eating grin.
I don't think I've ever even seen you yawn.
Terezi: im getting pretty tired right now as a matter of fact
tired of your bullshit!
Karkat: god I'm tired.

Get lowdown from Terezi.

Terezi: so guess what
we've been in contact with some aliens from the universe we created
Karkat: ok. So?
Terezi: dont you think thats kind of neat?
Karkat: no. It's boring. Who cares?
Terezi: i thought as our intrepid leader that was something you might want to know
Karkat: alright, as leader, I recommend we deliver them a delightful gift basket via transuniversal bulge thrust.
are you taking this down???
Terezi: (tongue sticking out face with furrowed brows)
im not saying we need to make friends with them or anything, but weve begun to suspect they have something to do with our session, paradoxically speaking
Karkat: is anything ever not paradoxically speaking?
Terezi: maybe we can figure out a way to get ourselves out of this jam?
Karkat: nope. I already told you. We're doomed. A meaningless race of aliens won't change that. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got a lot of important shit to do.
Terezi: you mean a lot of important wandering around aimlessly and talking to people?
Karkat: yes, exactly.

Walk Northeast to Sollux at the computer.

Talk to Sollux.

Sollux: hey kk most of these computers are shit. So unless you've got a real good reason I don't think I'm gonna bother fixing them.
Karkat: I'm fine, thanks for asking man. Your concern is really appreciated, I appreciate it.
Sollux: fuck you and your primadonna garbage, I'm not going to break down sobbing because you pass out at the sight of a little blood, why don't you man up.
Karkat: hey fuck you, I turn around and see a crazy girl with a chainsaw and a tsunami of brown. Is it too much to ask that we not turn our little hideout into a slaughterhouse?
Sollux: what did you want me to do get down on the floor and kiss your fainted corpse on the lisp to wake you up on a nonexistent prospit?
Karkat: let's not do this, ok man? Just this once. I don't have the energy.
Sollux: yeah ok fine.
Karkat: so what's the deal with these aliens, is it anything I should give a shit about?
Sollux: no not at all, they're useless and uninteresting like I'm sure you already gathered. I recommend we don't bother with them, though Aradia seems to think we'll all be in each other's sponges inevitably. Whatever, I'm pretty committed to not having anything to do with them ever.
Karkat: good, that's what I like to hear.
Sollux: uh huh, sure kk by the look of some of your future memos it looks like you're gonna get pretty wound up by this thing soon.
Karkat: man, fuck my future memos.
Sollux: no way, they're hilarious, best thing about having you as a leader hands down.
Karkat: fuck that sentiment, and fuck you, and fuck future me.
Sollux: ok. What about past you, is past you cool.
Karkat: the only guy more irritating and stupid than future me is past me.
Sollux: ehehehehehehe.

Walk past Sollux to Aradia and press space bar.
Three options appear
Talk to Aradia
Be Future Aradia
Cancel

Talk to Aradia.

Aradia: have you decided to troll them yet
Karkat: troll who?
Aradia: never mind 
lets pretend I didn't say that and lets also pretend it isn't inevitable
Karkat: what the frond buckling nook stench are you talking about.
Aradia: nothing. Its not like a decision you are about to make will invariably lead to every problem we have and will ever face as well as the great undoing itself just keep listening to your angry impulses it will all be fine actually I guess I could kill you right now and stop it all from happening thus dooming us all in an offshoot timeline 
I might consider it if we all weren't doomed anyway and if you weren't my friend
Karkat: you know what was great? When you used to not be a robot. cause this robot thing? This is bullshit. if we weren't all about to die, I'd dedicate our whole team to finding a way to bring you back to life but we are so guess we'll have to ride out the next few hours with a spooky tin can psychopath, sounds like a blast.
Aradia: (wide eyed blank face)

Be Future Aradia

The scene changes. Sollux, Terezi, Nepeta, and Equius all stare at where Aradiabot was, which is now covered in black ash and robot parts. A grey text box appears. You cannot be Future Aradia because in the future, Future Aradia has exploded!

Walk south to Feferi.
Three options appear.
Talk to Feferi
Be future Feferi
Cancel

Talk to Feferi.

Feferi's talksprite appears. She has long but neat hair that is pushed back off her forehead and goes down past her waist. She's wearing fuschia goggles and a golden tiara along with several brightly colored necklaces. Her shirt is sleeveless and has her fuschia pisces symbol on the chest. Her ears are shaped like a fish's fin, with three 'fingers' that have webbing in between them.

Feferi: finally! So karkat, what was your dream like after you died? I have been glubbing like crazy over here wondering about it.
Karkat: I'm not talking about it. Just don't go to sleep.
oh wait, you're a derse dreamer, right? Never mind, knock yourself out. Literally.
Feferi: you look so nervous and pale. Were you scared of what you saw?
Karkat: what about not talking about it don't you get.
Feferi: there's no reason to be scared! They are not as terrible as they look. when derse is destroyed, I am going to go to sleep and prove it.
I will prove it to you, and to them as well.
Karkat: them?
Feferi: our new friends! You'll see. Everything is going to be ok.
this is pretty exciting! Don't you think???
Karkat: meh
Feferi: glub to that attitude!!!!!! (Shocked face with goggles, a tiara, and furrowed brows)

Be Future Feferi
The scene changes. Feferi is laying in Gamzee's pile of horns, being watched by him and Tavros. Vriska stands off to one side and where a computer once was on the bottom table, there is now a black smudge of ash. A fiduspawn plush is ripped open behind the pile, cards are scattered over the floor, and a red dragon cape lays on the floor off to the side. A grey text box appears.
You cannot be Future Feferi because in the future, Future Feferi is asleep!

Walk west to the unicycle.
Examine Unireal Air.
A grey text box appears.
It's almost impossible to cross the room without tripping over this goddamn thing. The mess in here is unireal. I mean unreal.

Walk to the transportalizer in the center of the room.
Transportalize
Karkat disappears in a grey flash and appears on a different transportalizer. This one is at the crossroads of two halls somewhere else on the meteor. The walls have vents near the floor and spirographs carved into them. There is a chest to the west and another to the east.

Go to the west chest.
Open Chest.
The chest opens and plays a little victory tune. A few boondollars float out of the chest. A grey text box appears.
You got some boondollars!
Who cares.

Go to the east chest.
Open Chest.
The victory tune plays again. A barbed sickle floats out of the chest. A grey text box appears.
You got the trusty Clawsicle!

Go north. There is another transportalizer.
Transportalize
Karkat disappears in another grey flash, reappearing in another room. He's standing on a transportalizer in the center of a ring of other transportalizers. Each of the others has a troll's symbol bobbing above it.

Go west, to the grey cancer transportalizer.
Transportalize
Karkat appears on another transportalizer at the west end of a corridor. Along the hall, there are many chests and small divots in the wall with some sort of computer technology in them. The second divot you pass is empty. Some of the walls look cracked.

Head east and open the chests as you pass them.
Open Chest
You got a whole boonbuck!
Yawn.

Open chest
You got a ~ath manual!
It's so thick, you could kill someone with this thing. And if you master what's inside, you just might kill everyone with it.
Open chest
You got a tinkerbull plush!
R.I.P. Little buddy. (Crying face)

Open chest
You got a whole mess of boonbucks!
You guess you could use them as paperweights. Or something.

There is a set of stairs. Head down to the lower section of the hallway. There are more divots and more chests.

Open chest
You got a teapot!

Open chest
A bottle of faygo floats out of the chest.
You got a wicked elixir!
You chug the beverage immediately. Your vitals remain unchanged.

There is another set of stairs. Go down and open more chests.

Open chest
A painting of a censored centaur with massive genitals, some sort of ball in hand, and blue wings floats out of the chest.
You got a beautiful work of fine art!
Just... Why. Why would this exist. Why would someone put it in a chest???

Open chest
Karkat's sickle with the pink, green, and white blade floats out of the chest.
You got homes smell ya later!
So fresh

You reach the east end of the hallway, where there is another transportalizer.
It takes you to a large room with an ectobiology apparatus in it. Unlike the one john used to make himself, his friends, and all their guardians, this one is massive and has 24 vats instead of 4. A few of them are broken. The round platform where the created babies would appear has a small blue flicker in the center.

Walk to the northwest corner. There is a chest there.
Open chest
You got a box of fruit trollups!
It shows the box of fruit rollups. The rollups themselves are red, orange, and yellow, but the labels are all grey.
Tongue tattoos on every roll
Fruit roll-ups
Fruit flavored
Orange creamsicle colonoscolypse
10 0.5 Oz (14g) rolls
Net wt 5 oz (141g)
Troll Crocker's vile tendrils are everywhere.

Approach the machine.
Examine equipment.
You don't even want to think about that day. Slime and wigglers... everywhere.
Walk to the northeast corner. There's another chest there.
Open Chest
A bucket comes out of the chest.
You got a... oh dear god.
Get that filth outta here

Go to the blue flicker in the center of the room.
So many horrible memories for Past Karkat...

Be Past Karkat?
Yes

The screen fades to black. Karkat stands on the platform as grub-like creatures with the troll's faces and bodies the colors of their blood swarm over him.
You are now Past Karkat. You are pretty much freaking the fuck out.

An image of Karkat screaming on the floor as baby trolls crawl all over him appears against a flashing green background.

It fades back to Current Karkat standing on the platform.

Return to the transportalizer.
Karkat reappears at the end of the long hallway of chests.
Enter the closest alcove to the northwest.
There's a switch on the wall, flip it?
There's a faint clunk sound.

Head up one flight of stairs. One of the alcoves has opened up into a narrow hallway. Enter it. It continues for a very long time before ending in a small room. In the back, there is one of Sollux's beehive mainframes and a large purple fiduspawn creature, Horsaroni. Closer to the door, there are six black mannequins arranged in a circle. The one in the top left is empty, but the others all have dresses that Kanaya wore at various times.
Approach one of the items.
Examine.
Man, why's everybody gotta dump their shit in your secret room? How are they even getting in here??! This is so outrageous.
Approach Horsearoni.
Examine.
NEIGH

Leave the secret room and return to the west end of the hallway.
Transportalize
Karkat appears on his platform in the room with the ring of transportalizers marked with the troll's symbols.

Go to the transportalizer in the center of the room.
Transportalize
Karkat returns to the crossroads. Go south. There is another transportalizer there.
Transportalize
Karkat appears at the west end of another hallway. This one has cobblestone flooring and vents every few feet on the walls. There is a chest nearby, just before a set of stairs.
Open Chest.
You got a broken bow and arrow!

Head west, down the set of stairs. The path curves around down another set of stairs. On the platform, there is a curved black pipe that extends up into the ceiling and another chest. Open Chest. You got a chainsaw! Still some brown stains on it. Yuck.

Go down the stairs. There are two more chests.

Open Chest. A poster resembling the one Tavros had for Pupa Pan comes from the chest. You got a fairy poster! Lovely, albeit imaginary.

Open Chest. You got a beautiful musclebeast nude! You feel culturally enriched by this masterpiece.

The path turns south and heads down another flight of stairs. The path curves into a U shaped balcony overlooking an area with another chest and a transportalizer. On the way around to the next staircase, there is another chest. Open Chest. You got the Crosbytop! Say, who the heck is this douche bag, anyway?

Head north, to the set of stairs, then descend. Open Chest. You got a broken robot part!

Approach the transportalizer. Transportalize

Karkat appears in the southwest corner of another lab, this one like the one where John found the chess piece creatures in vats many times his size. Karkat is of a comparable size. The creatures in the vats only vaguely resemble chess pieces with how many strange prototypings they were given. Approach one of the vats. Examine monstrosities. Genetic abominations once so threatening now pose no challenge at all to players of your godly status. They are lucky to be asleep and behind glass. They are lucky to have your pity.

Head east. There is a chest in the southeast corner. Open Chest. You got some glasses of fresh milk! But... what is there to even get milk from around here? Oh sweet jegus...

Head north. In the northeast corner, there is another transportalizer. Transportalize Karkat reappears in the computer room. Everything is how he left it.

Walk northeast to Nepeta.
Talk to Nepeta.
Nepeta's talksprite appears. She has a 3 shaped mouth and very round cheeks. 2 of her teeth stick over the edge of her lip like fangs. She's wearing a bright blue hat with a cat face on it, a black shirt with a forest green libra symbol on it, and a forest green overshirt.

Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) oh god this is so great, they look like they are so much fun!
Karkat: who
Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) the humans!!!
Karkat: what's a human
Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) the alien kids! Come on karcat, you need to stop taking all these silly naps and get up to speed
Karkat: wait, what have you been doing
you haven't been pulling your rp nonsense on them have you? Talk about a shitty first encounter.
Karkat: ok as leader, I forbid you from rp'ing with them.
Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) but equius already forbid me from doing that (sad face with two mouths)
not that I am listening to him, but shhhhh! (cat face with two mouths)
Karkat: wait, he did?
Karkat: ok, then as your leader I order you to rp with them as much as possible. Be as obnoxious about it as you can.
Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) yaaaaaaaaaaaaay!

Walk south to Tavros.
Talk to Tavros.

Tavros's talksprite appears. He has a combed back mohawk with the area around the base of his horns shaved. His teeth are large and jagged, but he's grinning widely. He's slouching quite a bit. Like the others, he's wearing a black shirt. His has his brown taurus symbol on the chest, but he also wears a short sleeve overshirt unbuttoned over it.

Tavros: heyyyy, you're awake,
Karkat: hey, you know what would have been an awesome time to take the opportunity to saw your lower torso off and replace it with robo legs?
Tavros: no,
Karkat: any goddamn time before now. You know, during our whole adventure when they might have come in handy.
also when I didn't happen to be standing around. That would have been so sweet.
Tavros: ohh, sorry, I mean I was kind of asleep too, so, I didn't have a lot of say, in the matter,
Karkat: did you see him?
Tavros: who,
Karkat: the demon. When you were asleep.
Tavros: no,
Karkat: he was right fucking there. I told you to look, but I guess you were too busy frolicking in the sky or whatever you do on that gaudy yellow moon.
Tavros: oh, man, yeah sky frolicking was probably definitely the thing I was preoccupied by,
Karkat: anyway, that was just before he blew the place up.
Tavros: whoa, is that what happened,
Karkat: idiot.
just don't go to sleep. Spread the word.
Tavros: I couldn't possibly sleep now, I'm too excited about these awesome legs, look at me go, whoops,
The screen shakes as Tavros topples over. A moment later, he stands back up.

Walk south to Equius.
Talk to Equius.

Equius's talksprite appears. He has very large, defined muscles, but he's not overly bulky. His hair is slicked back into a sharp-edged, shoulder-length bob with a prominent widow's peak and sideburns. He has deep blue bags under his eyes, which are hidden by cracked sunglasses. His left horn and several teeth are also broken. He's wearing a sleeveless black top with a royal blue sagittarius symbol on the chest.

Karkat: this roboleg bullshit was your idea wasn't it.
Equius: (Bow and arrow) I only supplied the technological means, though my lobbying for a hooven quadrupedal lower torso went tragically disregarded
Karkat: ok I hereby order you to never even think about giving someone horselegs again, is that understood.
Equius: (Bow and arrow) yes, I can follow that order, sir
 are there any other orders you would like to issue to me in a manner that is similarly forceful
Karkat: I also order you to stop getting off on my orders. For like the five hundredth fucking time.
Equius: (Bow and arrow) yes, and you will continue to order me to do so. I command it
...
I need a towel
Karkat: go have your butler get you one you snooty douche.
Equius: (Bow and arrow) aurthour is dead, and so is his ghost remember
Karkat: yeah.
sorry man, I forgot. Didn't mean to bring up a sore subject.
Equius: (Bow and arrow) is this where embrace jocularly, as if we are bros
I will be as gentle as possible
Karkat: don't touch me.

Approach the fiduspawn plush and cards.
Examine host plush.
Looks like SOMEONE needs to stop playing games for girls.

Go west and approach Gamzee, who is still dancing next to a pile of horns.
Talk to Gamzee.

Gamzee's talksprite appears. He's lanky and thin with strange face paint on. His mouth and eyes are surrounded by dark grey, as are section on his temples and at the hinge of his jaw. The rest is painted white. His hair is a wild mess that sticks up in every direction and hangs into his face. His shirt is black and has an indigo capricorn symbol on the chest.

Gamzee: hey can I help a tired looking brother get his motherfuckin nap on?
sleep in the horn pile? Only 420 boondollars
Two options appear.
No
or
Hell no
Karkat: I just slept on the floor for an hour, does it look like I need a nap???
besides, I just banned everyone from sleeping, so don't go pulling this horn pile inn keeper shit, got it?
also, stop dancing. It's awful.
Gamzee: ok well if you get your mind all changed about that then you know where to find the pile, best friend
Karkat: oh yeah, also clean your fucking garbage off the floor. If this shit isn't gone in a few hours I'm seriously going to flip out.
Gamzee: honk honk honk honk honk! (smiley face with a clown nose)

Approach the horn pile.
Examine pile of shitty horns.
Look at this shit all over the floor. Barely been down here a couple of hours and this dude turns the lab into his own personal clown sty.

Walk west to Eridan.
Talk to Eridan.

Eridan's talksprite appears. He has a flat face with eyes angled partially backwards, like they're slid towards the sides of his face like a fish's might be. His teeth are small and sharp and his ears are fin-like, resembling Feferi's, though he lacks the webbing between the fingers. His hair is carefully combed back from his face and a section in the center of his forehead is dyed violet. He's wearing large, almost hipster-y glasses, a tight, black, long-sleeve shirt with a violet aquarius symbol, a blue striped scarf, and a high-collared violet cape.

Eridan: what a fuckin vulgar display this is
airin out all his dirty laundry like that puttin a big fuckin pile a horns in the middle of the room
at least I got the upright basic decency to hide my shitty wand pile somewhere in the lab you wont find it dont even bother lookin
Karkat: why do you assholes have piles of things, just stop.

Walk east to Kanaya
Talk to Kanaya.

Kanaya's talksprite reappears.

Karkat: hey I just got done talking to you in the past. Remember you were fucking around with the volcano and I passed out for an hour?
Kanaya: vaguely
Karkat: that was now. Hey guess what, new orders. No more impromptu amputations, ok?
Kanaya: impromptutations
Karkat: yeah. Keep your lipstick capped ok. I don't want to turn around and see rainbow blood spraying every which way just cause you think the place is a little drab.
Kanaya: I did my best to clean up the blood before you woke up
Karkat: thanks for that. Also another new order. Don't go to sleep.
Kanaya: dont worry I dont really want to find out what happens if I do any other orders
such as those which might pertain to these alien children
Karkat: yeah, my orders are that they're completely irrelevant, and who cares about them.
Kanaya: how are those orders
Karkat: because I'm your leader that's how.
Kanaya: they are not irrelevant
Karkat: how do you know that.
Kanaya: its a bit complicated
but I believe you should give them a closer look before you decide what to do about them if anything
perhaps then an especially leaderly speech will be in order
Karkat: ok I doubt that but whatever.

Walk east to Vriska.
Talk to Vriska.

Vriska's talksprite appears. She has long, tidy hair that extends to about her shoulderblades and a round face with a smug expression. She's wearing blue eyeliner and lipstick that match her blood. She also has large glasses with blue tinted lenses, a black shirt with a dusty blue scorpio symbol on the chest, and a dark grey jacket with the left sleeve ripped off.

Karkat: hey vriska, what are you doing.
please, for the love of god, let it be something inconsequential and benign.
Vriska: karkat! Man, you were out for a long time. I have made so many plans for these humans while you were asleep. Do you know how many plans have been made?
Karkat: probably all of them, even though plans aren't really an exhaustively quantifiable thing and we both fucking know that.
Vriska: yes! Aaaaaaaall of them. So many irons too. Guess where the irons are!
Karkat: please don't let them be in the fire, please don't let them be in the fire...
Vriska: they are........
in the fire!!!!!!!! (smiley face with eight eyes)
Karkat: god fucking dammit.
look whatever you're doing, stop. Or put it on pause. Can you please do that?
I wasn't going to bother with the humans but now you're making me nervous. Just give me the chance to look into this matter, and then I'll brief everybody.
maybe with a speech or something. Can you do that?
pleeeeeeease? I just said that with eight e's.
Vriska: fine, I will take a break, karkat. But only because you were so polite about it.
it will give me a chance to go get some stuff done!

Be Vriska
Vriska's Theme begins to play.

Talk to Karkat.

Karkat: just... Please.
go find some remote corner of this lab, build yourself a nice web, and sit there peacefully and harmlessly until we all die. Ok?
Vriska: die? Lame.
karkat, there is absolutely no chance we are going to die.
not with my luck! I got all of it, remember?

Walk west to Kanaya
Talk to Kanaya.

Vriska: pst!
Kanaya: yes
Vriska: hey, what's your deal?
Kanaya: ...
Vriska: I'm talking to you!
Kanaya: what do you want
Vriska: nothing really! It's just you haven't said one word to me since we got here.
in fact, we've hardly spoken in weeks! Not since you gave me that nice dress.
Kanaya: oh sorry I hadn't really noticed
Vriska: that was great, remember that? What happened to all that? You used to meddle and bug and fuss over me all the time. It was annoying, but kinda fun!
Kanaya: do you want me to
Vriska: I don't know. It would be cool if we could catch up some time though.
Kanaya: what's there really to catch up on
Vriska: whatever! Stuff. Anything!
you are really strange, fussyfangs. I don't get you anymore.
Kanaya: okay
Vriska: that was some pretty sweet chainsaw work earlier. Pretty brutal, really! Didn't think you had it in you.
hey, you weren't settling a score with him there by any chance?
Kanaya: what
Vriska: I've got a pretty keen nose for revenge. Could it be that you had a thing for him and were upset when he went for me instead? Hmmmplease?
Kanaya: did he really go for you
Vriska: that's not how I remember it
Kanaya: could you leave me alone
Vriska: hey, which one are you spying on there? Someone new to meddle with?
Kanaya: I said leave
Vriska: fine, god.

Walk west to Eridan.
Three options appear.
Talk to Eridan.
Be future Eridan.
Cancel

Talk to Eridan.
Vriska: hey.
Eridan: hey
Vriska: so......
Eridan: what's up
Vriska: nothing.
standing by the old horn pile I see.
Eridan: yup
Vriska: yeah........
ok then. Carry on I guess
Eridan: god damn vris whys it still got to be so flippin awkward like this come on
we used to have a good thing goin remember our campaigns
that shit was epic where are you even goin to find a rivalry like that
Vriska: it was fun, eridan. While it lasted.
but it ran its course! I don't know what else to tell you.
Eridan: oh as if im not so over it please spare me your disdain mindfang
im workin on findin a new rivalry whichll make ours look like a kiddie game
which oh by the way it was
Vriska: if you say so, dualscar! Best of luck with that.
too bad the luck's all mine now! Hahahaha.
Be Future Eridan.
Eridan stands by the rightmost computer on the bottom table. The fiduspawn plush is behind him, along with a broken bow. Vriska stands off to the left and Gamzee admires his horn pile.

You are now briefly Future Eridan, in the future.
A text prompt appears.
Talk to Vriska.

Eridan: fuck that fuckin witch blew up my computer.
ok not literally the witch as in thats not literally her title or anythin
the seer I guess
fuckin lousy no good goddamn rotten seer
Vriska: eridan! Do I detect black romance in the air?????????
(spade) (spade) (spade) (spade) (spade) (spade) (spade) (spade)
Eridan: shut your spidertrap witch there are serious emotions happening over here

As Vriska, walk east to Gamzee.
Talk to Gamzee.

Gamzee: vriska hey you want to uh...
Vriska: what?
Gamzee: shit, I was all going to ask if you wanted to hop in the horn pile for a bit of motherfuckin shuteye, but...
I don't think I will cause I'm pretty much scared of you, so yeah.
Vriska: aw. (smiley face with eight eyes)

Walk east to Equius
Talk to Equius.

Vriska: I must say, I am really disgusted by how you've resorted to following orders from that low class slob with the hideous mutant blood.
I thought you were better than that! I thought WE were better than that.
Equius: (Bow and arrow) i...
you're absolutely right, it's disgraceful
I think it is possibly time to admit I have some sort of problem
I would very much like to honor my position on the hemospectrum and mistreat those beneath me, and yet...
Vriska: whoa, alright! I was just messing with you, dude. As if I really give a shit about any of that!
hahahahahahahaha.

Walk north to Tavros.
Talk to Tavros

Vriska: tavros, they look amazing. YOU look amazing.
being able to walk suits you so much better. Have I ever told you how much of a loser you were when you were a cripple? It's a real shame about how that had to happen to you.
Tavros: no, but thank you for saying so,
I mean, for the good stuff you said, not necessarily the bad stuff,
Vriska: you're welcome! Now, how do those bad boys handle on stairs?
Tavros: I don't know, but I've been advised to stay away from them,
Vriska: worst advice you could ever receive. I demand that you spend the next several hours mastering stairs.
Tavros: uhhhh,
Vriska: come on, what would that fakey bullshit fantasy asshole Rufio say about this?
Tavros: oh, man, he would most surely be all about me climbing lots of stairs, per the reassurances that I pretend he says, and all the self esteem he insists me to have,
Vriska: exactly! Now hop to it, and don't think twice about it, or I'll know. We don't want to have to do it the hard way now, do we?
Tavros: oh my god,

Approach the transportalizer platform.
Transportalize

Vriska disappears and reappears on the center transportalizer of the crossroads. The two chests are still open.

Approach the northern transportalizer.
Transportalize

Vriska appears in the center of the ring of transportalizers with the troll's symbols. Approach the dark blue scorpio transportalizer.
Transportalize

Vriska appears in the northeast corner of a room with spiderwebs strung across the walls. There is a chest along the north wall.

Open Chest
You got a Magic 8 Ball!

There is a set of stairs to the west. Descend. The stairs continue down for a long way, slowly darkening as you descend. They slowly begin to lighten again as Vriska enters a lab.

There is a chest near the bottom of the stairs.
Open Chest
You got Tavros's severed legs!
Why...
Why would you keep these in a chest?

Go west.
A computer terminal with 12 screens, like the one Spades Slick used to observe the trolls, is along the back wall. The third screens on the second and third rows are activated. The top one shows a grey planet from a distance and the bottom shows a grey planet, but zoomed in so only about a quarter of it is on screen. Wires and other computer parts are scattered across the floor.
Examine equipment.
Another dodecascreen. Seem to be a lot of these things lying around.

Go west.
There is a large, broken vat, like the ones Karkat found the chess pieces in. There is also a chest against the wall.

Open Chest
A lance with red and yellow spiral stripes and fiduspawn plush faces on it floats out of the chest. You got the Fiduspear!

Approach the broken vat.
Examine huge broken container.
Looks like a terrible monster has escaped. Better be careful! 
Haha, yeah right. You're gonna murder this thing if it crosses you.

Go west. There is another chest against the wall along with a large computer of some sort. It has one large screen on the wall and two smaller screens above a long control panel. It resembles the meteor detection system Rose found.

Open Chest
A blurry poster of a troll in front of a crescent moon comes out of the chest.
You got a Fairy poster!
Faaaaaaake.

Approach the machine.
Examine equipment.
A monitor with a map of some place on Alternia, displaying impact sites. It looks like it crashed and froze at some point during the reckoning.

There is a transportalizer in the northwest corner.
Transportalize
Vriska appears on a transportalizer in a tiled room with no walls visible, nor anything else.

Walk north.
A massive, mutated chess creature blocks a hallway.
Who's this douche bag?

STRIFE!
Spider's Claw begins to play.
Vriska dodges onscreen, facing a massive creature with two heads, an udder, and wings. Its heads are wearing spiky knight helmets. The left half of its body is black and the right half is white.

Press space.
Two options appear.
Aggress
Steal

Aggress
You ain't got your dice on you! SO STUPID!!!!!!!!

Steal
GANK HIS LUCK!!!!!!!
Vriska's talksprite appears against a flashing green background. She flips her hair and a laser shoots out of her eye. It returns to the battle and minus all the luck flashes over the monster as plus all the luck appears over Vriska. The floor suddenly collapses out from under the creature and it falls off into the void. Vriska hurls herself over the gap and lands on the other side, which returns to a walkthrough. Vriska's Theme begins to play again.

Go north.
A new area loads. It looks the same as the old area. Head north again.

Computer equipment and a chest are pressed up against the back wall. To the right of the chest, there is a wide doorway with a garage-style door closed over it.
Open Chest
A set of 8 blue, 8-sided dice come out of the chest.
You got the Flourite Octet!
Maybe you should keep these on you in the future.

There is a table in the northeast corner with a computer on it. Approach it.
Open Doors

The door opens. Go through it.
A new area loads. This room is filled with boondollars and boonbucks, most of which are piled in the center of the room.

Examine boondollar pile.
Lousy stupid goddamn Terezi, finding all those boonbonds and instantly rendering your fortune worthless. You'll show her. That snotty rich kid too.

On the west wall, there are four chests. Open them from bottom to top.

Open Chest
You got a Heap of Flarp Manuals!

Open Chest
You got a pair of Rocketboots!

Open Chest
You got a Cuttlefish!
Vriska drops this on the floor, where it wiggles its tentacles in a puddle of water. A moment later, it begins to flash, then disappears.

Open Chest
You got a Broken 8 ball!
Very bad luck! Whatever. You'll just steal some more.

Head north. There is another computer on a table with a boonbuck sitting next to it.
Unlock door.

You have not set the password for this room yet. You have no reason to hide anything in the super secret back room as of this moment! Perhaps you will in the future.

Be Future Vriska?
Yes
You are now Future Vriska.

The pile of boonbucks and boondollars is gone, leaving only a handful of stray ones behind.

Unlock door.
The door opens.
Enter.

Vriska appears in what seems to be an empty room. Shrine begins to play.

Walk north.
The back wall comes into view. There are two chests, one to the west and one to the east. Spiderwebs hang from the walls. The rest of the wall is decorated with posters of Nic Cage. One has a heart drawn around his face. 'Yeah (heart)' is written beneath them in blue.

Open west chest
You got a Bust of Nick Cage!
Open east chest
A salamander, who is blowing bubbles from its mouth, comes out of the chest.
You got a Wild Consort!

Approach the wall.
Examine Cage shrine.
The three images of Cage—him pointing, him smiling awkwardly, and him giving a sly smile, appear. Nic Cage Song begins to play.

Go south and exit the shrine.

Upon exiting, Vriska's Theme begins to play again.

Examine former boondollar pile.
You gave all your money to John. Gotta keep him competitive with Dave! John will be the best human boy there is. You will make sure of it.

Exit the room.
Be Past Vriska?
Yes.

Go south, back out to the room where the monster broke part of the path. Vriska jumps it easily, landing with a slide on the far side. Use the transportalizer at the south end of the room.
Vriska appears near the meteor detection machine.
Go east, back up the stairs, to the transportalizer platform.
Transportalize.
Vriska appears on her transportalizer in the ring of transportalizers with the troll's symbols.
Use the center transportalizer.
Transportalize.
Vriska appears at the north transportalizer of the crossroads.

You could go to the south transportalizer, but it's the same room you already explored as Karkat.
Use the center transportalizer.
Transportalize.
Vriska reappears in the computer room.

Walk northwest to Nepeta.
Talk to Nepeta.

Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) *nepeta giggles at the spidergirls funny googly eye. She just cant seem to get used to it!*  
Vriska: *marquise mindfang shares the innocent young catgirl's giggle, as she surreptitiously reaches for an ornate dagger concealed in her boot!*  
Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) nooooo dont roleplay as mindfang! (sad face with two mouths)
you only do terrible things when you are her  
why dont you pretend to be something cute for a change?  
Vriska: how about my spidersona? It's adorable!  
Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) no its not! You only do terrible things as your spidersona too  
I changed my mind, why dont we just not do any roleplaying instead  
Vriska: (sad face with eight eyes)
Walk west to Feferi.
Talk to Feferi.

Vriska: so! You sure seem excited about the alien kids. What gives????????
Feferi: glub... I wouldn't say that.
Vriska: oh?
Feferi: the whole thing doesn't seem like it's worth getting worked up about, to be honest.
Vriska: (blank face with eight eyes)
Feferi: sigh. They're just kind of dull.
life is dull and uninteresting.
I don't know, maybe I'm just a little depressed.
you probably wouldn't understand.
Vriska: sure I would! We all have our off days. Hey, if you need someone to talk to, I'm...
Feferi: pfffffffffffffff hehehehe!
psyyyyyyche hee hee hee hoo hoo hoo! (very happy face with a tiara and goggles)
holy crap did I get you good! Hey, sollux! Did you catch any of that?
a live one jumped right into my boat! A real suckerfish! Woohooohoo. How do you like that, spiderhag! Sea dwellers represent!!!
Vriska: that was...
surprisingly nasty of you.
I'm impressed!
Feferi: thanks. I hope I didn't jeopardize our friendship with that little stunt! (happy face with a tiara and goggles)
Vriska: friendship? I don't know if...
wait a minute. Why you!!!!!!! You almost got me again!
have I ever told you how awesome you are, peixes?

Walk north to Aradia.
Talk to Aradia.

Vriska: hey dead girl! How's being dead treating you?
Aradia: couldnt I ask you the same thing
Vriska: yeah, sure! If you wanted to be technically inaccurate. It would still burn though, so touche!
Aradia: its really weird that you keep antagonizing me
I could snap your neck with a twitch
Vriska: yeah but you won't!
Aradia: ok
what do you want
Vriska: you saw the demon up close, right? You fought him! Or at least your doppelgangers did.
Aradia: yes
Vriska: what was he like?
Aradia: ...
what do you want to know specifically
Vriska: primarily I'm interested in your take on his weaknesses, tactical disadvantages, stuff like that.
Aradia: (wide eyed blank face)
are you seriously intending to fight him
Vriska: wouldn't you like to know!!!!!!!
Aradia: not especially

Walk west to Sollux.
Talk to Sollux.
Vriska: sollux, I never got to simultaneously thank you and reprimand you for tracing that money transfer.
on the one hand, it made terezi rich, and now she won't stop lording it over me!
Sollux: ok, I'm pretty much 100% positive she's not actually doing that, but ok.
Vriska: shh! But on the other hand, you've opened up a whole world to me with this discovery. So
many people to meddle with, so many plans to hatch.
so really, my reaction to it is twofold. Somewhat bipolar if you will. Don't you think that's
appropriate?
Sollux: man, just...
go away.
I'm not in the glubbing mood.
Vriska: stop saying fish things, everyone thinks it's annoying!!!!!!!

Walk southwest to Terezi.
Talk to Terezi.
Vriska: the scourge sisters are back in action! Yeah!!!!!!!
Terezi: no we are not! Will you stop with that already???
Vriska: sure we are! You'll find out. Just give it a few hours.
Terezi: I will give you a few drubbings!
Vriska: yes!!!!!!! That's the spirit, redglare.
Terezi: blar, please do not start using my old flarping name, it's so embarrassing

Be Terezi
Terezi's theme begins to play.
Approach Vriska
Talk to Vriska.
Vriska: hey, if it isn't miss moneybags! How are you enjoying your fabulous wealth!
if it was me, I would feel ashamed to get rich that way. By having a secret admirer just hand it to
me like that, rather than earning it. That's just me though!
Terezi: god, your jealously is ridiculous! Nobody cares about stockpiling meaningless treasure
other than you. Will you grow up???
Vriska: I guess you're right. I'm just giving you a hard time!
you know, like the good old days. Don't you miss our friendly rivalry sometimes?
Terezi: hahaha, friendly?????
Vriska: sure! So to speak.
anyway, just so you know, you're not the only one who can play a chumpy boy, and manipulate
him into doing what you want.
in fact, I'm not even going to use any powers! Just to prove it's no big deal.
Terezi: what the hell are you talking about
Vriska: you'll see!!!!!!! Oops, smell. Haha, ain't it a bummer you never died?????????
Terezi: no (Very happy face with furrowed brows)
Vriska: oh well. Anyway, let's get this party started. I declare the chumpy impressionable human
boy-off to be.......
oooooooo! (smiling, winking face with eight eyes)
Terezi: ugh, you are so crazy

Walk northeast to Sollux. As Terezi walks, she taps her cane out in front of her.
Talk to Sollux.
Sollux: are you still spying on that insufferable prick.
seriously a dude gives a girl a few bucks and suddenly she cant keep her nose off him, it is so
Terezi: shut up sollux hes cool
I dont get why you dont like him, he reminds me of you a bit
Sollux: you think im cool?
Terezi: sometimes!
Sollux: how often?
don't say half the time.
Terezi: (blank face with furrowed brows)
Sollux: oh god I walked right into that one didn't i.

Walk south to Feferi.
Talk to Feferi.

Feferi: terezi, we can't just hide here forever! We have to kill the demon!
Terezi: I know! But how? He seems invincible
if a thousand aradiabots couldn't kill him, what hope do we have?
Feferi: the humans! They are the answer.
Terezi: hahahahaha, seriously?
Feferi: yes!!! I am sure of it.
Terezi: um, ok, if you say so feferi!

Walk northwest to Aradia.
Talk to Aradia.

Aradia: oh is that what feferi thinks
thats nice
haven't you understood anything about how paradox space works
of course they are the solution
but they are also the problem
every effect is also its own cause
our two universes exist on opposing sides of a mobius strip which is of course nothing but
contradiction
enjoy engineering the present conundrum as you try to solve it
im completely done with this
Terezi: great talking to you aradia, that was a blast as usual

Walk west to Nepeta
Talk to Nepeta.

Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) terezi!!! So tell me! Who is your favorite?
Terezi: favorite what?
Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) human kid!
oh of course, you like akwete purrmusk with the black glasses!
he is pretty cute, but mine is jade
Terezi: oh really?
Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) yes, I have tried to make friends with her, but so far she thinks
I am just teasing her!!!!
its pretty furstrating. I will purrsevere though

Walk south to Tavros.
Talk to Tavros.

Terezi: looking pretty cool tavros! (Smiley face with furrowed brows)
Tavros: thanks, I feel great, and really confident suddenly, like, as if rufio gave me both the high fives he has, and then sort of one of those bro massages, as if to say, you're the champ, or that kind of thing., terezi: dont let anyone ever tell you rufio's not real Terezi: if you believe hard enough in imaginary things, that makes them slightly less fake! Tavros: okay, that's great advice to know,, now I'm going to get some more leg practice in, I feel like I could take on all the stairs in paradox space, and I just pretended as hard as I could that rufio winked in agreeance, see you later, after, I'm definitely successful at all the things I try,

Tavros leaves, transportalizing to somewhere else on the meteor.

Walk south to Equius
Talk to Equius.

Equius: (Bow and arrow) it's mystifying in spite of my warnings, he seems absolutely committed to being attracted to cases of stairs like a goshdarned magnetron now that I think about it, I should probably deactivate his pelvic magnetron

Walk south to Karkat, who is standing by Vriska's computer.
Talk to Karkat.

Terezi: arent you at least a little disappointed we never got to hang out together on prospit?
Karkat: I don't know. I guess? it's not like we didn't get to hang out plenty of other places.
Terezi: you dont get it! There were all these things I was planning on showing you and stuff we could have done together it was supposed to be special dummy
Karkat: what was so special about it? The fact that it was a moon made of gold? big deal. The place was way too bright and garish.
Terezi: aaaaaargh, you are so frustrating! just never mind (frowning face with furrowed brows)

Walk west to Kanaya.
Three options appear.
Talk to Kanaya.
Be future Kanaya.
Cancel.

Talk to Kanaya.

Terezi: hey kanaya, are you still ogling her?
Kanaya: what is that what im doing
Terezi: yes it is obvious why the infatuation with that particular human
Kanaya: hmm I guess I find her sort of intoxicating
Terezi: ohhhhhhhhhhh???????? (wide-eyed, very happy face with furrowed brows)
Be Future Kanaya.
Kanaya and Karkat stand in the northwest corner of the computer room. Terezi, Sollux, and Equius all look at a smear of ash where Aradiabot was.
You are now briefly Future Kanaya, in the future.

Talk to Karkat.

Kanaya: hey have you ever heard of the green sun?
Karkat: yeah. It's got something to do with their plan to kill noir.
Kanaya: I see
Kanaya: anything more specific than that
Karkat: nope. I've got no idea what it is, what is does, what its role in the plan is, or if it's got any chance of working.
we should probably worry about our own problems.

As Terezi again, walk north to Gamzee.
Talk to Gamzee.

Gamzee: hey can I interest you in kickin the wicked shit in the horn pile for a few zees?
cost you one pinch of special stardust.
Terezi: thanks gamz but no I am not tired
I may go for another unexpected honk jump soon though
Gamzee: oh please no dont go motherfuckin getting my scare on like that, I cant be hardly handling that noise.
Terezi: sorry but when a girl has to get her honk jump on there is just no stopping her
Gamzee: okay well maybe warn me then maybe.
Terezi: no promises!
Gamzee: (sad face with a round nose)
Terezi: hehehehehehehe

Walk west to Eridan
Talk to Eridan.

Eridan: hey ter can you go give that four horned mustard blooded land licking sack of rubbish over there a message for me
tell him to put his honey where his mouth is and meet me outside for another duel
Terezi: I am not mediating between you two!
seriously, could you make your advances any more obvious eridan?
if youre waxing ashen for me, fine, i... Guess im flattered???
but hes totally not even interested in the type of
uh...
rivalry you want with him, ok?
Eridan: sweet stinkin murder I am truly pathetic arent i
Terezi: yes, absolutely

Approach the transportalizer pad.
Transportalize
Terezi appears at the center of the crossroads. Go north and use the transportalizer there.
Transportalize
Terezi appears in the ring of transportalizers.
Go to the teal libra one.
Transportalize

Terezi appears on a transportalizer in a hallway. The walls are flat and grey and the floor is made of teal-grey cobblestones. A path extends off to the west and another curves to the northeast.

Go northeast.
The path dead ends in a chest not far away. Part of another room can be seen, but not reached.

Open Chest
A yellow and green scalemate comes out of the chest.
You got Son of Lemonsnout!
He smells no less sweet than the corrupt senator. And yet his lies... how they stink. The lemon never falls far from the tree!

Return and take the west path.
There is a set of stairs that go up. Ascend.
There is a small platform and another set of stairs extends to the north. Ascend again.
A third set curves around to the east. Ascend a third time!
The floor changes to metallic tiles and the walls become black. Ascend another set of stairs.
And another. And another. Then two more. Then an extremely long one.
At the top of the incredibly long, convoluted staircase, there is a small room. At the east end of it, there is a transportalizer platform.
Transportalize

Terezi appears in a room with stone walls and metallic floor tiles. Along the center of the room, every third tile is much darker. There are four dark tiles in total. There are also four vats containing mutant chess pieces, like the ones Karkat found after taking the south transportalizer at the crossroads. These vats alternate between being on the right and on the left of the dark tiles.

Head northeast and examine the first vat.
Examine jarred fellow.
Ok, seriously, why does this puzzle have to be here?

Push the 'jarred fellow' to the dark tile on his left. He clicks into place.

Head northwest to the next vat.
Examine pickled clone.
I mean really. What's the point? Who the fuck isn't going to figure this out?

Push the 'pickled clone' to the right until he clicks into place on his dark tile.

Go northeast to the next vat.
Examine slumbering agent.
This just literally serves no purpose. Who designed this? Why??

Push the 'slumbering agent' to the left until he clicks into place on the tile.

Go northwest to the final vat.
Examine brined fetal carapacian.
Ok, THERE. Puzzle solved. That was SO HARD. The lab technicians had too much time on their hands.

Push the 'brined fetal carapacian' to its tile. As it clicks into place, the room shakes violently.
Go north.
Along the back wall, there is computer equipment and a narrow opening to an equally narrow hallway. Go down the hall.

A new area loads, but it's still just a narrow hallway. A short distance further, the hallway opens up into a room with metallic tiles. There is a garage-like door next to a computer terminal and some computer equipment along the back wall. The room continues off to the east.

Go to the computer.
Open doors.

The door opens up. Enter it.
Inside is a small round room containing only a transportalizer.
Transportalize.

Terezi appears in the room that could be viewed from the dead end with the chest. In it, there are four chests.

Open them from left to right.

Open Chest
You got A Boonbuck!

How trivial it seems now compared to your fortune of boonbonds. You chuck it into the chasm below.

Open Chest
A poster that has some sort of swirling purple design on it appears.
You got a Fairy poster!
Yep, pretty much nothing that's not fake about fairies, that's for sure.

Open Chest
The machines Aradia used to travel through time appear.
You got a Music box time machine!

Open Chest
Fake eyes and a nose appear.
You got a Beagle Aegis!
Wearing this, you are all but indestructible.

Return to the transportalizer platform.
Transportalize

Exit the room and go east.

There are piles of computer equipment, what appears to be an arcade machine, a chest, and another doorway.

Open Chest
A red crocodile pops out of the chest while opening and closing its mouth quickly.
You got A Wild consort!

Enter the next room.
There is another transportalizer.
Transportalize
Terezi appears in a stone room containing only the transportalizer platform and a chest.

Open Chest
You got a pair of Rocket Wings!
Pswooop!

Return to the transportalizer.
Transportalize

Exit the room.
Continue east along the corridor. There is another chest, a toppled arcade machine, and some sort of control panel with computer equipment strewn across it.

Open Chest
You got a flarp manual!

Past the control panel, there is another door. Enter.
It's another room with only a transportalizer platform.
Transportalize

Terezi appears in a small round room with a cobblestone floor. There are paths extending to the north, west, and south.

Go north.
There is another small round room, but this one contains 3 chests

Open them from left to right.

Open Chest
A red sword with jagged teeth on the edge of the blade and a purple handle comes out of the chest.
You got the Demonbane Ragripper!
Deadliest chainsaw in the universe.

Open Chest
A black and white drawing of a muscley centaur lifting weights comes out of the chest.
You got a Gorgeous Piece of Fine Art.
Absolutely breathtaking.

Open Chest
You got Deuce clubs.
Least deadly pair of juggling clubs in the universe.

Return to the center room and go south.
There is another small room, though this one only contains 2 chests.

Open west Chest
A red scalemate with a white noose around its neck comes out of the chest.
You got the assassinated corpse of Liaison Pumpkinsnuffle!
Some bastard got to one of your key witnesses! The plot thickens.

Open east Chest
A few boondollars come out of the chest.
You got like 13 boondollars or something.
Whoop dee doo! You toss them into the abyss and make a wish.
Return to the center room and head west.
There is another round room. This one contains a single chest.

Open Chest
A red, bloody-looking weapon comes out of the chest. It is a double-ended weapon that looks like someone crossed one of Feferi's double-sided tridents with a lance, a battleaxe, and a brain.
You got a BRAINFORK!
For some reason you guys like to nab each others weapons and tuck them away in your own private chests. It's kind of silly. Seriously, what do you need this thing for??
Return to the transportalizer platform and leave.
Transportalize

Exit the room.
Beyond that door, there is more broken computer equipment. The hallway turns to the south, then to the west. The wall just after the second curve has chalk graffiti on the wall. A scribbly red drawing shows a troll with sharp teeth and L-shaped horns. It's labeled 'His Tyranny'. Beyond the graffiti, the hallway widens and alcoves are set into the wall. In the first alcove, there is a yellow scalemate being hanged on a white rope, and a chest.

Open Chest
You got your trusty Drawing Chalk!

Continue west.
There is another alcove with a chest in it, but this chest is already open. Just past the open chest, there is a transportalizer.
Transportalize

Terezi appears on a flat, metallic floor with no walls. There is a chest and a smellescope to her right. The smellescope has an alert bubble over it that contains something yellow.

Go to the smellescope.
Take a whiff?
Yellow streaks pulse across a black screen. Some of them are marked with red.
Prospit's toast!

After leaving the smellescope, the chest opens on its own.
Examine chest.
There's nothing in here! Perhaps in the future you will think of something important to put in here.
Be Future Terezi?
Yes.

You are now Future Terezi
Terezi stands in the center of the screen. The chest is now closed and the smellescope's alert has something purple.

Try the smellescope again
Take a whiff?
The meteor has rotated. Derse is now within sniffing range.
Smears similar to the ones she smelled before appear, but these are purple.
The demon just destroyed Derse a few minutes ago. Smells like grape jelly. And burning.

Open Chest.
You got the Dragonsuit!
You don your extremely stylish dragonsuit.
Now that stubborn Pouncellor will no longer have any excuse to withhold evidence critical to the case of the prosecution!

A red, hooded cape appears on Terezi. The hood looks like a dragon's head and spines.

Return to the transportalizer platform.

Transportalize

Terezi, still Future Terezi, appears in the hallway you just left as Past Terezi. Scalemates are now scattered across the floor and the chest that was open is closed. A green scalemate, a purple scalemate, and an orange scalemate are all hanged in its alcove. The wall to the right of the alcove has scribbly chalk drawings of Dave and Terezi. Terezi is colored in mostly blue except for her glasses and shoes. Dave is colored in white.

Open Chest
A drawing of Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff comes out of the chest.
You got some Gift art from a cool friend!

The drawing of His Tyranny has had a Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff style face drawn on it and hehehe written in below it.

Head north, then west along the hallway.
Approach the computer that opens the doors.
Open doors.
The doors are jammed from overuse. That's what you get for hoarding so much useless bullshit in your private chests!

Go south, back into the jar puzzle room.
Use the transportalizer at the south end of it.

Terezi appears in the room at the top of the winding staircase.
Descend the many stairs and go back to the transportalizer platform.
Transportalize

Terezi reappears in the ring of transportalizers. Nepeta is standing by the center platform.
Talk to Nepeta.

Terezi: *the mighty and astounding dragonyyyd legislacerator enters the esteemed pouncellors office with an urgent but friendly requisition pursed magically in her majestic snout*
Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) *the distinguished pouncellor nods in the most dignified and legal of manners at the dashing and well dressed legislacerator*
*she double checks a series of impurrtant legal clawses and rubber stamps them with wild abandon for the most judicial sort of approval pawsible*
this all looks to be in order! *She said*
please follow me! (cat face with two mouths)
*she also said*

Nepeta goes west, through what was seemingly a solid wall. Follow her.
After walking through the void for a few moments, a hallway appears. It goes west for a short distance, then turns north. At the end of the hall, there is a small room with a chest and a pile of multi-colored sticks. Nepeta is standing near the door.

Talk to Nepeta.
Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) here you go! Feel free to borrow it as long as you like oh! Also as tempting as it may seem, please dont go to sleep in that comfy pile of wands there! both prospit and derse dreamers have been banned from napping until further notice!

Open Chest.
You got a Drawing tablet!

Approach the pile.
Examine pile of shitty wands.
At least someone has the decency to keep his trash tucked away.
Take nap in pile of shitty wands?
Yes.
Are you sure? Might not be such a hot idea.
Yes
Terezi lays down in the pile of wands and goes to sleep. A soft lullaby begins to play.
Game over

Press space bar.
Terezi, still as future Terezi in the red dragon costume, appears on the central transportalizer in the room with the ring of transportalizers.

Use the center transportalizer.
Transportalize

Be Past Terezi?
Yes.

Terezi appears at the crossroads, without her dragon costume. Go to the southern transportalizer.
Transportalize

Go west, down the stairs.
Tavros is laying at the bottom of the second set of stairs.
Talk to Tavros

Tavros: I was warned about them,
and yet, I threw caution to the wind,
it turned out that,
rufio was almost as wrong as,
he was fake,

Press Control and T to enter trickster mode.

A strange, glitched screen appears. Random letters are scattered across a grey screen. Karkat stands in the bottom left corner. A strange combination of John and Vriska flips its hair. Glitchy music plays.
The screen clears, the music stops, and Terezi appears in a small, intricately decorated room. There are four characters walking in place on one side of a long desk. On the other side, Gamzee's dancing next to a gramophone and typewriter. The four unknown characters are the cast of Earthbound. One is a boy in a striped shirt and baseball cap. One is a boy with a single twist of black hair. One is a boy with a blonde bowl cut and glasses. One is a girl with a pink dress and shoulder length hair.
Approach the desk that has Gamzee on the other side.
Many prompts appear.
Talk.
Talk.

Oah man how did you even get in here it's like some sort of miracle...

For each of the other prompts, excluding Cancel, the song in question plays.

Walk south and exit the room. Terezi reappears in the main computer room in a blue flash, having completed all known sections of the walkthrough.

John: Connect to Jade.

[Image description: John still sits on the edge of the building with the flashing sphirograph alert over his cosbytop. Now, he's smiling at it and the sburb server CD's case sits on the ground next to him. A second image shows Jade, asleep on her bed in a strange purple landscape with white streaks across a navy blue sky. Many of her stuffed animals are scattered on the ground around her and on her bed, including a green squiddle perched on her head. Her lunchtop sits at the foot of her bed.]

Aw, there she is. All tuckered out. You wonder what she is dreaming about? Surely something adorable.

Anyway, guess it's time to get down to business and save her life! You prepare to initiate an uninterrupted sequence of life-saving events.

John: Deploy... huh?

[Image description: John looks back over his shoulder as something casts a large shadow over him. The cosbytop blinks.]

Next

[Image description: Nannasprite's arm throws a pie into his face, knocking him off the edge of the building and his rocket shoes off his feet. BOOF!]

spritelog
NANNASPRITE: HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO!

Next

[Image description: A gif of John falling off the edge repeats itself over and over very rapidly. The prankster's gambit bar appears at the bottom and begins to shake and crackle with pink lightning.]
Next

[Image description: Nannasprite sends out a beam of light that becomes a bed just in time to intercept John, his shoes, and the cosbytop. The shoes land with two small paps and the cosbytop lands with a shoosh.]

SWEET CATCH!

[Note: Sweet Catch is written in light blue and in a blocky font that glows faintly.]

Next

[Image description: Nannasprite and John float high above the Land of Wind and Shade.]

spritelog
John: nanna, what the heck!!!
Nannasprite: hoo hoo hoo!
john, you remind me so much of your father when he was your age. He was just as easily bested by this crafty old prankstress!
John: really?
Nannasprite: yes. It would be many years before he would take the gambit in an exchange with your nanna.
John: but nanna, did you know he is not really my dad? And also, I am not technically your grandson.
you are actually sort of my mother.
Nannasprite: of course I knew this, john! I have known for many years.
I have also known that in a sense, you are my father as well. You were the one to push all those buttons, after all!
John: huh, oh yeah.
don't you find it all a little strange?
Nannasprite: john, I am the ghost of an old lady with one arm who is dressed like a clown. Why would that seem strange to me?
John: heheh.
so where have you been, nanna? I have been looking all over for you.
Nannasprite: I have been looking for you too, dear!

Next

[Image description: John looks at Nannasprite. A light blue pendant hovers next to her.]

spritelog
John: you have?
Nannasprite: yes! It seems you have been rising through the rungs of your echeladder quite swiftly.
John: yeah!
now I am an ectobiolo...
ectobiblio... Shit!
(oops! Sorry.)
ectobioblobabby sitter.
damn it, you know what I mean.
Nannasprite: yes, that is quite high. You have climbed so much faster than I did in my youth. I am so proud of you!
John: thanks!
Nannasprite: you should have returned sooner! I could have given you this boon at a much lower rung.
John: boon?
Nannasprite: here, john. Take this.

Next

[Image description: John, who is still covered in pie remnants, holds the pendant, which is no longer glowing. It is a round, white charm about the size of an american half dollar with a green spirograph etched into the surface. He stares at it in wonder.]

spritelog
John: ok. What is it?
Nannasprite: you can use it to summon me wherever you go. now we needn't endure those long spells without a good visit!
John: oh cool, that is great!
Nannasprite: and now, the most important question of all. when was the last time you have eaten anything, young man??
John: hmm, I guess it has been a good while!
I've been snacking on gushers a whole lot. Bluh...
I never realized how terrible they were, actually.

Next

[Image description: Nannasprite moves closer to the bed and makes a spectral oven. John grins at her.]

spritelog
Nannasprite: that is completely unacceptable.
Nannasprite: I will prepare you a healthy home cooked meal while you relax in your ghost bed and rescue your paradox sister.
John: oh boy!
Nannasprite: what would you like? Name what your heart desires. I will use my spooky ghost powers to make it.
John: wow, hmm...
Nannasprite: why, john! Do you hear that sound?
John: uh... No?
Nannasprite: it sounds as if your meal is nearly finished!
John: really? Already?
Nannasprite: bzzzzz!

Next

[Image description: The oven opens and many chinese fingertraps spew out, along with a beam of light. John shouts and the prankster's gambit bar flashes violently.]

spritelog
John: naaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaannnnnnnaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!!
Nannasprite: hooooooooooooooooooooooohooohoohoohoohoohoohoohoo!

Next

[Image description: The scene changes to Rose's laptop on a white beach. The screen shows John and Nannasprite floating above the Land of Wind and Shade and a small pesterchum window showing that one troll is online.]
Rose: Get hassled.

These chumps just won't quit hounding you!

It's like they heard somebody over here was handing out asses, and they've known nothing but years of bitter ass famine.

Rose: Answer Eridan.

pesterlog

C.A.: who are you tryin to convince with this ludicrous poppycock
T.T.: ?
C.A.: magic is NOT REAL
whatever youre doin its not real its somethin else outright entirely
its fancy and impressive and all but its not the fuckin figmental storybook claptrap you wanna
make out like it is
so how about you get off your high skyhorse
T.T.: Why do you keep addressing me as if I'm some sort of spokesperson for the reality of magic?
You can't needle me into a defensive posture on the subject. I just don't care.
C.A.: youre not usin magic just DEAL WITH IT
These are science wands. I am a charlatan.
C.A.: ok i didnt say that
i think you wear the role pretty well which is somethin i can appreciate
theres a lot of showmanship thats put in to comin off as a diabolical sort
T.T.: Thanks for the insinuation that I'm making an effort to project myself as a cartoon villain.
What a compliment!
C.A.: well fine you dont have to behave villainous if youre bent up on actin against the grain a your
nobility or somesuch
i can play that role its not like i ever didnt get my gils dirty before
T.T.: Nobility? What are you talking about?
C.A.: well arent you
T.T.: No. What gave you that idea?
C.A.: the way you
ok
i had a misconclusion about that so my fault
obviously you got rich blood so maybe when you crash landed you werent recognized for it by
whatever vehicle upholds the class structure in human society
T.T.: That is exactly what happened. You figured it out.
C.A.: must of been fuckin brutal raisin up a commonblood when you knew you were better than
everybody and its probably got you all messed up inside but maybe theres hope for you
see i got a lot a experience bein nobility so ill let you know if you got a shot in hell at cuttin it
pinkscarf
T.T.: ...
C.A.: fakemage pinkscarf how does that sound
T.T.: You're a complete idiot.
C.A.: see this is good i think this could be a good thing
T.T.: What?
C.A.: this thing we got goin
you obviously hate me and i think i got it in me to get the dark propensities smolderin
and were both obviously dangerous elites in nature
i think theres somethin there i mean look at how you even came into the world
T.T.: And how was that?
C.A.: killed a fuckin fuck ton of marine life accidental
doin thats all i ever done practically the ocean was my killin cauldron
T.T.: Accidentally?
Or on porpoise?
C.A.: hahahahaha see youre good with fish puns too i got so many a those you have no idea
i just think theres a fate thing here
i mean i dont mean to strike you as too forwardsuch but are you seein where im goin with this
Pass.
C.A.: look i understand you dont understand that kind of thing in your culture i get that
but maybe i could teach you to get it
T.T.: That's really sweet of you to offer.
C.A.: yeah and in return maybe you could teach me how to bullshit magic like that
T.T.: You want to learn magic?
C.A.: yes teach me your secrets witch
Consider this your first lesson in showmanship.

Next

[Image description: Rose's wand begins to spark with dark energy.]

**pesterlog**
caligulasAquarium's [CA'S] computer exploded.

Next

[Image description: Rose stands farther away from her laptop, near a large green structure. Her laptop still has the aires and leo alerts, and the same alerts now float near her head. Casey stands closer to one of the consorts.]

Rose: Answer Aradia.

[Image description: Rose looks up at the structure. It's a massive, bright green captchalogue card with a sun carved into the surface. A large dark red aries alert floats over Rose's head.]

**pesterlog**

A.A.: what do you think youre doing!
just stop
stop stop stop stop stop stop
maybe if i say stop enough something else will happen instead of the thing that does
T.T.: Hi.
A.A.: you aren't going to stop are you
T.T.: Do you want me to stop using magic too?
A.A.: no I don't care about that
its your quest to tear your session apart
i know its exciting
breaking stuff
and not worrying about it
but there are consequences to humoring your destructive impulses
and consequences to following
T.T.: ?
A.A.: what they say
T.T.: Who?
A.A.: you know who
T.T.: You sound frustrated.
Like you know you can't change my mind.
I presume your future footage of me has already verified this?
A.A.: i don't even need to watch your future actions to know this
the knowing is the same as this elusive feeling of sickness thats been with me for years
probably since before i died come to think of it
it was always a big setup
T.T.: You died?
Revived via dream self, I take it?
A.A.: no
i never had one
sort of a special case here
T.T.: Hmm.
A.A.: i just wish
back when i was behaving recklessly
i had someone to tell me to stop listening
even if i ended up ignoring their advice
it would have been nice
T.T.: What did they tell you?
A.A.: i was assured i would be saving my race
which is maybe still true i dont know
but if it is then it will be the punchline to the vast joke
T.T.: Is that anything like the ultimate riddle?
A.A.: you really dont understand anything yet do you
and yet you bug and fuss and meddle
with things more dangerous than you can imagine

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Rose's face as she stares up at the card. The lens of her hubtopband flickers over one eye.]

pesterlog
A.A.: what do you want with the source of the first guardians
what good do you really think could come of it
T.T.: Do you know about it?
The sun?
A.A.: you cant possibly wield its energy or put it to constructive use
T.T.: That isn't exactly my plan.
A.A.: you wont find it either
its impossible
T.T.: How do you know that?
Could you please share your information with me?
A.A.: no!
you still havent gathered that youre the problem
im through with consciously contributing to inevitable outcomes
T.T.: Well,
Aren't you doing that regardless? Right now?
A.A.: obviously
but im just talking
maybe the things i say will indirectly trigger your critical actions
maybe not who knows
maybe!!!
maybe if i behave in a manner so random
paradox space wont know how to handle it!
blah BLOOP blee BLUH!@$%^&*(+_
didnt see that one coming did you pspace?? + ?*rand(413^612)
oh look and now i suddenly refuse to type zeroes in my sentences
isnt that crazy! who thought that was even a possibility
bslick never would have imagined THAT little vestibule of probability was tucked somewhere in
his huge glistening blow sack
ribbit ribbit ribbit
WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT
I JUST CONTROLLED THE RIBBITS AND I DID IT DELIBERATELY
T.T.: (wide eyed blank face)
A.A.: hahaha!
oh wow im sure you were just being facetious with that but you have no idea how funny that is
right now
you had no way of knowing thats a thing i do all the time but with zeroes
this is great
i think im on to something here
maybe if i dig deep enough into my circuitry and reroute all of my reserve power through my
quantum based random number generator i can produce behavior so completely off the wall that
paradox space will have no choice but to change everything!
T.T.: You have circuitry?
A.A.: maybe i will also rig my power source to the outcome of the function and randomly blow
myself up!
that would be just
really
really
really*rand(rand(rand(rand(oM)*oM)*oM)*oM)*oM) where oM = some number drawn quite
at random from one of your absurd human hats
!~M~o~D~N~A~R
goodbye rose
enjoy your rampant indiscretions
A.A.: talk to you later assuming i havent randomly blown myself up!
T.T.: Wait, don't go!
You were actually interesting.

Aradia: Randomly explode.

[Image description: Aradiabot rests her chin in her hands and looks at her computer screen. In the background, Eridan and Equius stare at the smoldering remnants of Eridan's computer.]

You fail to randomly explode.

Of course you were just venting about all that. Why would you blow yourself up on account of that silly conversation? What rational reason could you possibly have to blow yourself up, or explode from any cause for that matter, now or at any point in the near future?

It just makes no sense.

Next

[Image description: Rose stands on top of the green captchalogue card. Behind her, a cloud rains in rainbow colors. Her hubtopband has a forest green leo alert.]

Rose: Answer Nepeta.

[Image description: Rose stares off into the distance.]

pesterlog

A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) pst (gasping face with two mouths)
T.T.: Yes?
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) heyyyyyyyyyy
T.T.: Why, what ever could you want?
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) ummmmmmmmmmm
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) sorry to bother you again!
is
um
T.T.: Is what?
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) he available?
T.T.: Who?
What is the name of this mystery fellow you seek?
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) aaaaa youre just teasing me now!
i feel bad about bugging you about it
but do you think you could purrhaps please spare your computer for just the most fleeting of moments?
i miss pounce a lot (sad face with two mouths)
and talking to him reminds me of her
sorry for the hassle
T.T.: It's ok. I understand.
I think I have a more permanent solution.
I mean purrmanent.
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) yay! (gasping face with two mouths)

Rose: Summon mystery fellow.

[Image description: Rose holds out an amulet identical to the one Nannasprite gave John. It glows pink.]
Next

[Image description: Jaspersprite appears next to Rose in a pink flash.]

Rose: Give Jaspersprite laptop.

[Image description: Rose offers up her old laptop in its squiddle cozy. Jaspersprite touches it with a tentacle.]

You won't need it anymore. It served you well. You suppose there are a lot of things you've outgrown, now that you think about it.

Next

[Image description: They smile at each other as a cloud passes over, sprinkling them with rainbows.]

spritelog
Rose: hi jaspers.
Jaspersprite: hi rose!
purr purr purr.
Rose: jaspers, I am releasing you now.
you are free to go do as you please.
Jaspersprite: really rose ok if thats what you want I will go do that.
oh rose!
rose did you get to do any of the things that are important to your quest that I said?
did you learn to play the rain rose?
Rose: not yet, jaspers.
it's a little complicated, but I believe I've embarked on another quest, one which surpasses the scope of the objectives local to this planet.
Jaspersprite: meow what (cat face)
Rose: I'm saying there's something more important to accomplish now. Something more important than creating a universe.
Jaspersprite: oh thats ok rose I wouldnt want you to feel obligated to do that.
I think that winning this game and getting the prize is up to you and your friends.
you get to decide whether or not you feel its right to do that and what kind of prize you want to make!
it's part of becoming who youre supposed to become I think.
but I really think you should consider going on the quest I said anyway!
Rose: why?
Jaspersprite: because its not just an important thing to do to win the game.
I dont know I hope im not being too pushy rose its not my place to be im just your cat!
but the thing that made me how I am now seems to really want me to say this to you.
your quest is really important for you to do.
ot really because thats how to get the prize.
but because its what you need to do for yourself!
Rose: I see. I promise I will consider it seriously then.
Jaspersprite: oh good!
I love you rose! I always have even when you were a little girl and I was an alive cat.
Rose: thanks, jaspers, that's nice to hear.
it's hard to remember, but I'm pretty sure I felt the same way back then.
Jaspersprite: it was fun getting to be your cat again rose even if it was just for a little while and also while being a princess ghost.
bye rose!
Rose: see you, jaspers!
if you see my mother in the course of your travels, tell her I said hello.
Jaspersprite: ok I will do that! (Cat face)

Dave: Get hassled.

[Image description: This panel is also done in a style that resembles a walkaround. Dave stands between two staircases on a floor made of golden bricks. The walls are made of red brick with golden murals showing crocodiles, lilypads, and spirographs. A chest sits near the bottom of the ascending staircase. He has three alerts floating around him. One is a royal blue sagittarius, one is an indigo capricorn, and one is a teal libra.]

Chumps as far as the eye can see.

They are lining up for the sick fires. Your gaping furnace is hungry for coal, and they are poised to get goddamn shoveling.

Dave: Answer Gamzee.

[Image description: It zooms in on Dave and the sagittarius and libra alerts disappear.]

pesterlog

T.C.: alright my pinkest of motherfuckin star monkeys
are you ready
to get the horns you dont have
confiscated all like the motherfuckin honktraband they are
being all illicit as the vast joke itself
and then
handed at right back to you?
T.G.: what
T.C.: hah, see bro, this is how I roll
I supply the horns toward you, metaphorically speaking
see, like
that's kind of a troll metaphor
you getting your horns all handed to you, if you peeps anatomically were such to be like that
doing that's to mean like you got motherfuckin sassed out
as in trolled
but bro when I tell that noise at you
im like doing
a double metaphor all the way
across skaia (happy face with a round nose)
because my horns im all about are these funny honk horns instead of head horns
like what does clowns use
and when I'm all to invite you to get a little motherfuckin squeeze on
it'll be a downed in, straight flat, board sided miracle if you don't get scared shittent clowncars
that's how we play the motherfuckin game
honk honk (happy face with a round nose an furrowed brows)
oh god thats right
T.G.: you were the best troll
I remember now
T.C.: whoa, I was?
T.G.: yeah
I mean
in the most ironic and hilarious ways possible
but that really shouldn't even need to be said
T.C.: shit, I must have got to not remembering this somehow
T.G.: it was months ago for me
you did your bizarrely oblivious juggalo thing
then bitched and moaned at me for ruining your religion or some horseshit
like I guess a weird crisis in faith I dunno
and then
you kinda got over that I guess
and we both proceeded to have one of the best rap-offs in the history of paradox space
remember
T.C.: aww motherfuck, no (sad face with a round nose)
I most surely would get my remember on for a bitchtits time had like that
my mind's not that sharp now though, it's been ages since I had a good pie
T.G.: could be time shit
you might not have had the conversation yet
T.C.: dogg, I don't know that im at a place to even contemplate for entertaining that kind of thing
I don't get time
I wasn't the dude of time
I was the
the motherfuckin
bard of
fuck
I forgot (sad face with a round nose)
T.G.: do you remember if you watched any videos
from earth
that I might have sent
T.C.: no
T.G.: dude I was telling you
you've got to check this out
trust me it'll lift your spirits shit will all make sense to you finally
you'll finally figure out who you are and why you worship all this ridiculous clown bullshit
T.C.: oh, man
this sounds amazing, I can't see how I wouldn't be all kicking the wicked shit out of such kinds of opportunities
T.G.: and also why your planet has faygo for some baffling reason
actually no nevermind it doesn't explain that
that still makes no damn sense
but like
the thing you're looking for
your dark clownish salvation or whatever the fuck
your mirthful messiahs
ahahahaha I can't even type that without lmao
anyway they're here dude
check it out
http://tinyurl.com/motherfuckinmiracles

[Note: this link opens Insane Clown Posse- Miracles (Official Music Video)]
T.C.: (gasping face with a round nose)

Gamzee: Watch.

[Image description: Gamzee stares at the computer screen in wide-eyed shock. Two juggalo faces hover behind him.]

This...

Next

[Image description: Two more juggalo faces appear behind him. He begins to furrow his eyebrows.]

Is...

Next

[Image description: More juggalo faces appear. Gamzee snarls.]

Motherfuckin...

Next

[Image description: Gamzee screams angrily as the background turns to flickering red with Honk written in purple. His pupils turn to black spades.]

Blasphemy

[Note: blasphemy is a vibrating gif. The letters are filled with flames and alternate between a capitalized letter and a lower case letter, like Gamzee's typing quirk.]

Gamzee: ENGAGE HERO MODE.

[Image description: Gamzee stands and holds his fists up. He glows purple and purple lightning cracles across his skin. Hero Mode is written repeatedly across the background.]

HERO MODE
This is completely pointless.

Next

[Image description: Dave stands at the top of a set of stairs in a new room. The floor is the same golden tiles, but the walls are a brighter red and the murals are red instead of gold. There are four pillars along the back wall and one on the east wall. A yellow basilisk in a jester's hat is in the corner and two crocodiles stand in opposite corners. In the center of the room, there is a large golden block with a white sword sticking out of it. Dave's glasses have a teal libra alert and a royal blue sagittarius alert.]

Dave: Answer Equius.

[Image description: Dave approaches the sword. The crossguard comes to points at either end and narrows to a barely-there cylinder at the point where it connects to the hilt. The hilt itself is striped in bands of white and dark grey. A royal blue sagittarius alert hovers over Dave's head.]
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) I'm attempting to determine what it is that ranks humans in their class structure.
I'd assumed the color of your blood would serve as the basis for placement in the hierarchy, as would be expected and natural, but I was mistaken.
I was similarly in error believing the color of what you type corresponds with the color of your blood.
T.G.: it does bro
my bloods red
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) Well, obviously.
I understand that now, I'm not a fool.
T.G.: on earth class is sorted out by who can drop the most delirious flow.
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) I see.
So, in other words, a sort of blood letting ritual.
To assess whose pulse is steadiest and thus whose flow is the most STRONG.
T.G.: no
well yeah
verbal pulse
rap battles
the kings of wordtech ascend to godhood and look down on us patriarchally like urban watermarks in the sky
this is like
our religion man
its fucking serious business its like what our whole culture revolves around
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) Really.
So your social echelons are dictated by the noble artform of the ancient slam poets
Or the Earth equivalent.
T.G.: yeah well
used to be dictated
til the rapocalypse happened
I still believe though
in my heart so long as it keeps thumping the righteous beat
subwoofing out devotion every which way
that he will come
our savior
was foretold hed come after meteors show up to drop it like its hot
and hed gather up the ashes of our civilization and lift it like its heavy
fuck im tearing up my ishades are gonna fry
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) I believe
That this is probably nonsense
I've already been hornswogled repeatedly by your comrades, who I quite reasonably mistook for your superiors in bloodline.
Your race makes a habit of deception, and I will not tolerate it.
You will stop.
I command that all verbal misdirection and hoofbeastplay will cease during my communications, is that understood?
T.G.: hahahahaha
douche
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) Did I say something entertaining?
T.G.: if youre gonna spit that kind of bravado at me im just saying put it in rhyme
lets hear what you got tooly mcsnoothole
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) I try to stay engaged with many aristocratic practices
But I'm not much of a poet
T.G.: come on
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) My poems are private
T.G.: whatever dude
deprivatize them
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) If you're prepared to be particularly forceful about it
I may be suitably disgusted to comply
T.G.: just
take whatvers in there
that brorage lust youre feelin
turn that bitch inside out like a broke ass millionaires pockets
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) Yes
Those are the sorts of assertive statements which could get me
Flowing
T.G.: alright
weird but alright
you sound wound up
but my gears are airtight
steer clear a the seer and the knight if youre scared of unfair fights
youd drop like the staircase impaired, seein em spareds a fair fuckin rare sight
for poor eyes like that millionaire whos pockets i mocked earlier
hes paradoxically me but richer and surlier
broke as his sword before his stock picks skyrocketed
worth more than all the chests lockpicked and gold croc bricks and boonbucks i pickpocketed
fillin folios with millions im milkin to pad out my pockets
more chock full than sad trollian villains cloggin my blocklist
so thoughtful to popul-
-ate my slate with propositions to copulate to a spate of hemoerotic hotpix
which i posit you got shit of that nature in spades
as my shades got you locked in
spyin a guy whos eyed more cocks and dicks than i got clocks and they got ticks
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) Just a thought. Let's mock a topic with less awfulness
If you'd use the excuse to be less culturally myopic, what are your views on abuse to the walking
apocrypha
Would you choose if duly cued to put your bruising clop to a flock of naughty robotics
T.G.: ahaha wow YES
dont really understand that but yes
ok hold that thought im gonna pull this fuckin sword out of the thing

Dave: Pull sword out of thing.

[Image description: Dave steps up onto the block, plants his feet on either side of the sword, grabs the hilt, and pulls. The scene shifts to show him from a lower angle, bringing the ceiling into view. There is a black gear shape with a red swirl in the center. Streams of lava pour from each of the gear's teeth. Three pillars with crocodile statues on top of them are silhouetted against the heat.]

pesterlog
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) Perhaps it's that it's martial tactics that matter for status. Unless you redact this
I'd hazard in practice that it's a glass of what's lactic that would impact this
Pragmatic to presume? A human metric for grandness stands on fondness in honest
For wanton aplomb with strapping song smithing, ripping sonnets of STRONGNESS
T.G.: yes
still no clue what this shit means but keep going
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) But perhaps
To divine class divides in unclassified swine is butchering time
Your fauna I find requires too little strength to savage in rhyme
I fear inferiors have monopolized my highest priorities
Let's eschew crude inferiors, pursue nude superiorities
Review zoological peculiarities, great stalking enormities
Flexing in unison, baying at moons within fraternal sororities
T.G.: holy shit
what
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) Great musclebeasts tussle, buxom in heft
With thunderous muscle, buttock to spec
T.G.: what the fuck
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) Connect blows to discover, how invincible pecs are
Venture low to uncover, his inimitable nectar
T.G.: oh god
ok stop
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) Should song serve to placate one
And fortune holds he lactate some
STRONG hands tugging teat make great ambrosia collectors
T.G.: hahaha
jesus
ok maybe youre actually the worst troll
im thinking none of that was actually ironic that was all pretty straightup wasnt it
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) What do you mean
Are you ordering me to conceal my poems again
T.G.: nevermind
god dammit
fuckin piece of shit sword
wont goddamn budge probably useless anyway
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) It looks to be a legendary weapon
T.G.: its a legendary piece of shit

Next

[Image description: Dave steps down from the block and rests his hand on a pillar while looking up.]

pesterlog
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) Giving up on the treasure so easily
It strikes me as an artifact rooted in universal lore of nobility
As valuable an asset as strength is
And as much as anyone with his wits is fond of being STRONG
Such weapons require finesse to operate
And surely in this case, to retrieve without damaging
Hence your no doubt frustrating restraint
T.G.: ok im kinda starting to wonder why youre bugging me now
youre a fuckin creepy dude
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) Excessive force will shatter such weapons
We both know this from experience
T.G.: what
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) The adult human who trained you
And taught you the ways of being STRONG
Remember
T.G.: you mean the guy who spent years beating my ass down with a puppet
yeah i remember
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) Yes, and now, being learned in the ways of STRONGNESS
You like myself are unfortunately limited in the weaponry you may wield
Ironically the training which has ennobled you beyond others has made instruments of high blood
brittle in your hands
Hence the state of your favored weapon, hobbling your specibus
I know what this is like
T.G.: man
im not that strong ok
just cause i broke a cheap ass sword doesnt make me the fucking hulk
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) Oh
T.G.: what did you go around breaking a bunch of swords too
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) No
Bows
T.G.: how the fuck do you even wield a broken bow
did you go around clubbing shit with the two halves
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) Yes
Sometimes

Next

[Image description: Dave takes out Caledscratch. He extends the blade and slices the pillar. For a
moment, nothing happens, then it begins to topple, having been cut through on a sharp diagonal.]

pesterlog
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) What are you doing
T.G.: whats it look like
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) Careful
About succumbing to these sorts of destructive
Urges
Addiction is a powerful thing
T.G.: so am i
bow down before your new king bitch

Next

[Image description: The pillar falls directly onto the sword in the block, snapping it just above the
point where the blade disappears into the gold. "Legendary Piece of Shit" flashes between yellow
and red text above it.]

pesterlog
C.T.: (Bow and arrow) I think
I need
Something to dry myself off with

Next

[Image description: Equius stares at his computer screen. He's sweating profusely.]
Equius: Dry off.

[Image description: Equius wipes his face with a Con-Air poster.]

Dave: Take legendary POS.

[Image description: The scene returns to the temple Dave is in, once again in the walkthrough style. Dave stands just to the left of the block with the broken sword and broken pillar on the ground next to him. A crocodile and two yellow basilisks are on the east side of the room. A grey text box is at the top of the screen. It says
You got a Broken Caledfwlch!
Dave still has a teal libra alert over him.]

Dave: Answer Terezi.

[Image description: Dave stands next to a hissing basilisk, a distressed crocodile, and a pile of grist. He's wielding both Caledscratch and Broken Caledfwlch.]

pesterlog

G.C.: dave great news!
I found a drawing tablet
do you know what that means dave?
do you know what it means we can get?
T.G.: please dont say this party started please dont say this party started
G.C.: this
party
started!!!!! (very happy face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: god everything is about parties with you
G.C.: dave there is nothing even close to being better than parties, come on
T.G.: ok
lets see some fine art then
G.C.: why it just so happens that I have a fresh masterpiece for you
hot off the canvas
and on to your computer glasses
where it will sizzle your eyeballs
trssssssssssss http://tinyurl.com/davexdave

[Note: This link opens a comic. It's drawn in a very scribbly style, like Terezi's other drawings, but seems to be a bit less chaotic.

Dave stands against a yellow background.
durrrr feelin pretty cool and tired i guess i will go to sleep arbitrarily here
a hurp hurp

Dave puts his hands on his cheeks and turns to face the viewer. The background turns bright green.
totally no reason to ever take my shades off ever!!!!! oops i dont use shout poles i forgot

Dave lays down on the ground and sticks his legs up in the air. The background turns black. A black cane with a red tip comes into the panel and Drubs him on the head.
i am all but irresponsive to the most sensless of awesome girl drubbings

Dave curls up on the ground and Davesprite wraps his wings around him. The background
becomes dark purple.

ZZZZZ (heart)

Davesprite touches Dave's face with his wing. The background becomes black. Dave says "zzz muh" Davesprite says "shh only dreams now" in a speech bubble that extends outside the panel.

T.G.: ok that
is every bit as shitty as all your other drawings
G.C.: shut up!
I am still sort of getting the hang of this thing
I will get better (tongue sticking out face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: I like it though you dont gotta improve
art skills are overrated
G.C.: thanks dave
T.G.: its kind of weird though what the hell is actually going on here
does this mean something
G.C.: yes
it is the comic representation of the next leg of your wonderful journey
you know, the one that I am helping you with every step of the way (happy face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: yeah
but
why
G.C.: I already explained this to you dave
the coolkid has to be the best, and I have to make him the best
T.G.: alright but
I mean even if that made sense which it kind of doesnt
karkat was saying how it was all a game and youre just flirtin and stuff
and that we should quit it because he doesnt want you in my grill or me in yours or whatever
G.C.: oh, is that what he said???
hmm I wonder if he could reek of jealousy any more pungently
T.G.: well yeah thats what I thought too
and really if we got no other reason keep rolling with it at least theres that one
to piss him off
G.C.: well what do you think dave
am I in your human grill?
T.G.: im not saying I know for sure but it seems to me like
my grill is your goddamn prison
you are practically incarcerated in that fucker
doing hard time on a bed of charcoal and lighterfluid
privy to what I flame broil from below
what im sayin is you got a front row seat to the brown side of my burger
hows it smell btw
G.C.: it smells like delicious burning animals
T.G.: yeah I thought so
so is that whats going on
G.C.: what?
T.G.: is this some weird game involving flirtation and assassinations or whatever
G.C.: oh, I dont know
maaaaaaybe...
sheesh!
you and him are alike in some ways
really blunt and literal minded
and quite frankly just a little bit tactless when it comes to managing the ladies!
he always had to know exactly what the deal was and exactly what my motivations were and what
everything meant and bluh bluh bluh
it takes the fun out of everything!
T.G.: thats pretty much the most insulting thing possible to say im anything like that raving gulf of shit
G.C.: well ok im sort of exaggerating
but really
some similarities are there
its just your issues are
cooler (smiley face with furrowed brows)
less ridiculous and tragic
T.G.: issues
what are you talking about
G.C.: well, for instance
karkat was always tormented by his past and future selves
and their mistakes
literally tormented by them in these absurd schizophrenic memos
it was ideal fuel for his self loathing
he became obsessed with himself as an elusive adversary
rather than just being himself in the moment and realizing who he was supposed to be
and waking up (frowning face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: wow ok what does that have to do with me
G.C.: nothing in a literal sense
but I have observed you dave
you are always getting bailed out of jams
at first by your bro
and then by your own future selves!
even future davesprite gets in on the act of showing up poor old present dave
when does present dave get to step out of the shadow of all those future daves??
when does he get to be the hero, that's what I want to know (very happy face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: I dunno I guess maybe when I become future me
G.C.: hahahahahaha
that is exactly what karkat used to say
it was always the answer
T.G.: fuck who cares
like I even give a shit about being a hero whatever that even means
im not seeing the problem here future me is awesome he can bail me out if he wants
G.C.: yes, exactly!
because you are cool about your problem
instead of acting like a silly little pupa
but dont worry, one day you will get to take your turn as hero!
and one day
you will take off those dumb glasses and let me get another sniff at your eyes
T.G.: not gonna happen
G.C.: come on!
I only got one little whiff at them
when you were a tiny pink wiggler with arms and legs sitting in a crater on that sad horse you ate
they were pretty!
it is so selfish of you to keep them covered up
and the lame secrecy surrounding it is once again reminding me of a certain you know who (blank face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: hey look at this change of subject going down
about this comic
are you saying im about to fall asleep
G.C.: yes

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Dave's face. His glasses glow red at the edges.]

pesterlog

T.G.: why
G.C.: I do not know
maybe you are really tired!
you drop suddenly and swiftly, like an executed felon facing nappy justice
T.G.: I dont feel tired
could be rose waking me up again
bonkin me with yarn or some shit
G.C.: oh?
T.G.: can you see in my dreams
G.C.: no (frowning face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: too bad
last time I promised rose id take off my shades and look in the sky for some reason
youre gonna miss a hell of a show
G.C.: bluuuuuuuuuuuuuuuhhhhhhh (gasping face with eyes pinched shut and furrowed brows)
most awful coolkid!!!!!
T.G.: so I guess I have to summon davesprite too
G.C.: yes
T.G.: whys that
G.C.: why do you think!
to bail your stubborn spectacled butt out of trouble again
T.G.: huh
ok
G.C.: when you are asleep, soon a horde of very powerful monsters will emerge from the ruins
to defend the treasure you have stolen
or did you think you were going to waltz out of here with that cool legendary sword and face no consequences?
T.G.: yeah kinda
didnt think this useless horseshit was boss grade loot to be honest
G.C.: well it is!
now release mister orange creamsicles, stat
and have dreams as sweet as he tastes (smiley face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: ok see ya

Dave: Summon Davesprite.

[Image description: A pendant like the one Nannasprite gave John hangs around Dave's neck. It glows orange for a moment, then Davesprite appears to his right.]
Dave: sup
Davesprite: hey

Next

[Image description: Dave looks up at Davesprite, who flares out his wings and extends his tail. His wingspan is at least twice Dave's height and his tail is just as long.]

Davesprite: oh looks like you got caledfwlch you found that pretty fast
Dave: is that how you pronounce that
Davesprite: yeah I guess so
I think its welsh
Dave: what are welsh things doing in this game
Davesprite: thats an awesome question
Dave: fuck yeah it is
is this thing as pointless as I think it is or do I need it for something
Davesprite: tactically yeah its a downgrade since its what I used to make caledscratch which is obviously way better
Dave: yeah thats what I figured
Davesprite: caledscratch cycles the sword through its own timeline to points when its broken or nonbroken or old and rusted or recently forged etc
and your snoop snowcone swords probably even better than that so yeah you got options
Dave: fuck it ill just power through the rest of the game with the sord.....
Davesprite: hahahaha
with unreal air as a mount fit for a true artifact knight
Dave: yeah
goddamn jpeg hero
right here
Davesprite: did that shit ever land or what
Dave: dude its long gone
up in skaia now or something
thrashing ill grinds on clouds
Davesprite: fuck
top priority make more
that an order from your celestial fuckin spirit guide
Dave: yeah you got it
so why wasnt this legendary pos in the sylladex you gave me
did you chuck it after you alchemized it
should I just chuck it too
Davesprite: it was stolen
by one of hephaestus's minions
Dave: hes the denizen right
Davesprite: yeah lord of the forge
Dave: isnt that like a greek god
or roman or whatever
what is greco roman shit doing in here you know what never mind
Davesprite: yeah pretty much
anyway he gets pissed off you broke it
and he wants it back
to do something important with it though not really sure what
hes a pretty ornery dude
kept raving about how he was waiting for the forge to come
which he needs to complete his work
but in my timeline the forge would never come
so he was extra pissed off
Dave: whats the forge
Davesprite: volcano
Dave: huh
you mean jades volcano
Davesprite: yup
Dave: so do you know this stuff cause youre from the future or cause youre a sprite
Davesprite: both
theres all sorts of stuff I suddenly knew about the game when I became this orange feathery asshole
Dave: so now youre like
A wise feathery asshole
Davesprite: I am fuckin filthy with wisdom its sick
I mostly know stuff about your personal quest
what used to be my quest but I guess I got to deal with not being alpha dave no more
Dave: yeah I guess
Davesprite: shrug
its all good
anyway that sword
its important to getting your shit figured out
you were supposed to break it to get it out of the thing
like another personal sort of mythological milestone you were supposed to clear
Dave: really
there was no other way to get it out
thats kind of retarded
Davesprite: well I dont know
maybe if john was to try with his pure heart and shit it woulda popped out like a champagne cork
and fuckin hero confetti woulda blasted him in the face
but you
we
we had to break it
Dave: ok
Davesprite: theres a lot more I know about your quest
all tangled up in ridiculous riddles and bullshit enigmas
and maybe its all a moot point anyway in this timeline who knows
but I think ill spare you all that crap
cause its kind of boring
and youll find out anyway
Dave: yeah
that sounds about like something id do if I were you
which I am
so hey
apparently im about to fall asleep

Next
looking over Davesprite's shoulder. Dave looks down at the ground.]

spriteLog
Davesprite: oh yeah why
rose beckoning you again
Dave: yeah probably
anyway monsters will show up soon and try to eat my sleeping corpse
Davesprite: yeah they werent too happy with my reckless indiana jones bullshit either
Dave: yeah
so thats where you come in
Davesprite: I got your back dude dont worry
Dave: ok
guess ill make myself comfortable here
Davesprite: when you wake up
ill probably get going
Dave: what do you mean
Davesprite: ill just sort of
release myself
go do my own thing
after this I dont think youll need me
seems like youve got the stable time loop thing figured out already
which means youll be alright
future yous will get you out of trouble
if youre gonna live up to the responsibility of eventually becoming them
and by virtue of loop stability it sort of means you cant technically fuck up anymore
but dont let that idea go to your head itll mess you up
Dave: where will you go
Davesprite: dunno
fly around
up away to the sun like a fucknig piece of gargbage
see if I can catch up with bro maybe
elusive bastard
Dave: oh yeah
where do you think he is
what happened to him in your timeline
Davesprite: who knows
I completely lost track of him
in that timeline and this one
the dude is fucking inscrutable we both know that
Dave: yeah
ok good luck with that
Davesprite: thanks man

Next

[Image description: Dave and Davesprite stand next to each other. An image of Vriska with her hands at her temples fades in. It flashes for a moment, then disappears. Dave drops to the floor and a Z in a speech bubble appears above him.]

Nap time.

[Note: The a in 'Nap' is written as an 8 in the same way that Vriska types.]
Next

[Image description: It returns to the walkaround style. Dave lays on the ground with a Derse alert over him. Davesprite stands to his right and watches as a massive creature steps into the room. Three crocodiles run screaming in the other direction.]

Davesprite: Defend.

[Image description: Davesprite pulls the sword from his chest and looks up at the monsters. There are at least 6 of them, but they appear as only silhouettes. Dave still sleeps on the floor.]

spritelog
Davesprite: caw caw motherfuckers
9. Act 5 Act 2 Part 2

Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 5: Hivebent, Act 2: He is Already Here, Part 2

Jack: Examine.

[Image description: Jack Noir, still wearing the Queen's ring, stands on a massive record on top of a whirling clockwork mechanism. The record has a crack in it, where a katana pierced through it.]

Next

[Image description: Jack sits on the record next to the sword with his legs crossed. Golden light streams out of the crack.]

Next

[Image description: He reaches out to touch the hilt of the sword, which is glowing.]

Next

[Image description: He reaches towards it with his middle finger and thumb.]

Next

[Image description: Flames rise from the lava ocean behind him.]

Next

[Image description: He flies off with the katana in hand, leaving a trail of flame behind the blade.]

Next

[Image description: He flies away. The flames have died down.]


[Image description: Let The Squiddles Sleep (End Theme) begins to play. A sleeping Jade appears against a black background. A solid black alert appears over her head and it zooms in on her. It slowly fades to white. A rainbow walkway with bubbles floating around it fades in. Jade's bed, with her on it, bobs across the screen. Squiddles swim on screen and Jade stands up. She does a dance that involves pumping her fists in the air, clapping, and turning from side to side. It zooms out as she takes out her flute and begins to play it. The rainbow walkway fades out, replaced by a blue and pink sky with pink clouds. Candycorn]
shrimp and a massive squiddle holding a slice of green pie floats on screen. It slowly zooms back in on Jade. A circle closes in on the scene from the edges of the screen. Where it passes, everything becomes black. The bubble gets smaller and smaller, then fades to blue. It shrinks and dims until it disappears.

Dream Dave slowly floats on screen from the top. He's staring out into the void, his back to the camera. The derse dreamer towers appear and the angle changes to show him from the front. He reaches up and grabs his glasses. It zooms in as he slowly removes them. It fades to an extreme closeup of an eye with a bright red iris. His pupil expands until it takes up the whole screen and a small blue bubble fades in.

The bubble grows and turns red and the squiddles opening credits begin to play. The background glitches and occasionally disappears. It flashes to Jade dancing on her bed against the rainbow walkway. A pink narwhal with a rainbow horn swims on screen and Jade does a front flip onto its back.

The bed goes off screen and Feferi, riding a white pony with a red diamond on its hip, comes on screen. Cuttlefish swim on behind Feferi and squiddles swim on behind Jade. The background turns to static for a second, then to a pink background with squiddles and pink circles watermarked on it. It glitches out again. It goes to the rainbow walkway, then doubles it. It starts spinning and turning to static repeatedly. Jade looks up at the flashing colors with a confused and shocked expression. Feferi does the same, but with a wide grin. It glitches out again. For one frame, a red, angry-looking squiddle with jagged scribbles across it flashes, then disappears. The screen snaps to black with a white line in the center that fades, like old televisions used to do when they were turned off.

Pulses of faint light go across the screen and the outlines of eldritch beasts appear against static. They come closer and closer with each pulse, which get faster and faster.

The static turns to red rings.

White rings appear on the red.

A red circle approaches.

The circle fades to white.

Everything fades to black.

Jade and her bed float in front of a tangle of mouths, tentacles, and eyes, which is just barely visible. She's asleep again.

It flashes to static, then her bed appears on the ground outside again. She sits up and looks upset.

Next

[Image description: Jade looks at her lunchtop, which has a fuschia pisces alert over it. She seems shocked and slightly confused]

You suddenly understand jack shit.

Where are you? What just happened?

Oh great, now someone's bothering you. Boy are you not in the mood for getting trolled now.

Jade: Answer.

[Image description: She sits on the edge of her bed with the projected screen in front of her and holographic keyboard on her lap. She looks sad, tired, and confused.]

pesterlog
cuttlefishCuller [C.C.] began trolling gardenGnostic [G.G.]

C.C.: Glub glub. (smiley face with a tiara and goggles)
G.G.: what!!!!!
C.C.: SEE??
G.G.: see what!
go away
C.C.: I told you!
There is nothing to worry about at all.
G.G.: bluhhh what are you talking about....
my head hurts
just stop it, stop trolling me
i hate you all!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
C.C.: holy mackerel, looks like someone woke up on the wrong side of the absurd human bed!
Chill out, Jade. I am just following up on what I told you earlier.
G.G.: about what!
i dont remember talking to you at all
C.C.: About your dream! Your post-dreamdeath dreamself's dream.
Errr. Which is a term I just made up now. (blank face with a tiara and goggles)
G.G.: my dream was horrible!!!
i dont know what that was, i have never dreamed anything like it
C.C.: Yes, I imagine not! You have spent your whole life dreaming about prospit, no?
G.G.: oh god....
prospit (sad face)
is it really gone?
C.C.: Yes, Jade. It is time to face the facts!
Our moons are gone too. If we wish to sleep now, our dreams must take place in the bubbles
glubbed by the gods who live in the Furthest Ring.
It is the infinite space which divides all sessions, completely unnavigable and unfathomable,
untouched by the time or space of any universe in existence.
C.C.: Its lords are our slumberbuddies now. (smiley face with a tiara and goggles)
G.G.: uuuuuuuugh (very upset face)
C.C.: Don't be ridiculous. They are not as dreadful as they look.
In fact, they are quite helpful if you know how to talk to them!
Don't you remember our dream? I was trying to show you that there is nothing to fear.
But then... you kind of freaked out! humans are so melodramatic.
G.G.: oh......
hat was you?
C.C.: HELL YEAH! (very happy face with a tiara and goggles)
G.G.: argh
sorry but
could you please
not use all those stupid parentheses??????
i can hardly read what you type and its giving me a migraine

[Note: part of Feferi's typing quirk is replacing all Hs with an open parenthesis then closed parenthesis.]

C.C.: GLUUUUB oh fine.
I will suspend my neato quirk just for you.
I hereby renounce the royal mark of sea dweller supremacy in the interest of Interspecies
Diplomacy.
G.G.: what about the E thing, can you stop that too? it is also annoying and stupid

[Note: another part of her typing quirk is putting a dash before capital E's.]

C.C.: JEGUS JADE.
Look! It is like a cool trident I throw sometimes.
psiooooo (trident emoticon)
How is that not awesome!
G.G.: meh (uncertain face)
C.C.: Okay, you win. I have officially humbled myself before you. Entirely glubbing peasantified for your pleasure.
Shall I clip my fins for you as well, your majesty?
G.G.: hehehe
k, sorry for sounding bossy
you seem pretty nice, and you sure do look exotic
i kind of always thought you were all like
a bunch of really obnoxious humans
C.C.: Well, thank you! On both counts, of being likened to something other than an obnoxious human, as well as on my exotic looks.
For the record, you look pretty awesomely weird too.
I introduced myself before, but since you do not remember, I will do so now. My name is Feferi, and I was going to be the Empress, but now I am not!
G.G.: hey feferi, i would like to remember......
but everything is so foggy right now
I remember prospit being attacked
and
falling.....
aaand
i dunno (sad face)
do you know what happened?
C.C.: Hell if I know!
In your pre-death dream at least. Oh, well you died obviously, so there's that.
G.G.: ffffff
yeah, i gathered that! (very sad face with eyes pinched shut)
C.C.: All I could see was what happened in your hive.
You were asleep, and then your robot exploded.
And then your lusus saved you! Kind of like mine saved me.
Before she died. (very sad face with a tiara and goggles)
G.G.: ohhhhhhh!!!!!!
i do remember you!
i remember you were talking to me about my lusus, and i had no idea what you were talking about
and still sort of dont (uncertain face)
but you must mean bec
also it was shortly before your friend sent me a weird message
about how my robot was going to explode, and i should talk to him when it happens
this was months ago
C.C.: Oh? Who was that?
G.G.: it was the most awful and angry one
i am so sick of him, i really dont want to talk to that pathetic jerk ever
G.G.: thats his name?
C.C.: Yes, he's our leader. Why did he want you to talk to him?
G.G.: hmmmm
thats right, it was about some kind of plan...
which he said me from the future told him about?
i thought it was total nonsense at the time
but
i guess he was telling the truth  
so maybe i should talk to him? i dont know  
C.C.: Glubshrug.  
He's pretty harmless, really. You get used to his yelling.  
I do not even process it as yelling anymore. More like a lot of blubbering.  
More blubber spills out of that mouth than a gash in a poached whale.  
G.G.: ewwww  
C.C.: Gluuuuub, I just made myself hungry. (gasping face wearing a tiara and goggles)  
G.G.: ewwwwwwww!  
fish aliens are weird  
C.C.: Hey! We're the aristocracy. We've got a duty to be weird.  
Anyway, go talk to your shoutfriend I guess.  
G.G.: ok feferi, it was nice talking to you  
C.C.: And hey, if you want to take another nap sometime, let me know! They will be more than happy to glub us up another bubble.  
G.G.: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO  
am never going to sleep again!  
ever never never never never never  
C.C.: Psh we'll see about that, miss hornless mcfinless.  
Why, if I'm not mistaken, you are looking a little drowsy right now. We may meet again sooner than you think. (very happy face with tiara and goggles)  
G.G.: yes, im so tired  
(sad face)  
well, ok  
bye  

gardenGnostic [G.G.] ceased being trolled by cuttlefishCuller [C.C.]  

Jade: Pester Karkat.  

[Image description: Jade scowls. A large cancer alert floats next to her.]  

pesterlog  

G.G.: ok, my robot exploded  
now what smart guy!  
C.G.: holy shit, it's harley  
communicating with me out of nowhere of her own volition  
hold that thought while I go inform my disgrace of a clown friend about this true real life miracle,  
it might lift his spirits  
I have to spread the wicked word like I'm massaging shitty sparkledust around my nether regions to assuage a vicious rash  
it's like I'm seasoning a fucking steak here.  
G.G.: I knew I would regret this  
talking to you is so terrible  
its making my headache worse  
C.G.: oh yeah, because talking to you has just been absolute euphoria.  
don't even talk to me about headaches.  
right now there's a lumberjack splitting wood on my think pan.  
he's got the forearms of a cholerbear, a mountain of logs, and nothing but fucking time.  
G.G.: uuuugh shut uuuuup!  
will you just tell me what you wanted?
C.G.: I don’t know what you're talking about.
I didn't tell you to contact me, not that I'm not tickled by the surprise.
let's catch up. How is everything? How was your deathnap?? I can only hope it was as refreshing as mine.
what's that? How am i? I'm great, feel like a million boonbanks ever since my little power snooze. still pretty tired though. You look a little drowsy yourself. But we won't be going back to sleep any time soon, will we jade?
no way. A pair of feisty gogetters like you and me, we don't have time for dreams of horrorterrors fondling every recess of our naked psyches, pleasant though they are.
you have a lot of important useless scampering and giggling to do. Whereas I have a crucial date with a pneumatic drill, to bore a hole in the center of my forehead, deep into the plump anguish bladder which stores my alien dismay fluid. That's a real thing we have, fyi.
I will then perform a little soft shoe number in the puddle of fluid that accumulates on the floor, while making the biggest smile ever attempted by someone not clinically retarded.
I will do this for your amusement, jade. To say thanks for everything.
G.G.: I cant believe I fell for this
it was just a setup to troll me some more
why do you go to such lengths to troll me? I just dont understand it
C.G.: try to be culturally sensitive
trolling is an activity that shares a name with my entire species
do I get on your case for all the terrible humanning you do?
G.G.: thats ridiculous, humanning isnt a word
and if it was, it would be a nicer thing to do than trolling!
you know what I mean, stop pretending you dont
C.G.: tell me jade
why are you such a racist?
G.G.: aaaaaaa that is something a troll would say!
C.G.: yes, exactly.
I am a troll. It seems we are on the same page.
G.G.: I mean you are being patronizing and disingenuous to get a rise out of me and that is really really shitty!!!!!
I am so tired of it, and I am done talking to you forever
bye karkat, it was awful knowing you!
C.G.: wait
ok look
I seriously, honestly don't know what you're talking about.
you say your robot blew up, and that was some sort of signal to message me?
G.G.: yes
as if my day needed another reason to get worse
C.G.: you probably didn't contact the right me.
G.G.: what does that mean?
C.G.: I mean future me is probably the one to talk to about this. since it's all news to me.
G.G.: is this another prank
you are seriously the worst at pranks
C.G.: I don't play pranks, that's juvenile nonsense.
I do two things and two things only, I devastate sorry motherfuckers, and get shit done as an awesome leader.
in this case, I am accomplishing the latter.
here, click this and we will solve the mystery together.

[Note: It shows the badly made banner for Fruity Rumpus Asshole Factory.]
Karkat: Open memo.

[Image description: The screen splits in three pieces. A triangle piece in the top shows an extreme closeup of Jade snarling. The other two sections have scribbly drawings of karkats shouting and having a slap fight.]

pesterlog

CCG Right Now opened memo on board Fruity Rumpus Asshole Factory.

C.C.G.: hey future me, what do you think about this exploded jadebot business?
must be something really mission critical, or jade wouldn't have bothered getting in touch with us, right?
something imperative to our survival no doubt?
hey douche bag, are you there
Unknown Gardengnostic [{unknown}G.G.] at an unknown time Responded to memo.
(unknown)G.G.: oh jeez, why am I doing this
this is so stupid!
C.C.G.: pipe down harley, this practically doesn't even concern you at this point
(unknown)G.G.: bluhhh youre so funny!!!!!
C.C.G.: nothing to say, future me?
not even a few parting words of scorn for me or the narcoleptic idiot?
it's been a while since we've sparred, how I've missed the sweet sting of your barbs
(unknown)G.G.: are you enjoying yourself karkat?
C.C.G.: hahaha you're so dumb!!!!
you've come all this way and you still don't get that all the shit we've been telling you about is real.
why the fuck would I be pulling a stunt like this, what a waste of time.
I really am talking to future me, he's just being an evasive tool.
(unknown)G.G.: well obviously I know some things you've said are true
its just hard to take everything at face value when you're always so nasty!
C.C.G.: you know, it's really amazing how behind the times you are.
it's almost as if you've slept through this whole adventure
oh wait, that is essentially true.
it was hilarious watching you grow up.
you thought you had all the answers, frolicking all over your island being infuriatingly chipper,
building robo-bunnies like a moron and ultimately ruining everything.
you were so sure your dreams told you everything you needed to know.
and now look at you
you suddenly understand jack shit.
(unknown)G.G.: ok I understand that you are another group of players and you are in some sort of trouble
but maybe if you had been nice to me instead of terrorizing me all those years I would have believed you
and we could have worked together to solve your problems as well as ours
it just makes me sad to think that's probably impossible now because you are so angry and stubborn!
C.C.G.: don't tell me what's impossible because I'm angry and stubborn.
I fucking know what those assets make possible.
they made you possible, got it???
(unknown)G.G.: uh huh
C.C.G.: do you even have any idea how lucky you are to be graced by my divine fury?
to have the privilege of getting to be studied and mocked by me for your whole pathetic miserable
life?
do you realize I'm your god? Yes, your literal god, that's right.
(unknown)G.G.: sure karkat, whatever you say!
C.C.G.: and I have taken time out of my busy godly schedule to scrutinize your pointless existence.
out of the countless trillions of life forms I brought into reality through angry grubfuck power
alone, I have selected you for examination and harassment.
personally I think that warrants a little gratitude, and just maybe, a bit of deference.
a curtsy, perhaps?
but yeah go ahead and keep blowing me off like the flakey little twerp you are.
Future carcinogeneticist [F.C.G.] 3 hours from now responded to memo.
F.C.G.: hey don't talk to her like that you uncouth piece of shit.
this is reflecting poorly on both of us, it's goddamned embarrassing.
C.C.G.: oh wow, another miracle.
it must be perigees eve, because get a load of this huge behemoth leaving that just got dragged in.
C.C.G.: jade, our duty is clear. We must deck this turd to the nines.
F.C.G.: oh my god I can't believe I actually thought that was a clever thing to say. What a dipshit.
(unknown)G.G.: aaaaugh what the hell!!!
F.C.G.: jade, I'm sorry about past me's retarded behavior.
I'm not going to drag out a huge apology or anything because I already apologized in an earlier
conversation, ok. I'm just letting you know.
C.C.G.: god dammit, are you serious?
I mean, am I serious?????
will I be serious about this shit. Will I really back down like a limp fronded stooge? Please tell me
you're joking.
F.C.G.: please, just
shut up
I can't believe I ever thought future me was the stupid one
past me is the dumbest bucket of festering discharge I ever fell ass backwards into.
come on, you know this to be true. Remember all the past usses we used to talk to??
they were even paster than you, and therefore dumber.
C.C.G.: yeah, I remember all those dumbshit past usses, but they don't hold a fucking jackass
candle to future usses.
and you're the futurest me I ever had the crotch blistering misfortune of jawing with, so the
fuckhead trophy goes to you.
I mean, my god, why.
is proximity to that nasty looking spacetime rip on the timeline messing with your head?
is that what's causing you to feel pity for this imbecile?
F.C.G.: look, jade's not that bad ok.
you just got too worked up, and you can't see that.
and now all this frothing pandemonium jumping out of your mouth is just ridiculous
overcompensation for your own shortcomings and mistakes, and masking some feelings you're not
really in touch with.
this is all so obvious, I'm flushing like a motherfucker in embarrassment having to explain it to
you, and even worse, remembering having it explained to me by the smart one three hours ago and
still acting like a moist globe even after being so soundly schooled.
C.C.G.: I don't believe this. Please tell me this is a joke.
F.C.G.: you said so yourself, we don't joke around. It's juvenile, remember.
C.C.G.: I'm going to vomit.
I'm making a mental note to slap myself three hours from now, for being enough of a sap to start
developing red feelings for a dumb annoying human, if I'm reading between the lines correctly.
F.C.G.: I just slapped myself! I remembered my lame note to myself from three hours ago, and
then slapped myself specifically to mock you.
it stings too, you'll feel it in a while. And then the ghost of past me will cry.
past me doesn't even exist anymore. He's a stupid bawling wiggler phantom. He's dead, not a real
guy anymore, like me.
I'm the real one. You're fake, a shadow of a sad memory that pissed its pants while screaming.
time to deal with it.
C.C.G. banned F.C.G. from responding to memo.
F.C.G. unbanned himself from responding to memo.
F.C.G. banned C.C.G. from responding to memo.
C.C.G. unbanned himself from responding to memo.
(unknown)G.G.: I can't take this anymore!!!!!!!
I don't even know what I'm reading here but it's preposterous and I've had it!
I am just so angry, I can't believe I let you push me around all those years
you are completely out of your mind, I was too nice by just blocking you and typing frowny faces
and stuff
I should have let you have it!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
F.C.G.: yes!!!!!
let this fucker know the score jade. This is how we roll.
(unknown)G.G.: shut up!!!!!!!
future karkat, if you really are future karkat......
where do you get off thinking you can just suddenly act like were pals because you said you
apologized???? if you want to apologize then great I am all ears! But just mentioning it off hand and then yelling at
yourself the same way you yell at me all the time as if I need a knight to come save me from
yourself is so lame, not to mention completely insane
I can't even believe the things I'm typing here! This is so stupid, talking to two of you at once is the
worst thing imaginable
you treat everyone horribly, even yourself, I can't even fathom how awful it is to be you
past karkat, you're acting like a bigger jerk than he is and I think you know that! Why don't you take
his advice and grow up
s if there's even a real difference between you two. Three hours is hardly any time at all, you are the
same person you fucking idiots!!!!!!!!!
C.C.G.: oh shit
F.C.G.: yes, that was great. We both had it coming, especially him. Great work jade.
(unknown)G.G.: stop it!!!!
ugh, I don't know what's worse, jerk karkat or goofy sycophant karkat
I can't stand it, whether you're trying to be nice or just being a crazy asshole, you are just so weird!!!
im through humiliating you, I don't even care about this stupid exploded robot mission, whatever that
was
F.C.G.: oh right, about that
yeah we need to talk
I mean we have already from my perspective
but you're going to be really busy soon, because you're about to enter your session
so don't worry about it until you do, then just hit me up, we'll talk about it
(unknown)G.G.: hahaha, fat chance!!!!
F.C.G.: look I know things are weird between us right now and you have every right to be mad.
especially at that loser.
but things will change, in time you'll see I'm not quite so awful, ok?
Unknown Turntechgodhead [(Unknown)T.G.] at an unknown time Responded to memo.
(unknown)T.G.: ahaahahahah oh god
dude I can't believe you were just getting on our case about hitting on the troll girls
and then literally the very next memo you are slobbering all over jade
that's just perfect hahahaha
Ccg banned (Unknown)T.G. from responding to memo.
F.C.G. rebanned (Unknown)T.G. from responding to memo.
(unknown)G.G.: dave wait dont go!
youve got to save me from this insanity (sad face)
F.C.G.: oh i see, now you could use a knight, how very interesting, hmmm.
god i cant wait for you to be future you, slightly less future you is such a god damn pill
(unknown)G.G.: i cant wait for future you to future kiss my ass!
C.C.G.: yeah! That's what i'm talking about.
(unknown)G.G.: i also cant wait for past you to past drop dead and go to hell, past tense!!!!!!!
when are those things going to happen?? or will have already past/future happened?????
i want to put another reminder on my finger so i know when its time to throw a party!!!!
F.C.G.: hahahaha, you hear that you obsolete pile of garbage? jade just flipped you off with a
colorful finger.
C.C.G.: man, she obviously hates you more. She called you a sycophant which is a hundred times
more descriptively worse than just being a run of the mill scumbag like me.
she is totally on to you and how despicable you've become, can you blame her for hating us?
F.C.G.: no, i can blame you, you're the one with no manners who's all twisted up inside.
how's this for a pact, everybody.
past karkat only talks to past jade from now on, and the two of them can bicker like shitty little
children for hours/years respectively.
and future karkat only talks to future jade, an arrangement wherein only intelligent discourse takes
place between two civilized, mature, grown assed adults.
is that too much to ask??????
(unknown)G.G.: jesus will you just ban me already?????
my head hurts so bad now i think im going to cry
F.C.G.: maybe you should just ban her already and end this torment since you dragged her into
this.
C.C.G.: fuck that you ban her. You're the one who seems to "care".
F.C.G.: will you shut your mouth, man the fuck up, and ban this poor girl already?
(unknown)G.G.: aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa (shouting face with eyes pinched shut)
I will just ban myself!!!!!
*jade harley banned herself from responding to the grumpy shit head misery zone, and is never
coming back*
pchooooooooooooooooo
[(unknown)G.G.] ceased responding to memo.
F.C.G.: ok, there. She's gone.
maybe now you get it.
how hideous everyone thinks you are, maybe you'll finally stop fucking everything up.
C.C.G.: huh
F.C.G.: what
C.C.G.: i think
I was probably wrong about jade
she's a little less lame than i thought
F.C.G.: shhhhhshhhshshshsh
she can still read this you stupid fuck
now's not the time to open your veins and write poems about your feelings
C.C.G.: fuck you, i'm just voicing a harmless observation ok
it's not my business if some lunk head in the future gets carried away with whatever little thoughts i
may or may not now be thinking
F.C.G.: i...
but
how could that even be a real thing i typed three hours ago, how could i be this stupid.
we are just the dumbest fuckers who ever lived aren't we.
C.C.G.: speak for yourself.
F.C.G.: I don't even have the energy to ban us.
I'm just leaving.
[F.C.G.] ceased responding to memo.
C.C.G.: yeah
[C.C.G.] ceased responding to memo.

Jade: Consult reminders.

[Image description: Jade looks down at her fingers, which have many colorful strings tied on them.]

That was not a conversation you were hoping to wake up to. You feel more agitated and disoriented than ever.

You consult your reminders to get your bearings on what to do next.

But you can't remember what they mean at all. You have a feeling these are all useless now.

Jade: Remove reminders.

[Image description: the loops of string are strewn across her blanket. A second image shows a single blue string tied around her pointer finger.]

You ditch the strings. All but one.

You don't remember what it was for, but it reminds you of something nonetheless. Something you can't believe you forgot about...

Next

[Image description: Jade stands up and gasps. A thought bubble behind her shows Dream John falling from his tower with his ghost bedsheets and harlequin doll falling with him.]

John!

He was falling in your dream. You tried to save him. You hope he is ok.

Next

[Image description: Jade looks up at her house. The side tower with her bedroom is gone and a floating white object moves towards the base of the tower.]

You look up at your house. Your cool satellite tower bedroom is gone.

What's that thing floating there?

Jade: Head home.

[Image description: Jade runs across the field with her lunchtop in hand. She's smiling widely.]

Someone has connected as your server player.

You are pretty sure you know who it is.
John: Be the someone who is Jade's server player.

You are suddenly John being the someone who is Jade's server player.

Since you have made short work of a delicious home cooked meal, you decide to bear down on this game. However, aromas from the ghost oven persist. What is that... lasagna? Wow, that smells great. Focus, Egbert, focus!

Since your paradox sister is still napping, you guess it couldn't hurt to set a few things up first.

John: Deploy cruxtruder.

Next

Next

Next

Next

Next

Next

Next

Next

Next

Next

Next

Next

Next

Next

Next
space that he places the totem lathe into.]

John: Deploy alchemiter.

[Image description: On the other side of the open space, he places the alchemiter. A second image shows the phernalia registry. His cursor hovers over a Cloning Pad, which is a large circular platform with four smaller circles on it. It costs 100,000,000 build grist. There are two other items in the registry. One looks like the ectobiology apparatus John and Karkat used to make the players and ancestors for their respective sessions. Another looks like a drill with a pop o'matic bubble on top.]

You suppose you could upgrade this thing right away, if Jade can spare some time to cooperate. You've got plenty of grist to spare.

There's a lot of new junk in the registry. You wonder what all this stuff is for.

It costs a fortune. You have a lot of grist, but not nearly that much.

Jade: Go inside.

[Image description: Jade stands by the cruxtruder. Her lunchtop sits on the floor and has a green slime alert. Bec is still asleep behind her.]

pesterlog

G.G.: john are you there???
E.B.: whoa, hey!
you're awake!
G.G.: yes!
im so relieved to talk to you and hear you're ok
i mean......
are you ok john? your dream self i mean
E.B.: oh, yeah.
i am pretty sure that i...
he?
am/is fine.
i woke up on the battlefield which was on fire, and had flaming bits of prospit everywhere.
G.G.: (sad face)
yes, but that was not prospit. that was its moon which was severed by the crazy derse agent
E.B.: oh, you mean jack?
G.G.: i dunno!
E.B.: that is his name, karkat told me.
i saw him there too.

oh!!!!!
i also got your present, and it saved my life!
G.G.: really?? (happy face)
E.B.: yes, the bunny was so awesome, it was definitely the best bunny i got today.
thank you so much, jade!
G.G.: (heart)
E.B.: when jack saw it, he flew the hell away. and then the bunny and i went on an adventure together.
does the bunny have a name? i asked him but i don't think he can talk.
G.G.: i dont know! i did not give him one after applying the upgrades
i gave her a girls name when i was very young, but now she is a different bunny, and also a boy i guess?
G.G.: its up to you john, he is your bunny
E.B.: oh, i did not even think of that.
well if she grew up as a girl, then it's not right for me to suddenly make her a boy.
hmm...
you have no idea how tempted i am to name her casey again.
G.G.: hahahaha
again?
E.B.: yes, i named a young salamander casey earlier, but then i left her at rose's house.
G.G.: you were at roses house??
E.B.: yes, but she was asleep.
also, apparently i am supposed to marry rose. karkat said so.
G.G.: what!!!!
E.B.: it is true, it is a fact from an alien.
G.G.: ugh he is so weird
you shouldnt listen to him!
E.B.: heheh, i did not take him that seriously.
but karkat is cool, he is angry and funny.
G.G.: (very upset face)
he is angry and a huge pain in the ass
have you ever talked to two of him at once????
E.B.: haha, no!
G.G.: dont ever do it! you will get a headache
E.B.: that sounds kind of awesome.
G.G.: nooooooo, think again
E.B.: i've got it.
i will name her liv tyler.
G.G.: ????
E.B.: the bunny.
G.G.: (blank face)
you mean from armageddon?
E.B.: yeah!
G.G.: john that is so stupid
but also kind of cute i guess
ok then the bunny will be named after your silly movie star fantasy crush
E.B.: it's too bad i can't marry liv instead of rose.
the girl i mean, not the bunny.
but i guess she is probably dead now, along with all the other glamorous movie stars who come out
to shine on the silver screen.
that's pretty sad.
G.G.: yeah......
that reminds me john
have you looked in the lab yet?
E.B.: the lab?
G.G.: the big room in the sphere at the top of the tower
E.B.: oh, no. why?
G.G.: could you do me a favor and not look in there?
E.B.: ok. why, is there a secret in there?
G.G.: its nothing that secret or personal or anything....
it is just something kind of sad and weird for you to see
E.B.: what is it?
G.G.: it is my dead dream self
it has been there for years, i always knew i would die but i did not realize it would go like this....
E.B.: oh...
errr...
G.G.: what?
E.B.: i have sort of already seen... that.
not in the lab, but on the battlefield.
G.G.: oh no!!!!!
im sorry john (sad face)
E.B.: it's ok.
i was so confused and sad when i saw you lying there...
I'd rather not talk about it i guess.
G.G.: i understand
E.B.: but, i wonder...
if your dream self died...
then what were you just dreaming about now?
G.G.: ummmmmmm
i think i would rather not talk about that either
E.B.: ok, that's cool.
oh, also...
i found your ring.
G.G.: you did???
E.B.: yes...
but then i woke up, and didn't have it anymore.
so i am not sure where it is now.
G.G.: oh noooooo
john that ring is really important, it belongs to the white queen!
E.B.: oh, whoa.
G.G.: when you go to sleep again, you should try to find it and keep it safe!
E.B.: ok, i will do that.
hey jade, we have a lot to catch up on, but how about later?
we have to hurry, remember there is a big meteor heading for you right now?
G.G.: yes i have seen it, it is so huge (shocked blank face)
how much time do you suppose we have?
E.B.: i will find out now!

Next

[Image description: Jack Noir flies towards the Land of Wind and Shade.]

Next

[Image description: He flies near a cliff with a ruin on top of it. There are a few broken pillars on a round base.]

Next

[Image description: Dave's Bro stands near the ruins with his hoverboard under his arm. Jack flies in behind him, sword at the ready.]
Next
[Image description: Jack lands.]

Next
[Image description: Jack throws the sword toward Bro.]

Next
[Image description: Bro catches the sword by the hilt.]

Next
[Image description: The two of them face each other on opposite sides of the arena.]

John: Open cruxtruder.

Next
[Image description: John picks up one of the large globes and holds it over the cruxtruder.]

Next
[Image description: He drops it and the cruxtruder turns bright green. The globe bounces off and Jade backs up, but not far enough. Just before it crushes her, the background flashes green and turns into outer space, far beyond Earth. The globe floats away harmlessly.]

pesterlog
E.B.: oh fuck!

Next
[Image description: It shows Jade's tower as viewed from far away. It is silhouetted against a massive meteor. Bec appears on a small hill with a green flash.]

Next
[Image description: Jade still stands by the cruxtruder. A flashing green spirograph hovers above the cruxtruder and a green cruxite dowel sits where Bec was. Her lunchtop projects a keyboard and a screen showing Dave's house on his land.]

pesterlog
E.B.: ok, we have 10 minutes and 25 seconds.  
G.G.: hmmmm i wonder what the significance of that number is  
E.B.: why would it be significant?  
numbers don't always need to have significance!  
G.G.: but they usually do!  
E.B.: ok, well the number is now less than it was, and therefore less significant.  
and by less, i mean more! you had better hurry upstairs and make your special item.  
G.G.: yes, youre right  
E.B.: hey, what do you think we should prototype this fussy little orb with?  
heheheh, it seems like so long ago that rose fed mine a clown.  
we were just messing around, we didn't even know what we were doing.  
G.G.: i dont know...  
there are so many possibilities  
E.B.: yeah...  
it's almost like your grandpa put all this crap here knowing we'd have to make that decision.
G.G.: hmmmmmm!
yes, it sure seems that way
E.B.: he seems like he was an awesome guy, i would have liked to have the chance to talk to him.
G.G.: well
maybe you will get that chance john
E.B.: oh?
G.G.: yes, as a matter of fact i am sure we will both get that chance!
i once dreamt that we would
E.B.: huh...
wait, are you saying we will prototype him?
like i did with nanna, to bring her ghost back to life?
as...
another ghost?
G.G.: sure, why not!
E.B.: i guess that makes a lot of sense, actually.
G.G.: that is what i believe this game is for in part
you got to bring back your nanna, rose brought back her cat, i can bring back grandpa, and dave...
dave got to bring back a dead bird because of course he is too cool to have any dead family
members
E.B.: yeah, also he brought back himself from the future.
who... wasn't dead, but was going to die maybe? i dunno.
E.B.: specifically to save my life, as well as yours, i think.
G.G.: wait, he did?????
E.B.: yes.
G.G.: that is
sooo coooooool (gasping face)
E.B.: it's pretty neat, i guess.
G.G.: i almost completely forgot i was his server player!!!!!
i hope hes not in trouble, i should check on him
we probably have so much to catch up on
E.B.: i just messaged him, he is not answering.
G.G.: i dont see him in his house either (sad face)
E.B.: ehhh, he's fine, he has been doing a lot of time traveling.
i talked to him from the future, so he must be ok now to make it that far.
G.G.: oh, ok...
jeez, i feel so out of the loop (sad face)
E.B.: yes, that is why we need to get you in the loop!
the loop being the game. hurry upstairs! your transporty pad thingies take you straight up, right?
G.G.: yes! ok here i go
E.B.: oh, wait!!!
G.G.: what!
E.B.: what do we do about prototyping?
we shouldn't put your grandpa in yet, unless we want lots of imps and ogres and stuff that look like
your grandpa.
G.G.: augh, noooooooooooool
E.B.: we could put in something really lame, to make all the monsters weaker!
or at the very least, more ridiculous looking.
like one of these weird pictures of blue ladies lying around.
what's the deal with those, anyway?
G.G.: oh god, dont get me started (blank face)
he was a strange and silly man
E.B.: i guess we could just put nothing in and see what happens.
G.G.: hmmmmmm, perhaps is that allowed?  
E.B.: i don't see why not.  
maybe i will ask rose, because she suddenly understands everything for some reason.  
G.G.: yes, thats a good idea  
E.B.: we have ten minutes to think about it.  
whoops! i mean a lot less than ten minutes!  
hurry upstairs, go go go!!!

Next

[Image description: Bro holds his sword out to one side and Lil Cal in the other, ready to attack.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Cal, who has been carefully stitched back together.]

Next

[Image description: Jack gives a disbelieving look.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Bro's pointy shades. The left lens reflects Jack. The right reflects Davesprite, who's wielding a sword.]

Next

[Image description: Jack looks up and notices Davesprite.]

Next

[Image description: Davesprite holds his katana in both hands. Fireflies hover around him. He's wearing his sprite pendant.]

Jade: Proceed to stairwell.

[Image description: Jade heads into the center room of the bottom floor of her house, where the giant naga creature blocks the transportalizer.]

pesterlog
E.B.: what is this thing, anyway??  
and why is it blocking your transporter?  
G.G.: it is some sort of terrible creature my grandpa hunted  
he called it the typhoeus minion  
i always hated it!  
E.B.: typhoeus?  
like the web browser?  
G.G.: i guess so  
it is probably a coincidence though  
E.B.: hmm, i don't know...  
if you think numbers always mean something, why wouldn't browser names?  
G.G.: yeah maybe.....  
i guess it would make sense for someone to name a really awful web browser after such a hideous monster
E.B.: wow, you sure do hate that thing!
G.G.: well sorry, i just found it sort of a weird and creepy thing to grow up with!
E.B.: i think it is pretty cool.
and he is actually sort of cute to be honest, (tongue sticking out face)
G.G.: (tongue sticking out face)!!!!!!
E.B.: oh, and screw you, tytheus is an awesome browser!
it is old school.
G.G.: jooohhhhhhn, it is so crappy
E.B.: tytheus is the best and that's really all there is to say on the matter.
G.G.: YEAH RIGHT
now is obviously not the best time to have the argument about whose browser is better....
but really john you should upgrade to echidna, its so much nicer
after you upgrade your clunky old computer of course (tongue sticking out face)
maybe when i am in the game, i can give you one of mine!
E.B.: oh please.
i will have you know, miss fancy computer dork...
that i DID upgrade my computer.
G.G.: oh???
E.B.: yes, you are talking to the proud owner of a brand new BILL COSBY COMPUTER, ok?
G.G.: (gasping face)
E.B.: it is a stylish laptop in the shape of none other than bill cosby, the comedy LEGEND himself.
G.G.: omg
E.B.: he is looking a little sly, and fatherly, and he is wearing a sweater, and he is bill cosby.
i made it with my alchemiter.
G.G.: john that is incredible
i cant wait to make stuff like that!!!!!!
extcept...
all my awesome stuff exploded with my room (sad face)
E.B.: then you will just have to make lots of NEW awesome stuff!
G.G.: yay!!!
E.B.: ok hold that thought, im going to yank this stupid monster off of the thing.

John: Yank monster off of thing.

[Image description: John lifts the monster off the thing.]

Next

[Image description: He carries it into the room with Grandpa and drops it on top of the couches.
Everything falls over from the force of the impact.]

pesterlog
E.B.: augh!!!!!!!!!!!!
E.B.: i am making such a fucking mess in here.

Jade: Go upstairs.

[Image description: Jade goes up to the greenhouse level.]

pesterlog
G.G.: what is the problem!!!!
E.B.: oh, nothing.
i am just dropping monsters all over the place, that is all.
are you upstairs?
G.G.: yes
E.B.: ok, good.
i left the cruxite by the lathe, as well as the punched card with the green thingy on it. you should have plenty of time to make it. no drama here!
G.G.: nice!
how much time?
E.B.: a little more than 6 minutes.
in the meantime, i will try to contact rose and get this prototyping nonsense sorted out. it's so confusing...
in my foolishness, i came very close to prototyping your grandpa.
G.G.: (very upset face)
john, try to be more careful!
E.B.: we very nearly had to face our grandfatherly paradox-dad as a last boss. that would probably be the worst case scenario.
G.G.: um.....
what?

Next

[Image description: Cal vibrates just in front of Jack's face as Bro's silhouette flashes past in the background.]

Next

[Image description: Cal punches Jack in the face with a WHOP. Bro continues to control Cal's movement.]

Next

[Image description: Bro tangles Cal's arms around Jack's neck and head and his legs around Jack's waist. Jack's tentacles wrap around Davesprite's neck. Bro holds out his sword as Jack shouts.]

Next

[Image description: Jack bursts up, freeing himself from Cal. He glows blue and pulls out his sword, which pulses with red light. Bro recoils in shock.]

Next

[Image description: Red tendrils snake off of Jack's sword, which he still holds aloft.]

Next

[Image description: Flames erupt behind the ruin wherever the tendrils touch.]

Next

[Image description: The flames spread down the side of the cliff, lighting a river of oil on fire. The tendrils creep across the sky, reaching down to touch distant pieces of the landscape.]

Next

[Image description: The tendrils spread further, pushing through the clouds.]
Next

[Image description: One creeps out towards an ocean of oil.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the Land of Wind and Shade from space. A large portion of the surface is glowing red with flames that are spreading through the rivers and oceans.]

Next

[Image description: Rose holds a faintly purple-tinted orb, which shows LoWaS burning within it.]

Next

[Image description: Rose uses the light from the orb to read a large book. There are many rows of frog, crocodile, and lilypad hieroglyphs at the top and bottom of the page, but the center is taken up by an illustration of some sort of ring-shaped, spongy matrix. It looks somewhat like what bone looks like under a microscope. In the center of the ring, there is a dark sphere.]

Next

[Image description: Rose sits on the floor with the book in her lap. A pink turtle with square glasses and a long brown beard stands to her left. Her laptop sits in front of her with a green slime alert over it. Casey blows bubbles nearby.]

Rose: Answer John.

[Image description: Rose shifts over to her laptop, leaving the orb on the ground behind her.]

pesterlog

E.B.: rose, i have a question, and i am in a hurry! so hurry up and answer!!!
T.T.: Did you know your planet was on fire?
E.B.: oh.
it is?
T.T.: Yes. It makes a good light for reading, actually.
E.B.: ok, haha, that's a confusing thing you said, but that topic will have to wait! jade is minutes away from entering, and i need to decide what to do with this kernel sprite. i really don't want to mess up and do something stupid.
i was thinking about not prototyping at all, to not give the monsters any new powers. what do you think, rose?
i thought i'd ask since you seem to know all the mysteries.
T.T.: Yes, I do seem to be shadowed by each mystery and its somber cortège of riddles, don't I?
E.B.: yes.
that is exactly what i was going to say.
T.T.: First of all, I should preface this conversation by saying I know exactly what you and Jade are going to do.
E.B.: um...
ok?
T.T.: The more of our future I've been allowed to see, the more I'm presented with a challenge I'm not very comfortable with.
The trolls have tipped us off about what's to come without any regard for the consequences, as appears to be their nature. But maybe that's why it's worked for them. Maybe their indiscretion mingles with the cosmic noise that is the fabric of temporal uncertainty.

E.B.: bluhhhhh... rose, tick tick tick!!!
I'm just nervous about it.
About whether telling you what you definitely will or won't do will alter a predetermined outcome. The result would be a splintered timeline, and we would all be sentenced to eventual oblivion. I'm presently optimistic this has not happened yet, and this is still the alpha timeline. I'd like to keep it that way.
E.B.: oh, wow.
you mean like when i died in another dimension, because terezi hornswogged me?
T.T.: Yes, sort of.
It isn't much fun, John.
E.B.: what's not?
T.T.: Living for months in an offshoot reality, waiting for the curtain to drop.
E.B.: oh, ok, i see.
well, uh...
is there anything you can tell me?
T.T.: Hmm.
I guess I can permit myself to tell you this, somewhat definitively.
E.B.: what?
T.T.: Failing to prototype the kernel is the absolute worst thing that you could possibly do. Like, ever.
E.B.: oh no!
T.T.: We would come into possession of all the disasters.
Exhaustive possession. Monopolization, in fact.
E.B.: then i guess i will not do that.
why is it so bad?
T.T.: Because the battlefield will not be able to heal, and then transform.
It will not reach the stage which allows it to become ready to receive our universe.
E.B.: but...
i thought you said it wasn't going to be able to make a universe anyway?
wasn't it barren or something?
T.T.: Yes.
E.B.: so why is it important?
T.T.: Because if it does not reach this stage, we will not be able to recover the treasure hidden in its core.
Which is to say,
You will not be able to recover it.
When you go to sleep again.
E.B.: OHHHHHHH.
why didn't you say so, of course the answer is treasure.
T.T.: Yes. This is the treasure that will give us hope.
But only if it comes into being in the first place.
E.B.: what is the treasure exactly?
T.T.: John, what is that sound?
E.B.: what sound?
T.T.: It seems to be a ticking noise.
E.B.: aaaaah!
yeah, i've got to go. we can chat about treasure later.
anyway, i will sort out this prototyping silliness myself.
thanks rose!


Jade: Examine punched card.

[Image description: Jade stands near the totem lathe, staring down at a red, punched captchalogue card. She looks faintly confused.]

What the heck is this?

Jade: Carve totem.

[Image description: Jade sticks the card into the totem lathe and it carves a totem from a piece of green cruxite.]

Jade: Pester Dave.

[Image description: Jade steps closer to the lathe and sets her lunchtop on the floor. There's a black, broken record alert next to it.]

pesterlog

G.G.: dave!
are you busy?
i dont have much time!
i am about to make my entry item, and its a little confusing
i think the more players we add, the trickier they are to... um......
activate!
like yours was
i figured we could brainstorm about it, while john fusses with the kernel
helloooooo?
T.G.: nak nak nak
G.G.: (gasping face)
T.G.: nak nak nak nak nak nak
G.G.: (uncertain face)
whaaat....?
T.G.: nakka nakka nak
G.G.: dammit dave!!!!!!
this is really urgent!
T.G.: my glasses are talking to me my glasses are talking to me
naknaknaknaknaknaknaknaknaknaknak
G.G.: (blank face)

Next

[Image description: Dave sleeps on the floor of the temple where he broke the legendary sword. Four crocodiles flail around him. The back left one holds the broken sword and sits atop a pile of card suit throwing stars. The back right one holds the Sord and wears Dave's iShades. The Unreal Air floats behind him. The front left one holds a bright green felt smuppet and the front right stands behind the smuppet mutant encased in amber. A derse moon alert hovers over Dave's head.]
Dave: Visit paradox sister.

[Image description: Dream Dave hovers outside one of the dreamer towers.]

Next

[Image description: He looks in the window.]

Next

[Image description: He pokes his head inside. The walls are covered in green text. It's all different arrangements of M, E, O, and W.]

Next

[Image description: Dream Rose sleeps in a pile of scarves. A pulsing black aura surrounds her.]

Next

[Image description: Awake Rose holds her orb, which now shows Dave sleeping in the temple among the crocodiles.]

Rose: View John.

[Image description: The image in the orb fades and a new one fades in. John sleeps on his bed, which is halfway submerged in an ocean of oil.]

John: Wake up.

[Image description: John sits up. His cosbytop floats in the oil a short distance away.]

Next

[Image description: John reaches out for the cosbytop, but it sinks into the oil.]

Wait, what happened? Where are you? Hey is that your...

NO BILL NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

How many times must you say goodbye??

Next

[Image description: The sprite pendant sinks into the oil.]

NO NANNA NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Well, at least you are pretty sure she doesn't live in there. She is probably still back at your house, baking or something.

John: Pester Jade.

[Image description: John stares down at his PDA with a horrified expression on his face. A second image shows the screen of the PDA. A chat with Jade is open.

E.B.: jade!!!
are you ok?
what happened???
blarrrrrgh!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Behind it, part of a thread on the Serious Business forum is visible.

fedoraFreak - ??:??
p.s. - they are all rumpled and unsightly, unfortunately.

fedoraFreak - ??:??
storing unimbibed urine in rumpled, unsightly fedora.

fedoraFreak - ??:??
filters adequately, remains yellow, unpalatable.

fedoraFreak - ??:??
jury rigged makeshift urine filtration system utilizing several gorgeous silk socks, stretched like
drum over open mailbox]

There is no answer.

Next

[Image description: John shouts and throws the PDA. A second image shows it sinking into the oil.]

You are just so frustrated wait why the hell would you do that, what was the point.

John: Equip goggles.

[Image description: John puts on his Serious Business Goggles. A black alert with a white version of Rose's squid symbol appears next to it.]

In spite of being an idiot, you still have a viable remaining communication device.

And as fortune would have it, someone is communicating with you now. This girl better have some damn answers!!!

John: Answer Rose.

[Image description: The bed slowly begins to sink further.]

pesterlog

T.T.: John.
E.B.: blaaauuuuuuugh, what happened!!!!!
T.T.: You were sleeping.
E.B.: yes, i know!
on the corner of my ghost bed!
in the middle of an oil ocean!
for some reason!!!
T.T.: Why were you sleeping?
Everywhere I look, I see boys taking naps.
E.B.: um...
i have no idea.
i don't remember what happened, i was in the middle of helping jade...
and then...
i guess my bed crashed?
and i got knocked out i guess.
i was dreaming.
i couldn't have been out for that long, because my dream was really short.
T.T.: You weren't.
Ten minutes, I'd say.
What were you dreaming about?
E.B.: i was on the battlefield again.
but i did not have time to seek the treasure!
T.T.: I wouldn't imagine so.
E.B.: but...
i did see a black guy wrapped up in my ghosty bed sheets.
he was acting very suspicious.
T.T.: A black guy?
E.B.: oh...
i do not mean like, an african american or anything.
like bill cosby.
T.T.: Thanks for clearing that up.
E.B.: r.i.p. bill. (sad face)
this fellow had a hard black shell, like all the dead guys do.
i followed him for a bit...
and then some sorta ruckus transpired, and i woke up.
and now jade won't answer!
do you know if she's ok?
T.T.: She's fine.
But you're not.
E.B.: i'm not?
T.T.: Remember how I said your planet was on fire?
E.B.: oh yeah...
that didn't by any chance stop being a thing that was true, did it?
T.T.: It did not.
Do you see that pinkish hue behind you, bleeding over the horizon?
E.B.: fuck!!!
rose, this is all oil! it'll all just explode any second, won't it???
T.T.: I don't think the fire's rate of propagation is quite as fast as you're imagining.
But the danger is still significant.
Especially considering that your bed is sinking.
E.B.: fuuuuuuuuuuuuck!!!!!!!
T.T.: Relax.
Look to your right.

[Image description: A small spire of rock sticks out of the oil. There are four pipes embedded in it.
Several small chunks of rock form a loose path from the bed to the spire. John hops from rock to
rock, abandoning the bed to the sea. Part of the horizon begins to glow red.]

pesterlog
T.T.: This will at least buy you some time.
If you stay calm, and we work together, we can get you out of this.
I'm practically an expert at escaping fires by now.

E.B.: ok, thank you rose.

hey, how do you know these things anyway?

can you see me somehow?

T.T.: Yes.

I have a crystal ball.

E.B.: oh man, really?

T.T.: Yes.

E.B.: like a magic one?

T.T.: I think so.

E.B.: can it show you the future?

is that how you know what's going to happen?

T.T.: No, it can only show me various locations in the present moment, as far as I can tell.

My perception of the future has been informed by other sources.

E.B.: like what?

T.T.: Informants.

E.B.: durrrrr.

T.T.: Whispering gods, memories sifted from dreams, cryptic readings from unearthed talismans,

conclusions drawn from riddles deciphered - every gambit you'd expect a quest to extend to an

emerging seer.

Just as I presume an heir would be supplied with what's needed for his maturation, assuming he's

looking for it.

E.B.: oh... yeah.

point taken. i guess i should be looking, huh?

T.T.: You should probably be doing what you're doing.

E.B.: okay, so...

with what you've learned from your dreams and gods and magic and stuff...

do you have it all mapped out now? do you know everything?

T.T.: I didn't know why you were asleep, did I?

E.B.: yeah, but...

neither did i!

T.T.: I have more pedestrian sources too, you know.

Sometimes trolls blither tidbits about the future, and I can't help but take note of it.

Just as they do with you.

You also have access to the oracle clouds in Skaia, whereas I do not.

E.B.: oh yeah.

T.T.: Knowing the future is no remarkable feat here.

It appears to be a fact of life.

I'm not all that special, John.

E.B.: ok, buuuuut...

i guess that's not all i'm talking about.

you seem a little different.

kind of, um... spooky?

T.T.: Really?

E.B.: i just mean that before, it felt like we were in this adventure together, figuring stuff out as we

went along.

and now you have all the answers! because of magic, and other mysterious reasons!

and you want to use your powers to break the game, and i still don't really understand why, and...

bluh.

T.T.: I'm not actually trying to caricaturize a grim sorcerer.

There's still a perfectly intact piece of my mind which realizes how ridiculous it is to be flying

across rainbow oceans with a couple of magic wands and a salamander in a little cowl.
And it wasn't without swallowing a little embarrassment that I revealed I was using a crystal ball just now. It's all pretty absurd. And yet, It's been fun, and above all, practical. For solving our problems. E.B.: ok, yeah, you're right. i guess i just started worryin'... that you are getting away from us! because you know everything, and you're magic, and you have a crystal ball, and a salamander, and you are basically a wizard. and that's cool, and it sure does sound fun... but i kinda think it was more fun when you just did things like read books, and tell jokes. T.T.: I still read books and tell jokes. E.B.: BA-DUM PSHHH! T.T.: John, That was mean. E.B.: sorry. (sad face)

Next

[Image description: John hauls himself onto the top of the spire, where one of the pipe sticks out. It looks like there's just enough space for him to sit, but not much more.]

pesterlog
E.B.: well, if you do not have any objection... maybe later, i will drop by your planet again and rescue you, thus breaking the spooky spell put on you by your nefarious, shadowy masters. T.T.: Swoon! E.B.: that way you will stop being so grimdark and ominous, and basically completely off the deep end in every way, as is now painfully obvious to anyone with a brain. T.T.: I will do by best to occupy myself as benignly and unmagically as possible until you show up. E.B.: yes. please write some happy stories in your journal, about lively horses, and conspicuously not about wizards, or sadness. T.T.: ... "Happy?"

What is this strange, unsad emotion of which you speak? E.B.: yes, this is good. you see rose, these are jokes. this are what they look like, do not be alarmed. T.T.: Jokes? Are those the things people say when they want unusual noises to come out of the pliable crescent-shaped holes sometimes found in people's faces? E.B.: laughs, rose. laaughhs. also, those crescently looking holes where laughs come out of? those are smiles! observe... (very happy face) T.T.: I need to make a note of this. Excuse me while I open this tome bound in the tanned, writhing flesh of a tortured hellscholar. The screaming will subside shortly. E.B.: ok, i will wait patiently. T.T.: Continue to not be alarmed as I record your advice with runes stroked in the black tears bled
from the corruption-weary eyes of fifty thousand imaginary occultists.
And then brace yourself for the fabled blackdeath trance of the woegothics I will slip into, while
quaking in the bloodeldritch throes of the broodfester tongues.
E.B.: no, rose!
that sort of nonsense is exactly what is out of the question!
i see things are more urgent than i realized.
i will have to venture there straightaway, and slap you right out of that silly old trance!
T.T.: One is not easily shaken from the broodfester tongues, John.
They are stubborn throes.
E.B.: oh.
well shit.
T.T.: Besides, you can't come to my planet right away.
You will need to recover the treasure first, because it must be delivered to me.
E.B.: oh yeah.
what is this treasure, anyway?
and how's it gonna save us!
T.T.: You'd probably be disappointed if I described it.
E.B.: tell me anyway!
T.T.: Ok.
It's called The Tumor.
E.B.: ...
you're right, that is the shittiest sounding treasure i have ever heard.

Next

[Image description: John's stands on top of the rock, silhouetted against the ocean and the distant
glow of spreading fire. Three alerts surround him. One shows Rose observing him in her orb, one
shows a poorly drawn Karkat, and the last shows a poorly drawn Vriska.]

pesterlog
E.B.: so what is this tumor supposed to do?
and what is the significance of...
removing it, i guess?
does that mean im curing the battlefield or something?
like the planet's doctor?
hello?????
rose???????????????
T.T.: Sorry.
I was preoccupied.
E.B.: by what?
T.T.: Oh, let's say,
Troll stuff.
You know how it is.
E.B.: (32 question marks)
T.T.: Incidentally, looks like you will have your own troll stuff to attend to shortly.
E.B.: i will?
T.T.: Yes.
Involving the one who hates you, and the one who likes you.
E.B.: um...
which ones are those?
T.T.: You don't have a guess?
E.B.: uh... karkat and vriska?
oh god, i was right. there they are now.
E.B.: how did you know?
T.T.: I have to go, John.
Talk to your trolls.
We'll catch up shortly.
E.B.: wait!!!
there's stuff you didn't tell me!
what happened with jade? did i mess anything up with the prototyping??
aaaaugh, why can't i remember!!!!!
don't go yet rose, tell me!
rose??????
E.B.: BLUH BLUH
HUGE WITCH

John: Answer the one who hates you.

[Image description: John braces himself and looks slightly startled. Behind him, a scribbly drawing of Karkat's screaming face vibrates intensely.]

pesterlog

C.G.: it's me again, asshole
the one who hates you, remember?
or should I say future-remember???
E.B.: karkat!!!!!!!!!!
C.G.: again with knowing my name
it's really fucking unsettling when you do that.
I wonder how far back you know it
I'm going to have to make a special point of not being the one to tell you, I don't want to give you the satisfaction.
E.B.: hey, shut up a second!
I need you to be nice for a change and do me a favor...
have you talked to jade recently?
can you tell me what happened to her??
C.G.: who the fuck is jade.
E.B.: uh...
hmm.
C.G.: john, the fact that you always seem to think I can read your mind just underscores what a harrowing goddamn idiot you are.
E.B.: jade is the girl who I am pretty sure just entered our session.
she is my client player.
C.G.: oh, you mean the one who fucks everything up.
E.B.: um, yeah... I thought you knew that? You talked to her a bunch of times, apparently.
C.G.: why the fuck would I know that.
this is only the second time I have ever talked to a human.
and the first time, much to my migraine compounding regret, was with you.
E.B.: oh!
ok, I see what is going on here.
we are finally getting to our first couple of conversations. Cool!
C.G.: no, not "cool".
what is going on here is very much antithetical to your primitive human notion of "earth cool".
you see, in our first conversation, we didn't exactly get off on the right foot.
it is a foot which should have reeked of your verbal ruination.
but instead it smelled like
well, let's not get into that.
I am here to do what you and your pathetic cadre of co-humans failed to do, which is set the record straight.
I am here to utterly annihilate your shit.
I will stay on message this time. I will not be deterred by your goofy mannerisms and your absurd penchant for reveling in self abuse.
we will get off on a fresh foot, and by fresh I mean most foul indeed.
its toes are wiggling under your hideous pink nostrils. Now breathe deep your misfortune, you sad little clown.
this is the end of you. That aroma you detect wafts from the bouquet perched on your corpse box.
nobody cries, except your shitty ghost. Heavy sobs from a specter of unqualified failure.
it is a symphony to my angry ears.
E.B.: so... The smell is from a foot... But also from funeral flowers?
this metaphor is confusing.
C.G.: STFU
I'm only getting started.
E.B.: yeah, I know!
this is all that big time trolling I was looking forward to.
and it's pretty good so far, and ordinarily I would be excited to hear more...
C.G.: you see what I mean???
you are actually enjoying this, what a sick fuck.
E.B.: but I really am concerned about what happened with jade!
my request for a favor still stands, even though this is early you, and you still think you hate me.
C.G.: don't question the sincerity of my hate, just don't even fucking go there.
E.B.: ok, fine! You hate me sooooo much, like, for real.
can you just tell me what's up with jade?
can you see her?
C.G.: yeah I see her
it's making me mad seeing her
E.B.: can you tell me what happened? What did she do that was so bad?
C.G.: hahahahahaha
here I am talking to you moments after you did the terrible thing, and you still don't even know what you did!
incredible, you truly are dumber than I thought.
E.B.: ok!!! I'm an idiot! Can you just tell me anyway????
whoa...
C.G.: what
E.B.: the ground is shaking...
what's going on?
C.G.: I'll tell you what's going on.
what you fucking did is what's going on.
E.B.: so tell me what I fucking did!!!
C.G.: oh, you want to know what you fucking did?
E.B.: yes!
please, no more stalling or "i already told you's" or any other maddening nonsense!
E.B.: just...
tell me!
C.G.: very well, john human egbert.
I will tell you what you did
ready for me to tell you what you did?
here's me, telling you what you did
ok, here goes
what you did is as follows
C.G.: as such
C.G.: and thusly
E.B.: (Blank face)

Next

[Image description: The rock shakes violently and the horizon's glowing gets brighter. An alert over John flashed between several images of Karkat, all of him yelling.]

He then proceeded to tell you what you did, as such.

And we then proceeded to watch.

Thusly.

[S] Jade: Enter.

[Image description: A loading screen shows a flower with several layers of brightly colored, spirograph-shaped petals. A silhouette of Bec's head fades in against a background of wavy green lines. Umbral Ultimatum begins to play. The silhouette expands and fades to show Jade's island. It's night time. A massive meteor bears down. It fades to Earth as viewed from space. The meteor approaches and begins to burn in the atmosphere. The meteor is at least as large as Australia, if not larger.

John looks at his cosbytop. The sky behind the frog temple turns bright red. The bec silhouette flashes on for a moment and the scene changes. Jade stands in her greenhouse, near the totem lathe and alchemiter. A tree appears on the alchemiter and a bec-shaped pinata falls from one of its branches. A green blindfold appears over Jade's eyes.

John sits on his floating ghost bed with his cosbytop in his lap. He grabs one of the dolls in Jade's house and tries to drop it into the kernelsprite. Vriska watches him.

Jade, still with the blindfold on, grabs her gun and scowls up towards the tree.

Vriska scowls and puts a hand to her temple. It flashes back to John as he suddenly falls asleep.

The doll he tried to drop in falls, leaving the kernelsprite unprototyped.

Bec is silhouetted against the approaching meteor. He flashes and is suddenly inside the house. The pile of strange items and cruxtruder are suddenly floating in space. Bec's silhouette closes in from the edges of the screen and he sits in the room with the kernelsprite. And he throws himself in. The background turns to flickering green flames and other images flash by, too fast to be seen. He begins pulsing and flickering outwards, then transforms into a sprite. The screen goes white.

He flies up, out of the house, and towards the meteor.

Jade flails the butt of her gun towards the pinata, but completely misses it. Instead, she hops around the room, jumping off the alchemiter platforms and planter tables. She launches herself towards the pinata and manages to hit it, but it doesn't break and she's sent flying backwards, through the window and out into open air. The greenhouse explodes. The bec shaped pinata takes up the center of the screen, then changes to Bec near the meteor. A green glow surrounds him, then bursts outwards as a laser fired directly into the meteor. This laser grows larger and larger as the scene zooms out to show it from space. A green explosion suddenly engulfs the whole planet. The glow shifts and morphs continually until it takes up the whole screen.

The scene shifts. A wall of green energy races across an ocean, forcing a massive wave before it. The glow approaches a city. Explosions go off all across it, then the glow overtakes it and it's gone.

Bro and Davesprite fight against Jack Noir, but he blocks every blow like he knew it was coming.
Fire consumes the background.
It zooms out. Bro crouches on his hoverboard and stares down at Jack, who flies after him. Cal falls away into the fire.
A green line flashes across the screen and we return to Jade, falling from her tower. She grits her teeth and aims her gun, even as she plummets. Her hair whips around in the wind and she shouts. She pulls the trigger. The bullet flies in slow motion. Becsprite appears in front of the bullet, then disappears as he teleports it to the pinata. The bullet hits and the pinata explodes. A large section of her island glows white. Everything fades to black.
Jack, Davesprite, and Bro stand in the arena, surrounded by flame and lava. Jack reaches out the hand with the ring on it. His arm begins to glow and then his entire body turns green. The wings, hat, and tentacles disappear, then the wings reappear in a massive green burst. His head morphs, growing tufts of fur and ears like Bec’s. His face elongates into a snout. Bro, Davesprite, and Cal stare at this transformation from Jack Noir into Bec Noir. Green static takes over the screen.
It fades to the Trolls, all standing on a round platform with a structure shaped like their sgrub logo in front of them. There is a door in the bottom right section. Karkat stares in wonder and reaches for the doorknob. Before he can touch it, a black and green glow appears in the center of their group.
A line flashes across the screen and the structure is cut in half, severing the door. The silhouette of Bec Noir appears. Aradia raises a hand, making a transportalizer appear. She throws all of the others onto the transportalizer and they disappear. The army of Aradiabots faces Noir, then the scene shifts.
Karkat lays on a dark grey floor. The area around him fades to gold and his clothes change to a Prospit Dreamer Tunic. He sits up and blinks, then stares up at Bec Noir, who, for a brief moment, changes to look like the Jack Noir that Karkat knew in their session. Noir reaches out a bloody hand towards Karkat, who grimaces. The scene is overtaken by a green glow. It shifts to Prospit as seen from space as a glowing green orb rips apart the moon. It expands, taking the planet with it, then does so again, shattering prospit into rubble.
Bec Noir's silhouette appears, flashing with static and images that disappear too quickly to be seen. The flashing becomes the background and he fades in fully. It zooms in on his face as he glares down at something. He fades again, to a shifting starscape, which then expands to take up the whole screen.
Jade smiles, the blindfold now gone from her eyes. The stars become snow falling around her.

Next

[Image description: Bro's body lays on the ground in a pool of his own blood. His sword is stabbed through his chest and orange feathers are scattered around him. Cal lays across his legs.]

pesterlog
C.G.: you made an unbeatable boss is what you did.

Next

[Image description: A sprite pendant sits in a pool of blood.]

pesterlog
C.G.: The idiot you call the jade human went ahead and prototyped her freak of a lusus, while you decided to take a nap for some reason rather than doing what a leader is supposed to do and stop her from being so fucking retarded.

Next

[Image description: Bec Noir puts on Bro's pointy shades.]
C.G.: your version of jack, who you were somehow dumb enough to entrust with the queen's ring, became essentially indestructible. He then went on a rampage through your pointless session, which hilariously, was already a lost cause even before this happened! I am just beside myself with the spectacular breadth of your failure.

Next

[Image description: Bec Noir clutches Cal and green lightning crackles across his skin.]

pesterlog
C.G.: And if this wasn't bad enough
your "solution" later would be to open a rift in some glorious gesture of meaningless suicide.

Next

[Image description: Bec Noir stands over Bro's body in the arena. Green flames cover the sky behind them. Davesprite is nowhere to be found.]

pesterlog
C.G.: And I have no idea how
but the rift you opened enabled him to enter our session, just as we were about to claim our prize.

Next

[Image description: Bec Noir flies away with Cal in hand as the flames spread farther.]

pesterlog
C.G.: And now we're the ones who have to fucking deal with him!
so thanks a lot, shit head.

Next

[Image description: The Windswept Questant crouches over a white object near the ruins of the frog temple.]

pesterlog
E.B.: jade prototyped a lusus?
what's that?
C.G.: oh
ok, my bad, I forgot I was talking to a member of a generically bizarre alien species. I guess some humans have a lusus, while others don't? Whatever.
her lusus is the creature which serves as her custodian.
E.B.: oh, you mean her dog!
C.G.: I guess
E.B.: so, she prototyped becquerel?
why is that so bad?
C.G.: john, do you even know anything about your friends?
is this how human friendship works? You just don't know shit about each other?
her lusus exhibits the properties of a legendary entity called a first guardian.
it is an absolute monstrosity.

Next

[Image description: She wipes sand off a machine attached to a shattered wall. It looks like the
There is a dial that points between an outline of Bec's head that is cracked and another item that can't be seen.]

pesterlog
E.B.: what properties?
C.G.: ok, for starters, notice how the furious wall of fire currently rushing toward you is turning green?
E.B.: uh oh...
C.G.: yeah
those fucking properties.

Next

[Image description: W.Q. holds a spirograph shaped key.]

pesterlog
C.G.: But it's a lot more than that.
as the defenders of their planets, they're virtually omnipotent.
prototyping one is absolutely unconscionable.

Next

[Image description: More sand is gone from the machine, revealing the other item. It's the same silhouette, but without the cracks running through it. She places the key into the slot on the dial and turns it.]

pesterlog
C.G.: the result is a boss a hell of a lot worse than what we had to fight, and we prototyped twelve times rather than a measly four.
and one of our prototypings included an outer fucking god the size of a city!
I hope this puts in perspective how terrible you are.
E.B.: huh...
yeah, it kind of does.
i'm sorry karkat, i didn't realize we screwed up so bad.

Next

[Image description: Green streaks fly over earth, towards the location of Jade's island.]

pesterlog
C.G.: alright well
I wasn't expecting you to man up and apologize for it, so ok I'll give you credit for that.
but it's not stopping me from detesting you and it sure as fuck isn't going to derail this runaway hate train, just so you know.
E.B.: oh, yeah, I know.
you're really gonna tear me apart!
I just feel kind of bad I fell asleep, I don't know what came over me.
maybe I ate too much lasagna.
C.G.: hey, inopportune naps happen in this game.
except to me, being the stalwart model of leadership I am.
I managed to stay awake for several weeks straight, I didn't want to let my guard down for a second.
but then
after it was all over, and we retreated in failure
I foolishly did.
and that's when I saw him.

Next

[Image description: The green streaks unite against a background of stars, forming a structure like
the ones the exiles used. This one, however, is shaped like Bec's head.]

pesterlog
E.B.: who?
C.G.: jack.
I didn't recognize him when he first appeared.
but on prospit, I saw him up close, without all that ridiculous green shit obscuring him.
I could hardly believe it was really him by the way he looked, but I just knew.
he was wearing a ring I didn't recognize, certainly not one belonging to our queens.
we destroyed those.
he wore it on his one hand, which was covered in our mutant blood.
and then
just like that
he killed me
and I guess
even though it was probably just his way of saying hi
I still felt kind of betrayed.
E.B.: betrayed?
E.B.: um, ok.

Next

[Image description: The Bec head falls and slams into place on top of the Frog temple, where the
frog's head should be.]

pesterlog
C.G.: when I woke up, everyone here was buzzing about these aliens called humans.
so naturally I'm like who gives a shit, right?
well, wrong.
I pretty quickly determined that he was from your session, not ours.
so he wasn't really "my jack"
and I was sort of relieved
relieved but also enraged
I'm sure you know the feeling.
E.B.: er...
not really.

Next

[Image description: A scribbly drawing shows the exiles look up from their city of cans, mailboxes,
and ammo to stare at the newly descended structure. W.Q. looks on from beyond A.R.'s caution
tape. The word "Dog!" vibrates in the upper left corner.]

pesterlog
C.G.: anyway, that's what happened, and that's why you are such a disgrace.
this is probably the last time I will ever explain all this stuff to you, because I can't imagine it will
help my headache much to repeat myself.
I bet it'll be pretty frustrating for you in the past!
E.B.: I suppose it was...
but meh, it is all water under the bridge.
which is where trolls and their shenanigans belong!
C.G.: ha ha! I'm laughing my ass off at your funny fucking joke.
I hope this is the caliber of humor I can expect from you in the future-past, egbert.
it'll be a real treat trolling you with more of those nub slappers to look forward to!
E.B.: oh, there will be lots of great material. Just wait until I start handing out rabbits, you will love
that.
C.G.: wow, what a cryptic statement.
check this out, I don't give a fuck.
anyway, guess I'll get going and let you die in your fire, which you really should, but you're
obviously not going to for some reason.
I've got to rewind the tape on this clusterfuck and figure out what went wrong.
E.B.: yeah, I should get going too.
my friend is pestering me, and I doubt she likes to be kept waiting.
(she is sort of the bossy type!)
C.G.: why would I care about your dumb human friend and her petulant, meaningless demands.
what could that possibly have to do with me.
E.B.: ummm...
yeah, you're right, it is probably of no significance to you whatsoever.
(hehehehe)
C.G.: a;slkJfslkfj;sljflkJ;k
here, john human dipshit.
have a second and penultimate fuck you:
"fuck"
"you"
may it mark the second of many to come, and the magnificent denouement to many received.
together we just tugged at the bow to unravel a present full of go fuck yourself.
happy wriggling day you ugly pile of trash.


Next

[Image description: W.V., A.R., and P.M. stare up at the newly fallen Bec station. Serenity floats
above W.V., who holds the White Queen's ring. P.M. holds the queen's crown. A.R. just cowers
behind a rock.]
W.V.: Examine fourth station.

[Image description: W.V. stares directly up at the station.]
There is something familiar about this.
W.V.: Examine pumpkin.

[Image description: He looks down at the pumpkin with the outline of Bec's head carved in it. A
mailbox sits on top of it.]
You feel as though there is something you've forgotten. Something concealed in long slumbering
memories.
W.V.: Examine ring.
You have not inspected your treasure in years. You have spent ages guarding it without understanding its purpose.

Its only purpose you have understood has been to remind you of things you have taken care to forget. But now...

You think it is time to remember.

W.V.: Remember.

Of course! The boy on the screen!

He must be the same one. You do not know how it is possible. But you are sure it is him.

Next

John is the windy one.

Next

W.V.? Defend treasure.

Egad, a thief approaches!!! This pajama'd rogue surely seeks to put his mitts on your newfound gloowy treasure.

He is definitely a thief. You have an eye for these types. He is either a master thief himself, or at the very least, an apprentice of one.

Next

John: Wake up again.
Next

Next

W.V.: Command the thief's apprentice.

There is so much left for him to do.

sir john, i have politely returned.

Yes, and it seems you have remembered your human etiquette as well.

John is busy at the moment. He is talking to his friend.

oh dear. the purple text human again?

Yes. Her.

what about the green text human, that one was nicer.

John is asking about her. But to no avail. She is currently preoccupied.

drat. please continue to solicit her graciously, good john.

He will.

why are you on a small rock? are you in peril, sir?

Why yes, he is in peril. He was stranded there on account of a nap instigated by the one he apprentices under.
the master thief! is that who you are talking to now, john?

[Image description: Serenity floats even closer to the screen. John has a poorly drawn Karkat alert over him.]

No, now he's talking to the Knight.

i don't like the gray text knight. it is an unpleasant human

[Image description: W.V. stands on the keyboard and flails around. The screen shows John standing in front of the picture of Karkat screaming.]

He is not a human.

john, stop talking to the gray text not human immediately.

[Image description: John stands on top of the rock as it shakes. He is surrounded by command prompts.]

no stop.
i don't think he read his etiquette book very thoroughly.
he likely made the foolish mistake of eating the pages first.
he is terrible.
john john john john.
john listen to me.
boy.
stop.
listen to me.
stop talking to gray text stupid dumb.
stupid windy boy.
john.
stop.]

John is too engrossed in the conversation to entertain your wishes.

stop stop stop stop stop stop stop.

[Image description: W.V. reaches for the caps lock button.]

The matter he is discussing is quite urgent. Perhaps he'll humor you another time.

Ah, so that's your plan, is it?

Yelling will get you nowhere. Don't you remember?

W.V.: Push it.

[Image description: He pushes it.]

Next

[Image description: The door slams shut over the ladder's chute. W.V. looks over in confusion and Serenity flashes out something in morse code.]

This translates to "Oh No!"]

Next

[Image description: A wall closes down over the massive hole in the wall.]

Next

[Image description: W.V. looks around frantically. A second image shows him tapping the caps lock button repeatedly. The green light on it flashes red.]

You see what happens when you forget your manners?

Next

[Image description: It shows LoWaS as viewed from space. The oil oceans all burn with green fire beneath heavy smoke and cloud cover.]

Next

[Image description: A spiral of green fire descends towards something in the distance. It's too small to make out.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in, revealing that it's John on the rock.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in again and the spiral of fire looms closer.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in even more. John has an alert showing only an extreme closeup of Vriska's eye with seven pupils.]

Apprentice: Answer thief.

[Image description: John is silhouetted against green flames, which have Vriska's face watermarked over them.]

pesterlog

Hey brave leader.
John!
Stop ignoring me. My messages should receive top priority.
Who are you talking to? I don't appreciate being snubbed like this. How ungrateful can you get!
Maaaaaaaan.
Come oooooooon........
E.B.: hey vriska, sorry to keep you waiting!
A.G.: Waiting?
Oh! I guess so. I hardly even noticed! I am like this really huge deal, and have a lot of stuff to keep
me busy, remember?
E.B.: yeah, i know.
um, sorry to cut this short, but this isn't really the best time to chat!
I am in the middle of an ocean of oil that is ablaze with a lot of green fire.
i need to figure out a way to escape!
unfortunately, i fell asleep for some reason, and my bed landed here.
i can't believe i was so stupid.
A.G.: Don't beat yourself up about it!
I was the one who put you to sleep.
E.B.: you were?
A.G.: Yeah!
E.B.: um...
you can do that?
A.G.: Yes, that seems to be the limit to what I can do to your primitive species.
I guess our brains don't really work the same way? Who knows!
E.B.: hmm.
what do you mean, "limit"?
are you saying you can usually do more than that?
A.G.: Duh! So much more, John. I have a lot of great powers.
When we have more time, I will tell you all about them.
E.B.: ok, that is pretty cool i guess...
but...
why???
why would you put me to sleep and put me in this predicament?
A.G.: John, soon you will understand that you are meant to rise to greatness.
This can't possibly happen unless you are challenged.
There will be times when your limits are tested. This is one of those times!
I know this because I can see your future right here in front of me. You should trust me!
E.B.: ok, but...
i kind of get that, but it's also kind of odd...
if you're seeing my future, and you know those things are the outcome, then why are you going back and...
i guess, involving yourself with these events? see what i mean?
A.G.: Oh John, this should be so obvious to you by now.
You are going to become a great hero, that much is sure.
but I want to be the one responsible for it!
And now I am pretty much guaranteed to be.
(smiley face with eight eyes)
E.B.: ok, that...
SORT OF makes sense, i guess.
but it's kind of hurting my head to think about!
You don't have to think! Just leave the thinking to me.
All you have to do is dig deep down, find your hero powers, and get yourself out of this jam.
You can do it, John. be the hero!
Just like in one of your movies about sweaty, rugged adult human males.
E.B.: ah HA!
so you did watch that video I sent.
what did you think?

Next

[Image description: Flames flicker behind John.]
A.G.: It was ok.
I admit it was a little better than I expected.
E.B.: yessssssss, i knew it!
A.G.: but who cares! Let's not get sidetracked by films about wounded, muscular renegades.
by the way, John, have you ever considered growing your hair out?
I bet it would look fabulous.
E.B.: no, it would look so stupid!
A.G.: I don't know about that!
I have an eye for fashion. 8 of them, in fact!
E.B.: i thought you didn't want to get sidetracked!!!
A.G.: Oh yeah. Whoops. (uncertain face with eight eyes)
E.B.: anyway, putting me to sleep and landing me in hot water is one thing...
but you sort of indirectly caused a MUCH BIGGER problem!
before i fell asleep, i was about to prototype something really ridiculous to make jack weaker.
i am pretty sure that it would have made jack lose both eyes, both arms, and give him silly blue
hair, and possibly also make him be a girl?
he probably would have been pretty easy to beat!!!
but instead, it was prototyped by jade's first guardian dog lusus.
and now he is unstoppable!
and he becomes the one who is stirrin' up all that trouble in your session too!
i mean, it sounds like your intentions were good, but you probably didn't realize to what extent you
were messing everything up!
A.G.: Don't be absurd, John.
Of course I realized that would happen.
It was pretty much the whole point, you goof!
E.B.: what????????
vriska, why would you do that!
A.G.: Jegus, calm down.
E.B.: but!
no!
why should i calm down when you just said you deliberately sabotaged all of us?
A.G.: Relaaaaaaaaaax.
Listen, John.
Regardless of what I did, he is already here.
I know this consequence will be hard for you to accept, but whenever you feel angry or confused
about it, just repeat this to yourself.
It should become your mantra!
He is already here.
Say it, John!
E.B.: but what does that mean!
A.G.: It means what it sounds like! He's already here!!!!!!!!
Here in our session, trying to hunt us down! Man, this should be elementary to you by now.
No matter what you or I or any of us did, Jack's here now. That's the reality!
And if I didn't stop you, it wouldn't have changed the reality for us here. We'd still be hiding on
this rock, and he'd still be out there, sniffing around for us.
He wouldn't just disappear! That's not how this time stuff works.
All that REALLY would have happened is I would have allowed you to do something you weren't
supposed to do!
You would have prototyped with your pretty blue doll, because of course deep down you know
you are obsessed with me.
And then you and all your friends would exist in a splintered timeline. And you wouldn't even be
able to talk to me anymore! (sad face with eight eyes)
And then you'd be doooooooomed.
I mean, more doomed than you are already. (winking face with eight eyes)
Trust me, I am really smart. I have this all figured out.
E.B.: i don't know if that makes sense!
i mean, it kind of does...
but something doesn't really add up about it.
if you knew he was going to be created regardless of what anyone did...
why did you decide to involve yourself that way?
like the way you are involving yourself with me becoming a hero or whatever?
A.G.: You just answered your own question!
I did it because I wanted to be the one responsible for creating him.
E.B.: augh!
BUT WHYYYYYYY!
It only makes sense that I would be the one to create him.
Since I am also going to be the one to kill him.

Next

[Image description: Vriska smirks at her computer screen, which lights her face with a green glow.]

pesterlog
E.B.: that is the dumbest thing i have ever heard.
A.G.: Don't be that way.
Just because you have your whole reckoning ahead of you to kill Jack, and somehow fail, doesn't mean you have to be bitter about it.
E.B.: i am not bitter! i just think your plan is dumb.
if he is as strong as karkat says, he will probably kill you!
A.G.: Karkat doesn't know nothing about anything.
He never really appreciated how powerful I became. Nobody did! I am easily the strongest troll by far.
I am also extremely lucky! That is one of my powers, John. being super lucky, and making my foes super UNlucky. (smiley face with eight eyes)
E.B.: er...
is luck actually a real thing?
A.G.: Yes, and I've got all of it. I am completely untouchable.
E.B.: you sound pretty cocky! you should be careful about that, that is totally how people have bigtime downfalls.
especially when they act kind of nefarious!!!
A.G.: Nope, I don't have to be careful! Too lucky for caution to matter anymore. Them's the breaks!
but don't worry, once all is said and done in your session, and by some incredibly lucky break of your own you manage to survive the scratch, we might actually get the chance to meet.
And if so, assuming I haven't gotten too bored waiting around and mopped the floor with Jack already, maybe we can take him down together!
E.B.: wow, uh...
i am not sure who would make me more nervous, you or jack.
A.G.: John, that's something a loser would say, come on.
You should have no reason to be scared of me.
by the time I am through with you, you should be even stronger than me.
This is the way it ought to be, I think. (very happy face with eight eyes)
E.B.: you really think we will meet?
A.G.: It is a distinct possibility.
E.B.: so...
um, if we meet...
are you going to...
uh.
A.G.: What?
E.B.: like,
when you see me,
A.G.: John, what the hell are you trying to say?
E.B.: karkat said that...
you might...
A.G.: Whaaaaaaaaat? ???????
E.B.: oh jeez, i dunno.
ever mind.
A.G.: You shouldn't listen to anything that loudmouth says.
He had his shot being in charge, and failed miserably.
It's my turn now. Scratch that.
A.G.: OUR turn.
E.B.: bluhhhhhhhhh.
if you say so.
A.G.: Now quit whining and get yourself out of this mess.
Dig deep down inside that pink, nerdy little torso of yours, find your awesome hero mojo, and do
what you're about to do.
I will talk to you again after you figure it out.
byyyyyyyye! (heart)
E.B.: wait!


E.B.: what am i about to dooooooo!
o.
there, that was a 9th o. you don't even deserve 8!!!!!!!
whoops…

John, I apologize in a mannerly way for my big letters.

[Image description: W.V. shakes and stares at John's screen, which shows him silhouetted against green flames. Serenity flashes quickly from her perch on top of the empty tab can.]

Come on. You can't both yell and try to be polite at the same time. It's one or the other.

But I must urge you to address this danger.

[Image description: It zooms in on the screen.]

The danger currently has John's full attention. What would you like him to do?

Why don't you do the windy thing?

[Image description: John shrugs and tilts his head from side to side. A speech bubble over him switches between a question mark, a picture of W.V., a picture of John, and a blue symbol made of two wavy lines that begin on the right side and curl off towards the left.]
John has no idea what the windy thing is. Maybe you could be more descriptive?

Boy, you're being very stupid.

[Image description: John cowers away from the wall of flame approaching him. Command prompts are scattered around the screen.]

Boy, you're being very stupid. You know what I'm talking about.
Do the windy thing.
Make it blowy and gusty.
You fool.
You can't die yet.
Not in the tasty fire.
You are a hero.
Make the breeze happen.
Do the windy thing.]

He really has no idea.

Better hurry! He's in big trouble here.

Do the windy thing do the windy thing do the windy thing

[Image description: John floats off the rock a little bit. Pulsing, concentric blue lines surround him and a blue tornado appears above him. A large portion of the flames are blown out.]

John suddenly does the windy thing.

Next

[Image description: A massive tornado swirls above John and more wind spirals out in a flat disk, extinguishing most of the flames.]

Next

[Image description: The clouds begin to be sucked into the eye of the tornado, which is starting to resemble more of a hurricane.]

Next

[Image description: John and several fireflies are picked up and tossed through the air by the winds, but John seems unconcerned.]

pesterlog

A.G.: Fly, Pupa!!!!!!!!!
Flyyyyyyy!
Hahahahahahahaha!
E.B.: oh, hey.
who's pupa?
A.G.: Nobody, just some loser.
Look at that, you did it!
E.B.: did what?
you mean, this windy thing here?
Dave: Snoop.

[Image description: Dream Dave sits next to Dream Rose, who is still asleep and surrounded by black tendrils. Dave holds a book in his lap.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the cover of the book, which has a nebula as the background and a picture of Charles Dutton inside an orb.]

The #1 new york times bestseller
Dream bubbles
"In his dream, he is the prophet. [...] It's him."
Charles Dutton]

Next

[Image description: It shows a page of the book.]

Dream Bubbles

December 1st, 1995

I slept and saw God's forge in frost. Its hearth was quelled, and as it cooled so swooned the verdancy it kept above. In slumber it grew a thick winter skin, white as bedsheets. In their fields the waker dreamt, her breath as steam, her touch as hot as iron, forgotten in the fire.

Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt, thaw and resolve itself into a dew!]

[S] Next

[Image description: The song Frost begins to play. The flower loading screen reappears and all of the colors desaturate, making everything appear grey and mostly dead. The background turns into a quickly moving starscape, then fades to white. A few lines fade in and it zooms out, revealing that the flower is growing on a now snow-covered table in Jade's greenhouse. It zooms out further. All of the glass has been shattered, but her tower is otherwise intact. Snow continues to fall. It pans over the lagoon, which is now frozen solid. The name appears at the top of the screen. Land of Frost and…

The second word is a continually flashing series of letters and runes.
It pans up over the volcano where a blue aurora hovers. The rest of this land seems to be more frozen oceans and snow-covered mountains. Everything flashes white and the name resolves itself. Land of Frost and Frogs.
The white fades to show a close up image of a green frog. Many more are scattered through the background. Snow begins to fall again.
It fades to snow-covered tree roots with two small, red flowers blooming on them. It pans up, showing more of the forest and more of the small flowers. A purple hummingbird flits across the screen, stopping at one of the flowers, then disappears. The scene fades to another section of the forest, where it gives way to a large, open field. Snow begins to fall more heavily. The aurora fades in over distant mountains. More colors fade in, this time green and yellow.
Everything flashes white and a stylized green sun takes up the center of the screen. The sun shifts to the side and a scene fades in, the sun becoming a design on Jade's bedsheets. Jade sleeps on a bed, which glows green around the edges, and the once red orbs at the tops of the four posts are also green. It slowly zooms out. Everything behind her is white. She fades from view after a few moments.]
"I slept and saw God's forge in frost. Its hearth was quelled, and as it cooled so swooned the verdancy it kept above. In slumber it grew a thick winter skin, white as bedsheets. In their folds the waker dreamt, her breath as steam, her touch as hot as iron, forgotten in the fire.

Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt, thaw and resolve itself into a dew!"

-Acclaimed actor and sleeping prophet, Charles Dutton

Next

[Image description: Jade's partially ruined tower stands against a background of a pale sky and falling snow. It fades to a version with the greenhouse walls and her bedroom still intact, shown against a bright blue sky and brighter blue ocean.]

Next

[Image description: Jade sits in her bedroom. The bunny she sent, or would eventually send, to John sits in her lap with wires and portions of the electronics scattered on her sheets. Her lunchtop sits beside her with a fuschia pisces alert over it.]

Jade: Answer.

[Image description: Jade looks a bit shocked. The lunchtop projects a keyboard for her to use.]

pesterlog
cuttlefishCuller [C.C.] began trolling gardenGnostic [G.G.]

C.C.: Glub glub glub glub glub!
G.G.: oh............
noooooo000000000000000000
C.C.: hey, take it easy!
I'm not here to give you a hard time like my buddies have been.
G.G.: but youre a troll
and thats what trolls do!
even when they say they wont
sometimes especially!!!!!
C.C.: Ok then, you can be the judge of that. I won't be long!
I've just come to say a couple things.

FIRST!
None of this is really your fault!
This is swimmingly obvious to everyone here who takes a glubbing moment to think about it rationally.
Which isn't many of us! But still.
G.G.: ok.....
even though i still have no idea what youre talking about
C.C.: I mean, your lusus jumped right in there to save you!
Just like mine did.
Well ok, mine was dead at the time. (sad face with a tiara and goggles)
And she just kind of...

FELL IN!
Kinda drifted down like fishfood, and POW, GL'BGOLYBSPRITE.
hehehehehehe. She was so funny.
G.G.: whats a lusus!!!!
C.C.: It's a big ol' monster custodian you grow up with!
SHEESH, how freaking retarded do you have to be not to know something like that?
I'm joking, of course. (smiley face with a tiara and goggles)
G.G.: (uncertain face)
C.C.: I wanted to glub something ELSE to you well before you started playing.
Just to get the idea in your head!
I am Feferi, by the way. Abdicated empress to be!
G.G.: ok feferi. what is it?
C.C.: Soon I will go to sleep and speak to the gods.
I will convince them to establish a series of stable dream bubbles, where we can meet in our sleep!
G.G.: i dont understand
whats a dream bubble?
C.C.: You'll see! (very happy face wearing a tiara and goggles)
G.G.: ugh
feferi i thought you said you were going to stop using your typing quirk!
C.C.: Did I?
When??
G.G.: i dont know... im sure i remember you said that
C.C.: hmm.
Jade, this is the first time we have ever talked!
Isn't it???
G.G.: oh
yeah it is
i dont know what i was thinking....
i just had a major case of deja vu!
C.C.: What's that?
G.G.: i felt like we already had this conversation
actually
it still sort of feels that way
its not going away (gasp)
C.C.: Well, maybe we did!
hey, by the way.
What exactly are you doing there with that toy?
You never did explain it to me!

Next

[Image description: Jade stares at the lunchtop uncertainly.]

pesterlog
G.G.: ummm
what do you mean i never explained it to you?
if this really is the first time we talked, why would i have?
C.C.: Good point.
Maybe I'm feeling it too.
I have... what was it? Orca vu?
G.G.: (gasping face with eyes pinched shut)
feferi that one was a stretch even by your fish punnery standards
aaah why do i know that you like to make fish puns???
C.C.: (confused face with a tiara and goggles)
G.G.: actually
i do remember this conversation
it was in the past!
but if it was in the past, then where am i now?
C.C.: In the future! Duh.
G.G.: so what is going on?
i dont think i am asleep....
i am not on prospit
C.C.: Yes, you are asleep. But your dream self died, just like mine, remember?
G.G.: oh...
vaguely
C.C.: Now you don't dream about Prospit. You have normal dreams!
G.G.: so this is a dream?
C.C.: It is a dream, and a memory. It is the past, brought back to life by a witch! It's all those things.
Although we are getting off the script here!
This is not how the conversation originally went, obviously.
You were a lot less patient with me! When I was just trying to encourage you.
G.G.: sorry
i think
i am in the game now, right?
C.C.: Sure!
Hey, why don't you tell me about this cool robot bunny you we're making?
I've been pretty glubbing curious about it!
Mind if I take a look?
G.G.: um

Next

[Image description: Feferi suddenly appears and cuddles the bunny next to a very shocked Jade. Feferi's eyes are closed.]

pesterlog
C.C.: It's great!
Wish I could make something like this. Never had the gills for technology.
Hard to work with under water!
G.G.: why are you here!
are you asleep too?
C.C.: Nope!
I woke up from my nap a while ago.
Remember how I woke up and then messaged you? You had just had a bad dream!
And I told you there was nothing to be scared of.
Which there isn't!
G.G.: oh yeah
i do remember that
then why are you here now?

Next

[Image description: Feferi grins at Jade. Her eyes open. They're pure white.]

pesterlog
C.C.: Because, stupid.
I'M DEAD!

Jade: Wake up again.
Next

You have got to stop falling asleep.

Jade: Get out of bed.

The snow is quite deep.

Jade: Pester John.

You would like to report to John, but it seems you have misplaced your laptop!

That's right. It was in the atrium when you got slapped with that stupid blindfold and all hell broke loose.

You hope it's ok! It was your favorite computer, AND your favorite lunchbox.

Jade: Climb.

You don't see anything.

Someone out there is messing with you. Good thing grandpa taught you never to leave home without your rifle, even by accident.

[S] Jade: STRIFE!!!!!!!!!!!!

A green Aggrieve command appears above her. Click it.
A crosshairs appears. Aim it at the imp.
The imps outline suddenly expands and Jade is standing in the forest with the red flowers. As soon as the bullet passes where it would be, the imp reappears.

Try again!
This time the imp takes them to the lip of the volcano.
Again!
Now to the very edge of the forest.
The next attempt takes them to the Grist Exchange on LoGaF.
Then to a cliffside on the Land of Wind and Shade, where all of the fires have been put out by the strong breeze that’s still blowing.
Then to Rose's house, where pink turtles stand on an alchemiter. It zooms out, showing all of Rose's house.
Then to the temple where Dave still sleeps surrounded by crocodiles. When Jade fires, Dave suddenly wakes up.
Then to a dilapidated green house partially overgrown with roots somewhere else on the Land of Frost and Frogs.
Then to a library on the Land of Light and Rain, where Casey stands near a bookshelf that holds Rose's magic orb.
Then to John's alchemiter. It zooms out to show the massive tower built from his house.
Then into John's bedroom, where three more imps just like it wait.
Then to somewhere else on the Land of Frost and Frogs. A massive, naga-like entity with shards of crystal sticking out of its back is silhouetted against the sky. Dave stands a short distance away and it zooms in on him. His glasses reflect Jade in the left lens and the imp in the right.
Then to the original strife location, but now Becsprite waits for them. Becsprite flashes bright green, black, and white. At the bottom of the screen, flashing text reads "It keeps happening!!!"
Trying again just starts the loop over.

Next

[Image description: Becsprite creates a massive orb of sparking green energy around him, startling both Jade and the imp.]

Next

[Image description: The imp looks scared as the energy grows brighter and brighter until the entire screen is just white.]

Next

[Image description: A bright green mushroom cloud bursts from their location.]

Good dog.
Best friend.
Jade: Level up!

[Image description: Jade's echeladder appears. She's wearing a green, pointed hat, not unlike a witch’s hat. She levels up from a greentyke to a Kiddo Eclipse. A fat green frog standing next to her becomes a skinnier orange frog.
The other levels visible are
Ribbit Rustler
Shuteye Crackshot
Viridian Neophyte

The other levels visible are
Ribbit Rustler
Shuteye Crackshot
Viridian Neophyte
You finally hop off the lowly greentike rung and secure your position on the somewhat respectable kiddo eclipse rung.

You have a lot of climbing ahead of you.

Jade: Thank best friend.

[Image description: Jade looks up at Becsprite, who still pulses with green energy. The snow falls harder and green lines cross the sky.]

spritelog
Jade: thanks bec, good boy!
soooooo...
can you talk now?
what do you have to say?

Next

[Image description: Bec's outline flashes different styles of green static against a background that does the same.

spritelog
Becsprite: (nine gifs of flashing green static)

Next

[Image description: Jade looks confused and overwhelmed, but mostly like she regrets asking.]

You think you will try to keep conversations with Becsprite to a minimum from now on.

Greetings.

[Image description: Jade stands behind a translucent layer of static.]

Next

[Image description: Jade looks up at Becsprite again. This time, a command prompt appears in the top left corner.
Greetings.
Bec turns to look at the command prompt with a small green exclamation mark over his head.]

You have extraordinarily bad timing. Her guardian will not be pleased with your intrusion.
Don't I know you?

[Image description: Jade shakes her head a bit.]

Yes, you do.

You might want to step away from the computer.

Next

[Image description: P.M.'s exile monitor sparks intensely and shakes. This is the same panel as from one that appeared shortly after P.M. was introduced. She's newly inside her facility and wearing her mailwoman hat.]

Next

[Image description: The computer explodes, blasting a hole in the side of her facility as it flies towards the frog temple.]

P.M.: Rule.

[Image description: P.M. stands in the desert, holding the makeshift crown.]

You have no idea how to rule. What orders could there possibly be to give anyway?

All you want to do is deliver mail. You do not want to be the stupid queen. And you do not want to wear this stupid mailbox crown.

Next

[Image description: P.M. tosses the crown on the ground. The word "Dumb" vibrates at the point that it hits. W.Q. stands on top of a sand dune, watching this little tantrum.]

W.Q.: Approach queen.

[Image description: W.Q. approaches P.M..]

Your new ruler seems upset. You understand it is not easy being in a position of authority.

You politely inform her that as the queen she is under no obligation to wear a crown. It is her decision.

Next

[Image description: P.M. holds a hand near her face and looks at W.Q..]

She should understand that a queen is the sum of her decisions, not her fashion accessories. And no queen makes decisions alone. All wise rulers surround themselves with trusted advisors.

The new queen should understand she has friends to help her.

P.M.: Appoint royal advisor.

[Image description: P.M. holds the letter addressed to Dr. David Brinner.]

You make your first decision as the new Prospitian Monarch.
Next

[Image description: P.M. places the stamp from the letter, which has a stylized white sun on a blue background, on W.Q.'s chest.]

The Questant receives the new Royal Insignia.

Jade: Return.

[Image description: Becsprite and Jade stand out in the snow. Becsprite's outline flashes and suddenly they're inside, in front of the purple and yellow fireplace.]

You return to the Grand Foyer. It's a bit less cluttered than you remember it being.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Everything that was in the room is now gone.]

sprite\text{log}

Jade: what happened in here?
where is everything? all the globes and houseguests...
and the cruxtruder???
and grandpa??????????
bec, what did you do!
has someone been a bad dog??
wait never mind, please dont answer that!!!!
(shocked and confused face)

Jade: Go upstairs.

[Image description: She stands in her now destroyed greenhouse. Everything is covered in snow. The scanner from the alchemiter and chisels from the totem lathe have been ripped off.]

You return to find your beautiful atrium in ruins. And to make things worse, your alchemiter and totem lathe were destroyed as well.

On the bright side, it looks like your Lunchtop was undamaged.

Jade: Retrieve lunchtop.

[Image description: Jade stands next to her lunchtop and the destroyed totem lathe. A broken record alert hovers over the lunchtop.]

You have been dying to get back to your computer so you can touch base with John again. He has probably been going crazy wondering about you.

But it seems someone else is messaging you right now.

Jade: Answer Dave.

[Image description: Jade sits down on the alchemiter and the lunchtop projects a keyboard.]

pester\text{log}


T.G.: hey
welcome to the medium finally i guess
G.G.: hey!!!!!
last time i talked to you i was asking for help and you were just nakking at me
what was up with that bro???
T.G.: ok i dont know what youre talking about it was probably just some horroterror chirping at
you during one of your nap bubble mindfucks
its not the point i just wanted to say
i just saw you
G.G.: you did?
T.G.: yeah
you appeared for a second
shooting at an imp
then you disappeared
G.G.: ohhhhhhh
yes, i did get around during that battle didnt i?
it was really intense!!!
those stupid things are impossible to kill (sad face)
T.G.: no you can kill them
youll get better dont worry
G.G.: in the heat of the fray i didnt notice you!
where were you?
T.G.: three places
i remember seeing you twice before in different locations
but at the moment im standing in the middle of this snowy goddamn field freezing my shit off
just wanted to see if you were cool
G.G.: yeah im fine, thanks for asking!
what do you mean you remember seeing me?
was i jumping through time or something?
T.G.: no i was
this is future me
one of the future mes that is
G.G.: youre from the future?
T.G.: yeah jade thats what future me means
G.G.: (tongue sticking out face)
john told me you have been doing some time traveling
T.G.: yeah
G.G.: that is.....
really really awesome!
T.G.: its ok
hey its pretty fucking cold
G.G.: i knooooow
it is a really neat place but its freeeeezing (gasping face)
T.G.: so im gonna go some place warm be back in a while later
G.G.: wait!
dave!!
uuugh stupid lousy cool dudes
T.G.: ok im back
an hour later
G.G.: an hour?
T.G.: an hour for me
a second for you
I ran around for an hour got my ass some place warm
went back in time
picked up where we left off
G.G.: (gasp face)
i can not believe how cool that is
this is me believing neither that, nor its coolness (gasp face)
T.G.: yeah
i guess im sorta used to it by now i dont think of hours going by the same way anymore
i mean	hey are my hours but not everyone elses theyre kind of like private hours all to myself
while everyone else is sort of in slow motion stuck in the thick of the alpha
G.G.: hmmm...
i dont know if i get that but ok!
T.G.: well yeah
my thing is time yours is space
pretty different things
you get things about space i dont
or you will
G.G.: i will?
T.G.: yup
G.G.: ok........
but anyway youre right, its coooold!!!!!!
i have to go back inside
i wish i had winter clothes
and if i did, i also wish that my wardrobe didnt blow up with all of my beautiful clothes inside it
(very sad face)
im so horribly unprepared for this.... i have never even seen snow before, can you believe that!!!
T.G.: pretty believable since you lived on guam or wherever the fuck
and also inside an active volcano
G.G.: derp yes dave that is so where i lived
that is as biographically accurate as it gets about me!
T.G.: well ive never seen it either now that i think about it
G.G.: no???
T.G.: no
G.G.: isnt it great?????
T.G.: nah
lavas better
G.G.: lava is not better than snow (blank face)
T.G.: yeah it is lava and skeletal skyscrapers all melting and shit how is that not way cooler than
snow and
like
more snow
G.G.: you cant play in lava, its no fun
you can only die in lava
T.G.: snows a big chilly carpet of nobody gives a shit
like old man winter spread around his nasty mayonnaise and turned the landscape into his personal
asshole sandwich
G.G.: eww dave no
T.G.: when i look around all i see is the miles of unharnessed snowmen im just too damn cool to
build
G.G.: no this is so lame
i am hearing an insane and stupid guy say stupid idiot things while wearing dumb sunglasses for lame morons!
T.G.: whoa jade with the fucking haymaker
i need to go look for my teeth on the canvas as soon as shit stops spinning and there stops being like ten of you
G.G.: heheheh
why dont we play in the snow later
as soon as you get some.............................
T.G.: time
G.G.: .....................
T.G.: time
G.G.: ............
T.G.: time then shades
G.G.: .......
T.G.: time
G.G.: ..........
T.G.: time/shades lets go
G.G.: ......
....
T.G.: oh my fucking god
G.G.: ..

G.G.: time (Smiley face wearing sunglasses)
T.G.: im not gonna play in the snow
maybe you missed those credentials i flashed which clearly stated me being too cool for that like federally too cool
my coolness is named after a dead president plus his middle initial to make it sound extra legit
G.G.: i know youre joking around, you are not too cool at all, you dont even think that
T.G.: ok
G.G.: brrrrrr
T.G.: i thought you were going inside
G.G.: i forgot (uncertain face)
T.G.: well at least make some damn clothes
something warmer why dont you alchemize some shit
G.G.: i cant!!!
all that stuff blew up
T.G.: blew up
G.G.: its a long story that involves a pinata and a gun and a very naughty doggie
T.G.: i completely understand everything about that practically entirely
G.G.: so anyway, that reminds me ive got to talk to john!
ive got to get him to make me some new gizmos...
assuming thats even possible
T.G.: no dont bother john

Next

[Image description: Dave stands in a green building with a row of pointed windows behind him. In front of him, there is a stone statue of some sort of lizard.]

pesterlog
T.G.: hes on like his fuckin
wind mission or whatever
getting all his ridiculous magic cyclone powers on and realizing his huge blowy destiny
as the chump of shoosh
G.G.: john has magic cyclone powers?
T.G.: almost
G.G.: whoa...
you guys are all so much better than me, i feel sooooo lame
T.G.: we all start out somewhere
remember how i was scrambling up that tower to get that egg like an idiot
what the hell was i doing
i was like goddamn pooh bear in a tree reaching up his fat fuckin pooh paw for some mother fuckin honey
G.G.: heehee
T.G.: so even though im awesome now at one point i was plausibly likened to an autistic stuffed animal
and you even knew what to do
you told me how it worked all christopher robinning my ignorant ass about that egg
but i was all like im a little black rain cloud bitch watch me climb
so maybe youre startin out with more sense than me
G.G.: maaaybe
(smiley face)
T.G.: in any case egbert lost his computer and game disc
so he cant do anything for you anyways
G.G.: oh no
did he lose it in a magic cyclone?
T.G.: probably some shit like thats what happened
but youre not completely screwed
we just have to think outside the box here
G.G.: we do?
T.G.: yeah honestly i figured wed have to do something like this
so i guess here we are doing it
G.G.: doing what??
T.G.: well youre my server player remember
G.G.: yes
T.G.: i need you to deploy something first
in my apartment
in a few hours ill go back there and we can continue this
G.G.: oh jeez, a few hours????
T.G.: yeah
as in a few seconds
im back at my place now
G.G.: fastest hours (gasp face)
T.G.: yeah
now
deploy the intellibeam laserstation
G.G.: but that costs so much grist!!!
T.G.: no it costs practically nothing
check out how much ive got
G.G.: omg…
Jade: Deploy laserstation.

[Image description: The cursor sets down a strange device next to Dave's turntables. It looks like an incredibly complicated microscope or something similar.]

pesterlog
G.G.: what does this thing do?
T.G.: its mostly pretty stupid and useless
but itll come in handy here
it reads captcha codes
G.G.: on the back of cards?
T.G.: yeah
G.G.: but
we can already read those!
T.G.: some are too garbled and complicated
the human eye cant decipher them
needs sophisticated scanning technology
and artificial intelligence to figure it out
G.G.: hmm
but isnt the whole point of captchas that only humans can read them?
and not robots???
T.G.: yeah well
thats why this is so dumb

Dave: Eject disc.

[Image description: Dave takes the Sburb server CD from his computer.]

pesterlog
T.G.: i guess some captchas are so incomprehensible cause the game thinks it would be too cheap
to let you duplicate them
like an anti piracy measure
so the solution to the anti piracy measure is to override the anti spam measure
G.G.: anti spam?
T.G.: well yeah thats what captchas are for
and theyre on the back of cards for a really good reason
cause god knows the last thing youd want was some web bot being able to figure out the code for
like
a potted plant
that would be fucking mayhem
G.G.: yeah obviously!
T.G.: but in order to effectively cheat here weve got to open pandoras spam box
and release the laserstation into the world with its leering intellibeam
now no captcha is safe youll have bots signing up for email accounts and duplicating potted plants
and shit
G.G.: oh nooo
T.G.: basically robots are in control now
which is good news and bad news
the bad news is theyre all pornbots and theyve got LOADS of provocative material theyre just
dying to share with us
G.G.: whats the good news?
T.G.: thats also the good news
G.G.: dave i still dont know what youre actually doing here
T.G.: what's it look like
im duplicating my server disc

Dave: Scan.

[Image description: Dave puts the disk card face down under the laser of the laserstation. A pattern of thin red lasers scans the almost eye-searingly bright collection of lines on the back.]

pesterlog
G.G.: oh....
to give it to john?
T.G.: nah i told you were not bothering john
hes got shit to do
ill just install it
G.G.: but...
you are already roses server player!
and john is mine!
not to mention im yours!!!
can you really be a server player to your own server player?
T.G.: dont see why not
we have to get creative here
this games already so far off the rails what else is there to do but improvise
G.G.: but i guess
i thought that john sort of.....
HAD to be my server? you know?
T.G.: well he was
he got you in didnt he
but now hes not
been a change of plans
time to roll with it

Dave: Read code.

[Image description: Dave looks into the eyepiece of the laserstation. The red lasers shine onto his sunglasses.]

pesterlog
G.G.: well you're from the future right?
dont you know already if it'll work?
T.G.: yeah more or less
i never really studied how it went down all that closely
i just figured when the time came to sort it out the right thing to do would be obvious
like it is now
managing the loops is a balance of careful planning and just rolling with your in the moment decisions
and trusting they were the ones you were always supposed to make
by now im pretty used to having my intuition woven into the fabric of the alpha timeline
G.G.: pretty smooth dave
T.G.: yeah i know
G.G.: shades for everybody
(smiley face wearing sunglasses) (smiley face wearing sunglasses)

Dave: Duplicate disc.
pesterlog
T.G.: this'll be the disc i use for your connection
while the original will stay bound to roses connection
G.G.: so you will be the server for BOTH us ladies???
you just keep getting smoother, i cant handle all this smoothness
T.G.: well technically
i will be your server
and past me will stay as roses server
which is to say present me will
the one in the black suit
G.G.: ohh...
i guess that makes sense
T.G.: he can keep managing her for a while
until she sorta checks out soon and becomes totally useless
then he can start hopping around time like i did
make a ton of money and stuff
eventually become me
and become your server player
G.G.: ok i think i understand that!
T.G.: yeah see its not hard to get the hang of
in the meantime ill kind of loiter around this timeframe to help you out for a while
G.G.: yessss thanks dave (heart)
um
what do you mean rose will check out? (uncertain face)
T.G.: dont worry about it just some more future stuff
now i need you to go downstairs
G.G.: uhhhh ok

Jade: Go downstairs.

pesterlog
T.G.: im just going to cut right to the chase and upgrade your alchemiter so you can avoid a lot of bullshit
ill give you some codes and you can punch cards and slip em into jumper blocks
which are really the exact same codes you first gave me when we upgraded my alchemiter
which seems like a hella long time ago
G.G.: it does doesnt it
T.G.: yeah but it kind of literally is for me
G.G.: how long?
T.G.: few days i guess
G.G.: ok thats not THAT long (tongue sticking out face)
T.G.: whatever

Dave: Deploy and upgrade.

[Image description: Jade appears on the transportalizer that the green snake creature used to block, the one at the very bottom of the tower.]
pesterlog
G.G.: yaaaaaaaaaaaay!

Jade: Oh God Hurry up and Alchemize Stuff Go Go Go.

[Image description: A scribbly drawing shows Jade flailing her arms and shouting while captchalogue cards fall around her.]

Hey, calm down! Just because it's snowing outside doesn't mean it's Christmas just yet.

There are still plenty of things to do before we bother with that sort of nonsense. Take a deep breath, put the cards down, and relax.

Dave: Wake up.

[Image description: Dave sits up in the temple. Two crocodiles stand nearby. One flails his Sord and wears his iShades, which has a Rose alert. The other holds the felt smuppet.]

You already woke up when Jade fired her rifle a foot and a half from your eardrum, and then disappeared.

This idiot here is nakking it up with your iShades. Someone is pestering you directly into his brainless reptilian face.

Dave: Retrieve shades.

[Image description: Dave pats the crocodile's face with a Doof and steals his iShades back. The crocodile naks in return.]

STEP OFF.

...

You decide he can keep the SORD..... though.

Dave: Answer Rose.

[Image description: Dave stands a bit further down the hall in the temple, surrounded by massive pieces of grist. Most are gem shaped or gusher shaped, but there are several golden cubes and one piece made of small, colorful orbs.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Hi there.
T.G.: nak nak nak
T.T.: Don't mind me.
I'm just waiting for that guy on the pile of sharp objects to wake up.
T.G.: the glasses are talking again
naknaknaknaknaknaknaknaknaknaknaknak
T.T.: If you don't stop nakking, I will turn you into a thorn bush.
T.G.: (shouting face)
(sad face)
hey
what just happened
pesterlog
T.T.: You fell asleep.
Orange Bird Dave killed some monsters and flew away.
Jade fired a bullet at an imp and vanished.
And you woke up.
T.G.: oh yeah
so shes here then
T.T.: Yes.
T.G.: is she ok what was going on there
T.T.: Yes, she's fine.
T.G.: i guess i should catch up with her
T.T.: You already are.
T.G.: i am
T.T.: Future you is.
T.G.: oh ok time travels involved
thats all you needed to say everythings cool and under control then
T.T.: How was the nap?
T.G.: weird
and kind of boring
i was in your dream room for a while spying on you
being all creepy and dream duplicitous and shit
T.T.: It's ok.
I was being similarly wake duplicitous.
T.G.: whats with your book collection
or
dream book collection
all your books are bizarre and terrible
T.T.: No, my books are great.
I can recommend some good titles for the next time you're asleep.
T.G.: nah
but yeah i understand defending your collection i guess if you were in my dream room and talking
shit about my awesome dream portraits of dream stiller and dream snoop or whatever wed have to
have a fucking talk
T.T.: Did you do anything on the moon besides rifle through my belongings?
Such as remove your shades and turn your gaze Ringward, by any chance?
T.G.: oh
yeah
i did
T.T.: What did you see?
T.G.: horrible things
T.T.: Horrible terrible?
T.G.: yeah
it was like
peering through the dark portal of an eldritch red lobster
and scoping out its all you can eat seafood buffet
and
when i saw them
T.T.: What were they saying?
T.G.: I couldn't really focus on anything specific but in totality, I'm pretty sure it was like.
T.T.: (question mark)
T.G.: A plea for help.

Next

[Image description: Rose floats next to a tower built up from her home. The sky behind it is pitch black and she glows bright pink.]

pesterlog
T.T.: That's good.
T.G.: No it was disturbing, so I slapped my shades back on and perved up some sleeping girl's room to take my mind of it.
T.T.: It means they're reaching out to you.
T.G.: Oh god, why would I want that. I'm not about to get molested by calamari with fucking teeth.
Use your powers and like stroke a mummy's paw or some horseshit and open a dark channel to tell them to keep their lecherous flagella to themselves.
T.T.: You're going to have to help them. Even if you don't like them.

They're being massacred. Presently, already, and still to come.
T.G.: What's that mean?
T.T.: It means time doesn't work rationally out there. Nor does space. But that doesn't change the reality of the threat.
T.G.: Who cares if they're getting killed. They're hideous and obnoxious.
T.T.: You're underestimating the nature of the threat. At this point, the threat isn't to our session, or any given universe. It's to the perpetuation of reality itself. You wouldn't be saving them, per se.
You'd be saving everything.
T.G.: Oh ok cool.

Next

[Image description: Rose looks down on the Land of Light and Rain, which is far, far below her.]

pesterlog
T.T.: They've revealed some of their secrets to me already, and given me a few errands to run.
This is why you might have observed some unusual behavior from me.
T.G.: Oh shit you're kidding. No really are you serious I didn't even notice. Fuck mind = blown.
Once these convulsions of explosive laughter subside and finish rocking my very foundation, I might point out that you haven't really been as astute as you're implying. You've deliberately fogged your vision your entire life with ironic eyewear while awake, and while asleep, though perfectly alert, you've chosen to ignore your surroundings. But now that you've seen them, you have a choice to make.

T.G.: ok

T.T.: They will only tell me so much. They would like an audience with the prince of the moon as well. We are like the emissaries to what lies beyond this small bubble in their unfathomable dark foam. Derse skirts its edge, and during the lunar eclipse, we graze it, and that's when their intent for us becomes clear. I'm doing my part, but they have a mission for you as well.

T.G.: what am i supposed to do

T.T.: Listen to them. My understanding is, they will teach you how to navigate the unnavigable. The result should be a map.

T.G.: like a treasure map

T.T.: No. Something a little more astronomical. Like a star chart with no stars. Hence the challenge.

T.G.: why

T.T.: To plot a course through the Furthest Ring.

T.G.: plot a course to what

Next

[Image description: A massive green sun burns in a black void.]

pesterlog

T.T.: The power source of the first guardians.

T.G.: oh right the green sun ok

wait sorry

i mean the Green Sun my bad

[Note: This time, the words Green Sun are written in green and flickering slightly]

T.T.: Yes, that's much better.

T.G.: what's the deal with this thing

i mean aside from giving jades dog his devil powers and by extension i guess jack

T.T.: What's the deal with it?

T.G.: yeah

T.T.: I don't know that there is a deal with it. Beyond the deal you just described. It is what it sounds like. A huge sun out in the literal middle of nowhere, and it is bright green. It is simply,

The Green Sun.

T.G.: how big

i need a sense of scale here
is it like the size of our sun
or bigger
or is it only as big as like
planet fucking jupiter
T.T.: It is nearly twice the mass of our universe.
T.G.: ok thats pretty fucking big
see how important that contextualization was now i know how fucking impressed i should be
i mean holy shit thats huge
T.T.: Happy I could help.
T.G.: so ok i make a map to this thing
with the help of a million rambunctious gross tentacle mutants
and then i guess we go there for some reason
T.T.: Yes.
T.G.: why do we need a map
cant they just
tell us what direction its in
point a spaceship that way
blast off to adventure
T.T.: No.
The geometry of the Furthest Ring is too complex.
Remember, its spacetime is labyrinthine.
In fact, it's not really accurate to call it spacetime at all.
Since it is outside the domain of any created universe, where those properties have become
instantiated and stabilized.
T.G.: i can kind of get that time is messed up there
with like loops and causality paradoxes and shit like that
being the knight of time here
not really sure why navigating the space would be a problem though
space isn't my thing remember
what is it like
full of wormholes or something
T.T.: It depends.
The greater the distance you travel through it, the less reliably time flows.
And the more time you spend in it, the less reliably space behaves.
Time and space aren't as different as you might think.
T.G.: i thought you werent supposed to know shit about either
seeing as you're the seer whatever that means
T.T.: I think it means I'm supposed to know shit about the big picture.
Which includes tidbits like that.
But the insides of my shoes stay free from the grit of the minutia.
T.G.: fair enough
so i take my map and fly to this thing
T.T.: No, I do.
T.G.: ok you fly to it
then what
T.T.: That depends on if John is successful.

Next

[Image description: The strange ring Rose looked at in her book and was seen in a Skaian cloud
reappears. This time, it is in the center of the screen with the four prototype orbs shown in the
corners. It is in the place where the nine-squared chessboard evolved into the battlefield. It seems}
that this strange latticework is the final evolution of the battlefield.]

pesterlog
T.G.: you mean with the quest you're sending him on
T.T.: Yes.
T.G.: is there anything you do that's not sending dudes on quests
T.T.: so he's got to get the cancer out of Skaia right

[Note: The Tumor is written in black.]

T.G.: yeah
so what's The Tumor do
i mean the tumor
jesus can we stop with the fancy colored text bullshit
T.T.: I guess so.
I thought it was more fun that way.
T.G.: well ok you can keep doing it then
T.T.: Thanks.
The Tumor is quite a large growth at the center of the battlefield.
T.T.: He won't be able to remove it without fully realizing his abilities.
T.G.: ok cool what is it
T.T.: Can you promise you won't tell him?
It would probably make him more nervous than he needs to be if he knew.
T.G.: ok i won't say anything
just tell me
T.T.: It's a bomb.

Next

[Image description: Rose floats in the black void above the atmosphere of LoLaR.]

pesterlog
T.T.: It is set to detonate precisely when the reckoning ends.
This is how long we have to put this plan into motion.
T.G.: what the hell is a bomb doing in there
T.T.: It could be a feature of any session not meant to bear fruit.
A means to wipe out a null session rather than leaving it lingering in paradox space for eternity.
Or it could be a mutation specific to our session.
I really don't know.
T.G.: first time for everything i guess
seriously whered you get all this info
did you get it all from the gods
are these just a bunch of orders you're following
T.T.: Not exactly.
They've urged me in certain directions and guided my exploration.
I've obtained some answers from them, but ultimately, this idea is mine.
Plus, I have other sources.
One in particular has been quite illuminating.
T.G.: what
T.T.: I've been referring to him as an informant, when people ask.
Which isn't often.
T.G.: what you mean a troll
T.T.: No.
It's a man who exists in another universe.
He wants to die.
T.G.: sounds like a really credible dude sign me up for trusting everything he says
T.T.: Only as credible as the omniscient tend to be.
T.G.: oh so he knows everything
T.T.: Yeah, I think that's what omniscient means.
But maybe I'll ask him about that, since he's the omniscient one.
T.G.: even if he is omniscient which he probably isnt what if hes just lying
T.T.: He says he doesn't lie.
For some reason, I believe him about that.
He's a convincing fellow.
T.G.: whys he want to die
T.T.: He no longer has a purpose now that he's done everything required to summon his master.
As a first guardian, he's completely indestructible.
Well, almost completely.
T.G.: wait
what
T.T.: His power is derived from the same source as Earth's guardian.
And conveniently, that of our nemesis as well.
T.G.: ok i get it now
T.T.: When John delivers the tumor,
And I do mean The Tumor,
I and I alone will navigate the Furthest Ring.
And I will destroy the sun.
By which I do mean the Green Mother Fucking Sun.
And in case it wasn't clear,
I won't be coming back.

Next

[Image description: It shows LoLaR through Rose's eyes. Her hubtopband's screen is superimposed over the curve of the planet. Her chat with Dave is open on one side and the other shows the Trollslum. grimAuxiliatrix is flashing.]

[PESTER!]
pesterlog
T.G.: whoa fuck
a suicide mission are you serious
no bullshit thats not happening
hey look suddenly everything we just talked about was useless because its time to make a plan that
doesnt fucking suck
T.T.: Let's not be so dramatic.
I was talking about my dream self.
She's the one who won't be returning.
T.G.: oh
haha yeah thats fine i guess
those fuckers are all kinds of mad expendable
way to leave me hanging there
for someone whos saying lets cool it on the drama the whole i wont be coming back thing is a
pretty theatrical bombshell
for future reference
T.T.: That's true.
Your outburst was pretty sweet though.
T.G.: yeah i know
so when do i do my thing
make this map
which i guess is just like
a solid black piece of paper
this is going to be fucking stupid isn't it
T.T.: If there's one thing you have more than any of us, it's time.
So, whenever you like.
As long as conventionally speaking, it's quite soon.
T.G.: alright
so
dog it as long as possible
then travel back to about now and go to sleep
T.T.: Sure.
And if you have trouble going to sleep, maybe you can ask your patron troll to trick the telepathic
tone into putting you to sleep again.
T.G.: what
T.T.: Each of us seems to have a troll infatuated with helping us. Haven't you noticed?
T.G.: no
T.T.: What about the psychopath who's currently helping you?
T.G.: oh yeah terezi
no shes cool
T.T.: Isn't that camaraderie blossoming into some sort of interspecies whatever?
T.G.: its blossoming into an interspecies partnership in incredibly shitty cartooning
what do you mean get her to trick someone into putting me asleep again
when did that happen
T.T.: Just now.
T.G.: who did that
T.T.: That would be John's patron troll.
T.G.: god
fuckin trolls
too many of them who can even keep track of this shit
which ones yours
is it the absurd juggalo one that would be hilarious
T.T.: There's a juggalo one?
T.G.: yeah see what i mean
T.T.: She's contacting me now actually.
T.G.: oh ok
well im suddenly not interested so go talk to your fairy god troll
ill be over here paving the way for your elaborate dream suicide
when i feel like getting around to it i mean
T.T.: Thanks.
T.G.: later


Rose: Answer fairy god troll.
pesterlog

G.A.: Since The Gap Between Your Present Moment And The Implementation Of Your Mystifying Self Destruction Continues To Narrow This Will Be The Last Conversation In Which I Attempt To Talk You Out Of It Nicely T.T.: I explained this. The intent isn't true self sacrifice. G.A.: First Of All Youre Underestimating The Gravity Of A Dream Death Its A Pretty Serious Thing Okay And Dream Selves Are Important To A Person In Ways That Aren't Always Obvious I Think Youre Being Frivolous But That's Not Really The Sentiment Reinforcing The Exoskeleton Of My Argument Soon You Will Be Blacked Out Of Trollians Viewport And I Have No Explanation For This And Neither Do You So Ill Just Assume The Worst And You Should Too T.T.: Are you sure it's not because I'm sleeping? G.A.: I've Seen You Sleep Before You Are Just Asleep On Screen Peaceful And Harmless And Posing No Threat To Anyone Unless I Guess You Are Up To Mischief In Your Dreams Which I Cannot Rule Out Actually That's Probably What You Do In Your Sleep What Was I Thinking T.T.: Shh... G.A.: Uh What T.T.: Blah blah blah! G.A.: Right Sorry Im Saying This Is A Special Case It Is Foreboding And Disconcerting And You Are Being Reckless T.T.: You're right, I can't explain why I go dark on your monitor. But I'm confident in my plan. I have it under control. G.A.: Your Hubris Is Really Astonishing Easily Twice The Mass Of A Universe I Think That It Hasn't Collapsed Upon Itself Into A Tiny Lavender Singularity Is The Most Striking Marvel Paradox Space Has Coughed Up Yet T.T.: Maybe it did? Maybe that's what went wrong. We figured it out! G.A.: No Please Stop Humor Won't Deflect My Really Big And Important Tirade Okay You Are Investing Too Much Confidence In Evil Gods Who Oppose Skaia And Your True Purpose And I Can't Abide That And As Difficult As This Is For Me To Confess I Think Your Plan Is Very Dangerous And So Are You
T.T.: Oh?
G.A.: Yes
And
Im Afraid I Am Going To Have To Devote All My Efforts To Stopping You
T.T.: I'm sorry to hear that, Kanaya.
What did you have in mind for this new and exciting adversarial phase of our relationship?
G.A.: Im So Glad You Asked
You See
I Have Been Training A Powerful Wizard
T.T.: (exclamation mark)

Next

[Image description: Kanaya stands next to a row of alchemiter's with Eridan. A glowing white object sits on one of the alchemiter's large platforms.]

pesterlog
G.A.: Yes Your Shout Pole Is Like A Tower Broadcasting Your Fear Across The Ring And You Are Right To Be Afraid
I Have Commissioned None Other Than The Legendary Prince Of Hope And I Am Teaching Him The Ways Of White Sorcery
I Have Observed Your Methods And You Will Come To The Most Unwelcome Realization That All Of Your Guile And Cunning Has Finally Backfired
This Noble Magician Of Pure Light Will Serve As The Counterpoint To Your Arcane Debauchery
He Will Hunt You Down And Goodness And Hope Will Prevail
T.T.: Is it too late to throw myself at your mercy?
G.A.: Yes Its Much Too Late For That

Next

[Image description: Eridan scowls and takes the object, which is an intricately carved wand. Blue smoke and light swirls around him.]

pesterlog
T.T.: I see.
Then clearly I will have to prepare for this soul sundering duel, whilst making my own funeral arrangements.
G.A.: Oh Yes I Do Believe Securing A Corpse Box Would Be Prudent Fitted To Dimensions Suited To Your Myriad Of Unassembled Leaky Body Parts In Aggregate
T.T.: What will herald the arrival of this swift and righteous thaumaturge?
Will I be blinded by the fearsome lashes of light ribboning from the incandescent coastline of his beauteous aura?
Should I borrow my friend's sunglasses?
G.A.: Yes Definitely
Definitely Do That
Wait I Hope That Wasnt Too Emphatic
Maybe At This Point I Should Clarify This Is All A Big Joke
T.T.: Yeah.
I was getting that.
You don't always have to tip your hand, Kanaya. You were doing well.
G.A.: I Was
T.T.: Mm-hm.
G.A.: Okay Great
I Think What I Find Most Challenging About Human Insincerity Based Humor Is The Degree Of Commitment To The Fantasy Which Is Apparently Requisite
T.T.: We take it very seriously.
G.A.: I Mean To Say
The Gesture Of Hostility In This Case Was The Joke
I Did In Fact "Train" This Character
I Made Him A Wand To Shut Him Up
T.T.: Wait, you did? Really?
G.A.: He Wouldn't Stop Harassing Me For Your "Secrets"
G.A.: He's The One With The Royalty Complex And Speaks With All The Extra Vees And Doubleyous
T.T.: Oh, I knew exactly who you were talking about from the start.
G.A.: Okay
T.T.: I must say, this little project pleases me.
Do keep me apprised of all further developments.
G.A.: Okay I Will
T.T.: At least until my looming grimdarkdeath steals me away.
G.A.: Oh
Yeah That
Is Still Something That I Don't Really Want To Joke About
I Hope That Came Across As A Sincere Statement

Next

Jade: Answer fairy god troll.

pesterlog

A.T.: heeeey, jade,
G.G.: oh hi!
I remember you, you talked to me a lot in my dreams
A.T.: yeah, but now I'm talking to you being awake, because,
your robot can't type, because it had an explosion,
G.G.: yup!
that's because my dream self died pretty catastrophically!
A.T.: aw, no, I'm definitely pretty sorry to hear that,
G.G.: thanks, but I think im ok
I felt pretty shaken up at first though
A.T.: yes, I did too,
I spent so long sleeping and dreaming and playing on prospit, that being awake was made to feel weird, and I didn't like it for a while,
G.G.: yeah I have done a lot of sleeping myself (smiley face)
A.T.: oh, yes, I know, but, I saw you, you were awake a lot too, after a certain moment, I spent just about every waking hour being asleep, G.G.: wow why did you sleep so much?? A.T.: it was just a better way to be, more peaceful and fun and, I guess, there was something that happened that was incredibly terrible, and sad, and made me feel terrible and sad and sleepy, so I slept, a lot, G.G.: oh no what happened that was so terrible? A.T.: I'd prefer, that the thing I want to talk to you about not turn into that topic, G.G.: ok sorry for prying! what did you want to talk about? A.T.: I wanted to ask you permission, I would have asked permission the first time, but at the time you were not able to give it, or talk or anything, G.G.: permission for what? A.T.: to commune with your lusus, G.G.: with bee? uh.... what do you mean by commune? and what do you mean the first time! you did it before? A.T.: yeah, it means to talk to him, and, suggest he do something which is good, for him, and also for people he likes, G.G.: ohhh like a psychic power?? A.T.: yes, G.G.: pretty sweet! when did you do it before? A.T.: oh, very recently, personally speaking,

Next

[Image description: A young jade stands out in a field. Her shirt has a green Skaianet logo on it and she holds a flintlock pistol in each hand.]

pesterlog A.T.: but for you it was very long ago,

Next

[Image description: Jade taps one of the guns against the ground with a Doof.]

pesterlog A.T.: and, it was a really good example I think, of exactly why wigglers should not be allowed to dual wield flintlock pistols, G.G.: hehe what?

Next
pesterlog
A.T.: so, I did the liberty of communing with your lusus,
which I hope wasn't out of line,
but like I said, you were unavailable,
uhhh,
by which I mean, unavailably small,

Next

pesterlog
A.T.: so then I communed him to use his amazing powers, to,
intervene,
and reroute the projectile away from the path that would have harmed you,
and also,
as a wonderful bonus and coincidence,
it happened there was a felon on your property,

Next

pesterlog
A.T.: it was I think surely an aging rogue who was very much keen on intruding between your
really nice looking family,
and as fortune would have it,
the small missile was redirected into the senior interloper's chest,
and he died,
(smiley face with bull horns)

Next

pesterlog
G.G.: omg......
that wasnt a senior interloper, im pretty sure youre talking about my grandpa!!!
A.T.: oh,
G.G.: and if im interpreting correctly....
youre saying you used bec to make me shoot him???
augh thats so awful!
A.T.: uhh,
what's,
a grandpa,
G.G.: oh boy
ok it is basically an old man, who serves the same role as I guess a lusus does on your planet?
he was like my dad, he took care of me!
A.T.: whoa,
that is a really weird cultural thing, I guess,
G.G.: sigh...
A.T.: sorry then,
about,
my cultural ignorance,
G.G.: well im not blaming you or anything
it sounds like you were just trying to help
and you did save my life
but......
I mean jeeees
talk about a misunderstanding
A.T.: well,
now I feel very stupid,
but,
I don't think I will give into bad self esteem this time about this,
it's important to stay confident about stuff, don't you agree,
G.G.: uh
sure?
A.T.: and I think this is a good opportunity for us to bond, and become closer in an emotional way, probably,
G.G.: .... It is?
A.T.: oh yes, see the funny thing is, I also killed my lusus by accident,
I mean, my lusus that was a little fairy bull, not an old man with a huge gun,
G.G.: oh nooo
how did that happen?
A.T.: I murdered him inappropriately with a four wheel device,
G.G.: (blank face)
ummm what kind of device?
A.T.: like, the kind basically for cripples to sit in, and roll around,
G.G.: oh you mean a wheelchair!
A.T.: I guess, that's a way to call it,
G.G.: how...
did that happen?
A.T.: well,
I was sitting in it, being crippled like usual, and he got under the wheel in his nap,
G.G.: (very unhappy face)
im so sorry
um also
I didnt realize you were paralyzed
not that im saying sorry for that! That would be rude I think
I am just saying sorry for your loss
A.T.: oh, it's okay, on both things, he came back to life for a while, and could talk, and that was fun, and also,
I'm not paralyzed anymore, (smiley face with bull horns)
G.G.: oh?
A.T.: no, I have robot legs, and I feel great, and I can walk, G.G.: wow nice!
A.T.: oh yes, it is truly nice,
I am a new and different guy, mostly,
being not physically handicapped is most certainly the key to having high self esteem,
G.G.: um
that.....
I don't know if I agree with that!
A.T.: oh absolutely, take it from me as what fact is true,
and now, I feel emboldened to do bold things that heroes should do,
like, save the life of a pretty girl, and kill the fiendish old man, who,
whoops, wasn't fiendish, and you loved him, sorry,
G.G.: well
that's good I guess
I just wish...
maybe you'd told me what happened when I was younger?
I spent years wondering about it!
when I was really young, I was sure the doll sitting across from him did it
and for a long time I was terrified of the evil blue girl!!!
she sort of haunted my childhood and I had trouble sleeping for a long time
but of course I got older and realized that was silly, but then I just speculated that maybe it was
suicide
which was just a really sad thing to think about!!!
A.T.: wow, yeah,
i,
totally blew that then,
I guess I could still tell you about it in your past,
G.G.: buuuut...
even if you do, I don't remember you doing so!
A.T.: oh,
then I guess I won't,
G.G.: er
ok (uncertain face)
A.T.: but yeah, irregardless,
this is likely to be exactly the kind of thing not to stand in the way about good feelings about
myself,
G.G.: .......
A.T.: I mean, I saw that your lusus saved you anyway, in advance,
and,
I just wanted,
to make it possible so that I was the one involved with being the hero there,
to save you,
like, to put myself in your story, in a brave capacity, because,
that's what feeling good and positive about yourself is all about,

Next

[Image description: Jade looks disgusted, but continues typing.]

pesterlog
G.G.: wooooow...
you sound really confused to me!
A.T.: absolutely, I am confused like a fox,
the kind that has high self esteem,
G.G.: heheheh
you're incredibly silly
I can't really tell to what extent you're joking around here!
A.T.: I understand that, and jokes happen, yes, but feeling great about yourself is not a joking issue, it is heavy duty business, and needs to be given all the seriousness that sad things get, I've learned that, from my friends, and also, from rufio,
G.G.: rufio?
A.T.: yes, he's a fake,
G.G.: what do you mean fake?
A.T.: a fake guy I made up imaginarily, he never stops being a thing that's not real,
G.G.: ohh like an imaginary friend....
heh, ok
A.T.: I'm pretending that being fully honest about rufio's fakeness, and, being up front about his general fraudulence, that it will only give me extra confidence, I'm pretending that as hard as I can, in the most confident way, which makes it partially more true,
G.G.: that sure is a philosophy you have there!
A.T.: yes, being confident is always about saying and doing the things you feel, even if the afraid part of you says, no, please don't do that, like, uhhhhhhh, here is a thing I'm afraid to say to you, jade, but, I'm too confident now to let my afraidness make me feel terrible,
G.G.: oh??
well, what is it?
A.T.: remember, I talked to you a lot when you were sleeping,
G.G.: yes
A.T.: uhh, and, we talked about lots of things, and we had some things in common, and it was nice,
G.G.: sure!
A.T.: and I think consequently, the emotional result is probably, that maybe I have some possible red feelings for you,
G.G.: red feelings?
you mean whoooooaaahhh wait really? (gasping face)
A.T.: wow, that sure was a hard thing to say and made me incredibly nervous, but I said it because of my remarkable leg-powered self confidence, and now I think all that's left is definitely your reciprocation about that, probably,
G.G.: um.................
well I dont think I can reciprocate!
A.T.: uh oh,
G.G.: I mean youre nice but I dont really know you... I dont even know your name!
A.T.: oh gosh, how stupid can I be, I forgot to say, I'm tavros,
G.G.: ok tavros
I dont know if you've fully thought about this!
you don't actually know me very well either
A.T.: oh yes, I surely do,
because we had a number of spirited conversations, wherein you were very nice and pleased to
speak with me,
did,
I misinterpret that, was it not actually niceness,
G.G.: well no
I was being nice
because
I like to be nice to people when I can, and when they are nice to me
but......
things are a little more complicated than that, you can't know someone just by a few conversations!
I mean, I only talked to you when I was asleep! I am kind of different when I'm dreaming...
I forget things, and at times I'm not totally sure what's real
don't you remember that's what it's like to dream on prospit?
A.T.: uh,
kind of,
G.G.: sorry, I feel bad about having to disappoint you...
but I don't know what else to say
A.T.: but what about,
my attractive bravado,
and ignoring my instinctual cowardice hard enough to say that I like you,
isn't that,
supposed to be very attractive, and encourage the major having of flushed feelings in others,
I guess what I mean is, what about all my confidence,
what do you think about that,
G.G.: jeeeeeeze, um...
tavros I am really flattered you like me and all
and that sure is confident of you to say so! And that's great buuuut...
I guess confidence is one thing but there is such a thing as being toooo forward I guess?
A.T.: wow,
ok,
G.G.: I also think...
and really this is just polite friendly advice!
that if you're really confident you don't always have to say it all the time
it...
oh man I'm sorry to say
it just comes of as a little insecure and off putting and kind of defeats the purpose!
and all things considered I think we should just stay friends
or really........
continue building a friendship in the first place, since like I said we don't actually know each other
that well!
A.T.: yeah,
uuuuuuuhhh,
G.G.: sorry (very sad face)
A.T.: no, no, if I'm being realistic I think that's what's reasonable to say to me,
and I'll work on toning down my self respect a little,
G.G.: aaaaah no! You should have self respect
just....
oh boy this is frustrating
can we talk about this later?
I have some things to do!
why dont we get back to the original point
why do you want to commune with bec again?

Next

[Image description: Jade frowns at the keyboard. Behind her, Becsprite has Tavros's symbol on his forehead.]

pesterlog
A.T.: yes, of course,
I wanted to get approval from you, to commune him again,
now that he's a sprite,
to perpetrate one of my heroic ideas again,
G.G.: uh-ohhh
what is your idea this time?
A.T.: I will suggest to him that he attack your adversary,
as well as ours,
and maybe beat him, to solve everybody's problems,
G.G.: wow, I dunno about that!
A.T.: but I have great skill in commanding beasts to glory in battle,
and yours is surely the strongest beast I've seen!
G.G.: but hes my best friend!!!
and you have already managed to get one of my family members killed
A.T.: but according to my self confidence, I think I'm pretty sure I can use his power to be successful,
whoops, pretend I didn't mention my self confidence, or say anything off putting,
G.G.: but all of our adversaries have inherited his powers!
I would imagine the strongest guy would have all of his powers, and then some!!!
I am really not comfortable with this
A.T.: oh,
G.G.: you said you are asking me permission first and I appreciate that
but if you are asking im afraid my answer is no!
A.T.: okay, I respect that,
but, I wonder,
G.G.: what?
A.T.: I wonder if a truly self confident guy, with the best self esteem there is, would even need to ask,
maybe the best guy would just know he would be successful, and would do it anyway because it is for your own good, and everyone else's,
G.G.: no way!
that would be smug and arrogant and would make you a bully!!!
later if my friends and I want to ask bec for help and decide thats our best hope, then thats our business
until then, just please stop meddling!!!!!!
A.T.: wow, ok,
you're right about all that, I'll respect your wishes,
or,
will i? (winky face with bull horns)
G.G.: nooooooooo dont dont dont dont
im serious
uuuuggghh I think my headache is coming back
A.T.: I was just, making a joke, sorry, (sad face with bull horns) I guess us becoming a friendship doesn't have to happen now, G.G.: no... its fine I just really dont want you to do that ok? A.T.: yeah, G.G.: I have to go now bye tavros

arachnidsGrip [A.G.] began trolling adiosToreador [A.T.]

A.G.: aaaaaaahahahahahahahaha! hahahahahahahaha!!!!!!! oh my god, I cannot believe how hilariously pathetic that whole exchange was. even by your wretched standards, toreadork! hahahahahahahaha, oh god I can't breathe!!!!!!! absolutely priceless. (Laughing face with eight eyes) A.T.: hey, vriska, that was supposed to be a private correspondence, of a personal nature, how could you even be reading that, A.G.: pff. Tavros, sometimes your stupidity surprises even me. next time you decide to open your heart to an alien girl........

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Jade's and Tavros's entire conversation has been projected on a massive holoscreen.]
Pesterlog
A.G.: make sure her chat client isn't being holographically projected for all to see, ok?

Thief: Tear into Page.

[Image description: Tavros sneers at his keyboard. The background behind him flashes red with Vriska's 7-part pupil tiled across it.]
pesterlog
A.T.: uh, whooops, A.G.: it was so embarrassing just reading that tavros. I'm embarrassed! I am actually feeling genuine embarrassment. Your obscene incompetence is actually polluting my otherwise pristine composure. Nice going! A.T.: so, I don't care, A.G.: jade let you down too easy. She's too nice! Someone's got to tear into you for that appalling display, and once again, guess who's shoulders that falls on? that's right. Vriska's, as usual. A.T.: I think she has the right amount of niceness, personally, an amount that is some, instead of, none,
A.G.: hey, I'm nice when it matters, and where it doesn't strangulate the critical development of people I give a shit about, ok? really I don't know what you see in her. She is completely useless, like you.
WAIT, of course!!!!!!! It makes perfect sense. You and she represent the ideal matespritship, how could I have been so blind!
two perfectly pointless grubs in a bucket.
A.T.: no, I have too much self confidence now to be upset by your scandalous imagery, I don't think she is useless,
and I don't think I am either,
because of new self esteems obtained, remember,
A.G.: oh will you please stop going on about your fucking self esteem.
I will say this much about her, she was right about that. How insufferable can you get, prattling on and on about how confident you are.
tavros, you give confidence a bad name. I gave you all the chances in the world to earn it, to earn real confidence, and you failed.
you couldn't even do the one little thing I asked you to! The one thing that would have made you man up once and for all.
so instead you flew away and cried, and decided to sleep away your sorrow for the rest of the adventure.
do you have any idea how sick that made me? Everything about you makes me sick.
when you talk about your self confidence, I throw up a little. You don't know what confidence is.
Robo-legs don't give you confidence, that ain't no more true than saying my robo-arm gave me mine. See what I mean?
your confidence is faker than even the great rufio himself, lord of the unreal. It's pure fiction, a false fakey fraudy con job from a wimpy loser charlatan bullshit artist.
it's shallow and nauseating, just like you. Do us all a favor and shut up about it.
A.T.: ok, I think,
this is actually making me pretty mad,
A.G.: yeah right!!!!!!!
I'll believe that when I see it, chump.
A.T.: I don't want you to mock me anymore,
I don't know if my confidence is real, or what,
but I would like you to stop saying stuff like that to me,
and to stop saying bad things about my friend jade, too,
A.G.: jade is an idiot.
a useless, boring nobody. What has she done for her party other than fuck up every step of the way? What does she ever do but take naps and get in trouble?
she's awful, and you deserve each other. Oh wait, except she hates you!!!!!!! Ahahahahahahahaha. Even the boring pointless girl hates you, talk about a guy who can't get a break.
though I guess she's not compleeeeeetely useless. (smiley face with eight eyes)
A.T.: what do you mean by that,
A.G.: ok, tavros, I gave her credit for something, so I'll give you credit for something too.
your plan to control her lusus really wasn't a bad idea!
and using your ability to "save her life" (lol) was a pretty good way to test how effective your powers are across sessions.
pretty good way to practice, to know where you stand!
practicing your abilities is important, so when it comes down to using them for something that really matters, you know you're ready for prime time.
I know this first hand.
I got lots and lots and lots of practice with your little guinea pig friend. (very happy face with eight eyes)
so really, turns out she wasn't so useless at all! Far from it.
A.T.: whoa, what, are you saying you did to her, A.G.: not really the point! the point is I'm trying to pay you a compliment. at this point, you are so sad and disgusting, you should treat anything nice anyone has to say about you like a chest full of shimmering boonbucks. A.T.: okaaay, god, what, A.G.: like I said! Your plan was solid. controlling the guardian to go after jack was a fine idea. Sure would stir some shit up! better than being an insignificant stuttering piece of trash all the time, I say. and you were definitely on to something about doing it "irregardless" (lol) of her wishes. because it's for her own good! That's what winners do. They do what is right for someone they care about even if the other person does nothing but bitch and moan and act ungrateful about it. Better you learned late than never. in fact, I would go as far as saying that if you went ahead with her plan against her wishes, it might just earn you a smidgen of respect from me. we'll see. there's really just one catch. A.T.: oh, what's that, Next

[Image description: Vriska sits in front of her wall of Nic Cage posters with a red husktop on her lap.]

pesterlog A.G.: the catch is it's not going to work! A.T.: what isn't, A.G.: are you even listening to me? Man, clear the rufio wax out of your ears. you couldn't sic the guardian on noir even if you were inclined. Not even if I were to make you inclined! (winking face with eight eyes) A.T.: uhh, why, A.G.: because you are dealing with a pro here. I already thought of that. I thought of everything! Next

[Image description: Courtyard Droll and Draconian Dignitary stand in the remnants of Jack Noir's office. One of the walls is sliced in half and the Black Queen's blood is still splattered over the floor. He flails an arm at the left wall, which shows Dave's room when the books he copied from Rose were on the back of his toilet. CD's forehead has a black circle with Vriska's symbol on it.]

Pesterlog A.G.: the guardian is not going to attack the agents who engineered him in the first place. or who I should say were "encouraged" (lol) to engineer him. Next

[Image description: DD stares at the screen, which has zoomed in on the Meow book and copies of the beta.]
A.G.: I was striking a mutually beneficial arrangement! This is often the most effective way to manipulate others. I just sort of gave them an idea. Nudged them along in the direction of seizing more power, which they wanted to do anyway. Remember, I already have a lot of experience getting these simple minded agents to march to my drum beat. I was exiling them left and right in our session! I'm an expert at this by now.

A.T.: why would you do that,

Pesterlog

A.G.: tavros, at this point it should be obvious. I am the unseen hand behind every major event in their session, and to some extent, their whole lives. At least those events not happening by the volition of their own natural incompetence! Don't you think this is how it should be? Shouldn't the greatest player leave her fingerprints on every step of the rise to power of her ultimate nemesis?

A.T.: wow, no, that's,

I don't even know how to say all the ways I think that is crazy,

Pesterlog

A.G.: but you must agree, because you were copycatting my idea.

A.T.: no I wasn't,

A.G.: you were brazenly inserting yourself into jade's history. The self-insertion plan was my idea, and it's revolting and cowardly for you to deny it.

A.T.: that was, for a good thing though,


It's incredibly sad how outclassed you are. It's actually depressing that you thought you could beat me at my own game. And then most sickeningly of all, you don't own up it! I have every angle covered already. The human session is on full serket lockdown. Any effort you make to disrupt my plans will be laughable, just like everything you have ever done in your life. The only thing left to do now is prepare to kill jack myself, and save everyone's ungrateful asses. It's a shame you're not strong enough to take him on with me. Too bad you spent so long sleeping instead of turbo-leveling like me.

We might have made a pretty awesome team.

Oh well.

Page: retrieve arms.

Pesterlog

A.T.: okay, then,

All of your usual insulting things aside, my take on this is, that you created our impossibly hard bad guy, who wants to kill us,
and by association, I guess that makes, you the bad guy too, instead of a good guy who's just mean, A.G.: nice deduction! wrong, excruciatingly linear, and laced with the sort of absolutes morons like to throw around........ but nice!

Next

[Image description: He walks towards a staircase in a hall filled with spiderwebs, carrying his lance with him.]

Pesterlog
A.T.: and that being the case, even though I'm terrified of you, and not as strong, or real confident, only mostly fake confident, A.G.: yeeeeeeees? go on.
A.T.: I think, I am going to have to stop you, A.G.: yeah! That's the spirit. pretty weakslime threat there, but it's a start. tell you what. if you can find me in this lab, you can have at me. I'll even give you a free shot! No funny business or anything. A.T.: ok, then, here I come, A.G.: I'll be waitng. (heart)

Next

[Image description: Tavros falls down the stairs. 'Happen' is written in red comic sans next to him.]

Next

[Image description: Vriska still sits in her Cage shrine. A second image shows her screen. Trollian is open, and a viewport is open to a point on Jade's timeline. It shows her standing in a room in front of a large window exactly like the ones in Jack Noir's office. In front of her, there's the taxidermied body of Harley, Grandpa's old dog, and her dreamself, also taxidermied.]

Next

[Image description: It switches to just show that scene. The window turns on, showing a faintly flickering image of Andrew Hussie with smudges of grey face paint on his face, a headband with a single troll horn on it, and a black circle on his forehead bearing Vriska's symbol.]

AH: Ride.

[Image description: Andrew Hussie, as seen through the window, becomes the panel. Behind him, pink clouds move quickly across the screen.]
Yes.

Hell yes.

[Image description: He's riding the weird, goat (or maybe dog)-like dragon from The Neverending Story, but it has flashing cueballs for eyes. He pumps a fist in the air. In a mirror of what most of the audience is probably thinking, a note reading "wtf?" is drawn in, along with an arrow pointing to the dragon's eyes.

Hell.

[Image description: Three scribbly figures labeled 'bullies' stand in a field outside a large city. Andrew Hussie on the dragon flies in towards them.]

Fucking.

[Image description: He flies closer and the bullies begin to run away.]

Yes.

[Image description: The dragon barfs green slime, or fire, or maybe acid, onto the bullies. Who even knows anymore.]

And so came to an end the most heroic thing that ever happened in the history of metafiction.

Let's move on.

Heir: Level up.

[Image description: John sits on top of his echeladder, which spews boonbucks. He's leveled all the way up, past Planet Healer, Hammerkind Paragon, The Breeze Kneels, Ripetike, Man-Skylark, and Doctor Ragnarok. He's reached the highest tier of Heir Transparent. His hat has a glowing blue feather and he has 9,413,612 boonbucks.]

The Windy Thing subsides, and clear skies prevail. You soar to the highest rung, and rule over your echeladder as the Heir Transparent.

Boondollars fly.

Air: Cloud up.

[Image description: John looks out over an ocean of oil towards the distant shore. The clouds that blocked out the sky are all gone.]

Next

[Image description: The clouds curl back in, once again covering the sky and trapping fireflies beneath them.]

Next

[Image description: The cloud cover completes.]

The clouds have returned. The fireflies are still trapped. The spell remains unbroken.
There is commotion behind you. A nearby village, perhaps?


[Image description: The song Planet Healer begins to play. John stands on the shores of an oil ocean. There is a rocky outcropping to the east and his serious business goggles sit on the ground to the northwest. They have a Vriska alert over them. This panel is a walkthrough.

Click the control icon in the top left corner.
Use arrow keys (or wasd keys) to walk and spacebar to interact.

Walk north to the goggles.
Press space.
A command prompt appears.

Pick up serious business goggles.

You re-equip Serious Business Goggles! Would have sucked if you lost these.

Another command prompt appears immediately.

Answer Vriska

Vriska's talksprite appears on the right side of the screen.

Vriska: John.
Congratulations!!!!!!!

It switches to John's talksprite. He has short black hair that swoops across his forehead. His glasses are still square and he's wearing the black slimer shirt under an open green button up, as he has been for much of the comic. As they talk, it switches back and forth based on who's talking.

John: for what? you mean... that windy thing? did i actually do that somehow?
Vriska: Well, yes, you did. And I suppose congratulations are in order for that too.
but mostly, I am congratulating you........
For Gaining All the Levels!!!!!!!! (gasp face with eight eyes)
John: oh, right! i got to the top of my echeladder somehow. i didn't even really think it had a top, or that i would get there so fast.
so i guess that's it, then! don't have to worry about leveling up anymore. that's pretty neat.
Vriska: Don't be ridiculous, John.
While you may have technically gained all the levels just now, you did not truly gain all of them just yet.
In a way, this is really just the beginning.
John: it is?
Vriska: Yes. You are now ready to begin your ascent through the god tiers.
Nobody I know was able to progress this far anywhere near as fast and you, John. Not even me! I can't tell you how proud I am.
John: wow, really?
ok, what do i do?
Vriska: The thing is, from this point on, you can't make any progress while you're awake. So you've got to get to sleep!
but not just any boring old nap will do. You will need to go to sleep in a special bed.
You must find your Quest bed, John.
John: that sounds pretty cool. where is it?
Vriska: Not too far away! but rather than me telling you, why don't you talk to the locals and ask around?
I've helped you get this far, but at some point you are going to have to start taking some steps all by yourself. I think you're ready for that!
If you make the right decisions and play all your cards right, hell, you might even wind up at a higher tier than I did!
I hope this turns out to be the case. I am rooting for you all the way. Now get going and find that bed!!!!!!!
John: ok, i will! thanks a lot, vriska!

There is a salamander to the west. Talk to it.

Salamander: Did you see it?? It was there, after the Windy Thing!
John: see what?
Salamander: Oh gosh, I can't think of the word. The big flat thing thats as wide as possible, and up.
John: um...
Salamander: The dark colored ceiling that clouds stay under.
John: you mean... the sky?
Salamander: Yes! It was so beautiful. I hope to witness its miracle again one day before the end of my sadly short amphibious lifespan.

There is a parcel pyxis to the northeast, near a set of stairs. Open it.

You got a Minitablet

Go up the stairs.
John passes several of the cruxite trees and mushrooms. The stairs level out onto a flat path and turn towards the east. There's another salamander just after the curve. Talk to it.

Salamander: That was quite a bluster, wouldn't you say? It really had us all whipping around here, our little legs flailing every which way.
John: you must be talking about the windy thing.
yeah, uh. sorry about that.
Salamander: What would you have to be sorry about?
A great surge of The Breeze like that could only be summoned by the Heir! It means he's finally come!!! This is so exciting.
Please let me know if you see him.
John: heheh.

Continue along the path. A set of stairs descends into a village. There are only two buildings, one on the west side near where you entered and one on the east side. There is also a parcel pyxis near a set of stairs to the north and another set of stairs to the south. One salamander stands near the west building and two stand near the east one. Talk to the salamander by the west building.

Salamander: I thought for sure our mushroom was cooked! The Green Tragedy nearly consumed us all.
John: the green tragedy? oh...
you mean the fire?
Salamander: Yes. Word has spread of the global catastrophe. Thousands of lives were lost.
Luckily the Heir saved us! I'm going to pop a big friendly bubble in his face if I am ever lucky enough to meet him.
John: wow...
sounds like he's in for a treat!

Go to the pyxis and open it.

You got a Can of Tab!

Oh yes, you have been dying to try this beverage for a long time. Perfect timing too, since you are in need of a good sugar kick. This can should be jam packed full of real, actual sugar.

Blech. This stuff sucks.

Talk to the other salamanders.

Salamander: We must all come together and unify as a people after the terrible Green Tragedy. This harmonious union will mostly entail a lot of standing around and fidgeting hyperactively... together!

Salamander: Oh boy oh boy oh boy, I can't wait for the Heir to visit our village. Hey! Maybe he's here right now!
Maybe if I blow my spit bubble to be big enough, it will catch the Heir's reflection, and I will be able to bask in his magnificence.
Wait... I see someone in my bubble's reflection right now! Could it be... could it...
Oh, never mind. It's just a dumb boy with some square glass shapes on his face.
John: hey!!!

Head to the south stairs.
They curve east and end at another beach. At their base, there's another parcel pyxis. Open it.

You got... one of your Fake Arms?

Man, why do they have to rummage through your stuff and start mailing it all over the planet?

Go west, along the beach. There's a more open area where another pyxis and a baby salamander wait. Talk to the salamander.

John: hey little fella, where are your parents?
do salamanders even have parents?
oh, duh, of course they do. i guess what i mean is do you have a family or anything?
Salamander: glub
John: hmm, i already adopted one young salamander today. but, then i left her at my friend's house...
so i think i'll let you be. i dunno if i'm cut out to be a dad!
i mean, i don't even have a tie, or a pipe, or a really serious looking wallet or anything.
thinking about it is making me miss my dad. hey, i wonder if i'll see him when i sleep on my quest bed? i hope so.
anyway, thanks for listening. see you, little guy!
Salamander: glub

Open the pyxis.

A frog comes out of it.

You got More Illegal Contraband!

Dude, this frog is So Illegal. You'd better ditch this thing before a wily agent of Derse sees you
with it.

Go back to the area with the buildings and go to the north stairway. At the top, there is a T junction with a sign. It has one arrow pointing left and one pointing right.

Read the sign.

Left : village

Right : mushroom orchard, and also a secret grotto! shhhh.....

Head east, towards the mushroom orchard. Three salamanders stand on the path. Talk to them.

Salamander: Hey you! Don't go any further! The mushroom orchard has been commandeered by a frightening beast!
It is terribly powerful, unlike any underling I have ever seen, at least not before the Green Tragedy. The devil is making it nigh impossible to farm our goddamn mushrooms!

Salamander: Halt! We are guarding the mushroom orchard. It is for your own good. Do not pass.

Salamander: Guard guard guard. We are an elite team of village guards, guarding this orchard here. Together we represent an impenetrable edifice of amphibious fury. There is no way anyone is getting through. Public safety is assured.

Ignore their warnings and go east anyway.
A new area loads and the walkthrough zooms in on John. He stands on a stone path with a small river of oil blocking the north and some rocks blocking the south. Go east. There's a large open area with a single imp in it, but it randomly appears and disappears in showers of green sparks.

Attack it!
John pulls out Fear No Anvil and smacks the imp.
Every time you get a hit on it, it disappears, but so does a small amount of its health. Chase it around and kill it! Be careful, though. A single hit from it takes out a large portion of your health. It takes forever, but you eventually kill it. It drops 34 uranium.

There's a salamander frantically hoeing at some mushrooms in the southwest corner. Talk to it.

Salamander: No I don't give a shit that there's a ridiculously powerful and deadly imp running around the orchard. SOMEONE'S got to be farmin' all these goddamn fuckin' mushrooms, pain in the ass though truly it be.
So that's what I'm doing.
Standing around here
farmin' all these
goddamn fuckin' mushrooms.

Check and see if there's trickster mode in this flash. Press control + T

A passcode box appears. It reads
"Pap is to Nak as..."
fill in the password as "shoosh is to doof"

You are now Dave. Dave is drawn in a much more anime style and even runs kinda like Naruto,
leaning into the run and keeping his arms behind him.
This changes nothing.
Press control + T to be John again.

Go west and exit the orchard.
Walk back past the salamander and, this time, notice a break in the rocks. Go through the break and up another path. A short way up the path, there is a salamander wearing a ghostly bedsheet as a robe. Talk to it.

Salamander: You are entering the private and secluded alcove of the Clan of the Secret Wizard.
... shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Continue up the path.

There are so many salamanders here, all wearing ghostly bedsheet robes. There's also two parcel pyxi. Ignore the salamanders for now and go to the west pyxis.

You got Your Own Copy of Harry Anderson's 'wise Guy' Back!

Come on, this is getting ridiculous. Your prized belongings are being scattered to every corner of the globe!

Now continue to ignore the salamanders and go to the east pyxis.

You got a Firefly!

Poor guy was trapped in there. Off you go, little fella. Join your friends in the clouds.

Okay, now talk to the salamanders, going counterclockwise from the path.

Salamander: I fell asleep in a bush, and when I woke up, I was here, dressed in this absurd cloth. I am so confused, and a little afraid.

Next.

Salamander: Glub glub. Hey kid. See these robes? Let's get beholding here. Chop chop.

Next.

Salamander: behold my robes behold my robes behold my robes behold my robes behold my robes
John: ok, jeez!!! i am beholding them as hard as i can right now, whatever that means. are you satisfied?
Salamander: ................

Next.

Salamander: I am beholding someone without the proper attire in our presence. This is most improper.
John: Sorry. Where can I get some robes to join your club?
Salamander: You really think it's that easy? This is an exclusive guild, and entry is only permitted through brutal ritualistic hazing.
By which I mean, we have more of these damn robes than we know what to do with, and we zealously recruit new members with virtually no standards at all.
Would you like to join? I will take your robe measurements right now.
John: oh. nah, not really.
i don't really feel like walking around wrapped up in a stupid bedsheets.
Salamander: My tender ears have just been scalded by unthinkable blasphemies.

Next.

Salamander: I'm kind of not really into this. I'm just doing this because of peer pressure.
To be honest, I'm getting a little tired of beholding all these goddamn robes. What does beholding robes even mean? Like, just looking at them? Is that it?
Don't tell anyone I said that!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Next.

Salamander: I am going to ask you to do something. And it's totally up to you if you would like oblige. No pressure or anything.
John: um... do you by any chance want me to behold your robes?
Salamander: You are an amazing genius and I love you.

Next.

Salamander: Would you like to hear the story of the Clan of the Secret Wizard, and why you presently have the privilege of beholding my divine robes?
John: but... those are my bedsheets! how did you get them?
Salamander: Silence. I will not entertain such pluck from the lowly unenrobed. Our great elder, the magnificent Secret Wizard was one day graced with the First Rag of Souls from the clouds.
He donned the oily, humble cloth and assumed the countenance of a simple beggar.
But lo, he beheld a great pillar of rock, and on that pillar he beheld an impossibly tall white tower belonging to the fabled Heir of Breath.
And so our leader ascended this pillar and this tower, but found no sign of the heir.
He did however find the Heir's floating blue servant, and she laundered his robes, and so the Rag of Souls was born anew.
Such was his magnanimity, he employed the Heavenly Machina to duplicate this relic and distribute robes to his many followers across the land, so that they too might be beheld with a beholdeye of admiration.
So it was, and so it shall have been behelt.
Now go. May beheld robes be with you always.

Next.

Salamander: Glub glub glub glub glub glub, yeah, just behold my robes already, ok? Sheesh.

Next.

Salamander: Where is your Rag of Souls? You look absolutely ridiculous. Our secret society beholds you as foolish.

Next.

Salamander: Behold my robes, good sir. Behold them and may peace behold you.

Now leave. Go back to the fork in the pathway and, this time, head west, entering the main section of the village. There are several buildings, a well, a few parcel pyxi, and many salamanders. Just go around clockwise and see what you come to.
There's a salamander immediately north of the path. Talk to it.

Salamander: I thought the spell was broken there for a moment! The clouds went away, and the fireflies were all buzzing around, acting disoriented. But then the clouds came back! To be honest, I was a little relieved. I have grown fond of them. And if the fireflies were to escape from above, I would miss them dearly! They're really pretty, and they're my friends.
John: aw...

There's a shop. Talk to the attendant.

Snack vendor: welcome! Looking for something tasty today???

A menu appears.
Snack stand
Cone of bugs - 5 boonbucks
Onion - 10 boonbucks
Tasty mushroom - 10 boonbucks
Jar of bugs - 15 boonbucks
Mushroom shake - 15 boonbucks
Big boy mushroom - 25 boonbucks
Grasshopper - 100 boonbucks
A note at the bottom says "escape to exit"
You can buy whatever you want. You have more than enough boonbucks to go around.

There's a salamander immediately west of the snack stand. Talk to it.

Salamander: Our village has the best snack stand in the land! It offers the juiciest bugs and most succulent onions!
I'm so hungry. Alas, I have not a single boondollar to pop my bubble with.
John: i've got loads of boondollars! here, i will treat you to a nice lunch.
[The salamander got 100 boondollars!]

Salamander: Oh god oh god oh god, this is like a small fortune!
I can finally afford to try the most sublime delicacy on the menu. But, if I opt for that, I can afford nothing else that is tasty. Hmm...
John: yes, i guess having money leads to some complicated decisions. oh well, enjoy!
Talk to that salamander again.

Salamander: I blew all my money on a grasshopper. It was...
Well, it was ok I guess.

Go to the next salamander, who is standing outside a house.

Salamander: Hey hey! I heard a rumor that you were some kind of Mr. Moneybags over here. Well boy do I have an offer for you.
John: what is it?
Salamander: A treasure! It will cost you 10,000 boondollars to discover what it is, and obtain it.
John: wow, 10,000? that's a lot...
but really, i guess it's not so much, since i have millions.
Salamander: Millions?? Why didn't you say so. I revise my offer to 100,000 boondollars.
John: hey! you can't do that.
i will pay you 10,000, and that's my final offer!
Salamander: You drive a hard bargain out of that silly toothed mouth of yours. Very well, the deal has been made.

You got a Smuppet!!!;
John: aaaaauuuuugh, it was was one of dave's dumb butt puppets?? i hate these things! what a ripoff.

Talk to that salamander again.

Salamander: Oh wealthy tooth boy. I have another offer for you.
John: i'm not doing business with you anymore, you scoundrel!

There's a salamander by the well in the center of the clearing. Talk to it.

Salamander: All that commotion very nearly woke The Slumbering One, I think! That would have been dreadful.
But he is still asleep. I am sure that only the Heir can wake him, and break the spell over this land.
It's said the Heir will wake the denizen by playing a magical song only he can play, and when he wakes up, the Heir will meet the terrible beast face to face!
It is then that he will be offered The Choice. The nature of the Heir's triumph depends on what he chooses!
Then the Heir will lead us all to a beautiful place, with the most bristling insect furrows and the richest, dampest mushroom soil you could hope to farm.
Or so the story goes! Probably a lot of bullshit if you ask me.

There's a parcel pyxis near a set of stairs on the north side of the village. Open it.

Whoaaa! You got a whole booncase!!!!!!!

...............

But it's empty, and therefore worthless. Too bad. You guess riches aren't quite so easy to come by.

Ignore the stairs for now and continue going counterclockwise around the village.

There's a flagpole near a toppled pipe. Examine it.

The flag is at half mast in honor of the heroes who lost their lives to the Green Tragedy.

It fades to a scene of the alchemiter on John's balcony. A handful of salamanders stand on or near it, surrounded by giant cans of barbasol shaving cream and jetpacks. Clicking brings up a text box.

Many brave firefighters deployed from the Heir's tower to extinguish the flames. Alas, they were all overwhelmed by its fury.

The salamanders blast off from John's house, carrying cans of shaving cream.

A memorial would be erected in their honor. It would be inscribed with the last words so frequently overheard, words of wisdom to remember.
How can shaving cream be so flammable?
How indeed, brave heroes.
How indeed.
It fades back to John at the flagpole. Two salamanders stand just south of the toppled pipe. One wears a crumpled tophat. Talk to the one without the hat first.

Salamander: Oh man, look at that dashing style. Rumpled head objects are all the rage these days! I would love to wear one, but I just don't have the money.
John: hmm, well, i agree it is important to keep up with the fashions. tell you what, i will give you some money for a hat, so that you can be one of the coolest salamanders in town! here you go...

The salamander got 1000 boondollars!

A hat appears on the salamander's head.

Salamander: oh my god oh my god oh my god oh my god oh my god oh my god oh my god oh my god oh my god thank you so much, I love my new rumpled head object, and I love you.
John: heheheh. you're welcome.

Talk to the same salamander again.

Salamander: thank you thank you thank you thank you thank you thank you thank you thank you thank you

Talk to the one who already had a hat.

Salamander: I am the absolute pinnacle of fashionability. Marvel at the object upon my head, and admire the lustre of its velveteen rumples. It was so expensive.

The next building is a shop with a picture of a crumpled hat on the side. Talk to the attendant.

Haberdasher: hello! Looking for a head object that is rumpled and unsightly?
Haberdasher: all of our head objects are rumpled and unsightly, fortunately!

Another menu appears.
Rumpled head object - 1,000 boonbucks
Even rumplier head object -2,000 boonbucks
The rumpliest head object of all - 5,000 boonbucks

Go around to the south side of the village. Another salamander stands near the well.

Salamander: Shhh... listen.
Do you hear that? He is still asleep, thank goodness.
But when the Windy Thing was kicking up all that fuss, it sounded like he was not happy at all.
It makes him absolutely furious when anyone other than him bends The Breeze to his will! It is not pleasant for anybody.
Luckily there is only one person who can do that, and he is surely a mythical figure, who only morons believe in.

Approach the well and climb the steps to it.

Look inside.
The music cuts out and it shows the inside of the well. The bottom is lost in darkness. It zooms in until the whole screen is dark and the sound of faint, distant wind starts up. A moment later, it cuts back to the village and the music begins again.

There's another pyxis to the south. Open it.
You got a Smuppet!


Go north, up the stairs you previously ignored.

There's a shop there that has a sign that shows a music note and a sword crossing. Talk to the attendant.

Merchant: What will it be today?

Another menu appears. There are symbols next to each of the items.

Fraymotif shop
(two wavy lines, as seen in the alert when karkat was yelling at john to do the windy thing)
feathercadence - 10,000,000 boonbucks
(two wavy lines) pneumatic progression - 100,000,000 boonbucks
(two wavy lines) breathless battaglia - 1,000,000,000 boonbucks
(two wavy lines) (gear) ivories in the fire - 10,000,000,000 boonbucks
(two wavy lines) (stylized sun) mixolydian maelstrom - 200,000,000,000 boonbucks
(two wavy lines) (nested lines radiating out into a swirl) fantasia's inhale - 1,000,000,000,000 boonbucks

Try to buy Feathercadence.

Argh, if only you hadn't given stupid Dave that stupid boonbuck, you could have bought this!!!

STRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIDEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Try to buy any of the others.

Yeah, you you're not even remotely close to being able to afford this thing. Whatever it is.

There's another salamander standing near the shop. Talk to it.

Salamander: It is this way to what we locals call The Glow Shape. It is above the thing that the Heir will take his most important and legendary naps upon.
John: oh! that must be my quest bed!
er... i mean the heir's quest bed.
i almost forgot i was being all sneaky and incognito here.
Salamander: My response to that will simply be a singular, unintelligent and unpunctuated glub.
glub

Go north.

It fades to a panning shot of a blue canyon. A massive blue pillar that's wider at the base and narrow at the top sticks out of the ground. A path winds up it, to where something sits on top of it. Above it, the symbol of two wavy lines hovers in the air, pulsing with a white light.

You have found your destination. What would you like to do?

A command prompt appears with three options.
Proceed to Quest Bed.
Keep exploring village.
Start over.
Starting over, predictably, starts the walkaround over.

Keep exploring village returns you to the path.

Proceed to quest bed cuts out the music and the screen fades to black.

This is the end of the walkaround. Now go to the next page.

John: Proceed to Quest Bed.

[Image description: John stands on top of the pillar. The object on top is a massive, 4-post bed. The posts are easily 15 feet high and capped with grey orbs. The wavy lines are printed on the bed itself, which is cracked slightly, like it's a slab of rock rather than a true bed.]

John: Take legendary nap.

[Image description: John sits on the edge of the quest bed. A Vriska alert appears next to his serious business goggles.]

pesterlog
E.B.: ok, i think i'm ready to take this legendary nap!
and then climb the god tiers, i guess?
A.G.: Yes, exactly! Pretty exciting, isn't it?
E.B.: yeah...
maybe it is a little TOO exciting.
A.G.: What's that mean?
E.B.: i am not sleepy at all!
also, this is not much of a bed. more like a really hard slab of rock.
i don't see how i will be able to sleep.
A.G.: John.
Would you like me to put you to sleep?
E.B.: um...
you mean, you're asking me this time, instead of just doing it?
what happened to you wanting to be responsible for me becoming a hero!
A.G.: John, I am clearly involved in your rise to power now regardless. That can't be changed!
I am giving you the option, because at some point a hero has to start making choices.
Once you take a break from hunting treasure and stop getting distracted by side quests, you eventually realize that's what this game is all about.
The choices you make affect the destiny of the universe you create, as well as the type of hero you become.
It would have been nice if someone was around to explain all this to me, and let me have some control over my own fate.
I had to do this a much less pleasant way. I'm sparing you that indignity.
besides, it's not like you're some loser who doesn't know how to make tough decisions.
So what'll it be, John?
E.B.: well...
i'm supposed to go to sleep to realize my destiny...
and you have the ability to make me do that, so...
i don't really see the harm in that.
it sounds like it is just the practical thing to do.
A.G.: Am I hearing a "yes," John?
E.B.: yes, that is my decision.
vriska, please put me to sleep!
A.G.: You got it. (heart)

Next

[Image description: John sits on the bed, then suddenly topples over, fast asleep.]

Next

[Image description: John continues to sleep on the quest bed.]

Next

[Image description: Bec Noir looks down on John from above.]

Next

[Image description: Noir stands over John, holding his sword and wearing Bro's glasses. John sleeps on.]

Next

[Image description: John lays on his back, bleeding heavily from where Jack stabbed him in the chest. The sword disappears in a flash of green static.]

pesterlog
A.G.: (smiley face wearing four pairs of sunglasses)

[S] JOHN. RISE UP.

[Image description: A loading screen shows the slime creature from John's shirt. A red line fades in on it, and it spreads, until the entire screen is taken up by red. It fades to black, then to the view of someone looking up through tree branches to the trapped fireflies. Savior of the Waking World begins to play. It pans down over John's quest bed, then onto his body. It zooms out, showing him on W.V.'s viewscreen. Serenity hovers nearby. W.V. looks up in shock. It flashes white, then to the drawings of the planets W.V. made. It zooms in on the oily one, then fades to LoWaS as viewed from space. It zooms in, quickly passing the clouds, and eventually focuses in on John. Fireflies descend on him and wind starts up. The orbs on top of the posts glow brightly and it zooms out. The symbol above the bed descends and the whole area glows blue. John, too, begins to glow. W.V. watches in shock. It fades to John in his prospit pajamas, also glowing. A red spot appears over a yellow moon, and expands. It zooms out. John's dreamself is laying on a grey slab that resembles the quest bed. Then he begins to fade. A spinning spirograph appears around the bed. W.V., in the past, when he was still on the battlefield, stares up at something in awe. That something begins to glow brightly. It pans up to a checkerboard version of the pillar the quest bed was on. A blue glow and wind lines expand out from the pillar. Suddenly, it pulses white and washes out the whole screen. John's body, silhouetted against the light, rises slowly. The background turns blue and John turns yellow. Blood appears across his chest and dripping down his arms. The spirograph and several lights surround him. It focuses in on his hand. The yellow sleeve of his prospit pajamas and the blood both disappear. It fades to Jade, staring up at something in awe. Then to Dave doing the same. Then to Rose. The screen turns black and Skaia fades in, surrounded by spirographs. The wavy line symbol appears in the center of Skaia. It zooms in until the symbol is all that's on screen. It fades to light blue as the background turns brighter blue. It zooms out. The symbol is on a shirt. John's shirt. Who
is alive, standing, and staring down at his hands in shock. He's also wearing a darker blue hood, blue pants, and yellow shoes.

It zooms out more. He's in one of the Clouds of Skaia.

It zooms out more and he stares up at the vision of himself in that cloud, which fades to an image of his dead body on his quest bed as everything but him and the cloud fade to black.

Another scene closes in around it, putting the cloud's vision onto W.V.'s screen. That, too, goes black. W.V. stares up in shock. It fades to black again.

Bec Noir appears on W.V.'s screen. It fades to static. The screen turns off with a fading white line, like an old television.

A command prompt section fades in. A sburb house logo tops the screen.

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Next

[Image description: Dave, who is wearing a green suit, sleeps on his own quest bed.]

Next

[Image description: Dave from some other point in the timeline, who is wearing his broken record shirt, appears, holding a broken Caledscratch. It flashes and is suddenly whole again.]

Dave: Pester Terezi.

[Image description: Red shirt Dave stands over green suit Dave. There's a Terezi alert over his iShades.]

pesterlog

T.G.: ok
G.C.: what (confused face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: what do you mean what
G.C.: I mean what are you waiting for!
are you going to just stand there, or are you going to suck it up and assassinate that nice looking dave in his sleep? (smiley face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: but
you know if im going to or not
its lame for you to pretend theres any element of suspense here
why dont you just tell me
G.C.: oh I get it
you want to rise to the god tiers and become as great as john
while still forfeiting all of your decisions and free will to a blind girl in another dimension
real heroic, dave!
or should I say
soooo cooooool (smiley face with shades and furrowed brows)
T.G.: look I dont mind making the decision if thats whats going on here
like doing the free will thing
G.C.: oh is that a thing now?
T.G.: yes how would it ever stop being a thing
being a things not something it ever stopped doing
I just want to know whats really going on here
before I decide to start choppin off the heads of outrageously good looking snoozing dudes
G.C.: I told you you need to die on your quest bed to reach the god tier in skaia with john
T.G.: ok I know but something about this doesn't add up who is this guy
I don't remember sleeping on this bed or reaching the god tier im pretty sure that's something i remember so is he from the future does this mean later im going to have to put this ugly goddamn suit back on on which I thought we both agreed id retired from the wardrobe forever and then go back in time and sleep in this bed and get killed by me right now do I have the stable loop right
G.C.: nope!
T.G.: then what
G.C.: I can tell you but first, are you so sure this is the source of your hesitation, dave? keeping track of temporal logistics?
T.G.: why wouldn't I be concerned about that if we make mistakes then dead daves start piling up and dead daves are the enemy remember says the sword holding guy whos about to add one to the pile
G.C.: im just saying it isn't easy for anyone to face their own death even if the consequence is to their benefit not even any of us managed to do it well, except for one
T.G.: who
G.C.: take a wild guess!
T.G.: ok got it I wonder if this can finally be the conversation that doesn't deteriorate into a lot of bitching and moaning about her
G.C.: fine (tongue sticking out face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: so if im understanding this this guy isn't from the future who came back to finish a loop and hes not from the past because id remember doing this so this isn't part of our timeline choreography at all must be from an offshoot timeline which means hes doomed
G.C.: yes
T.G.: ok so how did this happen where did we fuck up
G.C.: we didn't! sorry about this dave it was the best way I could think of to show you what this involves! you wouldn't stop bugging me about why you'd never be able to catch up with john I told you you wouldn't be able to face your death and that wasn't good enough for you! So here we are
T.G.: what exactly did you do

Next

[Image description: A screen shows Trollian open with many, many Dave timelines open. Some have large darkened chunks, likely when Dave wasn't in the linear flow of time. One of them stops]
about halfway up the screen. Three different timelines have viewscreens open. One shows green suit Dave in a grey facility of some sort with a Terezi alert over his iShades. One shows Dave standing over himself on the quest bed, focusing on the green suit Dave. One shows the same scene, but focused on the Dave in the record shirt.

pesterlog

G.C.: ok, remember when you were asking me about this god tier stuff and how john was able to ascend and I told you it would involve dying and you kept going on about it, so I gave you a choice to find out now, or find out later
T.G.: yeah I remember that seems like a long time ago already what was that like more than a day for me chronologically G.C.: yes but it was only a couple minutes ago for me you finally wore me down with all your recent pestering! so I said fine and went back a little earlier on your timeline to kick this off so this is how we are doing this now T.G.: ok but you didnt actually give me a choice you just flipped a coin G.C.: yeah and I left the decision over the outcome of the flip in your hands! (smiley face with furrowed brows)

Next

[Image description: A coin flips through the air with faint 'shoosh' sound effects written in.]

pesterlog

G.C.: maybe you forgot I wouldnt blame you since there has been a lot to keep track of but here is how it went down you were strutting around in your delicious kiwi eight ball suit and running your fresh mouth as usual durp yo terezi sup sup gotta beat john gotta beat john hes got a long hood and he does wind, how can I get powers too? oops red is how I talk, my bad

[Note: She switches to typing in red.]

G.C.: oh my god... dave this is so decadent why didnt you ever tell me how amazing it is to type like this I almost cant handle it (gasping face with furrowed brows) T.G.: ok stop that shit is probably like crack to you im not going to stand by and watch you fall prey to your own wild cherry apeshit apocalypse G.C.: ok (frowning face with furrowed brows) so anyway, im like dave thats going to involve facing your own death and im sorry to break it to you but I dont think youre ready for that so then dave is like thats so stupid bluh bluh im being difficult, and cool, word up
so I say fine
I will show you
but only if you promise to the exact terms of my arrangement, in order to protect the integrity of
the timeline (smiley face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: the arrangement being the coin flip thing
thank god we did that otherwise we'd be screwed
I probably would have gone back in time and killed my own grandfather oh wait I never had one
G.C.: ah, but it was important!
you just didn't know what was going on, which was for your own good
I told you I was going to flip a coin
and before I did, you had to pick a side without telling me
good heads or bad heads
and you were like hey sure terezi I will hella go along with your two face thing
whatever that means (uncertain face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: oh yeah
G.C.: what did that mean, by the way
whats a two face thing
T.G.: twoface is a human batman villain who's half ugly and flips coins all the time to make evil
decisions
G.C.: oh...
well thats kind of disheartening, I sort of thought my coin flipping was a cool and unique thing
(sad face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: its ok flippin coins for reasons is still pretty badass I guess
why don't you finish your story

Next

[Image description: It shows a chart on a red background. It's split in two. At the top of each half, there is a picture of her coin. One side is scratched, one is unscratched. On the left, the unscratched coin leads to green suit Dave pulling out his timetables. An arrow points to a picture and is labeled 'back in time, go to sleep'. On the right side, the same green suit dave changes into his broken record shirt. An arrow points to the same picture as the other side, but this one is labeled 'wait for future, back in time'. The picture they both point to is of green suit dave on the questbed with record shirt dave standing over him. There's also commentary on the picture. Sleeping Dave is labeled "zzz muh". Record shirt dave is labeled "shh only dreams"
Under this picture is a picture of Terezi shrugging hard with 'Now What?' written above her.]

pesterlog
G.C.: right
so the choice if you recall was
I could show you how to reach the god tier now
or I could show you later
and you had to assign one option to good heads
and the other option to bad heads
and whatever the result of the flip, you had to promise to do what you committed to before hand!
G.C.: no cheating and changing your mind, or that would fuck it up
T.G.: right exactly
so like I said before I had no choice at all I picked some options and you flipped a coin
G.C.: yes, but leaving the choice to you was important here
you'll see why if you think about it
T.G.: not seein it
I picked good heads to mean you'd show me now
bad heads to mean youd show me later
you said it came up bad heads
so I was like ok I can wait
and I did for like a whole day
and now here you are showing me
did I miss something
G.C.: yes
you forgot that there was also an offshoot reality in which you made just the opposite decision!
that was the one where bad heads meant I would show you right away
remember before the flip, I instructed you what to do in that event
to go back in time, and await further instruction
and you did!
he did, that is
he went back in time, and I told him to find this bed and go to sleep
and then future dave would come later and kill him, sending him to the god tier if he so willed
if he could find the wherewithall to go through with it
the sleeping dave is the doomed dave, the one who didnt wait
future dave is you, the one who waited
in your quest, youre the alpha dave
hes you (smiley face with shades and furrowed brows)

Dave: Show him your stabs.

[picture: Dave stands over his doomed self, sword at the ready.]

pesterlog
T.G.: then
this is kind of useless isnt it
I thought you were bringing me back here to finish a stable time loop not murder a guy you punked
whos gonna die regardless
whats the fucking point of giving a doomed version of myself superpowers anyway
G.C.: maybe he will stop being doomed after you kill him?
maybe he will get the dave powers and live a long and cool life not being doomed anymore
how would you know unless you take a stab at it?
hehehe
T.G.: its just the worst thing when you get morbid
G.C.: (tongue sticking out face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: anyway maybe
but I kind of doubt thats how it works I mean
doomed means doomed doesnt it
the loopholes are only temporary like look how davesprite turned out
G.C.: (sad face with furrowed brows)
rip mr orange creamsicles, may he rest in deliciousness
T.G.: am I wrong in guessing that
shouldnt you know better than me
G.C.: dave when it comes to time stuff, why would the seer of mind know better than the knight of
time?
T.G.: I dont know
what does being a seer of mind actually mean
G.C.: that is
a greeeeeat question (smiley face with furrowed brows)
maybe if you think about it you can figure it out yourself
T.G.: oh ok its someone who asks a bunch of dumb riddles I figured it out already
G.C.: yeah right!!!
T.G.: lets not get derailed here
we were talking about a serious issue and im standing over my soon to be corpse while holding a
fucking sword
G.C.: ok, that is fair
you are probably correct about doomed mr kiwisuit here
paradox space is pretty vicious about punishing those in violation of its plan
T.G.: punishing
G.C.: sure
it finds ways to annihilate the paths which do not contribute constructively to its own propagation
and it is equally merciless to those who inhabit them, and in particular, those who cause them
it appears to have a sense of justice, dont you think?
T.G.: I guess
G.C.: well, you asked what I thought, and thats what I think
the question remains
now what??

Next

[Image description: Terezi grins at her computer screen, which lights her with a red glow. A coin
she flipped spins next to her.]

pesterlog
T.G.: I dunno none of this is making for a very persuasive argument that I should kill doomed me
G.C.: but he is going to die anyway!
why not just be the one to put him down?
at the very least, you could make sure it is a pleasant demise instead of something nastier (smiley
face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: see
this shit youre doing now
this is the morbid shit I was talking about
its not anywhere near as endearing as you probably think
even when you bracket smile after it
like ok you said something fucked up but hey theres a cute face my heart just fucking melted
G.C.: dave, we both know my bracket smiles are irresistible
(smiley face with furrowed brows times 3)
T.G.: ok yeah youre right I just got won back over totally
I think
this whole thing was a ruse
and not even the funny kind that qualify as distactions
I think you got my whole timeline there in front of you and you know damn well I have no
intention of killing this guy ever
and its just a big game you set up to watch me squirm over weird mortality issues while you giggle
G.C.: yeah
so?????
T.G.: so
I guess
well played?????
I dont know
just one question
and please just drop your fucking justice riddles and be honest
do I ever make the god tier
like the right way
G.C.: very well, I will stop tormenting you dave
no, you dont
but that is not as bad as it sounds!
like I said, none of us made it
except for... Ok never mind
it wasnt necessary! We were already breezing through the game at our lower levels
by the time we reached the top of our echeladders and mastered our fraymotifs, we were
completely dominating!
ok, so the end boss was more challenging than we expected
but by then it was too late to go back and do anything about it, and we had an army of lethal
psychic robots to help us
it all worked out in the end
why do you think I had you buy all those fraymotifs?
even if youre not quite where john is, youre still a pretty deadly weapon (smiley face with furrowed
brows)
T.G.: ok
then cool I guess I can live without wearing a sweet windsock hoodie and making time tornadoes
or whatever
I was only bugging you about it cause you were being so vague
G.C.: yes I know
I thought it was better to show you what was involved
its one thing to say sup sup terezi help me be a god sup sup sup
but facing it is different
our race is not exactly uncomfortable in the proximity of death
but it was still a challenge we werent prepared for
and then
jack killed our dream selves
and I guess we lost that chance for good (sad face with furrowed brows)

Next

[Image description: The coin flies through the air.]

pesterlog
T.G.: alright then
I guess thats enough of this horseshit time to move on right
G.C.: sure
if you really want to leave poor doomed dave here to his own devices
T.G.: I dont even want to be around when he wakes up ill be weird and awkward
G.C.: I dont suppose I could talk you into putting him out of his misery based on the result of a
coin flip (very happy face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: no fuck no
put your fucking death coin away jesus
I am forbidding you from ever flipping that coin again when youre talking to me or even thinking
about me
G.C.: fine!!!! Wow dave
so touchy about a silly little coin
youre overestimating its relevance here anyway
in fact
after I flipped it, I didnt even look at the result!
T.G.: what you didn't
G.C.: nope
dave, why would a blind girl look at a coin she can't even see?
it doesn't make sense!
T.G.: that's fucking idiotic
you could smell a flea off a dog's balls
G.C.: (uncertain face with furrowed brows)
dave see
this shit you're doing now
this is the gross shit I was talking about
it's not anywhere near as endearing as you think ahahahahaha
T.G.: this is bs
so ok your coinflip of death was meaningless great to know
is there anything else we need to do here
I sent you the money I got all the fraymotifs tell me what is there that's left besides you jerking me around
probably time we chill out for a while and I get back in sync with my teammates
G.C.: oh yes, I know
you've got some work to do, I can take a hint and give you some space to do it (happy face with furrowed brows)
jade is going to need your help on her nice frosted marshmallow planet
T.G.: then I guess that's where I'll go
G.C.: and if you can find it in your coolkid heart not to stay mad at me, feel free to get in touch any time
T.G.: ok
I mean
im not even actually mad I just
I dunno
G.C.: (gasping face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: I still don't really get what you did
was the trick really necessary
it sounds like
the splitoff was a result of both possible decisions I could have made
and had fuckall to do with your coin or randomness or luck
G.C.: exactly!!!
see you do get it
T.G.: get what
G.C.: you asked what it means to be the seer of mind
T.G.: yeah
and
I obviously still don't know
G.C.: ok then ill just ask this
how much of your reality do you think is made of what's in your mind?
T.G.: I don't know sounds like a riddle
fuck it ill just say all of it
I mean that is the answer right
G.C.: smartass (tongue sticking out face with furrowed brows)
it is not a riddle, it is a serious question, there is a big difference dave
if you see what's in your mind clearly and understand the power your thoughts have
then you understand reality while everyone else is running around confused and angry and upset
because they think reality is something happening to them
rather than something they are making every moment with every thought
T.G.: oh ok
G.C.: how well do you think you know your mind dave?
T.G.: really well
I know it biblically its an obscene nsfw spectacle
G.C.: hehehe
I dont know what that means but I know it is probably a rude joke!
T.G.: means my skull is a bucket and my brains a plump fuckgrub
G.C.: gross dave is gross!!!
but I knew that too
I know your mind better than you
T.G.: oh do you
G.C.: I am not psychic, but I have the sight seers are meant to have
it was my role to have it
to talk to people and see the tunnels and vortices in their minds and to understand the realities they
would create if those thoughts lead to action
for my enemies, I was meant to bring about the inherent retribution flowing from the reality made
by their own evil thoughts
and for my friends, to protect them from their tendency to underestimate the power their confusion
has over their fate
to keep them out of trouble, dave (happy face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: is that what you were doing just now
G.C.: maybe I was!
you never know, seers are notoriously cryptic in their ways
T.G.: yeah no fuck
G.C.: anyway, its been fun dave
its been so fun because
the more people try to hide
the more they show me
so I guess thats how I know
I like you so much (very happy face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: man
you are just
some kind of knowitall arent you
what else do you know
G.C.: hmm
I know some very important things
T.G.: like
G.C.: I know that you were on to something when you said luck wasnt involved with the coin flip
T.G.: yeah because
you didnt even look
it was like
schrodinger's fucking coin
and then
it turned into schrodinger's fucking dave
G.C.: ricky schrodinger?
T.G.: yeah
G.C.: well yes, that may be true, but even so I do know that luck is a very real thing!
fortune is the essence of light, and it shines on those whove mastered it
but I know something more important than this
it is a big secret
maybe the biggest and most important secret of all
T.G.: what
G.C.: luck doesn't actually matter (happy face with shades and furrowed brows)

Vriska lays on the ground in a pool of her own blood. The stone is pink, like her land's.

Tavros sits by her side, his rocket chair not that far away. His legs are non-robotic and her blood is splattered all over the rock face.

Tavros looks down in horror. A command prompt is just above his head. This is it runt.

Here's yer chance]

KISS HER

He leans in closer and pinches his eyes shut. Swirling blue lines like the ones from John's windy thing come out of his mouth.

KISS THAT GIRL YOU WIMP

A hand covered in Vriska's blue blood shoots up and grabs him by the throat.

AW FER CRYING OUT LOUD

Tavros sits next to Vriska, choking himself and looking horrified. Two command prompts are on screen.
You make me sad runt
Just shaking my head here.]

THATS IT

Tavros reaches out and dips his finger in Vriska's blood. Three command prompts are on screen.
I can't take it anymore
I got to stop playing games fer girls
Yer on yer own runt]

Next

A message is written in Vriska's blood and typing quirk, but by Tavros's hand.
Oh, now you want to kiss me????????
Little late, don't you think]

Next

[Image description: Vriska makes him write another message in her blood.
Save your breath, page. I ain't dead just yet.]

Next

[Image description: He writes another message, this one just above her head.
Besides…. Plenty of time for that later (smiley face with eight eyes, but the smile is smeared)]

Next

[Image description: Tavros flies off in his rocket chair with Vriska draped across his lap. Another
message is written on a rock in her blood.
Pick me up. Need to get somewhere fast.
Are you ready to flyyyyyyyyy, Pupa?]

Next

[Image description: A trail of smoke leads to a small island in the sea with a wooden walkway
spiraling to the top of a flat topped mountain. On that mountain, there is a yellow structure shaped
somewhat like a stereotypical beehive. A stylized sun hovers just above the structure, glowing
brightly.]

Next

[Image description: Vriska lays on a round quest bed made of orange rock with a yellow sun on it.]

Next

[Image description: Tavros, who is smeared in Vriska's blood, takes out his lance and looks at it
with an expression that clearly says he doesn't want to do this.]

Next

[Image description: Vriska writes another message through him.
I won't make you do it.
This is up to you.
Here's your chance!]

Next

[Image description: And another, this one down the side of the bed.
but do it fast, ok?
Please don't make me bleed to death slowly.]

Thief.
[Image description: Vriska and Terezi's dream selves stand near the chain on Prospit's moon. Vriska has her hands to her temples and is splattered with her own blood. Two command prompts are on screen, and they use the same fancy font as the exile who spoke to Rose.]

Thief.
Why not take control?]

Next

[Image description: Vriska makes Tavros write another message.]

NO!!!!!!!!!
This is his decision.
I know he can do it]

Next

[Image description: Tavros sits next to her on the quest bed with his lance in one hand. Another message is written above the bed.]

Tavros, hurry up!]

Next

[Image description: Tavros writes another message, this one right across her forehead and closed eyes.]

KILL ME]

Next

[Image description: He writes the same across his own forehead and looks absolutely horrified. Brown tears spill down his cheeks.]

Steal his will.

[Image description: Vriska's dreamself is nearly covered in her own blood and she begins screaming. Terezi takes notice and looks shocked. Two commands are on screen in the fancy font.]

It is what a thief does.
End this.]

Next

[Image description: Tavros crouches in a pool of Vriska's blood in front of another message.]

Nooooooooooooooooo
Do It You Coward
Kill Me Kill Me Kill Me

Kill me is repeated dozens of times and continues off screen.]
Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevy Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 5: Hivebent, Act 2: He is Already Here, Part 3

DD: Next SWITCH 4

[Image description: Diamond Droog puts out a cigarette on a desk next to a keyboard, which has an Ace of Diamonds card tucked under the corner.]

Take her out.

[Image description: Writing in Vriska's blood continues. AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
Halfway down, it begins to mingle with brown blood, then slowly becomes mostly brown. A large smear leads off to the left. In the top left corner, a message from Droog reads
You're making a mess, junior.]

Finish her.

[Image description: Tavros's hands, which are covered in both Vriska's and his own blood, tremble. A message from Droog at the top of the screen reads
Whatcha waiting for.]

What are you.

[Image description: Tavros grabs his head. He's absolutely covered in Vriska's blood. He's crying and his tears are brown. A message from Droog reads
Some kind of wimp?]

Next

[Image description: Tavros flies away from the island in his rocket chair, still bloodied and crying. Behind him, the beehive-like structure containing the questbed begins to shake and crack. Beams of light spill out from these cracks, on of which contains a white object that looks like an arm.]

Next

[Image description: The beehive explodes.]

Next

[Image description: Vriska's dreamself, who is covered in her own blood and screaming, fades to white, then vanishes. Terezi looks on in horror, then confusion.]
Rise up, Thief.

[Image description: Vriska hovers against a blue background. She’s wearing an orange tunic, leggings, boots, and a hood with two long tails. The stylized sun icon is on her chest in yellow, and two large, blue, butterfly wings extend from her back. She looks quite pleased with herself.]

Next

[Image description: A screen in the 12-screen arrangement for the trolls turns off.]

Snowman: Escape.

[Image description: Snowman stands against a grey wall with her whip, the black inches, hanging on a peg behind her. She fades to black, then that outline vanishes too, along with the whip.]

Next

[Image description: W.V stands in front of his own terminal. The upper left screen has just turned off.]

The windy boy is dead. The tragedy is overwhelming. All hope is lost.

Oh well. Time to get out of this tin can!

W.V: Escape.

[Image description: He presses the escape key]

Next

[Image description: The door rises up a few inches, then stops.]

The door jams.

Next

[Image description: The image shifts to focus on the battery bank. The last bar on the indicator is flashing red.]

Oh, right. The station is out of power. You forgot about that!

W.V: Examine treasure.

[Image description: W.V holds the queen's ring, which, again, makes his arm glow.]

Of course you still have your secret treasure, but it will almost certainly prove to be of no use to you in this dilemma whatsoever. It clearly serves no significant purpose other than to be pretty, and to make your hand glowy. Back in the sleeve of your trusty knife it goes.

W.V: Search for power source.

[Image description: W.V stares off into the distance as Serenity flashes on top of his head. Behind him, it shows another version of him as if x-rayed, showing his bones and a lump of uranium in his stomach. BURP hovers over the x-ray version of W.V]

Oh yeah, there's another thing you forgot about! You ate that delicious green nuclear rock earlier in
the day, even though it feels like it was more than a year ago.

Guess there's nothing to do but wait it out.

[Note: "You ate that delicious green nuclear rock" is a link back to the page where he did that.]

Jade: Prepare for imminent windfall.

[Image description: Jade sits on her alchemiter, surrounded by captchalogue cards. Her lunchtop has a Karkat alert, which flicks rapidly between different pictures of him doing dumb things.]

Ugh, there he goes again, bothering you. He is so impatient. Doesn't he realize how time consuming it is preparing for the holidays? He's just going to have to hold his stupid angry alien space horses.

Wait... you almost forgot, it's still April, and nowhere near the holiday season. You guess all this wintry weather tricked you into thinking it was.

But wait! Even THAT doesn't make any sense, since it never snowed on your island, and you were never able to connect it with the holiday season! Boy, are you confused.

But you always wanted a white Christmas, and dammit, that is what you are going to have, even though it's April, and even though you are giving all these presents to yourself, and even though Jesus Christ is no longer a relevant figure to celebrate on account of the annihilation of humanity!

Oh shut up, Karkat.

Next

[Image description: A very scribbly drawing of Karkat screams at his computer]

Karkat cannot be conveyed with a more detailed portrait yet. He is too angry, and is forced to look like shit.

Maybe later if he can manage to calm down.

shit. lets be santa

[Image description: A horrible drawing of a christmas tree is on Jade's drawing tablet. A second image names it the Kringlefucker, with a cost of negative 10,000 artifact grist.]

pesterlog
T.G.: yes perfect
G.G.: it is the prettiest tree i have ever seen!!!!!
T.G.: ok im going to torrent you another like negative billion artifact grists
G.G.: ok great!

everything about that makes total sense
T.G.: yeah
now draw the conksuckiest boot you ever drew
G.G.: ok

Jade: Draw conksuck boot.

[Image description: She does indeed draw the conksuckiest boot ever seen, which looks more like a stocking than a boot. A second image names it Conksuck Boot, with a price of -100 artifact grist. A
third shows Jade standing next to it on the alchemiter with the Kringlefucker off to the side. The conksuck boot is as tall as she is, and the kringlefucker is only about twice as tall.

pesterlog
G.G.: is this conksucky enough
T.G.: its the conksuckiest piece of fucking shit that ever still somehow qualified as a boot
G.G.: (heart)
T.G.: you just know imigrants were responsible
G.G.: well...
i am not even sure if i am technically a u.s. citizen!
T.G.: yeah see what i mean

Jade: Deck halls.

[Image description: Jade places the kringlefucker next to the fireplace and hangs the conksuck boot over the fireplace. A second image, with green comic sans on a red background, reads
and the night before christmas........
not a creature
This image is a link to a Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff comic.]

SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF
[A stock image cartoon of a house on a snowy landscape with the watermark still in place has large mistletoe, half of a garland, a wreath, and Santa's sleigh throwing presents photoshopped onto it. It's an abomination.]

[Sweet bro is wearing a red onesie, a fake white beard, and a santa hat. A pair of boots (labeled as such) and a grate (labeled 'great') sit on either side of him. He says]
Shit. lets be santa

[He tries to pick up one of the boots, but his hand seems to phase right through it. Or maybe that's just the drawing. He says]
fuck

[He tries to shove his foot into the boot backwards. His hand is still phased into it.]
come ON

[It zooms in on his face. The hat and beard are suddenly gone.]
*sign* ...

[he tries to put the boot on again]
fuck.

[and again]
who would even make these.......

[and again]
conksuck boots anyway

[and one more time]
imigrants??..

[There are two images of the grate, still with half of the 'grate' label over them. On the third, something bumps into the other side with a]
[Three images in a row show the grate slowly falling away to reveal Hella Jeff, who has his hands on his cheeks.]

[A fourth image showing him in the grate has him saying]
and the night before christmas........

[and a fifth, where nothing changed except the border of the grate was erased]
and all through then house

[below the previous two images and half cut off by the next, a red bubble says]
not a creature

[Geromy sits inside the chimney in a badly drawn roof scene. Large white circles, presumably meant to be snowflakes, are dotted against a bright blue background. There are words written into the white snow on the roof, but they're light grey, so they're barely visible.]
GOD BLESS US EVRYBODY

[Now back to your regularly scheduled Homestuck]

Jade: Alchemize.

[Image description: Jade sits on the alchemiter with her drawing tablet in her lap.]
You have put a lot of thought into this and you have some great ideas.

But first you would like to make something practical. Something to keep you warm in this chilly weather!

Jade: Make earmuffs.

[Image description: She draws a puffy squiggle. A second image shows her double punching it with a headband into a Fluffy Ball Plus Headband for 50,000 build grist. A third image shows that she's made it. It's the size of her head and she stares at it uncertainly.]

You combine Rose's headband with... some sort of of fluffy ball you drew?

This isn't really working. Also, this pointless thing was absurdly expensive for some reason.

Jade: Just draw some earmuffs.

[Image description: She just draws some earmuffs. A second image shows that they cost 2 build grist. In the third image, Jade wears them and claps.]

You simply draw a pair of earmuffs, and make them. Yay!

Jade: Combine earmuffs and lunchtop.

[Image description: She doublepunches the lunchtop and earmuffs to make the Lunchmuffs, which cost 100 build grist, 50 ruby, and 1 diamond. A second image shows her wearing them and grinning.]

You make a pair of Lunchmuffs! Finally, an easy hands-free computing solution that keeps your ears warm, and looks amazing to boot!
Jade: Combine Johnny 5 and lunchtop.

[Image description: The ghost image of the robot thing she accidentally got earlier appears on her drawing tablet.]

You figure as long as you have the Lunchtop card handy, you might as well try to do something with this dumb Johnny 5 Ghost Image you accidentally made once.

You don't even know what this robot's deal is. You've never seen this stupid movie.

Next

[Image description: She double punches the Johnny 5 and the lunchtop to make the Johnnytop, which looks like a vaguely humanoid robot with treads instead of legs and a lunchbox for a chest, at the cost of 5000 build grist, 2500 ruby, 50 diamond, and 5 titanium. A second image has her standing next to it and looking very uncertain. The Johnnytop is quite a bit larger than she is.]

You make the Johnnytop!

Finally, a difficult to use hands-on computing solution that does nothing but roll around of his own accord while talking about his emotions and reading books fast!

FINALLY!!!!!!

Jade: Combine Iron Man armor and outfit.

[Image description: Jade goes up to the armor room and retrieves a greyscale iron man suit. A second image shows it on her drawing tablet.]

You decide to cut to the chase and do something that will have indisputably cool results.

You go to one of the stairwell rooms and carefully observe the armor while you sketch it. You have secretly wondered whether your grandpa was actually Iron Man in his younger years. It would explain so many things, including why this armor is here.

Next

[Image description: She double punches the iron man suit with her outfit, which currently has a bec head on the chest. This makes the Iron Lass Suit, a red and gold dress modeled after the iron man suit, though instead of a round window for an arc reactor, there's a blue, glowing Bec head. This costs 100,000 build grist, 20,000 ruby, 10,000 amber, and 1,000 uranium. A second image shows her wearing it.]

You make the Iron Lass Suit!

It's quite stylish, but maybe a bit cumbersome for casual wear. Probably only good for special occasions.

If you are going to adopt a new regular outfit, you'd prefer something a little comfier and less ostentatious, and if possible, in less flagrant violation of copyright laws.

Jade: Combine one of grandpa's beauties and outfit.

[Image description: Jade goes upstairs to the room with the faded portraits. She's still wearing the iron lass suit. A second image shows her drawing tablet with a sketch of one of the portraits.]
You sketch one of his silly sun-bleached blue lady portraits. He would be so proud.

Next

[Image description: She doublepunches the portrait with her standard outfit, which makes the Dress of Eclectica at the cost of 8 cobalt. The dress is blue with a a black bec head on the chest, a blue sash at the waist, and two ruffled tiers on the skirt, which falls to about knee length.]

You make the Dress of Eclectica!

This is so much better.

Jade: Combine Rose's crystal ball and magic cue ball.

[Image description: The drawing tablet has a circle drawn on it.]

You lost your Magic Cue Ball in the explosion, so you will have to draw it and hope your modus knows what you're getting at.

You have been dying to see its predictions, and you think you are on to something here!

Next

[Image description: The circle flashes for a moment, then turns into a regular magic 8 ball.]

Sadly, the modus interprets your circle as a boring and useless Magic 8 ball.

Oh well, you guess you'll do it anyway.

Jade: Combine Rose's crystal ball and magic 8 ball.

[Image description: Jade doublepunches Rose's crystal ball and the magic 8 ball to make the Transparent Magic Ball for 8 tar, 1 diamond, and 1 chalk. A second image zooms in on the transparent magic 8 ball, which glows blue in the center.]

You can now see inside, and watch the dark water sloshing about the cavity in the globe.

The predictions seem kind of lame when you can see all the other possibilities tumbling around in there. Kind of makes the fortune feel irrelevant.

Jade: Combine sooth specs and lunchtop.

[Image description: She doublepunches those two together. It costs 2000 build grist, 20,000 diamond, 200,000 amethyst, and 2,000,000 ruby to make these Junior Compu-Sooth Spectagoggles. A second image shows her wearing them instead of the sooth specs. They look like the sooth specs, but red rather than purple and with a design made of interlocking squares surrounding a red circle in them.]
You make the Junior Compu-sooth Spectagoggles!

You can never have too many cool computers.

Jade: Combine furry trophy, lunchtop, and shirt/shoes.

[Image description: She double punches a wolf head and the lunchtop, then overlaps that with her shirt and shoes. It doesn't give a name or cost, but the second image shows her wearing a red jacket with a white collar and squiddle buttons and a pair of red and white shoes with squiddles on the side.

You grab one of your grandpa's softest trophies and use it to make a really stylish Warm Fuzzy Squiddlejacket!

You do the exact same thing to your shoes to create a matching pair of Squiddlesneaks!

The jacket and the shoes are also computers. You will never be caught without a computer, ever.

You are suddenly feeling more fashionable than any kid in paradox space. All of the style belongs to you. The only thing left to do is make yourself deadlier.

Jade: Combine Dave's Midnight Crew poster and rifle.

[Image description: She doublepunches the poster with her rifle, making a very large gun with an equally large magazine and a red diamond on the side. It's called Girl's Best Friend and costs 500,500 diamonds. A second image shows her holding it. It's longer than she is tall.]

You make a Girl's Best Friend!

Pew pew pew!

Jade: Combine Charles Dutton and squiddle.

[Image description: Her drawing pad shows the ghost image of Charles Dutton that she made earlier.]

You still have this Charles Dutton Ghost Image you accidentally made.

You...

You are not sure what to do with this gentleman, if anything.

Oh well, when in doubt, squiddle it!

Next

[Image description: She doublepunches it with a yellow squiddle. It makes the Duttle, a brown squiddle with a frighteningly realistic drawing of Charles Dutton's face on it. It costs 0 build grist. A second image shows Jade keeping her distance from it.]

You made a Duttle!

The duttle is weirding you out a little. You believe you will keep your distance from the duttle.

Jade: Sketch particle accelerator.
You put the leering duttle out of your mind and try to sketch one of the pieces of equipment from your destroyed room to the best of your recollection.

Hopefully it works, so you can try making something sweet.

Jade: Combine rifle, iron lass suit and particle accelerator

It worked! The result is a huge kickass Proton Cannon.

Obviously you can only wield this weapon in your Iron Lass Suit.

Next

Or you would, if you were able to afford the thing.

Dave turbo-torrented you a lot of grist, but you don't have that much.

Jade: Combine mummy and MC poster and outfit.

You made the Dead Shuffle Dress!

While wearing this outfit, you almost feel as if you were ripped straight from the animes!

Jade: Combine green sun bedsheets and girl's best friend.

You make the Green Sun Streetsweeper! Aw yeah.

Ok how about one more outfit. Outfits are the best, you think.

Jade: Combine dress of eclectica, Felt poster, and 8 ball.
with the magic 8 ball. This makes the Three in the Morning Dress for 8 tar and 1 uranium. A second image shows her wearing a black wrap dress with a green shine to it and a pattern like the night sky. A green bec-shaped pin is on her chest. It more than passingly resembles the pattern from Snowman's suit.]

You make the Three in the Morning Dress!

It is so fancy. You cannot imagine wearing it on anything other than super special occasions. Not to mention you'll freeze your ass off in this thing!

Jade: Combine mecha, streetsweeper, and iron suit.

[Image description: It shows the mecha ghost image on her drawing tablet. A second image shows her doublepunching it with the streetsweeper and overlapping that with the iron lass suit. It gives no result or cost.]

You still have this Mecha Ghost Image you made a while ago, by accident as usual. Might as well throw a bunch of crazy shit together and see what sort of insane loot crops up.

The suspense is almost too much.

You make...

YOU MAKE............

Next

[Image description: A Johnny 5 robot stands and trembles next to Jade, who looks thoroughly unimpressed. A second image zooms in on Johnny 5's face, which still trembles and is actually more like 2 camera lenses than an actual face.]

JOHNNY 5.

God dammit.

Motherfucker thinks he's alive.

HE IS A TIN CAN, ROBOTS DON'T HAVE FEELINGS.

Jade: Combine Dutton and sooth specs.

[Image description: Jade doublepunches the Dutton photo and the sooth specs to make the Dutton Bubble Goggles at the cost of 0 flashing gems. A second image shows Jade wearing them. They look like the sooth specs with a rainbow flashing picture of Dutton in each lens.]

You make the Dutton Bubble Goggles!

Next

[Image description: Jade stares into the distance with a blank expression. The background behind her shows a nebula.]

You can see into eternity.

Forever.
Ok that's enough.

Next

[Image description: Jade stands on her alchemier, surrounded by all the fun toys she just made. Her iron lass suit, the fluffy ball plus headbands, Johnny 5, and Johnnytop sit on the floor behind the alchemier. The Duttle wears the Dutton Bubble Goggles and sits on the pedestal of the alchemier. The Green Sun Streetsweeper, transparent magic 8 ball, and sooth specs sit on the edges of the alchemier. The dead shuffle dress and three in the morning dress stand on the alchemier platform with her. She's holding the Girl's Best Friend, wearing the Junior Compu-Sooth Spectagoggles, the lunchmuffs, the squiddle jacket and shoes, and the Dress of Eclectica.]

HAPPY APRIL 13TH, 2009 EVERYBODY!!!!!!!!!!!!

Next

[Image description: Jade frowns as every computer she just made has an aquarius alert appear on it.]

All of your computers light up at once as some douche bag starts hassling you, whoever this douche bag might be.

You will have to remember to keep most of these computers turned off.

Jade: Answer this douche bag.

[Image description: Eridan stands as a black silhouette in a purple cape and blue scarf with a shadowy alchemier behind him. He clutches a white wand and sneers towards a blue Bec head alert floating next to his glasses.]

Alert : Jade
pesterlog

C.A.: now that youre done makin all that pointless rubbish
ive got somethin way more worth your while
G.G.: which one were you again?
wait
werent you the guy who was always trying to hit on me??
C.A.: that couldve been anyone
lets not get distracted by your sad league of suitors and their flushed desperations
im offerin you the edge here
in your rivalry with the other female
G.G.: uh...
C.A.: weve got the same abstratus
and i dont need this thing anymore
since i became more powerful than you could ever imagine as a mighty wizard of white science
so you might as well take it and settle your score with that awful witch
G.G.: but
im the witch!
i mean witch
C.A.: yeah ok the seer then if you want to be dealin with technicalities
G.G.: rose?
i do not have a score to settle with rose!!!
why would you think that?

C.A.: oh
well fuck

suppose i was guessin it was natural to presume somewhow relation like that between the two a you
G.G.: i think you are projecting your own attitude on to others
just because you tend to hate and/or hit on everyone you meet doesnt mean everyone else is that
way

rose just sent me a code for a crystal ball, shes my friend and is basically the best!
C.A.: oh i see so she shared her "magic secrets" with you then
its probably a trap i wouldnt trust her
she is a cunnin and treacherous sort trust me i know her type
G.G.: wait do you have a thing for her too???
did she reject you or something?
C.A.: you are slingin around such a bloody mess of slander with these accusations
you wouldnt understand anyway
its already been painfully established you people cant get your shallow think pans under the
majesty of our quadrants
G.G.: (blank uncertain face)
C.A.: if you must know things between us were gettin pretty bellicose and im pretty sure she was
waxin as obsidian for me as a human got it in em to do
and if not for the interdimensional divide keepin us apart honestly i dont doubt our rivalry could be
brewin outright pitch
G.G.: uh huh...
C.A.: but the thing is i need a rival who can pose me a challenge
and frankly shes not even fit for holdin my cape anymore
at this point i find all her adorable black pixie dabblins to be prime kiddie playtime shit
all of her FRAUDULENT MAGICS cannot come close to posin threat to my mastery over the
TRUEST SCIENCES
an with my empiricists wand i serve as the righteous hope that will incinerate delusion and the
deluded alike
my holy fire is the white fury bled from the wrath-weary eyes of fifty thousand nonfictional angels
and when theyre finished weepin they will bow before their prince
G.G.: wow what are you talking about
C.A.: so really you should be honored to inherit my old callin
both my armaments and my feud
itll be witch against witch
a real one vs an impostor
faker one dies
G.G.: hey look at that, time for me to get going!
C.A.: oh will you just take the fuckin gun already
G.G.: no i dont want it!!!!!
C.A.: its a way more powerful weapon than any of that crap you made
its a legendary relic without equal
G.G.: more like a legendary piece of shit!
C.A.: youre bein needlessly fuckin stubborn about this im doin you a fuckin favor here
G.G.: yes but i dont like you very much and i feel really icky about accepting a present from you
C.A.: if you accept it this is the last ill ever be botherin you about anythin ok
G.G.: siiiigh
fine
C.A.: FFFFFFWW
G.G.: what?
C.A.: thats the code
G.G.: oh…

Jade: Make this legendary piece of shit.

[Image description: It shows Ahab's Crosshairs, which Jade could make for the cost of 16,777,215 build grist and 1 cobalt. A second image shows the gun sitting on Jade's alchemiter. She's looking at it uncertainly.]

pesterlog
G.G.: hmmm...
i have seen this before
C.A.: hows that possible
its a one of a kind weapon plundered from an alternian ghost ship
G.G.: i am very sure its the same rifle included with johns present
but...
bigger of course
C.A.: probably a cheap imitation of the original
uh
kind of like that one there is
so theres your answer stable loops ahoy
now enjoy the utter fuckin domination it affords
G.G.: yes but....
i did not provide the weapons!
my penpal did
C.A.: whos that
G.G.: the guy who helps me build the present
we worked on it together but he supplied the bunnys weapons
im pretty sure hes from the future!
C.A.: why
G.G.: because he said hes my grandson
C.A.: what the fuck is a grandson
is that some kind of perverse human familial thing
G.G.: umm yes
C.A.: nevermind then your procreational biologistics make my fins curl in distaste
G.G.: oh no!!!!!
aaaaa please dont tell anyone i told you about him!
augh how could i let that slip to you of all people
C.A.: settle down jade youre radically underestimin the amount of shit i dont give about this
ill have you know this is the last time im plannin on talkin to any human
i got bigger ships to sink and soon when im good and ready me and my luminous fuckin science stick have got a date with jack noir
AND NO NOT THAT KIND OF DATE GIVE ME A LITTLE FUCKIN CREDIT
G.G.: wow ok!!!!
i wasnt going to say anything
C.A.: whys this matter so hush hush anyway
G.G.: he didnt want me to tell my friends who he really was
i guess maybe he was concerned about upsetting the timeline? i dunno
C.A.: well maybe he didnt wanna disrupt whatever disgustin sequence of events was responsible for his spawnin in the first place
G.G.: maybe!
i have wondered about that, assuming he is right...
he was so nice, and it really did feel like i was talking to family, so i really dont think he was
making it up
i couldn't help but try to imagine his parents...
and more interestingly......
his grandfather (gasping face)
i still wonder who it could be...
although i guess at this point
the options are pretty limited (smaller gasping face)
C.A.: ok i think i'm starting to feel ill talkin about things makin me fathom pink wigglers comin out a
your own personal torso
so change a fuckin subject
that gun i just gave you is somethin of a hatchright to the kid
happy i could play a role in your dirty stinkin lineage
G.G.: like an heirloom? i guess it could be
do you even have those? if you don't have parents how could you?
C.A.: no we don't know our direct forebears and im pretty sure any attempt to seek out or even
inquire about the supplier of your genes would be a fine way to get yourself killed
but we've got our lore and it says we all got individual ancestors who contribute to most of our
genes above and beyond what the grubs slurry does
G.G.: ewwwww
C.A.: oh shut up
anyway a lot of us believe were meant to trace the footsteps of those ancestors even though we can
never know em
and on that journey we can come across belongings they once had cause we were hatched to find
em and finish their work
i kinda think thats why i found the gun in the first place
but now im forsakin it because fuck i just found a better destiny than my old crappy one which i
never got any appreciation for anyway
G.G.: hmmm
then maybe that is how this heirloom should work
C.A.: what do you mean
G.G.: well i don't want to use it!
C.A.: aw man come on
G.G.: so ill just dump it outside the house with the trash
and if it is fated to find my penpal one day then so be it!
C.A.: god damn it
its like you people go out of your way to think a how to disrespect me
G.G.: maybe you should have been nicer to me!
in any case i don't appreciate the spirit in which the gift was given so this is what i will do!
C.A.: fine fuck it what do i care
this has been a completely flippin useless exchange as have they all been with your species
and for the record
even though i said that stuff about bein fated to find my gun
fate isn't real
its a lot of fake fuckin horsefeathers
now go and be cleansed by the light of truth purity nonfakeness hope and above all science
gardenGnostic's johnnytop exploded.
Jade: Throw LPOS outside with the trash.

[Image description: Ahab's crosshairs and the remnants of the exploded Johnnytop sit in the snow
just outside Jade's door.]
Next

[Image description: All the trolls stand on a grey platform with a frog carved in it. The purple house stands behind them, but sliced through near the base. A countdown at the top counts down in red from 10:25:00 to 10:24:50]

Next

[Image description: The green and black explosion consumes the troll's Prospit. A red timer counts down from 6:12:00 to 6:11:50]

Next

[Image description: Karkat sleeps on the floor of the computer room on the meteor. The red timer counts down from 5:12:30 to 5:12:20]

Next

[[Image description: More of the trolls stand around in the computer room. Feferi is asleep in the horn pile, Nepeta is asleep on the floor. Sollux has a blue Aradia alert over his computer. The timer counts down from 4:13:59 to 4:13:51]

Sollux: Answer Aradia.

[Image description: Sollux and Aradiabot stand at their computers. There's only about 10 feet between them.]

pesterlog
apocalypseArisen [A.A.] began trolling twinArmageddons [TA]

A.A.: hi
T.A.: hi?
A.A.: i guess i should say something before i go
T.A.: aradia, i am right glubbing here, like to feet away from you. if you want to say something to me why don't you just turn to your left and say it, it's bad enough that you've hardly said to lousy words to me since you became that sweaty asshole's smoochbot.
A.A.: i know
but this is hard for me
T.A.: how is it hard.
you are a tin can, robots don't have feelings.
A.A.: no thats not true
T.A.: ok then, what is it.
A.A.: sorry about everything and all the bad luck youve had you didnt deserve it i have to go now
T.A.: what, where are you going?
A.A.: im not sure
T.A.: er, cool i guess??
A.A.: anyway thats it
T.A.: wait. you mean for good, will i see you again?
A.A.: i dont know that either
but i guess if you do
probably not with your eyes
T.A.: what the hell is that supposed to mean?
A.A.: i think youll be ok with it though
(wide eyed blank face)
i wish
i could somehow make that emoticon smile
(wide eyed smiley face)
no that looks stupid
oh well

apocalypseArisen [A.A.] ceased trolling twinArmageddons [TA]

Next

[Image description: Aradiabot moves towards Sollux. Equius watches with a faintly surprised look on his face and Nepeta sleeps on the floor nearby.]

Next

[Image description: Aradiabot hugs Sollux, who is too shocked to return the hug. Equius looks very shocked.]

Next

[Image description: Aradiabot begins to shake and crackle with electricity. Equius, Sollux, and Nepeta all watch in shock and horror.]

Next

[Image description: Aradiabot botsplodes.]

(wide eyed blank face)

[Image description: Sollux stares into the distance with yellow tears running down his cheeks and his glasses in his hands. His eyes rapidly flash red and blue.]

Come on buddy, turn that (wide eyed blank face) into a (wide eyed very smiley face)!

wait

No that looks stupid.

Oh well.

Next

[Image description: Terezi sits at her computer, completely ignoring the pile of ash and parts that was once Aradiabot. The timer counts down from 3:15:00 to 3:14:50]

Doomed Dave: Wake up.

[Image description: The Dave in the green suit sits up on the time quest bed.]
Doomed Dave: Pester Terezi.

[Image description: Green suit Dave stands next to the bed with a Terezi alert over his iShades.]

pesterlog

T.G.: well that was apparently pointless
now what
hello
terezi
whats up
G.C.: (frowning face with furrowed brows)

Next

[Image description: Bec Noir, who is wearing Bro's glasses, appears in a green flash. His sword slashes across Dave's neck and the screen goes black as a red smear crosses it.]

Next

[Image description: Terezi still stares at the screen, not moving. Teal tears well up behind her glasses. Karkat looks on in horror.]

Next

[Image description: Karkat reaches over and gently pokes her face as the tears run further down her cheeks.]

Next

[Image description: A scribbly drawing shows her pushing him away with a large DOOF effect. She cries into her other arm and he flails wildly.]

Terezi: Abscond.

[Image description: Terezi runs off crying, then disappears on the transportalizer. Karkat watches and the timer keeps counting down from 3:14:05 to 3:14:00]

Jade: Employ junior compu-sooth spectagoggles.

[Image description: Jade gives a little grin as she puts the compu-sooth spectagoggles on her face.]

These things cost a fortune to make. They better do something awesome.

And it turns out they do!

The sophisticated computing technology merged with the crystal ball provides a simple way to see anything going on right now in the incipisphere! How amazing is that?

As the Witch of Space, you figure it's about time you got better acquainted with the full breadth of your domain, which is to say, all physical locations.

Jade: View John.

[Image description: Jade appears in one of the clouds of Skaia. John is standing somewhere on the
checkerboard planet in his god tier outfit. W.V stands a decent distance behind him.]

There he is. On the battlefield no less! That's a pretty cute outfit he's got on. You wonder what he did to make it?

You also wonder why he's not answering your messages. Does he even have a computer on him?? He should try to have more foresight, and carry no less than 5 computers on him at all times, like a sensible person.

Jade: View Rose.

[Image description: Jade appears in Rose's crystal ball, but now she looks more concerned.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Rose sits on a platform on the Land of Heat and Clockwork with Casey in her Salamancer robes standing nearby. Rose has her hubtop on her lap with. There's a blank alert hovering above it. Far behind in the distance, the beat mesa floats above the lava lake with a beam of light shooting up from the edge where Bro sliced it].

There she is! What is she doing on the lava planet?

She seemed awfully preoccupied when you spoke with her moments ago and she gave you the code for the crystal ball. You wonder who she could be talking to?

Jade: View Dave.

[Image description: Jade's face goes blank and a dozen different Daves appear in her glasses.]

According to the spectagoggles, there are currently 13 Daves scattered around the incipisphere, including Davesprite. That is an absolutely preposterous amount of Daves.

You guess Davesprite is the one prototyped by his future self that John was telling you about? Dave sure is a clever guy. Might as well have a look...

Jade: View Davesprite.

[Image description: She looks confused as a sprite pendant appears in her glasses. It's laying in a red puddle with red drops across it.]

The goggles zero in on a pendant. Which is... covered in blood?

Next

[Image description: Jade looks very upset. Her goggles change to show Bro's bloody body laying on the ground.]

oh nooooooo

It seems that Dave is no longer too cool to have any dead family members. This is so sad.

Hang on...

The Davecount suddenly dropped from 13 to 12. Maybe one of them time traveled away? You hope it doesn't mean what you think it...
Jade: View missing Dave.

[Image description: Green suit Dave lays on the ground, now splattered in blood around his neck. A second image shows Jade screaming.]

OH NOOOOOOO

Jade: Pester a Dave.

[Image description: Jade sits on the edge of the alchemiter. A Dave alert hovers next to her goggles.]

pesterlog

G.G.: dave!!!!!
any dave out there please listen!
T.G.: this is a dave out there whats up
G.G.: dave i just saw you, and you were dead!
you were in a green suit and covered in blood, oh god it was terrible (sad face)
if that was a future dave you have to make sure that doesnt happen!!!
T.G.: it wasnt a future dave he was from a while ago
G.G.: oh
i am confused (gasping face)
T.G.: sorry you had to see that
but dont worry it was just a doomed dave no big deal really
i was swindled into splitting time paths along the way and that guy got the dead end of the stick
ill be fine
G.G.: ok...
i am still not sure i get that!
but i guess i am relieved?
T.G.: yes you are go ahead and be relieved
G.G.: wheeew! there i just was
T.G.: nice
G.G.: how did that poor dave die?
was it jack?
T.G.: yeah
hes pretty much the guy in charge of random teleportation murders right now
G.G.: (very upset face)
what about your...
um....
oh no i dont even know if you know about this
T.G.: what
my bro
yeah jack killed him too
G.G.: (blank crying face)
is it something you would like to talk about
T.G.: not much to talk about
this is some pretty serious existence threatening shit going down and some people are going to die i guess
even crazy hard dudes like my bro slash weird covert biological ghost dad
G.G.: ghost dad???
T.G.: yeah roses too
i thought john filled you in on the ectobiology stuff
G.G.: oh...
yes he mentioned something about it
i guess i didnt realize its full implications....
but time was short when we talked!
T.G.: bottom line is were all related slimewise except you and me and him and rose pairways respectively
makes the shipping chart pretty simple here hang on while i dig up that piece of shit karkat made where the fuck did that thing go
fuck it never mind
just imagine something ugly made by a jackass
G.G.: ugh i forgot i still have to get back to him
its like a big unpleasant chore hanging over my head (very upset face)
T.G.: i guess
G.G.: anyway dave im really sorry about your bro/dad
you were pretty close with him right?
T.G.: meh it was a pretty bizarre relationship by any standard
fightin off wave after wave of face pumicing puppet ass every day
always being on guard for stealth attacks in the middle of the night while getting up to go to the fucking bathroom
G.G.: heheh
T.G.: but i guess it all sorta amounted to some vague unspoken semblance of kinship
if thats a thing
like if honor among thieves is something then lets call it camaraderie among ironic rapping roof ninjas
but thanks
G.G.: sure
T.G.: i thought about taking his sword
when i was there
but i couldnt
couldnt really bring myself to try to pull it out it was too weird
G.G.: dave we have to stop him!!!!
T.G.: what
G.G.: jack!
he shouldnt get away with this
T.G.: you think
G.G.: yes
why dont you stop jumping around through time like a maniac and stop being like a hundred daves all the time and come to my house so we can make a plan to kill him??
T.G.: well id like to
but im still trapped in the chronologistics of this fuckin one man ballet
there are loops outstanding and if i step out of line you get to see more bloody daves
im getting pretty sick of it but i think itll be over soon
then ill break out and ride linear the rest of the way i think
once its time to put the end game in motion
til then youre on your own for a while
G.G.: oh (sad face)
T.G.: besides we cant beat him
look what he did to bro and davesprite together
im at the top of my echeladder with all the fraymotifs and i stand no chance
johns even better than that even though he doesnt know it at the moment
and he stands no chance either
only thing we can do is hold out until the scratch
G.G.: what is the scratch?
T.G.: guess i shouldn't really say
since you sort of lead the way in making that plan
G.G.: really??
T.G.: yeah well
suffice to say
if we can't beat him
all we can really do is exile him to a place where he can't teleport back
which hopefully buys us some time
to try to take out his power source in a crazy suicide mission
G.G.: hmmm...
so was that like a hint?
about what i'm supposed to do (very happy face)
T.G.: kinda
G.G.: well maybe i'm just being naive...
but a crazy suicide mission does not sound like the ideal solution to me!
are you sure we can't beat him?
i don't know if we should rule it out!
well
you're about to do what you're about to do
and i'm not going to tell you not to
i won't do the bullshit troll thing and tell you what you're going to do and then just dare you not to
while knowing damn well you will anyway
so i just say
what's next is up to you
and if later you want to talk about it
i'm here
G.G.: ok
thanks dave!

Jade: Do what you're about to do.

[Image description: Jade holds a finger to her chin and looks into the distance.]

You don't know what you're about to do!

But you've got to do something. You can't stand by and let that monster teleport-murder people all
day, and frankly, the suicide plan Dave mentioned sounds just plain stupid. There must be a better
way. Think, imagination!

You suddenly remember the idea your awkward fairy god troll proposed. Maybe you were too hard
on him. He was just trying to be nice, and it was an honest mistake when he slaughtered your
grandfather ghost dad with his own childhood flintlock pistol. Maybe you should give his plan
another chance.

Jade: Pester Tavros.

[Image description: Tavros lays at the bottom of the stairs on the meteor with his lance on the floor
beside him.]

pesterlog
-- gardenGnostic [G.G.] began pestering adiosToreador [A.T] --
G.G.: hey tavros!
i was thinking about your plan
about uh...
"communing" with my lusus (smiley face)
maybe its not a bad idea!
are you there?
hmm, i guess you are off doing something else
oh well, hope you're doing ok....
talk to you later!


Next

[Image description: Jade draws a steak on her drawing tablet)

You don't think you can afford to wait around for him. This leaves the only other plan you can
think of. One of last resort.

Maybe it's for the best this way anyway. Who better to trust for the job?

You prepare a delicious meal to summon your loyal lusus you mean dog.

Jade: Go upstairs to laboratory.

[Image description: Jade goes up to the lab where the fourth wall, her dead dreamself, and dead dog
are. The screen flashes for just a moment and we get the briefest glimpse of Andrew Hussie himself.]

You enter the spooky old lab. You don't come here often.

Huh? For a split second, you thought you saw something flash on the fenestrated wall there.
Probably just your mind playing spooky tricks on you.

You never had any idea what that thing was for.

Jade: Summon dog.

[Image description: Jade stands in the lab. Green static takes over the screen, then resolves into the
outline of Becsprite. Jade takes a bright green steak out of a captchalogue card and feeds it to
Becsprite, then claps.)

Becquerel comes quickly at the promise of irradiated steak. He is such a good boy, and truly the
best friend a girl could ever hope for.

Next

[Image description: With a small Hup!, Jade tosses her dead dreamself towards Becsprite.]

You're sure gonna miss him!

Next

[Image description: Everything disappears in green static and lightning except for dead dream Jade
and Bec, who are overlapping, and Jade.]
Next

Jade: Say hello.

Jade waves to Jadesprite.

spritelog
jade: hello!
unmmmnnn
jade?
can you talk?
Jadesprite: i...
jade: oh good!
hehehe, i was starting to get worried there

Next

Jadesprite stares down at her hands and looks upset.

spritelog
Jadesprite: what did you do…

Next

Jadesprite stares down at her hands and looks even more upset.

spritelog
Jadesprite: what did you do???

Next

Jadesprite blasts green energy towards Jade, who holds up an arm to shield her face.

spritelog
Jadesprite: WHAT DID YOU DO??????

Next

The ball on top of Jade's tower begins putting out waves of black, green, and white energy.

spritelog
Jadesprite: (in larger, shuddering letters) WHAT DID YOU DO?

Elsewhere...

It shows a trollian viewscreen. Purple blood is splattered across it and used to draw a smiley face with Jade's tower as the nose. A timer counts down from 10 seconds.

While a timer counts down with no particular clock stepping forward to claim it…

Next
The most important character in Homestuck fondly regards the miracle of a new beginning.

Lab: Drop.

The tower of Jade's home shatters into pieces, leaving the ball in freefall.

[Note: This page was the last update posted on December 31st, 2010.]

Next

The ball bounces down on the base of Jade's tower, then flies off to the left.

Next

The ball rolls down the hill, collecting snow as it goes.

Next

Everything inside the lab spins wildly.

Next

The ball comes to a halt a very long way from the hill. There's a single green stump in an otherwise blank snowy landscape.

Next

Jade flails from her place in a pile of Grandpa's trophies—upside down. Jadesprite cries into her hands. The screen has turned on and is showing a green office. The screen is cracked and flickering, making it hard to see much detail in the image.

Next

It zooms in on the office. It's Hussie's office.

Lord English: Reveal yourself!!!!!

Hussie stands in front of the window from his side. He's wearing a bright green suit and a green overcoat with flashing trim that is way too large for him.

BEHOLD.

[Note: Behold is written in bright green and the O is a billiard ball flashing between all the different ones from the set.]

AH: Don't actually turn out to be LE.

Hussie shrugs. The sleeves of the coat hang down over his hands.

What are you a fucking idiot? Of course I am not Lord English. How dumb would that even be.

Jesus this coat is huge. I am swimming in this garish piece of shit. Would anybody fit in this thing???
AH: Disrobe.

[Image description: Hussie holds the coat up like he's about to throw it over the viewer. The lining is bright blue]

Why don't we cover this thing up. It would be a real shame to spoil their little moment with this nonsense.

Next

[Image description: Hussie stands in front of the screen, which is now covered with the coat.]

That's better.

AH: Retire to study.

[Image description: Hussie goes back into his study. The Prospitan carapacian with the pink headscarf is in there, wearing the 3 in the morning dress and carrying a can of bright green paint.]

I retire to my heavily processed photograph of Andrew Carnegie's study, painstakingly retrieved from a google image search.

AH: Greet Ms. Paint.

[Image description: He pats the carapacian on the head.]

Ms. Paint, you are doing a wonderful job. Thank you. It was also very thoughtful of you to switch the layer mode of your coat of paint to the overlay setting, so it would not obscure the details of Mr. Carnegie's lavish room.

AH: Go check out Cal.

[Image description: Cal sits on a light blue sofa that's partially painted green. A cal-sized green suit is laid out on the couch and a set of billiard balls are scattered across the cushions.]

That Ms. Paint is one classy Prospitian lady. She is the model of grace and beauty. I am always a bit flustered in her presence, especially when she carries her little pail around like that.

Whereas THIS lazy sack of crap here makes me sick to my stomach.

Cal, God damn it. We were all supposed to dress up for this. It doesn't look like you even touched that nice suit I sewed for you, let alone swapped your eyes with those billiard balls and make them alternate rapidly.

This insubordination is putting me in a foul mood. It's bad enough I just had to take Falcor out behind the woodshed and blow his brains out after he caught the rabies.

AH: Pull up to the old underwood.

[Image description: It zooms in on the Underwood typewriter on Hussie's desk.]

Got a lot of typing to do. Hope the ribbon holds up.

I should probably bust out that shitty drawing of myself again so I can type as quickly as possible.
AH: Bust out shitty self portrait.

[Image description: Hussie holds a life-size, scribbly drawing of himself, the same one from way back during the Act 4 recap that slammed its hands into the keys.]

Whoops, needs the Felt duds. Hang on.

AH: Apply duds.

[Image description: The scribbly drawing is now wearing an equally scribbly green suit to match Hussie's.]

Awesome, works for me.

AH: Begin typing.

[Image description: The bad drawing begins tapping on a badly drawn typewriter. Below it, an animation screen shows the gif looping between two images every half second. One has the left hand on the keyboard and the other has the right.]

No no this is not nearly fast enough, or jittery enough. Come on, I can do better than that.

Let's go, dude. Recap it like you mean it.

Recap 3.

[Image description: The frames have been duplicated so there are now 6 frames, changed to .05 seconds each, and had some of the sound effects changed. Instead of just Tap, it's now tap bang ding tap bang ding]

[Note: All of the following text is in white against a light grey background.]

recap log

After Act 4, we began Act 5 Act 1, otherwise known as Hivebent. We were introduced to 12 trolls from a planet called Alternia, which resides in another universe. We followed these trolls as they played their own 12 player session of Sburb (or to them, Sgrub) to completion. A whole bunch of stuff happened along the way. In completing the game, they created a universe - our universe, home to Earth and our four heroes. But they were denied entry into the new universe due to an encounter with an indestructible demon. This demon was the four-times-prototyped Jack Noir from the kids' session, forced into the trolls' session due to a spacetime rift the kids would later cause, called a scratch. The trolls fled to the veil, discovered the existence of the kids, and began trolling them.

Then Act 5 Act 2 started.

Through a Trollian viewport, we see John moments before the scratch is initiated, wearing his god tier Heir of Breath suit, in the Land of Heat and Clockwork (LOHAC), about to put in motion a plan he, the other kids, and the trolls all helped orchestrate to cause the scratch. This is the first conversation Karkat ever has with John, and the last John has with Karkat, pre-scratch. Karkat proceeds to troll John backwards through his timeline. John knows increasingly little, while Karkat gradually begins to understand more.

EVENTS FROM KARKAT'S PERSPECTIVE

10:25 (10 hours, 25 minutes) before some Critical Moment, Jack arrives and destroys the gateway
to the new universe. Aradia transports all the trolls to the veil to hide. Her army of doomed duplicates takes on Jack. They are all destroyed. The trolls find a computer lab in the veil, and stay there for most of the time remaining before the Critical Moment, to occur at 00:00.

06:12 before Critical Moment, Jack destroys Prospit. Shortly before this, Kanaya chainsawed off Tavros's legs to replace them with robotic legs supplied by Equius. At the sight of this, Karkat faints, and for the first time, his dream self wakes up on Prospit. He is awake for only a moment before he sees Jack, and finally recognizes him as Jack Noir, rather than the heretofore unidentified demon. Jack then kills him and all the other Prospit dreamers in the process of destroying the planet.

Karkat remains asleep for an hour, until 05:12:30 before Critical Moment, exactly half way through countdown. While sleeping post-dream death, he dreams of horrorterrors in the Furthest Ring, an experience anyone will have if sleeping after dream death. On waking up, he orders everyone not to sleep. He also wakes up to news that the humans were discovered. Neither he nor the other trolls understand the significance of the humans right away. They were discovered when Terezi was wired 413 boonbonds from Dave, on her future instruction. She urges Karkat to take a closer look at them. He dismisses them as irrelevant.

It's not until later he makes the connection between the Jack Noir in the kids' session, and the one hunting them down, recognizing them to be the same Jack, therefore placing the kids at fault for the current predicament. He then conceives of the plan to troll the humans, as a futile form of payback, and urges his team to follow suit with a compelling speech. He isolates John as the primary target of his hatred after watching him grow up. He is sure John is fated to be his kismesis, a romantic partner specific to troll culture, centered around rivalry and loathing. In his first conversation with John in the Heir suit on LOHAC, he professes these feelings clumsily. John cannot reciprocate. The awkward exchange causes Karkat to trap himself into continuing backwards on John's timeline, and the trolling continues in reverse fashion until John's first conversation with Karkat. By then, Karkat has explained many things to John along his journey, things about the game, about his role as an ectobiologist, and about their shared chief adversary, Jack Noir. In John's first conversation with Karkat, Karkat needs to get in touch with Jade. It's at this point on Karkat's timeline he has finally understood enough that he knows he must begin making plans with the kids for their mutual benefit.

Karkat attempts to get in touch with Jade, who continues to ignore him in a particular timeframe due to his persistent previous harassment of her in years prior. He leaves a message to her months in the past, telling her she needs to get in touch with him when her robot explodes. Her robot later finally does explode when her dream self is killed in the impact of Prospit's moon on the battlefield. When she wakes up, she remembers the message, and contacts him. But she contacts him at a point in his timeline where he is not yet interested in hearing from her. He argues with her, and is interrupted by his future self in a memo, from a time where he is trying to contact her. He and his future self argue, and Jade mediates between the two and becomes angry and frustrated, and ceases the correspondence.

By this point, the biggest meteor yet is approaching quickly, and she must enter the medium to escape. She requires John's assistance. He must recover the server disc, install it, and rescue her.

EVENTS FROM JOHN'S PERSPECTIVE

John sleeps on bro's rocket board, flying along with the meteors of the reckoning. He lands back on his planet, the Land of Wind and Shade (LOWAS). His dream self had awoken after dream Jade pushed him to safety from the blast of Prospit's moon. His dream self now exists on the battlefield, awake whenever John sleeps. He wanders the battlefield with his robot bunny, who he would later
name Liv Tyler. He sees his dad and Rose's mom, and runs to meet them. But he wakes up before reaching them, and his dream self disappears. The ring he was carrying falls into a ravine below, later to be recovered by W.V?, before his exile to post apocalypse Earth.

Vriska was responsible for waking him up. Upon discovering John, she takes an interest in his advancement, and uses her abilities to help him progress and set up critical events along his timeline. The only effect her abilities have on humans is to wake them up or put them to sleep. In this case, she woke him up so he would be able to receive the server disc about to come out of a parcel pyxis. The disc had been deposited into the pipeline by P.M some time ago. She and John continue to converse, and he befriends her, oblivious to the true nature of her schemes. She functions as his "patron troll", a troll who is particularly focused on helping one of the kids, like Terezi is with Dave, and Kanaya is with Rose.

John returns to his house, and installs the server. But not before touching base with Rose, who is committed to cracking open the secrets of the game through dark magic, and Dave who is from the future, having time traveled extensively over the course of the 24 hour reckoning period. John also encounters nanna, who gives him a pendant granting him the ability to summon her. She conjures a ghost bed for him, and cooks for him with a ghost oven. He floats on his bed high above LOWAS while he connects to Jade.

Jade, who had woken up in her bed at the foot of the hill, returns to her house to find John setting up the equipment. John deploys the alchemiter and lathe in her greenhouse, and the cruxtruder in front of her fireplace. He opens the cruxtruder and discovers there are 10 minutes and 25 seconds until impact. They discuss what to prototype with, if anything. Rose warns him of the danger of failing to prototype, which would not allow the battlefield to heal, evolve to its final form, and grow the Tumor inside, which is critical to her plan to destroy the Green Sun.

John resolves to prototype with the blue doll, missing an arm and an eye, to deliberately disable Jack. But Vriska puts him to sleep before he can. Becquerel then prototypes himself to destroy the meteor and save Jade.

As he sleeps, John's ghost bed crashes into an oil ocean below. He loses his computer with the server disc in it, and nanna's pendant. He hops to a small island. He notices the ocean is on fire over the horizon, and the fire is approaching. He talks to Rose, who informs him Jade entered while he slept, and is safe. She tells him about a quest he'll need to go on later, to recover the Tumor from the battlefield and bring it to her. He then talks to Karkat, who is speaking to him for only the second time from Karkat's perspective. Karkat explains exactly what the kids did that made him decide to troll them. He blames Jade for prototyping Bec, creating Bec Noir who is now terrorizing the trolls' session, while blaming John for allowing it to happen.

Meanwhile, the fire is approaching his island, and has turned green due to Bec Noir's transformation, taking place during a duel with bro and Davesprite elsewhere on LOWAS. John is contacted by Vriska, who admits to putting him in this position to challenge him, to realize his potential as the Heir of Breath. She also admits to deliberately playing a role in the creation of Bec Noir, wanting to be involved in his rise just as she also plans to be the one to kill him. She explains that regardless of her actions leading to his rise, his existence in the troll session is immutable. Due to the nature of paradox space, that outcome could not be changed with different actions. The only consequence of different actions would be an offshoot timeline, in which all participants would be doomed.

As the fire surrounds him, she encourages him to use his abilities, and with some coaxing from W.V who commands him from his station, he does the Windy Thing. The Breeze surrounds LOWAS and puts out the fire completely, and blows John to a larger landmass, just outside a
village. The Breeze also clears the clouds from the sky, but they return shortly, as the spell over the planet must be broken by other means. By unlocking this ability, he reaches the top of the echeladder and becomes the Heir Transparent. Vriska then informs him the only thing left to do is reach the god tier, which is done by sleeping on his Quest Bed which is nearby. She tells him to ask the locals about it. He does, and finds the Quest Bed beyond the village. He sits in the bed but isn't tired. Vriska gives him the choice of whether he would like her to put him to sleep. He agrees. While he sleeps, Jack Noir finds him and stabs him through the chest, killing him.

W.V watches his death on the monitor and commands him to rise up. W.V sees nothing except fireflies gather around John's body, while the Quest Bed glows. After the spectacle, there is no change. John's body remains motionless, and the monitor shuts off. W.V believes John has died. And he is right.

But on the battlefield, his dream self appears lying on a corresponding Quest Bed. His dream self slowly takes on the signs of the wound inflicted on his real self, as it rises. His dream self then takes over as his real self, with all wounds healed, as the fully realized Heir of Breath. W.V?, pre-exile, watches this happen on the battlefield. He remembers this moment long after his exile, without understanding what transpired. But on Earth, W.V believes he has just witnessed the end of John's quest. W.V is still in possession of the ring, and has accidentally locked himself in the station, and there is not enough power to unlock it. The only source of power is a lump of uranium which he ate hours ago. So he waits.

John now wanders the battlefield, poised to complete the objective he was given by Rose.

EVENTS FROM ROSE'S PERSPECTIVE

Rose uses her dark magic to search for ways to subvert the usual course of the game and overcome the futility of the situation, with assistance from her patron troll Kanaya, counsel from the gods of the Furthest Ring, and information provided by Doc Scratch.

Kanaya begins trolling Rose suspecting her to be the author of the GameFAQ guide she read on Alternia, a figure she grew up idolizing. But she becomes disappointed with her due to a series of miscues resulting from her sporadic, nonlinear trolling. She continues conversing with her nonlinearly, engaging in a feud of snarky one-upmanship, gradually befriending her. She eventually realizes Rose is the true author of the guide when she watches her destroy the gate above her house with magic. She then continues helping her in a more linear fashion, uncovering the secrets of the game, and sharing her own extensive knowledge of the game with her. Ultimately, as Kanaya begins to understand the true nature of Rose's plan, she becomes afraid Rose is dangerous. She is especially unnerved by the fact that soon on Rose's timeline, her viewport goes dark, and she can no longer be monitored. But she acknowledges she can do nothing to stop her. So she trains Eridan to become a powerful white wizard of hope to challenge her, as a joke.

A particular target of Rose's investigation is the Green Sun. She rips apart underground ruins to retrieve information on it, and is further informed by Doc Scratch on the subject. The Green Sun is a huge star nearly twice the mass of the universe. It resides somewhere in the Furthest Ring, and serves as the power source to all first guardians. Bec was Earth's first guardian, and when he became prototyped, Jack inherited all his powers, which are supplied by the Green Sun. Doc Scratch is the first guardian of Alternia.

Doc Scratch, like Bec, is a virtually omnipotent being, with all the same powers. Unlike Bec, he is an intelligent host to those powers, and is therefore also omniscient. His job is to pave the way for the arrival of his employer, an indestructible time traveling demon called Lord English. Lord English can only enter a universe upon its death, at which point he travels back in time to an earlier
point in the universe's lifespan to assume leadership of his gang of mobsters called The Felt. His machinations, like Scratch's, are in part designed to bring about his own future entrance. Before the trolls began their session, Scratch took measures to both pave the way for English to arrive, as well as contribute to his own creation. First guardians have circuitous self-fulfilling origins, much like the players of Sburb. Bec was created in a lab through ectobiology by merging the ghost slime image of grandpa's dog Harley with Rose's MEOW code. Scratch had a similar but yet unknown origin. Scratch manipulated several members of the trolls' party into playing Sburb (Sgrub) in the first place. Notably, he manipulated Vriska into killing Aradia, who as a ghost became the primary orchestrator of the session. He was also used as something of a pawn himself, by Terezi, in exacting revenge against Vriska, causing her to lose an eye and an arm. This was another key moment in a critical cycle of revenge, leading to Terezi's blindness and awakening, Vriska's eventual death by Aradia's retaliation, and then Vriska's resurrection to the god tier as the Thief of Light.

Having done everything he needs to do, Scratch tells Rose he wishes to die. Thus the destruction of the Green Sun is to their mutual benefit, and Rose forms a plan. While she gave the short version of the plan to John, telling him he'd need to recover the Tumor, she tells the full plan to Dave. The Tumor at the center of the battlefield is in fact a very powerful bomb, capable of destroying the Green Sun. She will go to sleep, and John will bring it to her dream self. Meanwhile, Dave is to go to sleep and listen to the gods, who will tell him how to find the sun. He will make a map, and Rose will plot a course there and destroy the Green Sun in a suicide mission. Ideally, this will negate all of Jack's powers, reducing him to mortal status again.

EVENTS FROM DAVE'S PERSPECTIVE

After entering the gate above his apartment, Dave begins exploring LOHAC under the guidance of his patron troll, Terezi. Her fascination with him was prompted by the money wire from his future self, which alerted her to the existence of the humans in the first place. She watched him grow up with his bro, and made some observations about humanity through his upbringing. She then committed to helping him, in part due to her rivalry with Vriska, who sought to make sure the human she favored, John, would outpace Dave.

Over the course of the adventures she coordinates for him, Dave experiences about 3 days chronologically due to looping through time, and fulfilling the requirements of various time loops. The key objective is to make enough money for him to be able to wire it to her in the first place, completing the time loop that started it all. The sum of money vastly exceeds what is typically gathered in a session, and it must be accumulated by manipulating the LOHAC Stock Exchange using time travel.

Along the way, Dave and Terezi befriend each other, trading comics and perpetrating financial capers. In the early going, Terezi leads him into a pot of soup prepared by his crocodile consorts, for no particular reason other than it needed to happen on his timeline. Doubtful of the need for her help, he nearly quit, but received assurance from his future self, and continued exploring.

He goes underground and discovers gold ruins. Before entering, he's interrupted by Karkat who uses a memo to warn both him and John about their involvement with Terezi and Vriska, telling them the scourge sisters are partaking in a dangerous game of rivalry fueled flirtation which has gotten both him and John killed at least once each. Karkat speaks from a time in which he's aware of a plan developing which may lead to the kids and trolls meeting each other, and does not look forward to the results of the gathering if these trends continue. John and Dave disregard his advice. Dave proceeds into the ruins and finds a legendary sword, Caledfwlch, lodged in a block of gold. He breaks it to retrieve it, and is told by Davesprite that the sword is critical to his personal quest as the Knight of Time. Terezi then tells him he is about to fall asleep, without knowing Vriska was
behind this nap as well. Dave goes to sleep, and Davesprite defends him from a horde of powerful monsters. Before Dave wakes up, Davesprite leaves to find bro. He does, and joins him in battle against Jack. When Jade enters, Jack transforms into Bec Noir and defeats both of them. Bro is slain by his own sword, and the body is discovered by Dave later, who can't bring himself to retrieve the sword.

While sleeping in the ruins, Dave's dream self wakes up again on Derse's moon. Following Rose's advice, he looks into the sky and takes off his shades. He gets his first glimpse of the gods. He then wakes up from hearing a gunshot fired by Jade as she battles an imp and quickly teleports away, the first of three times he sees her in this manner. He sees her again in the LOHACSE, and again while visiting Jade's planet.

He then goes on to make all the money needed, to buy all the fraymotifs, which are powerful battle techniques purchased from consorts, and to reach the top of his echeladder. But he still wanted to know why he would never be able to reach John's level.

To satisfy his curiosity, Terezi gives him a choice somewhere in the middle of his timeline, a choice to be decided by a coin flip. He could assign the outcome of the flip to mean he would either be shown now, or later. The outcome of the flip, which Terezi did not even look at, was a constant. Two realities are created by his two possible decisions. The decision to be shown now creates a doomed reality, wherein Dave becomes doomed. The decision to wait simply continues the alpha reality, and Dave remains the alpha Dave. Doomed Dave follows Terezi's instructions, given to him before the flip. He is to go back in time, leaving his doomed timeline, and sleep on his Quest Bed, and if he has what it takes to reach his god tier, he will. Alpha Dave, after waiting some time, was instructed to go to the bed to find sleeping Dave, and kill him, thus allowing him to face the true gravity of the decision.

Dave doesn't go through with it, and decides to end his collaboration with Terezi for the time being. Later, doomed Dave wakes up, gets out of bed, and is immediately killed by Jack. 03:14 before the Critical Moment, Terezi watches, and is upset by her involvement in his death. She runs off deeper into the lab.

Dave travels to Jade's planet, the Land of Frost and Frogs (LOFAF). While standing in the snow, he sees Jade appear briefly while fighting an imp, just as he did before in the ruins. He contacts her, and she mentions she has lost track of John. Dave tells her John is busy, without mentioning he was in the process of rising to the god tier. He says John can no longer be her server player, and they would have to make other plans.

Dave tells her to deploy the intellibeam laserstation in his apartment. The device allows very complex captcha codes for certain items, like a Sburb disc, to be read which couldn't otherwise be read by the human eye. He then creates a copy of his own server disc, and uses it to connect as Jade's server player. He becomes the server player for both Rose and Jade, though past Dave would stay concerned with Rose's connection, while he, as future Dave, would concern himself with Jade's connection. He deploys a new alchemiter and helps her upgrade it. With his massive reserve of grist accumulated in his travels and his more advanced torrenting capabilities, he allows Jade to alchemize some sophisticated equipment right away.

A bit later, she contacts him again after learning of his dead bro, and dead doomed self. He assured her the dead Dave was just a doomed copy, and he would be fine. She decides Jack needs to be stopped, and they should come up with a better plan than Rose's suicide mission to stop him. He suggests the idea is futile, but lets her know she'd come to her own decision regardless, and he'd be available to talk later if needed.
EVENTS FROM JADE'S PERSPECTIVE

When Jade's dream self is killed, her robot explodes, destroying her room, causing her to fall. Bec transports her bed to break her fall. She falls asleep. Now dream dead, she has a dream in a bubble blown by a god in the Furthest Ring, and meets Feferi there. Feferi, a Derse dreamer, went to sleep to convince the gods to establish dream bubbles where they can meet while asleep, as long as their dream selves are dead. While she is asleep, 04:13 before the Critical Moment, Jack destroys the trolls' Derse, killing her and all the Derse dreamers. She, along with all the other trolls and Jade, would then only dream in the Furthest Ring, where she met Jade and attempted to show her the gods were harmless. But Jade sees through the bubble and catches a glimpse of the gods. She wakes up with a headache, scared of what she saw, and resolves to stay awake. Feferi messages her, and introduces herself as the one from the dream. It is the second time they have spoken. The first time was long ago, from Jade's perspective.

Jade realizes her robot has exploded, causing her to remember that was her cue to message Karkat. She does, and the aforementioned confusion takes place in the memo with past and future Karkat. Past Karkat berates her, while future Karkat defends her. She reprimands both of them for arguing with each other, who are the same person separated by only 3 hours. Dave enters the memo and mocks future Karkat for his flirtation with Jade after the lecture he gave to John and Dave on the subject. Jade ends the conversation, and is in no particular hurry to get back to him about the important matter he wanted to discuss.

The meteor impact is imminent. John connects with her, and helps her prepare for entry. She makes her entry item from the pre-punched card. A tree sprouts from the alchemiter, and a green Bec-shaped pinata dangles from a branch. A green blindfold appears over her eyes, which she cannot remove. She attempts to strike the pinata with the butt of the rifle, which does no damage. Instead it releases a burst of energy, causing the greenhouse to explode, and Jade to fly out and fall. While falling, she takes a shot in the dark with her rifle. By this point, Bec has prototyped himself to become Becsprite, and has destroyed the meteor with a massive green energy blast, releasing a huge shockwave spreading over the surface of the Earth, destroying much of what hadn't been already by the meteor storm of the reckoning. Becsprite then appears in front of her bullet, and redirects it into the head of the pinata, destroying it. Jade, her house, and a large part of her island including the volcano, are all transported into the medium, on LOFAF.

She falls through the snow of LOFAF, now unblindfolded. Becsprite again breaks her fall with a bed, and again she falls asleep. She has a recollection of sitting on her bed back on Earth some time ago, working on John's present. It's then that Feferi contacts her the first time. Jade believes she is trolling her like the others, but she only means to reassure her what happened wasn't her fault, as well as inform her of her plan to establish the dream bubbles. But soon, both realize this is not a memory, but a dream they are currently sharing, with the memory as a stage. Feferi meets Jade in her room and compliments her on her work on the bunny. Feferi also claims to be dead. Jade wakes up again, just as agitated as the first time she woke up.

She gets out of bed and realizes her lunchtop is still in the destroyed greenhouse. She begins her ascent, but is interrupted by an encounter with an imp, which takes her on a trans-incipisphere journey, visiting many locations and passing by three instances of Dave, including a future Dave who ends up helping her later. The imp is finally killed by Becsprite. P.M from post-apocalypse Earth, just after discovering her station and en route to the frog ruins, tries to issue commands to Jade through the terminal. Becsprite is alert to these commands, and protectively destroys P.M's terminal.

Jade returns and finds her computer undamaged. Future Dave contacts her after seeing her out in the snow. He then becomes her server player, and sets up her equipment after most of it was
destroyed/transported before entry. As she prepares to alchemize new items, she is contacted by her "fairy god troll", a distinction which does not necessarily have anything to do with being a kid's patron troll. Tavros seeks permission from her to commune with Bec again. The first time he did it was when she was very young, and playing with her grandpa's flintlock pistols. She accidentally fired the gun at herself. Tavros communed with Bec to get him to transport the gun and the bullet away from her, and toward her grandpa who was picnicking with the blue doll, killing him. Tavros mistook him for an intruder, but regardless, Jade is upset by the revelation. He digs himself into a deeper hole by professing flushed feelings for her awkwardly, while making bold claims of high self esteem and confidence granted from his new robot legs. Put off by this, she is not particularly receptive to his plan to commune with Becsprite to take on Jack Noir, and ends the conversation.

Vriska, who was reading the conversation, mocks Tavros for his false show of confidence. She continues to take jabs at him, calling him a coward, unable to do the one thing she asked which would have given him real confidence. She refers to the incident preceding her resurrection to the god tier. After she was nearly beaten to death by Aradia, Tavros finds her, believing her to be dead. He attempts to bring her back to life with a kiss. But having woken up on Prospit after the beating, Vriska's dream self is able to control his mind. She makes him choke himself, simply to prevent the kiss to avoid the standard resurrection process, which would prohibit god tier ascension. She does not wish to control him completely, intending to leave the following decisions to him, to make him stronger. Instead, she merely controls his hand to write messages to himself using her blood. She instructs him to take her to her Quest Cocoon, and to kill her on the sacrificial slab before she bleeds to death. He hesitates, and she continues to insist, while her dream self gradually takes on the same wounds inflicted on her real self, causing her demands to become more desperate. The more desperate she gets, the more terrified Tavros he becomes, and he finally flees without killing her. She eventually dies, and is resurrected on the battlefield as the Thief of Light.

Still holding this against him, she berates him for his newfound attitude, and regards his plan to influence the kids' timeline as a cheap imitation of her tactics. She brags about the ways she has manipulated events on their timeline so far, by practicing her abilities on Jade repeatedly, causing her to fall asleep frequently. She describes ways in which she has inserted her agenda into existing events, tipping off agents to the whereabouts of the MEOW code book, and other such incidents which contributed to the rise of Jack Noir, so she could claim responsibility for his existence, before taking him on herself. Tavros becomes angry with her incessant mockery and the extent of her treachery, and decides to seek her out to challenge her. She waits for him somewhere in the lab.

After the conversation with Tavros, Jade alchemizes a number of items. One of which is a legendary rifle, Ahab's Crosshairs, supplied by Eridan. Eridan, now believing himself to be a powerful wizard, feels he's surpassed the need for the weapon, and gives it to Jade to fuel the rivalry he mistakenly assumes she has with Rose, as payback for Rose's early dismissal of his black advances. Jade recognizes it as one of the weapons she included with the bunny for John. The weapons were provided by her penpal, who she accidentally revealed to be her grandson from the future. The pen pal swore her to secrecy on the matter, so she did the same with Eridan, though he admitted this would be the last time he talked to any human regardless. Realizing the new rifle would serve as a sort of heirloom to her grandson, she decided to discard it outside her house, and allow it to reach her grandson eventually however it may. Eridan then blew up her Johnytop.

Another item she created was a pair of junior compu-sooth spectagoggles, allowing her to see anything in the incipisphere at the present moment. She saw John as the Heir of Breath on the battlefield, Rose on LOHAC talking to Doc Scratch, Davesprite's pendant covered in blood nearby bro's dead body, and a slain doomed Dave. She contacts Dave to make sure he's alright. She then comes up with a plan to take on Jack Noir.

She contacts Tavros again to talk about the plan he proposed, but he has left to take on Vriska. She
has only one idea left.

[Note: From this point, the text begins to fade from white to grey, then to black.]

She goes up to her grandpa's lab, summons Becsprite, and tosses in her dead dream self, which her
grandpa had retrieved from the battlefield and stuffed many years ago. Becsprite becomes
Jadesprite. But dream Jade is not pleased by the transformation. She freaks out, and releases the
typical first guardian pyrotechnics. The lab plummets, crushing the column and greenhouse below.
It bounces away from the house, rolling into large snowball, and settling near a green stump. The
two Jades sit in a state of dismay amidst the rubble of the lab, in the glow of a damaged 4th wall.

As the clock ticks down to the Critical Event, the most important character in Homestuck sits and
watches this pandemonium ensue.

And then, the second most important character in Homestuck positions a shitty drawing of himself
in front of a typewriter and writes this recap.

I think this typewriter is running out of ribbon ink.

Thank God, that white ink is such a pain in the ass to read.

Almost as much as these recaps are to write.

Highlighting all that white text crashed my browser.

[Image description: It shows the cracked window that Hussie just covered with the coat. The
lining, which is all that can be seen now, is the same color as a Blue Screen of Death.]

Sorry.

Why don't we get back to what's happening on the other side of the coat.

These poor girls are very upset and emotional, and we kind of left them hanging.

Next

[Image description: Jade has pulled herself from the pile of trophies. Jadesprite continues to cry.]

spritelog
Jade: uuugh
what happened?
Jadesprite: boo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Jade: oh god
Jadesprite: what did you do what did you do what did you do
Jade: oh no oh god.....
what did I dooooo

Next

[Image description: Jade reaches out to pat Jadesprite on the back.]

spritelog
Jade: um... Jade?
Jadesprite: boo hoo hoooooo
Jade: what is the matter?
Jadesprite: why are you so sad?
Jade: I prototyped you and brought you back!
should I not have?
Jadesprite: no!
you shouldn't have, this is overwhelming and awful
Jade: oh no, it is?
Jadesprite: yes!
it's hard to describe what it's like
but it's too much for me
and the sun...
it's way too big and bright and I can't stop seeing it...
it won't go away aaaaah!
Jade: (sad face)
that's terrible, I'm really sorry
I guess I did not think this through
Jadesprite: can't this be undone?
I was happy where I was with my friends
I want to go back
Jade: I don't think...
that it can be undone (sad face)
Jadesprite: boo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
woof (crying face)
Jade: (gasp face)

Next

[Image description: Jade waves her hands at Jadesprite in a 'woah, hold on' gesture.]

Jadesprite: can't this be undone?
Jade: I can't know what to do
I really messed up, I feel so bad
Jadesprite: I don't know what to do with myself either
I think I will just go somewhere else
I want to be alone
Jade: where would you go?
Jadesprite: I don't know
I think I can travel anywhere now
but all I'd like to do is go back
and I don't know if that's possible
I wonder if there's a way...
Jade: but you can't!
I mean, not just yet, please?
Jadesprite: why
Jade: I know you are upset jade
but I did sort of bring you back for a reason
Jadesprite: why, why would you do this?
Jade: we need your help!
Jadesprite: who?
Jade: well, all of us here
me and dave and rose and john
Jadesprite: john!!!!!!!!!!
oh noooooo, john...
boo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Jade: (very sad face)
what is it now!
Jadesprite: john, poor john...
id forgotten about him
Jade: what do you mean, how could you forget about john???
Jadesprite: it was so long ago! I put that sad memory behind me
after we died I looked all over for him but couldn't find him
and I was so lonely, but I finally got over it when I met my friends.....
and now they're gone toooo aahhhhh booooooo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Jade: but john didn't die!
I saved him
you saved him, dont you remember?
you pushed him out of the way of prospits moon at the last minute, and hes ok now!!!
Jadesprite: oh my god prospit.....
........
Jade: oh nooo jade please dont
Jadesprite: booooooooooohoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Jade: (very sad face)

Next

[Image description: They hug. Jade's crying a little bit too.]

sprite log
Jadesprite: why are you doing this to me, why are you making me remember
Jade: (sad face)
Jadesprite: it was so beautiful and it was all destroyed before I even knew what was going on....
and so many nice people were killed
Jade: I know jade I was there too...
these are both our memories!
Jadesprite: and the queen, did she survive?
and her ring, I was protecting her ring, oh nooo what happened to it???
Jade: jade, pleeease...
Jadesprite: I was just waiting for john to wake up, I was so sure it was going to be soon
and I was going to show him around prospit
I had so many things planned and so many friends to introduce him to...
he was my best friend and I was looking forward to meeting him for so long
but then it all burned down and everyone died and the moon fell and.........
Jade: stop...
you are going to make me cry too, stop it!!!
Jadesprite: booooooooooooooooooooooo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Jade: *sob*
Jadesprite: woooof...
Jade: pffheheh... *Sob* hehehehehehehehehe

Next

[Image description: Jade steps back and looks scared. A bright green glow falls over her.]

sprite log
Jadesprite: I dont want to be here, I have to go back
but I dont know how
can you help me?
Jade: you want me to help you...
die again?
Jadesprite: yes, I think thats what I would like
I cant take this, I wasnt ready to come back
not like this
Jade: wow...
ok, I know this is my fault
but that is a really hard thing to ask me to do!
even if it was possible the way you are now
I dont think I could go through with it (sad face)
Jadesprite: boo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Jade: ok ok shhhhh...
jade listen
I never did tell you why I brought you back
and it may be that
if you attempt what I wanted you to do in the first place
god I cant believe im saying this...
but you might end up getting what you want anyway
because it was always going to be risky
Jadesprite: what is it?
Jade: well, you remember the guy who destroyed prospit?
Jadesprite: oh god (very upset face)
ohh god noooooo...
Jade: shh!!!
anyway, he is the reason I brought you here
he has the same powers you have, making him unbeatable to us...
but maybe not you!
so you could go find him and
Jadesprite: you want me to fight him???
Jade: um
Jadesprite: are you crazy? Do I look like I am ready to fight anybody???
Jade: I just thought
as long as youre here
Jadesprite: I cant fight anybody!
jade I am scared and confused and sad...
I wouldnt even know how to begin fighting that horrible guy
I would be too afraid of him to even go find him
Jade: but
I thought you wanted to die?
you wouldnt go even if he could...
Jadesprite: no I dont want him to kill me!!
you just dont understand aaaaa boo hoo hoo
Jade: jeez...
youre right, I really dont
Jadesprite: boo hoo hoo hoo
Jade: I said shh!
wow
jade...
I dont mean to be insensitive but
there is a lot at stake here!
Jadesprite: woof
Jade: i... Phehe, dont change the subject!
I mean, dont you remember what this was all about?
what you were working for... What we were working for all those years before you died?
remember what we saw in the clouds, or what the queen told us?
Jadesprite: uh...
Jade: how could you not remember john survived?
we both saw him in a cloud! He was in his dream suit and awake, reading our letter!
didnt you think about that?
Jadesprite: ummmm, so? What does it matter?
Jade: ...
Jadesprite: it was all a lie jade. What we saw in the clouds and all that. None of it meant anything
Jade: what!!!!
how can you say that?
Jadesprite: it was a nice life, but everything we did lead to nothing
john and I both died, and I eventually accepted that and moved on
Jade: john didnt die!!!
ogm...
this is so frustrating, I just told you he didnt
I knew I was kind of ditzy and forgetful in my dreams, but
Jadesprite: boooo ho-
Jade: shhhhh! Okaaaaaay, jeez!
I just dont know what to think
I guess you are part of me, and you are who I was when I slept
but it makes me sad to think I would act like this
Jadesprite: act like what?
Jade: I would like to think that even if I was sad and scared, if I was put in a position where
everyone depended on me, I could put all those feelings aside and do whats right!
Jadesprite: but I dont know whats right
Jade: yes you do!
even though you dont want to be, youre here now, and there are still people who need you
Jade: there is still something worth fighting for!

Next

[Image description: Jadesprite cries even harder and flashes green.]

spritelog
Jadesprite: no!!!
not for me there isnt
there is nothing but death and sadness and destruction here
theres no hope, and I dont see anything worth fighting for
Jade: that is a horrible thing to say!
Jadesprite: I dont belong here anyway
really none of this is my business anymore and I want to go home
Jade: augh!
that is so selfish!!!
I cant believe this
how can you say these things, dont you remember anything that the queen told us?
that we would eventually build a new world and make a future together with our friends?
dont you remember being excited about finding out what that meant?
Jadesprite: yes
but it was just a story
it was never going to come true
Jade: yes it will!!!
some of us, the ones who still have hope, are fighting for that right now
how can you have such a negative outlook on absolutely everything?
Jadesprite: boo hoo ho-
Jade: shut up!!!!!
stop being such a damn crybaby!
really, we both had the exact same experiences. And look, I am managing to keep my head up, see?
you dont even have the full picture either, because you checked out early!
you didnt have to stand by as bec gave jack his powers when you might have been able to stop that
and you didnt have to watch as jack became so strong he could appear anywhere and kill anyone
you loved at any moment!
you didnt have to see a dave lying in his own blood (sad face)
Jadesprite: what...
dave?
he died too?
Jade: no, see...
Jadesprite: ohhhh boo-
Jade: hey! No. Youre not allowed to cry about that because you didnt see it
thats the whole point!!!
you are just looking for any excuse you can to be sad and useless and its starting to piss me off!
Jadesprite: *sniffle*
Jade: no
Jadesprite: *whimper*
Jade: no. Bad.
Jadesprite: aaaaaaabooooooooooooooooooooooooo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Jade: no, for gods sake will you shut up and pull yourself together, you are driving me crazy

Next

[Image description: Jade grabs Jadesprite and shakes her. Jadesprite just keeps crying.]
spritelog
Jadesprite: waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah
Jade: I said pull yourself together you bluberring goddamn pansy
Jadesprite: awoooooooooooooo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Jade: just shut up. Dry your crybaby eyes, stop being a coward, and go fight jack noir!!!!!!!!!!!!

Next

[Image description: Jade shouts and slaps Jadesprite repeatedly. The background behind her flashes green and black.]
spritelog
Jadesprite: boo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Jade: shut up
Jadesprite: boo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
boo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Jade: no
just
god damn it
Jadesprite: boo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Jade: please
just once
shut the hell up
Jadesprite: boo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Jade: shut up
Jadesprite: boo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Jade: shut
Jadesprite: boo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Jade: the
Jadesprite: boo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Jade: fuck
Jadesprite: boo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Jade: up
Jadesprite: (crying jadesprite emoji)

Next

[Image description: Jade pulls Jadesprite until they're just inches apart and screams in her face.]

Next

[Image description: Jade drops Jadesprite as 7 different Karkat alerts suddenly appear on every computer she's wearing.]

Jade: Answer patron troll.

[Image description: Jade grits her teeth and attends to the no less than 17 Karkat alerts now surrounding her. Jadesprite flies off to cry some more.]

pesterlog

G.C.: attention harley.
please stop weeping with and or beating the shit out of your self prototyped lususprite
stop doing one of those things at least
long enough to answer me.
lease.
pretty polite earth please.
who am I kidding
I'm wasting my time again
G.G.: karkat!!!!!
G.C.: whoa fuck
you answered me, I dont believe it
G.G.: yes
im going crazy here
I never thought id say this, but im actually almost relieved to talk to you
G.C.: what
you are
G.G.: or really anybody besides that lunatic
   she is driving me nuts!!!!!!!
G.C.: oh yeah?
   how so, everything here appears to be proceeding rationally.
   what seems to be the problem
G.G.: are you joking?? Look at this mess!
G.C.: mess? Jade, now it sounds to me like *you're* the one who's joking.
   your hive ball rolled down a beautiful winter hill, and you are spending some quality time with
   family.
   you are going to have to fill me in on the nature of the problem.
G.G.: okay...
   I made the mistake of prototyping my dream self who has been dead for years
   and shes completely crazy and theres no talking any sense into her
G.G.: hmm?
G.G.: hmm what
G.C.: hmm as in hmm interesting.
   as in hmm how very, very fucking interesting indeed.

Next

[Image description: Karkat glares at his computer.]

pesterlog
G.G.: (uncertain face)
what are you getting at???
G.C.: what do you mean what am I getting at.
I'm getting at whatever hmm interesting gets at.
   please go on, I'm listening to your problem.
G.G.: well...
   I mean, I understand why she is upset
   but she is completely inconsolable, and wont listen to reason about anything!
   and I guess I could deal with that but...
   the frustrating thing is that shes actually me (sad face)
   I really dont think I would act like that
G.G.: will you stop saying hmm!!!!!
G.C.: ok, fine.
   what other sequence of letters would you have me use to register my profound fascination.
G.G.: fascination?
   what do you find so fascinating?
G.C.: I'm just trying to understand.
   I am being sensitive about it instead of a raging fuckass, isn't that what you want.
yes, it is, if you don't believe me just ask future you, assuming that conversation doesn't make you
   cry as well.
   now tell me more about your feelings.
G.G.: my feelings?
G.C.: yes, how did this make you feel.
G.G.: well...
   at first I was sad
   because she made me remember all the sad things that just happened
but im trying to be strong about all that so we can keep moving forward
and if I can then why cant she?
but she just went on and on
and I started getting angry...
ugh I have never been so angry in my life!!!
G.C.: hmmm snort snort snort snort snort
G.G.: I said stop saying fucking hmm
G.C.: (gasping face with nubby horns)
G.G.: what does that mean????
is that supposed to be someone with a halo and goofy teeth?
are you making fun of me?
G.C.: no, no
you're looking at it backwards
G.C.: those are my horns
G.G.: oh
haha oops
G.C.: ok so if I'm understanding you
you're angry at a version of yourself from a different point in time
because she's being an overly emotional shithead who is basically the most revolting self loathing
piece of filth you have ever met
am I following
G.G.: yeah, pretty much
G.C.: I'm not going to say hmm again
but come on
don't you find the situation to be just the slightest bit interesting?
I mean, considering
G.G.: considering what??
G.C.: if I recall, it wasn't that long ago from either of our perspectives that you were ripping on me
and my smug windbag future self for arguing with each other
G.G.: oh come on...
this is nothing like that!
G.C.: how is this not like that
G.G.: because she's...
well
she's actually insane
G.C.: oh I see, and all those idiot past and future karkats weren't???
G.G.: but
those are you
im not her!
G.C.: oh aren't you
you just said you were, I just heard you say that
so tell me
how is this even the slightest fucking bit different?
G.G.: I dont know
it just...
G.C.: yes, go on
I'm really curious
how
G.G.: ...
oh my god
you're right (sad face)
pesterlog
G.G.: so then I guess
im a hypocrite (sad face)
G.C.: not really
it just means you're a sane rational person, and there just might be hope for you yet
G.G.: wait...
so me arguing with my dead dream self
and smacking her around while screaming at her
makes me sane???
G.C.: yes, absolutely.
it means all of your hideous flaws disgust you.
you are right to be disgusted, it's more than most people can say for themselves.
really, congratulations are in order.
G.G.: hahaha, wow
you are so weird
G.C.: congratulations, in addition to, just maybe, an apology.
don't you think?
G.G.: you want me to apologize?!
for what, calling you crazy for arguing with yourself???
G.C.: would it really kill you to consider it?
G.G.: after taking so much crap from you for all those years?
no forget it, im not apologizing that is bullshit
G.C.: dead dream dog jade, is that you?? You're sounding a bit hysterical, maybe you should calm
down.
G.G.: shut uuuup!!!
G.C.: well if you can manage to get your aneurysm under control
maybe you will realize I didn't actually specify to whom an apology was in order.
idiot.
G.G.: what
are you saying you want to apologize
G.C.: I guess
this apology was going to go down one way or another, so this might as well be the time.
and let's face it, I was really being the worst kind of phlegm bubble blown out a noisy glistening
ass.
so I'm sorry.
but to be fair, it was my past self who was giving you such a hard time, and he's completely
deranged.
G.G.: ok, I appreciate the thought of an apology, but I dont know if it really counts if you are just
going to pawn off responsibility on your "past self" again!
maybe your "present self" should own up to it!
G.C.: yeah that's what he's doing.
he, being me, right now, is owning up to what a fucking retard past me was, and continues to be.
G.G.: laaaaame
G.C.: yes, I know it's lame.
or I know that you think it's lame when I say shit like that.
because remember
I have been talking to you from the future, and I know you don't cotton to my P.G.C./F.G.C.
stupidity.
but see, you don't know that you know that yet.
or more specifically, you don't know that I know that you know that yet.
so I'm kind of pulling a fast one here.
G.G.: hahahaha, that is so ridiculous
why dont you stop it with all this nonsense and own up to being terrible unequivocally?
G.C.: yeah I'm going to.
the thing is, I kind of misrepresented myself.
I'm not as much of a scumbag as I was so determined to make out with myself to be.
fuck I mean
make myself out to be
G.G.: (gasping face)
G.C.: I really don't know why I trolled you like that so persistently
for some reason deep down I just knew that I had to
even if it meant digging myself into a huge hole with you and everyone else that would be hard to
climb out of
and like practically everything I said was completely baseless because I didn't actually know you
just like you didn't and still don't actually know me
so I guess I am apologizing for it, like really seriously now.
i, present karkat, in the current moment, apologize on behalf of my stupid past self, *who is
actually me*.
the guy talking right now.
like, there's no difference between those guys, ok?
G.G.: hmmm...
G.C.: hmmm???????
G.G.: yes, hm
G.C.: hm what
G.G.: ok karkat, that sounds pretty sincere to me
and youre right, I dont actually know you
I just know the part of you who acted like a bully
I understand there can be more to a person than just the stuff they say when theyre angry
so I will accept your apology and give you another chance
G.C.: ok, great.
G.G.: and I will apologize for calling you crazy
obviously I am not in much position to judge (blank face)
G.C.: no but
you were right, I am crazy
but thanks anyway
G.G.: so you say you have been talking to me from the future?
G.C.: yeah
making plans and whatnot
to pry ourselves mutually out of this massive mobius double clusterfuck.
G.G.: ok, so what is the plan?
I mean, why did you want me to contact you at this moment so badly?
G.C.: ok well the most immediate point of business is
you see that glowing blue screen behind you?
G.G.: yes
G.C.: you need to turn that fucking piece of shit off.

Next

[Image description: Karkat shouts GTFO and waves his hands wildly through the thought bubble until it dissipates.]
pesterlog
G.G.: ok, I can do that
but why, what does it do?
its been here my whole life and I could never figure it out
G.C.: I'm not going to say much about it.
but suffice to say there are just some things you don't want to screw with.
there are outcomes that are even worse than the complete annihilation of existence itself
forces more damaging to the integrity of reality than those capable of turning imagination into pure
void
they are forces which if handled recklessly will nullify the basic ability of intelligent beings in all
real and hypothetical planes of existence to give a shit.
G.G.: I dont think im following...
G.C.: you don't have to follow
all you need to do is turn the thing off
and then do the next thing I was told to tell you to do.
G.G.: you were told?
by who?
G.C.: by you.
G.G.: oh...
future me?
G.C.: yes.
you could be telling yourself this right now, but we're sort of working on a strict no memo policy.
which is your idea of course.
did I mention how you don't like it when we argue with our past/future selves? Yes, pretty sure I
did.
so I'm going along with the policy as best I can.
I am being pleasant and agreeable, and I will gently lower a magnificent, coruscating column of hot
fuck you down the protein chute of anyone who says otherwise.
G.G.: uh... Ok
well it sounds like a pretty good policy to me!
G.C.: you don't say.
so anyway, because of that, my role at the moment is to act as a sort of go between for you and
your future self
to help along the process of making these plans
while your future self is deliberately vague about some stuff so as not to "jinx" the conception of
the ideas in the first place I guess?
all while your current self is necessarily kind of dumb about everything.
G.G.: hey!!!
G.C.: sorry, ok, just kind of ignorant
because stuff hasn't happened yet
you know what I mean.
it's not all that straightforward for me either, but I'm used to this sort of idiocy by now.
it's a lot better than the moronic reverse conversation with egbert I trapped myself into.
meanwhile time is kind of running out here, where I am
we're counting down to something
something looming on the trollian timeline and no one knows what it is
and my team is kind of falling apart
I'm completely losing track of everyone and what they're doing.
so at this point I'm just going along with whatever there is to go along with.
and that is you and your crazy future plans.
and the scratch.
G.G.: oh yeah! Dave told me about that.
what is it?
G.C.: I don't fucking know!

at one point I thought I did, I thought it was just whatever sent jack here.
but clearly it's not that simple.

aradia knew but she didn't say, and then she went and goddamn exploded.
you haven't told me either, because I'm not "supposed to know" yet.
whatever, I don't even care, let's just do it.

G.G.: ok then...
what was the thing I told you to tell me to do?
right now, I mean
G.C.: ok, don't ask me why, because I don't know that either.

but that blue screen there

first, like I said, shut it off
G.G.: ok
then what
G.C.: then you need to draw it.
G.G.: draw it?
G.C.: yes
G.G.: and then?

G.C.: then nothing
that's it.

Jade: Examine 4th wall.

You size up the arcane contraption. The blue flicker of the coat's lining is arresting. But you don't know it's a coat. That would only invite more questions. You don't know what it shields. Nor do you know whose shoulders it was meant to cover. If you knew that - if you even knew his name - you would understand terror no human ever has.

You should really listen to Karkat and turn it off. If you start messing with it, I will seriously start fucking everything up. It would be irresponsible of both of us to let that happen.

You suddenly wonder where Jadesprite went. You wonder that because I said you did. I know where she went. But I will not say.

Not that you can hear a word I'm saying.

The coat's too thick.

Jade: Turn it off.

You reach behind the screen and the image goes black with the fading white line that old TVs had when they were turned off.

Next

[Image description: It shows a similarly turned off screen, but on one of the exile's terminals.]

Next

[Image description: Panels from the wall showing W.V's mural of the planets have been pulled off, exposing the wiring within the wall of the station.]
W.V: Build a fort.

[Image description: W.V stands in a tiny fort made of colorful mural pieces that's just barely big enough to hold him.]

In your attempt to find an exit, you have pried some paneling off the walls. But you are no closer to discovering a means of escape.

So you have resolved to build a fort instead.

You feel safe and sound in the cozy confines of your wobbly station panel walls. It should allow you to relax and pass the time, while you wait for the only source of energy you are aware of to present itself.

Serenity: Go get help.

[Image description: Serenity the firefly flies towards the closed door and slips underneath it.]

You have humored these antics long enough. It is time you slipped out the partially open door to seek help, since your beloved master has clearly gone stark raving mad.

W.Q: Advise Prospitian Monarch.

[Image description: W.Q and P.M stand in the sand outside the stations. W.Q has a speech bubble showing the prospitan crown.]

Your new queen is eager for your counsel. She wishes to know the royal itinerary she inherits.

The itinerary, for now, is simple. She must wait for her fourth and final subject to arrive.

Next

[Image description: The lotus blossom with the countdown from the inside of the temple counts down from the final 4:13:10 to 4:13:05.]

A fifth exile, sleeping for centuries in the belly of the ruins, far beneath the desecrated idol once sharing its visage with the legendary Speaker of the Vast Croak.

Next

[Image description: The White King, holding one of Rose's notebooks, stands near the lotus timer, but there is no flower or countdown, only a white spirograph and a blank screen. A second image shows him reading Complacency of the Learned.]

Soon the Writ Keeper will awaken and serve his new queen.

It is then that her work may begin.

Next

[Image description: W.V puts her hands on either side of her head and two speech bubbles appear over her. One has a picture of the Prospit seal with the four towers atop a pentagon, but this one has a sun in the center of the pentagon. The other shows a picture of Jack Noir scowling.]

She would like clarification on the nature of the work, which you are happy to provide. You explain that it is very simple.
As the new queen, she will be charged with bringing the slayer to justice, and rebuilding her kingdom in a new land.

Her Majesty again is overwhelmed.

Next

[Image description: W.V holds the Queen's Ring inside his tiny fort. Above his head, four speech bubbles show P.M, the lump of uranium, an oil-marked tab can, and John.]

And again, you explain she will have help.

She may choose to appoint a Wastelandic Vindicator as her kingdom's hero, a warrior selected and groomed to face the slayer with the weapon he protects.

Next

[Image description: P.M and W.Q look at A.R, who is cowering behind a rock. P.M has a speech bubble with a piece of dyanmite in it and A.R has a speech bubble with the Bec head station on top of the temple.]

But first, there will be tidying up to do.

Explosives will be needed. If she were to appoint a brave Armaments Regent for her kingdom, he could be of assistance.

Next

[Image description: W.Q hands P.M a spirograph key.]

Once the regent's task is complete, the queen must use the key to set the destination for her royal entourage.

And once all the pieces are in place...

Next

[Image description: It shows a rough map of the station's placement around the frog temple. Drawings of caution tape and dynamite flash over each of them.]

The vessels must be destroyed.

Serenity: Blink for help furiously!

[Image description: Serenity flashes frantically and a speech bubble over her head shows W.V in his fort.]

You interrupt whatever nonsense these silly people are planning with an extremely urgent message!!!

Next

[Image description: Serenity flashes out a message in morse code. It translates to Help! My friend is stuck inside the big can, inside a small house he built! You must hurry, he is not very bright and he doesn't understand it when I blink! Are you watching me? Oh no, don't blink me! You don't understand blinking either!! How do you people even exchange ideas without
luminous rear ends!!!!!!!

Unfortunately, your simple message cannot seem to penetrate their thick carapaces.

Doesn't anybody in this stupid desert speak blinking?

A.R: Prepare to tidy up.

[Image description: A.R stands next to the cylindrical station. Caution tape is wrapped around it, tying dynamite in place.]

You heard the new queen in town needs a powdermonkey on the double. As the kingdom's new regent, whatever that is, you spring into action.

Now this is something you can handle. Anything to take your mind off that terrible pointy head that fell on the illegal statue.

Until you have to rig that one with bombs too, that is...

Next

[Image description: W.V still stands inside his fort, but now he's asleep.]

W.V: Dream.

[Image description: A sketchy drawing shows W.V's fort on top of a checkerboard hill. There's an extension on top that looks like a dream tower, but it's wearing a tophat. There's a sign in front that reads "Mayor's House". Behind it, there's a purple sky dotted with stars. A red-orange crescent moon sits in the top left corner with Prospit's detached moon in the dark spot. Serenity hovers near the top of the tower.]

[Note: The text on the page is in morse code. It translates to]

What a daring dream

Next

[Image description: The Mayor sleeps in a bed with ghosty bedsheets. He's wearing a suit and bowtie along with a pointed night cap made of wound strips of fabric like P.M's wrappings. A bedside table to his left holds a black tophat, a lump of amber, a pack of chalk, and a monacle. To the right, a can of oil sits on the ground. Serenity hovers near his pillow and flashes.]

[Note: This caption is also in morse code. It says]

To combine the finest qualities of humanity with the elegance and nobility of the animal kingdom

Next

[Image description: A black shadow shaped like a monstrous Bec Noir darts across the dreamscape's sky.]

[Note: Once again, this is morse code. It says]

How you wish you could know their world

Next
To hear one night those muted pawpads traipse up your stairs.

Next

A low but friendly growl unsettles your slumber

Next

And as the sopor seeps from your eyes

Next

They detect a sharp pair of ears cutting moonlight

Next

A mysterious wolven tongue invite

Next

Wouldn't these ears suit you?

Next

Would not this proud long snout assist you in the hunt?

Next

Would not this proud long snout assist you in the hunt?

Next

As the Mayor watches in horror, giant wings grow from his back and a sword
grows from his chest.]

Next

[Image description: He turns into a white silhouette and the background turns green. The lump of uranium in his stomach glows.]

Next

[Image description: The Mayor, now identical to Bec Noir except for the green sun logo on his chest where the O on his mayor sash was, hovers in a green fire that's spreading across his body.]

Next

[Image description: His remaining arm is suddenly covered in blood.]

Next

[Image description: A crowd of dersites and prospitians stand in front of him, all wearing a blue uniform and bearing blue banners with white suns on them.]

Next

[Image description: The blood from his hand shoots out and a text box reads 'Red Miles']

Next

[Image description: The Mayor slaughters all of the carapacians.]

Next

[Image description: He shakes his head, but the red miles keeps going against his will.]

Next

[Image description: A small glowing thing that resembles Vriska's eye with seven pupils floats towards The Mayor.]

[Note: this caption is NOT in morse code.]

A weird bug approaches.

It must be your lucky day.

Next

[Image description: Vriska flies against a light blue sky with scribbly clouds.]

[Note: And we're back to the morse code]

Hey you!!!!!!!!

Just what do you think you're planning on doing with that ring?

Next
Whatever it is, forget it!
The slayer is mine (smiley face with eight eyes)

Next

[Image description: Vriska boots The Mayor right in the snout.]

Now wake up!

Next

[Image description: The Mayor stares down at the tiny Vriska flying in front of him.]

I said waaaaaaaake!

Next

[Image description: Vriska lays on the ground in front of her Nic Cage shrine, asleep. A speech bubble shows her kicking The Mayor in their shared dream.]


[Image description: A Bec head outline against a green background serves as a loading screen. The song MegaLoVania begins to play. A Dersite seal with 12 towers appears with a countdown in the center. 4:13:58 to 4:13:50. Dream Feferi floats in a void. It shifts. She stares at Bec Noir, who hurdles towards her, bloody hand and sword outstretched. She looks concerned. A red flash. She's dead, cut in two at the waist.

Derse floats in the void. A caption in Alternian names it Derse. Dream Nepeta looks up, frightened. A shadow of Bec Noir falls across her face. Suddenly, he stands in front of her. There's fuschia blood on his chest, where the sword is. He draws the sword from his chest and stabs Nepeta three times, then sheathes the sword, adding green to the fuschia already there. Noir kicks Nepeta backwards with a Doof, then lifts his hand. An aura of green energy surrounds his hand and everything goes green. His hand begins to glow white. Nepeta, who is on the ground and still alive, looks on in horror. Green fire and tendrils smash through the dream towers, then everything goes white.

When the white fades, all of the buildings on Derse are collapsing amid green tendrils of energy. It zooms out, showing the green energy expanding and reaching towards Derse from its moon. Then it zooms in, towards the core of Derse, racing against green fire. Everything goes black, then purple chains appear. And a red dot. That red dot turns into a round questbed with a sleeping Dream Aradia on it. Her derse dress is tattered and the green tendrils reach for her. She rises, just as John did when he was killed on his questbed. A green and red spirograph surrounds her and suddenly we see the meteor. Aradia bot explodes. The tendrils close in on dream Aradia's face. Her eyes snap open. The fire encroaches more. She narrows her eyes. Everything goes green, then white.

The green energy has consumed Derse completely. Then we see a pair of legs. White socks, black shoes with red soles. A faint red aura pulses around them. It shifts. There's a pair of spiraling horns sticking through a red hood. An arm in a long red sleeve. A pair of translucent red wings. Then a torso wearing bright red with a brighter red gear in the center. The time symbol. It flashes through them once more- Horns, arm, legs, torso, then zooms out. And there's Aradia, alive, and wearing God Tier clothing.
It cuts to Jack amid the last remaining pieces of purple architecture floating in space. He's holding his bloody sword and glaring at Aradia. She grins at him and white sparks begin dancing around her. He dives in towards her and a red spirograph surrounds her. A clockface fades in behind her, then several interlocking gears. Jack continues to fly towards her, until she points her hands towards him and he freezes.

It fades back to the countdown. 4:13:01 becomes 4:13:00 exactly. The gear begins spinning and it counts down fast, down to 3:14:03, then at normal speed to 3:14:00 as the gear morphs into a sun. The black background fades into Vriska's god tier outfit and it pans up to her face. Her eyes are pinched shut, then they snap open and she grins. Her wings are fluttering quickly. She takes off straight up, leaving a blue sparkling trail behind her. She approaches Tavros, who looks confused. He's holding his lance.

Vriska lands on the edge of the broken walkway on the way to her area of the meteor. Tavros lifts the lance at her. She gives him a thumb down and he draws his own thumb across his throat while holding up a decapitated fiduspawn plush. Vriska grins maniacally and draws her own thumb across her hips, then holds up Tavros's removed legs, which are still bloody. Tavros snarls at her and shakes his fist. Then he begins to move, running towards her with his lance at the ready. Vriska just stands there, sneering. She raises a hand and slaps him. In silhouette, she grabs him by the shoulder, takes his lance from him, and stabs him through the chest, right through the ring in his symbol. Everything goes black except for a spray of brown blood.

It fades back to Tavros plummeting off the edge of the walkway with his own lance shoved through his chest. Vriska watches triumphantly. Everything fades back to black.

Tavros: Land already.

[Image description: Tavros falls through the center of a ring of stairways, towards a platform where Terezi's sitting with her head in her hands. The timer at the top of the screen counts down from 2:41:39 to 2:41:35. He was falling for about half an hour.]

Next

[Image description: He lands in a giant splatter of brown blood and Dead appears above him. This startles Terezi, who gasps.]

Next

[Image description: Terezi stares at Tavros's body. He's lying in his own blood, which splattered on impact. Blood is pouring from his mouth and one of the robotic legs has broken off just above the knee.]

Kanaya: View Rose.

[Image description: Rose sits on the same platform on LoHaC, holding her crystal ball and the white magic cue ball. Casey stands by her side and a loose semicircle of different types of consorts stand in front of her. Some are wearing black robes, some are wearing ghosty bedsheet robes, and some are wearing card suit sheet robes. Her hubtop sits on the ground with a Jade alert over it.]

You have already viewed this moment a hundred times. It is no less confounding on your one hundred and first.

There is nothing otherwise unusual about the scene. A simple girl is understandably preoccupied by her handsome assortment of orbs, while surrounded by her ever growing band of amphibious and reptilian acolytes.

Next
And then darkness.

You have one lead in your investigation. But she hasn't been very helpful so far.

Kanaya: Contact future Jade.

G.A.: Are You Feeling Any More Cooperative In This Timeframe
G.G.: password!
G.A.: I See No Of Course Not
Please
I Know You Were Talking To Her Shortly Before
What Did You Say To Her
G.G.: I SAID PASSWORD FUCKASS!!!!!
G.A.: Wow
G.G.: whoops sorry
ive been having too many password arguments with karkat i guess (tongue sticking out face)
G.A.: I Still Dont Understand The Password Thing
Past You Doesnt Care About Passwords What Happened
G.G.: well......
it depends, do you want to have a silly conversation or a serious conversation?
G.A.: Which Is Favorable
G.G.: both are!
but a silly conversation mostly doesnt matter or make the timeline more confusing than it needs to be
so we can have one right now if you want
in fact i would say it is coming dangerously close to being one already!
but if it is a serious conversation you want then im afraid i must demand a........
Password (tongue sticking out face)
G.A.: Can We Discuss A Serious Issue In A Silly Manner
G.G.: nope!
G.A.: How Am I Supposed To Know The Password
G.G.: because i told you
G.A.: I Dont Remember That
G.G.: exactly!!!!!!!!!!!
G.A.: I Feel Like I Am Trudging Waist Deep Through A Slither Basin Full Of Your Human Surprise Noodles
G.G.: hehehe
yum (bucked-toothed smiley face) ?????????????????????????
G.A.: I Understand This Silliness Is Currently Permissible But Are Serious Questions About The Password Nonsense Permissible As Well
G.G.: hmm, i suppose those are acceptable
G.A.: Why Are You Demanding Passwords From Me And Also Apparently Karkat
G.G.: to keep the conversations linear!
i gave you a password at the end of our previous conversation
you have to give me that password to start our next conversation
this ensures that past you can't jump ahead into the conversation and mess everything up, like you are trying to do now!
G.A.: I Am Not Trying To Do That
G.G.: i know, but trust me its better this way (smiley face)
G.A.: When Will I Get The Password
G.G.: i dont know, i have no idea what time you are from!
but you will get it, i gave it to you some time ago at the end of our last conversation
and i have been eagerly awaiting your linear and unconfusing reply ever since!
bye kanaya (heart)

-- gardenGnostic [G.G.] ceased being trolled by grimAuxiliatrix [GA] --

Kanaya: Contact past Jade.

[Image description: A teeny tiny Jade floats near her tower, which has been built up to an incredible height. Behind it, a blue aurora marks an otherwise blank sky.]

Next

[Image description: Jade, in her Iron Lass Suit, flies up alongside her tower. There's a Kanaya alert over her head.]

pesterlog


G.A.: Im Appreciating Our Conversations From This Timeframe More And More
Past You Is Much Less Of A Taskmaster Than Future You Or Pre Blackout Rose
G.G.: thanks i think!
what do you mean by pre blackout rose?
G.A.: I Mean Post Blackout Rose Is A Lot Less Difficult Insofar As She Is Unavailable
G.G.: umm, ok...
but what do you mean by blackout???
G.A.: I Guess Youll Find Out Soon
And Then Report It To Me Under Extremely Specific Circumstances
Which Is Good Because I Sure Dont Know
G.G.: hmm (dizzy face)
G.A.: Yes Hmm And That Face Is A Good Response
Your Eyes Are Right To Be Swirled Letters
What Are You Doing
G.G.: im doing what you told me to do!
im getting dave to set up that expensive equipment
so i can start doing all that witch of spacey stuff you were telling me about
which i appreciate, since my sprite turned out to be sad and useless, and not very wise at all (smiley face)
G.A.: I See
Well I Didnt Actually Tell You To I Was Just Being Informative
Also It Isn't Technically Witch Of Spacey Stuff
I Was A Sylph Not A Witch
G.G.: oh
what is a sylph?
G.A.: I Think Its Sort Of Like A Witch
But More Magical
G.G.: a magical witch???
G.A.: Yes Im Completely Certain Of That Suddenly
G.G.: thats awesome
G.A.: But Regardless I Think Our Roles Are Approximately The Same Since We Are Both Stokers Of The Forge
As Well As Holders Of Breeding Duties
However I Should Clarify That My Earlier Counsel Was Mostly Academic
It Takes Weeks To Do All Of It Properly
You Wont Have Time
G.G.: breeding duties?????
Next

[Image description: Kanaya picks up the spikey orb and looks at it.]

pesterlog
G.A.: Yeah
G.G.: uhhhhhhhhhh... please tell me that doesnt involve what it sounds like!
G.A.: What Does It Sound Like
G.G.: it sounds like
it involves
a lot of breeding (uncertain face)
G.A.: Well It Does
But Not Breeding Through Means Typical Of Most Species
G.G.: oh
does the equipment we are deploying have anything to do with it?
G.A.: It Has A Lot To Do With It
It Is Cloning Equipment Much Like What Is Scattered All Over The Veil
The Same Kind Responsible For Creating All Of Us
G.G.: ok then, thats pretty neat
G.A.: I Didnt Mean To Alarm You By Implying You Were Required To Wage A Great Deal Of
Personal Procreation Over A Span Of Several Weeks
G.G.: yeah, whew (sweating side eye)
G.A.: Though It Should Be Clear That Repopulation Is Among Our Duties As Well In The Long Term
G.A.: And Ive Gathered That The Cloning Apparatus In The Veil Is Probably Meant To Permit An
Initial Boost On The World We Select For Settlement
But Beyond That It Is Up To The Descendants To Perpetuate The Race
And Your Species Has Quite An Advantage In This Respect
G.G.: how so?
G.A.: Your Procreation May Be Carried Out By Paired Individuals Autonomously
Whereas Ours May Not
Which Is What Makes My Role Particularly Important
G.G.: what is your role?
G.A.: Im The Keeper Of The Matriorb
It Is An Egg That Will Hatch A New Mother Grub
She Alone Will Be Responsible For Bearing Our Young
G.G.: whoa, cool!
so you are like bugs, like bees or ants or such, but with horns
G.A.: I Guess So
And You Are Like Erect Livestock
Without The Muscle Definition
Or The Hermaphroditic Physiology For That Matter
G.G.: (gasping face)
G.A.: But Milk Producers Nonetheless
That Rare Kind Of Organism To Nurture Hatchless Young Within
Are You Not
G.G.: err.......
yes (wide eyed uncertain face)

Next

[Image description: In the style of the walkarounds, Kanaya stands on a rocky cliff somewhere in the meteor. She's standing near a chest that's open and has a white key that resembles a mothergrub hovering over it. A text box at the top of the screen reads "You got the Auxiliatrix Key!"]

testerlog
G.A.: Anyway
I Had Imagined I Would Hatch The New Grub On A Planet In Your Universe
And When That Became Impossible I Quickly Lost Hope
I Assumed It Would Remain Locked In Its Card Forever
Which Could Only Be Opened When The Orb Was Meant To Be Used
But Then I Found Something Quite Unexpected When I Was Exploring This Lab
I Found A Key
It Was Deep In The Meteor
And As I Suspected It Released The Orb
Which Was Really Confusing To Me For A While
Until I Realized What It Meant
Which Is So Obvious Im Amazed I Didnt Think Of It Right Away
G.G.: what!
G.A.: It Means I Am Supposed To Use It Now
To Hatch The Grub In The Heart Of This Meteor

Next

[Image description: Kanaya stands in a round cavern of reddish rock.]

testerlog
G.G.: you think so?
G.A.: Sure
There Is No Reason A Meteor Couldnt Act As The Center Of Our Races Resurrection
They Are Themselves Like Large Seeds After All
The Only Question Is Whether We Can Manage To Keep It From Being Destroyed
As Well As Whether I Am Able To Raise A Mother Grub To Maturity
Oh Wow That Thought Is Actually Pretty Overwhelming
G.G.: i think you can do it!
G.A.: You Do
G.G.: yes...
didnt you say your lusus was a grub?
G.A.: Yes She Was In Fact A Mother Grub
Who Relinquished Her Calling As Matriarch To Raise Me
G.G.: thats perfect!
If you were raised by a mother grub, then you are in a great position to raise one yourself
it is like...
a sort of family legacy!
a really cool alien family legacy
G.A.: Okay
Thanks For Saying So

Next

[Image description: Jade flies down and lands on part of her tower.]

pesterlog
G.G.: dont mention it!
so how does this cloning stuff work?
G.A.: Its Very Involved
Like I Said You Wont Have Time
In Fact It Probably Should Have Taken Considerably Longer Than It Took Me
I Was A Little Rushed
G.G.: i want to try anyway!
if you can hold out hope for rebuilding your race in the center of a meteor, then i think i can at least
try to get a little cloning done with the time i have left
G.A.: Yes Youre Right
I Cant Imagine How You Can Complete The Objective In The Time Given
But Weirder Things Have Happened I Think
First Deploy The Pad
G.G.: yes, dave is doing that at the top of this ridiculous tower
G.A.: Um
Why All The Way Up There
G.G.: didnt you say it needed to be in a warm place?
G.A.: Yes Thats Right
G.G.: my house is freezing now
it ran on geothermal power before...
and i guess theres no heat anywhere inside this planet
G.A.: That Will Probably Change If You Light The Forge
But One Thing At A Time I Guess
G.G.: yes i would like to hear about that later...
but yeah the weather seems just fine out here in the medium!
lets see how dave is doing.....

Dave: Deploy cloning apparatus.

[Image description: A sburb cursor clicks the round cloning platform from the menu and places it
somewhere in Jade's house.]

Jade: Examine.

[Image description: Jade looks at the platform and a machine that looks like the ectobiology
apparatus John used to make the babies. They're tiny. The entire apparatus is barely taller than Jade
and the platform looks just larger than a dinner plate.]

pesterlog
G.G.: its...
so small (gasping face)
G.A.: Thats The Appropriate Size For The Equipment
G.G.: but
clone babies can barely even fit on that thing!
G.A.: Babies
What
G.G.: i mean young humans!!!
you know, that we milk producers nurture hatchless within?
G.A.: Yes I Know
I Didnt Mean To Suggest Your Breeding Duties Involved Cloning Humans
Repopulation Is Not Whats Happening Here
Its Not Your Objective As The Witch Of Space
Not Yet Anyway
G.G.: then what is the objective?
what am i breeding????
G.A.: Frogs
G.G.: (large gasping face)
G.A.: Sorry I Thought That Was Obvious

Next

[Image description: Jade crouches down with a delighted smile and pokes at the cloning platform.]

pesterlog
G.G.: i cant get over how tiny this thing is!
its so cute
so the baby frogs show up on this pad here?
G.A.: Yes
G.G.: i cant wait to try it
G.A.: What Are You Laughing At There
G.G.: oh
lol
dave just has a lot of funny stuff to say about all this
G.A.: What Is He Saying
G.G.: oh you know, a bunch of silly stuff
theres too much to copy/paste!
G.A.: Hmm
G.G.: here ill save it all to a file and send it to you
-- gardenGnostic [G.G.] sent grimAuxiliatrix [GA] the file "daveisafunnyguy.txt" --
G.A.: Okay Im Laughing Pretty Hard At All That
G.G.: hahaha
Alright how do i get started!
G.A.: He Will Need To Deploy The Terminal
Then You Can Start Hunting For Frogs To Appearify From Around Your World

Dave: Deploy terminal.

[Image description: It zooms out a lot. Jade and the aparati are at the very top of her tower. A massive screen has been deployed, which shows a frog with a crosshair over it.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in. The frog on screen is one of many, but is the largest. The background is a pale blue with beams of pale light crossing the screen.]

pesterlog
G.G.: ok, here is a frog on the screen
on no, is it trapped in ice?
G.A.: I Would Conjecture That Most Of Them Are
And Will Stay That Way Until The Forge Is Brought To Life
I Think The Event Is Designed To Trigger Drastic Planetary Upheaval Wherever The Forge Is Stationed
It Did On My Planet As Well
G.G.: was your planet covered in ice too?
G.A.: No Mostly Water
G.G.: cool!
anyway, i will try to rescue this frog
so i push this button to appearify it?
G.A.: Yes
It Probably Wont Do Any Good But You Can Try
G.G.: ok........

Jade: Appearify frog.

[Image description: Jade watches as a dead frog appears on the appearifier between the tanks. She looks distressed.]  

pesterlog
G.G.: oh god, it is still a frogcicle!!!!
this will not do
G.A.: The Problem Isnt That The Frog Is Still Frozen
The Problem Is That You Were Able To Appearify It At All
G.A.: Ectobiology Is Based Entirely On Your Inability To Appearify A Subject
G.G.: i dont understand!
but i am intrigued...
G.A.: If That Frog Were Destined To Do Something Else
Such As Become Ensnared In Your Net Later
You Would Not Be Able To Appearify It Because That Would Cause A Paradox
So Instead You Would Appearify Its Slime Imprint
The Paradox Slime Is What Is Important Here
You Can Mix It With The Slime From Other Paradoxically Appearified Frog Imprints
Study The Genes And Selectively Combine
And Then Create Resulting Paradox Clones
G.G.: ok, that makes sense i think
how can i appearify some frog slime?
G.A.: You Will Need To Direct The Terminal To Another Frog
And Then You Must Be Sure Later To Interfere With That Frog In Some Way
For Instance By Planning To Venture Out To Capture That Exact Frog As I Suggested Earlier
That Way It Will Be Impossible To Appearify The Frog Before Your Interference Has Taken Place
Only Its Slime Will Arrive
G.G.: so it is like
a sort of backwards frog breeding
clone first, catch later?
G.A.: Yes

Jade: Search for a new frog.

[Image description: The crosshair now sits over another, fatter frozen frog sitting on the root of a tree in a large forest.]
pesterlog
G.G.: ok, i will try this
heheh, look at this handsome guy here, hiding in the woods and being sneaky
he looks frozen solid too
so if i go bother him later, that means if i try to take him now i will only get slime right???
G.A.: Yes That Should Work
Make A Note Of The Coordinates
When You Travel To Interact With Your Cloned Subjects You Are Also Taking The Opportunity
To Explore And Discover New Habitats
As Well As New Species Of Frogs For Your Terminal To Track
It's Efficient To Go Adventuring In This Fashion While You Are Waiting For Your Young Clones
To Mature
G.G.: that sounds like fun!!!!!!!
G.A.: Yes It's A Lot Of Fun
It Is Also Extremely Time Consuming
Unlike Some Appearifiers In The Veil This One Is Locked To The Present Moment
You Cannot Use It As A Window Into The Future Or Past And Isolate Frogs Whose Futures Are
Certain And Therefore Most Paradoxifiable
G.A.: Means Of Expedition Are Limited
I Suppose You Could Use Time Travel To Accelerate The Process
But You Would Need To Establish Weeks Worth Of Stable Time Loops
I Think It Would Be An Overly Elaborate And Dangerous Undertaking Personally And Anyone
Who Would Attempt Such A Thing Is Reckless
I Wouldn't Advise It
G.G.: hmmmmm
k hang on while i clone this fella.....

Jade: Clone frog.

[Image description: A paradox slime silhouette of the frog appears, collapses, and is drawn into the
second tube from the left. A light green tadpole appears on the cloning platform a moment later. A
second image shows it flailing and Jade clapping.]

pesterlog
G.G.: yaaaaaay!!!
G.A.: You'll Need Somewhere To Keep Them While They Grow
Like A Pool Or A Tank Or Such
Or At Least Something Temporary
Water Wasn't Very Hard For Me To Come By But For You I Don't Know
G.G.: i will think of something...
i won't let the poor little guy suffocate!

Jade: Give him a home.

[Image description: Jade pops the 8 panel off a transparent magic 8 ball and drops the tadpole
inside.]

pesterlog
G.G.: so i am supposed to wait for him to grow up, and then breed him with other frog paradox
clones?
G.A.: Yes But This Isn't All There Is To The Cloning Process
A True Paradox Clone Is An Exact Genetic Duplicate Of The Subject
Later That Clone Will Be Sent Back In Time To Become Itself
In fact if it is an exact duplicate this is guaranteed to happen. This is what classifies it as a paradox clone. Any duplicate which genetically deviates from the original is not. It is simply a mutant.

And for breeding purposes mutation is desirable within reason. You may adjust the settings on the equipment to promote genetic anomalies. But it’s very delicate and you can go too far. Responsibly guiding the evolution of the genetic code during the breeding process is very important. In fact it is the most important thing about this of all.

G.G.: It is?
G.A.: Yes.
G.G.: Huh...

So what is the actual purpose of all this breeding? Am I trying to make one really special frog with just the right genetic code or something? Sort of like the ultimate frog (gasping face).


G.G.: Oh!

G.A.: Your objective is to breed the genesis frog.

Next.

[Image description: Jade holds the tadpole in its ball and stares off into the distance. A nebula appears behind her.]

pesterlog
G.G.: Why?
G.A.: You can’t complete the game without doing so. Your entire mission depends on breeding him.
G.G.: Him?

So he is a boy frog?
G.A.: Yes.

He will begin as a tadpole like you have there but considerably bigger. And he will mature to become the speaker. A deity like figure idolized by the consorts who wait for him to come.
G.G.: The speaker?
G.A.: He is known as the speaker of the vast croak.

CROOOOOOAK
G.A.: Yes. The croak really is quite vast and is something to behold. It’s the most amazing thing I have seen.
G.G.: Then the speaker is like a god, but there are a lot of them? Like one for each session, kind of like the kings and queens?
G.A.: Yes. There will be one for every session should the players be successful. And each one is a unique product of their quest.

The Kingdoms are at odds over his creation. Prospit worships him much as the consorts do. Derse reviles him and outlaws frogs wherever they can. Even the iconography.
Their Agents Mock His Name With Slurs
Like Speaker Of The Vast Joke
Or Bilious Slick
Although To Be Honest That Is What We Ended Up Calling Him
Not To Be Disrespectful Though It Was Just A Catchier Name
G.G.: it is pretty catchy...
if i call him that i will be sure to say i mean no offense!
G.A.: I Doubt Its Even Possible To Offend Him
G.G.: thats good
ok then what?
what do we do after i make this big god froggy?
does it have something to do with the new universe we create?
G.A.: Most Certainly
G.G.: you said he was a genesis frog
does that mean we bring him into the universe and...
he makes new planets or life or such?
G.A.: No
Youre Not Really Understanding The Magnitude Of His Role
He Is Not Responsible For Just One Aspect Of The Universe You Create
Hes Responsible For All Of Them
Bilious Slick Is Your Universe

Next

[Image description: Baby Kanaya walks through a pink desert on Alternia. In the distance, there is her tower and a green object very far away. Some white object just barely pokes on screen.]

pesterlog
G.G.: really???
G.A.: I Dont Mean Hes The Universe You Are From
We Engineered That Incarnation
He Is The Universe That You Are Trying To Create
G.G.: yes i got that!
G.A.: Sorry
I Thought It Was Obvious But Then Wasnt Sure
G.G.: you mean he is literally a universe?
G.A.: Yes Literally
That Statement Was As Literal As You Can Possibly Make Words Be
I Know Your Species Is Frequently Insincere For A Variety Of Reasons
G.G.: but your species is too!
especially karkat, he is incredibly sarcastic
G.A.: Thats True But When We Do It Its Usually Just Because We Are Trying To Be Jerks
Rather Than By Way Of A Mild Manner Perpetually Dispatching Little Puzzles Of Rhetoric
Without Apparent Purpose
G.G.: but i dont do that!
i try to say what i mean as much as i can
G.A.: Yeah I Think Ive Been Discerning That
Its A Nice Change Of Pace
G.G.: from what?
G.A.: Oh Its Not Important
G.G.: haha, you mean from rose?
G.A.: Well
Not That It Wasnt An Enjoyable Exercise In Xenocultural Inculcation
G.G.: yeah, rose and dave are like that all the time!
they inculcate that stuff like crazy
so you have been talking to her a lot i guess?
G.A.: Sort Of
G.G.: are you best friends now??
G.A.: I Guess As Mutually Friendly As The Time Has Permitted Two People To Be
I Wont Be Speaking To Her Anymore Though
G.G.: why?
oh yeah, because you said she is blacked out?
what the heck does that mean!
G.A.: It Just Means In A Few Moments From Your Perspective I Wont Be Able To See Her
Through My Viewport Or Talk To Her
I Dont Know Why Exactly But Its Not That Hard To Guess
She Has Been Relying On The Powers And Counsel Of Dark Gods And Other Sources Of
Ambiguous Intent
And She Has Consequently Devised A Plan Which Sounds Very Dangerous To Me
G.G.: yeah, i didnt like the sound of her plan either!
G.A.: You Are More Sensible
Its Probably The Influence Skaia Has Had On You
Having Spent Much Of Your Life Awake On Prospit
Like Me
G.G.: you did??????
G.A.: If Were Alike In Some Ways Maybe Its Because Of This
G.G.: yeah! (very happy face)
G.A.: I Woke Up A Long Time Ago
I Had Trouble Sleeping When I Was Young
The Sunlight Was Unnaturally Invigorating To Me I Guess
My Lusus Could Do Nothing To Help
And When I Was Supposed To Be In My Cocoon I Would Often Wander Out To The Desert
Where One Day I Was Visited By A Stranger Who Dressed And Spoke In White
He Put Me To Sleep And I Awoke On Prospit
Where I Have Dreamed Ever Since
He Said He Was My Guardian
And Though He Visited Rarely I Did Regard Him As That
Then Later He Stopped Coming
In Time I Began To Believe He Was A Figment Of My Mind
Like An Imaginary Friend To Give Me Reassurance When I Needed It
But Then While Playing Our Game I Learned He Was Real
He Had Spoken To Others From Our Party
And Had Been Manipulating Us All To Advance His Schemes
It Was Saddening To Learn My Fortuitous Awakening Had Been The Product Of A Nefarious
Ploy
Youre Lucky That Your Awakening Probably Had No Such Entanglements
G.G.: jeez, i hope not...
G.A.: But I Guess Its Only A Minor Contamination Of Something Otherwise Great
I Was Allowed To See What Skaia Would Show Me
And To Prepare For Dangers Ahead And Try To Protect People
G.G.: me too!!!!!
wow kanaya i did not realize how much we had in common
G.A.: Youre Right We Do
I Feel A Bit Silly That It Took Me So Long To Engage With The One Corresponding Closely
With My Role
It Must Be A Certain Madness Im Afflicted By
To Orbit Those More Reckless And Dangerous Than I And More Daring For It
I Guess I Want To Help Them But They Never Can Be Helped It Seems
G.G.: well, it sounds like helping people is something that is in your nature
i can understand that
are you saying rose is reckless and dangerous?
G.A.: Yes Definitely
We Have Our Share Of Dangerous Players Who Seem To Do Nothing But Cause Problems
I Believe She Is Yours
And If Her Insane Plan Wasnt Alarming Enough
She Has Been Communicating With The Stranger I Mentioned
And Unsurprisingly She Has Not Been Forthright About The Nature Of Their Conversations
G.G.: you mean your guardian?
G.A.: Yes
And Hes Not Merely A Guardian
Im Very Sure He Is A First Guardian
G.A.: Like Your Lusus Was
G.G.: uh oh...
im not sure why, but the sound of that makes me really nervous
G.A.: I Feel The Same Way About It
The Involvement Of Any Such Entity Strikes Me As Quite Inauspicious
Even When Seemingly Benign
G.G.: she didnt mention anything about this when we talked
but then she seemed preoccupied
G.A.: She Was
Youll Have A Chance To Determine More Soon
After Which Hopefully You Can Tell Me
G.G.: yeah, i will!
G.A.: In The Meantime I Will Go
I Would Like To Return To The Core To Situate This Orb
It Seems You Have Your Own Orb To Care For Now
G.G.: lol yeah i guess so!
ok, you can go do that, and i guess i will check on rose, but...
theres still so much i want to know!
i want to know more about stoking the forge and breeding the frogs, and about your time on prospit
and all that!
G.A.: Okay I Will Definitely Help You As Much As I Can
The Young Prospit Wakers Ought To Stick Together
G.G.: yes! (heart)
G.A.: Ill Message You Again In Your Future
And You May Reply If You Have Cause To
G.G.: if i have cause to?
oh!!!
that reminds me, i was thinking of implementing a system to keep some of these confusing
conversations simple and linear
G.A.: Does It By Any Chance Have To Do With Passwords
G.G.: yeah! i guess someone told you?
G.A.: Yes You
You Delivered News Of The System By Demanding A Password From Me
G.G.: aaaaa you see??????
you nearly just gave me the idea for the plan in the first place paradoxically from my own future
self!!
I just find that kind of thing annoying for some reason, it doesn't feel right...
i would rather ideas came from the place they actually came from
G.A.: That's A Reasonable Attitude
G.G.: ok lets put the system in play starting now!
i will give you a password, and you give it to me in the future when you want to pick up this
conversation again
G.A.: Okay
G.G.: the password is.............
CROOOOOOOOOOOOAK
G.G.: it must be in all caps, and must contain precisely ten Os!
G.A.: Ten
Im Counting Eleven
G.G.: whoops!
eleven then (tongue sticking out face)
G.A.: The Password System Is Already Paying Overwhelming Dividends Of Ease And Rationality
G.G.: kanaya (gaping face)
that sounded
just a wee eweeew bit
sarcastic (winking very happy face)
G.A.: Oh
Wow Yeah
I Hope Im Not Falling Prey To A Crisis Of Sincerity
G.G.: you are just becoming multicultural, that's all
i think i am learning to be more multicultural through karkat as well
it mostly involves saying fuck a lot
G.A.: Oh No
G.G.: heheheheh, its ok, hes really not so bad
G.A.: Yeah I Know
G.G.: ok! go hatch that orb!
i will be waiting
G.A.: Yes Ill Do That
Bye Jade
G.G.: later!


[Image description: This is another walkaround. It begins without music as, without any input from
the player, Terezi slaps Karkat away and runs out of the room in tears. The scene refocuses on
Kanaya and the song "Darling Kanaya" begins to play. Kanaya stands at her computer along the
south side of the room. There's an explosion mark on the counter to the right of her computer and
the Matriorb to the left. Much of the room is the same as the last walkaround, with fiduspawn
plushes and cards, teapots, Faygos, unicycles, and other various troll's belongings scattered on the
floors and counters, though it's a lot more messy. Walk north.

There's the Aradiabox explosion where her computer once was. Walk left.

Karkat stands near his computer with a hanged blue scalemate at his feet. Walk south.

Sollux and Feferi sit in Gamzee's horn pile.
Go to the transportalizer in the center of the room.

Select Transportalize.
You can't leave without telling your leader where you're going first! That would be irresponsible.
Also, you forgot to take the matriorb with you. You're clearly going to need that.

Go back to your computer and take the Matriorb.
You got the Matriorb!

Go to the horn pile.
Talk to Feferi and Sollux.

As each person speaks, a talksprite of them appears. Quirks have been removed for ease of reading.

Kanaya: Relaxing In The Horn Pile I See
Feferi: Yes! Why don't you hop in too, Kanaya? (very happy face wearing a tiara and goggles)
There is plenty of space. Sollux and I are glubbing about feelings.
Kanaya: That Sounds Nice
But It Really Doesn't Look Like There Is Much Room In That Pile Of Horns At All And I Should Get Going Anyway
Sollux: yeah, of course there's no room, it was kind of a moronic invitation to be honest.
Feferi: Hey, shut your mopey blow hole!!! I was just showing a little bassic courtseesa.
Really, you are just the grouchiest dude sometimes.
(And it's really cute!)
Sollux: also let's get real, this horn pile isn't comfortable at all, i've got hard metal edges jabbing
me everywhere, and it's lumpy as hell, and you can't move a fucking inch without honking the shit
out of it and making everyone in the room look at you.
what idiot thought this was the ideal thing to chill out on. oh that's right, a braindead clown who
eats toxic slime.
you probably like it because it's like a coral reef or some horrible jagged underwater pile of shit
like that.
Feferi: Grouchy mother glubber.
(heart)
Kanaya: Um
Okay I Will Leave You Be
Feferi: Kanaya, I see that look on your face.
You are curious, but are nervous about meddling, m I rite?
Kanaya: Uhh
Sollux: ff come on we we're having a private conversation here.
Feferi: It's ok, really! We were sharing some feelings about stuff. Sollux was feeling bummed out
because Aradia blew up, and she was his very close friend.
Sollux: sigh, holy shit, yes let's talk about all my problems openly, i love that. hey kk, check this
out, my emotions are serving as entertainment again!
Feferi: Yeah! ey, Karcrab, get yer nubs over here! Plenty of room in the pile!
OMG, that was SUCH an obscene gesture he just made. (gasping face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Sollux: anyway, yeah, now that A.A is gone forever i feel more depressed and useless than usual,
and i was already pretty cod damn useless to begin with, let's face it.
Feferi: But I have it on good authority that she is fine!
Everything is going to go swimmingly, you'll see. (smiley face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Sollux: you are so ridiculously optimistic it's kind of sickening, why do you even put up with me?
if you weren't so great i would think you were a fucking idiot for liking me.
so, i guess thanks for liking me?
wait, that sounded so pathetic, oh god. i should probably take that back.
Sollux hunches over and snarls. Red and blue lightning begins flashing from his eyes and his whole body flickers with red and blue light.

Sollux: Kanaya what the fuck are you still doing here, god damn it, can't a guy get a little glubbing privacy with a fish girl in a pile of horns.

A white chat bubble appears over Kanaya's computer. Go check on it.

Answer.

You have no interest in talking to this con artist right now. You are busy, and you won't even bother dignifying his text by highlighting it. Maybe a little later.

Go west, to where a broken 8 ball lays on the floor.
Examine broken 8 ball.

bad break.

[Note: This is written in Vriska's quirk, so the Bs and 'ea' are replaced with 8]

Just another member of your team unaccounted for. Where the hell is she? Oh well, at least she's out of everybody's hair for a while. She's probably off swooning over that shitty greasy human movie star, and being generally harmless.

Go further west, to the corner.
Examine Tinkerbull plush.

Dear Tinkerbull. Sweet, sweet precious Tinkerbull. Tavros loved this memorial plush sewn for him so much.

Seeing it here on the floor would be especially poignant if he were dead. But you know for a fact that he is alive and well. So it's all good.

Walk north, to Karkat.
Several options appear.
Talk about Terezi.
Tell Karkat where you're going.
Be Karkat.
Cancel

Talk about Terezi.

Kanaya: What Was That About
Karkat: I don't know, I guess I fucked up again.
I can't seem to do anything right in her eyes anymore.
I mean nose.
Kanaya: Maybe You Should Go Say Something To Her
Karkat: well I would, but she's probably burrowed fuck deep in this lab by now. I'm sure she's busy scooting up and down stairs and shooshing through pointless corridors, and opening chests containing like three boondollars and hideous paintings of enormous naked barnyard monsters.
what is with all the chests anyway? And why do we keep squirreling our useless shit away in them? I really should have written a memo about this. Like, the rules of chestiquette.
Kanaya: Squirreling
Karkat: squirrel is the human word for nut creature
Kanaya: Oh
Well I Think The Chests Are Fun They Make For Nice Surprises
Karkat: whatever
anyway I can't leave, if you haven't noticed the team has been falling apart here ever since aradia exploded for no reason, and therefore presumably died forever.
seriously, where the hell is everybody? Where's gamzee??? Shit isn't right
I've got to stay put here and keep it together.

Kanaya: Okay Then
If I See Her Along My Way Ill Let Her Know You Want To Talk
If You Dont Think Thats Too Meddlesome Of Me
Karkat: no that's fine, thanks.
wait
you're going somewhere?

Tell Karkat where you're going.

Kanaya: Im Returning To The Core To Deposit The Matriorb
Wish Me Luck
Karkat: whoa what the fuck???
I mean, that's great, if that's what you want to do with it. But you can't go, I need you here. Look around, shit is mayhem.

Kanaya: Ill Only Be Gone For A Few Minutes
Anyway Youre Doing A Good Job And I Think You Can Manage To Cope With My Momentary Absence
Karkat: ok fine.
in that case
good luck, hope it works.
Kanaya: Thanks

Be Karkat

Karkat's theme begins to play.

Talk to Kanaya
Two options appear, along with Cancel.
Talk about Jade.
Be Kanaya.
Cancel

Talk about Jade.

Kanaya: It Sounds Like Youve Been Talking To The Jade Human Like You Said You Would
Karkat: Yeah
Kanaya: I Just Used The Phrase The Jade Human Satirically For No Reason It Is Just One Of Many Ways In Which Im Becoming More Multicultural
Karkat: nice one, I'm laughing up a fucking storm.
Kanaya: Have You Found Her Password System To Be Practical
Karkat: don't even get me started on the password bullshit.
so, ok. Future jade gives me some really mysterious thing to tell past jade, to make sure she does something she needs to do without explicitly giving herself the idea from the future.
which is dumb, but ok I go along with it so she doesn't completely flip the fuck out at me. And then I get back to her in the future to say I did it.
and what am I greeted with? Password.
password password password password password password. Password you nubby grumpy sack of ugly fuck. I want a password right now or I will direct my cold laser hate stare through your bulge
from behind my goofy ass goggly girl glasses for lame shitty sissies.
ok I'm paraphrasing here.
so I give her the password and she's like wrong!!! I haven't given you that password yet, or you
already gave me that password, or it's too early for it or whatever. Find the right future me to give
the password to.
so I'm like fuck, I respectfully submit this is new levels of stupidity and pointlessness that only
retards would enjoy while earnestly investigating their own genitals, but that's just my opinion.
and then we spend way more time arguing about password shit than anything constructive.
Kanaya: It Sounds Like You Like Her
Karkat: what?? Where are you getting that
Kanaya: Well She Is Giving You A Reason To Be Frustrated And Loud What More Could You
Ask For In A Friend
Shes Quite Considerate Actually
Karkat: ok, yes, I'll say she's a lot more decent than I gave her credit for originally
and somewhere in this mess I guess a coherent plan is starting to emerge? I still can't determine
exactly what it is because she's always so vague, but whatever.
至少 she actually seems to care about helping us with our problem too, which is more than I
thought a human would do, and way more than I can say for a lot of the lousy self absorbed fucks
around here.
Kanaya: Do You Think Terezi Is Aware Of Your Interactions With Her
Karkat: I don't know, probably?
Kanaya: I Dont Want To Sound Too Meddlesome Because I Know People Dont Like That Much
But Didnt You And She Used To Have A Thing Like That
Karkat: man, why does everyone think we had a thing???
Kanaya: Well Didnt You
Karkat: the thing which may or may not have existed notwithstanding, what right would she have
to be upset about me talking to jade.
Kanaya: Maybe She Thinks You Are Trying To Make Her Jealous
Karkat: oh like she's not doing the same thing to me by talking to that pompous tool who's
idiotically insecure about the color of his eyes.
while hypocritically typing with his candy red text to drive the girls wild, what a fucking showoff.
you just know she's doing it to annoy me, she was probably even putting on a little show for me
crying over his corpse, like she really gives a shit.
Kanaya: Do You Actually Believe She Was Pretending
Karkat: yeah sure. I dunno
Kanaya: Maybe You Should Try Not To Be So Quick To Dismiss The Sincerity Of Peoples
Emotions
Karkat: I guess you're right.
wow I was being pretty dumb just now. What a fucking idiot.
past me is always so terrible, even when I literally just finished being him.
(Kanaya's talksprite is crying jade green tears)
Kanaya: ...
Karkat: uh
Kanaya: I Wasnt Actually Crying Just Now I Was Exaggerating My Reaction For Effect
Karkat: ok you're going way too far with the multicultural shit, you need to take it down a peg.

Go to the blue scalemate on the floor.
Examine scalemate.

Why Duke Pine snort, it seems your lovely green complexion has turned to blue as each past
treachery has tightened your noose a little more.
Worry not. It will all be over soon as you are stuffed in your suffocophagus and given a funeral fit not for a nobleman but a lowly beggar. Let that be a lesson to your family, who was also executed in the name of justice.

There's a strange looking object on the counter. Go to it.
Examine drawing tablet.

What have we here? Looks like there's a half finished comic on this thing. Some kind of cool kid... and a girl with red glasses. What are they doing there together?

Yeah, maybe you shouldn't snoop into her cool kid fanfic. It's probably private.

Go to the shredded fiduspawn plush.
Examine used host plush.

This one has been decapitated for some reason.

Weird.

And gross.

Go to the bottle of faygo on the floor.
Examine Faygo.

Gamzee left perfectly good lukewarm bottles of wicked elixir lying around. There is something so wrong about this.

You think about taking a robust swig, but then you come to your senses and don't.

Go to Terezi's dragon hoodie on the ground to the east of the transportalizer.
Examine dragonsuit.

Terezi's ridiculous cosplay getup. You feel kind of bad for mocking her for it. Just one of many exhibits of boorish behavior you should probably apologize for.

That is, if you're presently Karkat while examining this item. If you aren't, those thoughts are not relevant to you.

You decided not to program contingencies for examining this item with different characters, because that would have been a waste of time.

Go north to the unicycle.
Examine Uni-real Air.

It's sad seeing Uni-real Air lying here without Gamzee around to neglect it while people trip over it. It's almost a little poignant, like seeing a toppled tricycle in the yard of a missing child.

Oops you mean a toppled three wheel device in the lawnring of a culled wiggler. Doesn't get more tragic than that.

Go north to Aradiabot's soot pile
Examine robo-debris.

The final Aradiabot exploded about an hour ago. She is dead for good now you guess.

Or is she???
Yes, she is. You're completely certain of it.

Go southeast to the teapot on the counter near Nepeta's computer.
Examine teapot.

Nepeta has left her steeping pot of flavorful cameowmile untouched. She is gone too. Another perplexing mystery.

Go south to the snapped bow laying on the floor.
Examine broken bow.

You have seen many sad things on your adventure.

But watching Equius practice archery may be the saddest thing of all.

Go southwest to the non-shredded fiduspawn plush.
Examine host plush.

You really hope he stops playing games for girls soon.

For good.

One way or another.

There's a glass of milk on the counter nearby. Go to it.
Examine milk.

It's not like Equius to leave a tall, refreshing glass of milk unshattered.

What the hell is going on here? Where is everybody???

Go to the explosion mark near Kanaya's computer.
Examine exploded computer.

Looks like some douchebag's computer blew up. Whatever happened, it probably served him right.

Go to the Hornpile.
Talk to Feferi and Sollux.

Feferi: Krabsnack!!!!!!
Karkat: hey.
Feferi: You're just in time. We are talking about serious feelings here!
Sollux has been feeling...
Karkat: don't give a fuck.
Sollux: Thank you.
kk, you are a true friend.
Feferi: Oh fine. (sad face wearing a tiara and goggles)
So what reeled you over to the old pile?
Karkat: have any of you seen gamzee?
it's not like him to stray far from the horn pile.
I'm getting kind of worried.
Feferi: You are?
Aw, that's so sweet!
Sollux: ehehehehehehehehe, yeah.
Karkat: augh.
just, where is he?
Sollux: i dunno man, i have heard nary a honk out of him for a while.
Feferi: Maybe something frightened him off into the lab?
Why don't you go looking for him? We could help!
Karkat: I would, but
I can't. Got to stay put, keep the team together.
I don't want you fuckers straying off either, you understand?
just stay in the pile and keep making everyone uncomfortable with your sappy bullshit, that's an order.
Feferi: We were thinking of taking a nap, actually.
You should too, CarP.C.A.tfish! It'll be great!
Karkat: why do you keep insisting on ignoring the simple no sleeping rule, I made it perfectly...
you know what, fine. Just take your nap, as long as you just stay put.

Go back to Kanaya
Be Kanaya
The song changes back to Darling Kanaya

You've now retrieved the Matriorb and talked to your Leader, so you should be able to...
Transportalize

Before Kanaya can transportalize, Eridan pops in, throwing Kanaya to the side and making her drop the matriorb. She gets back up, but you are now Eridan! Eridan's theme begins to play.

Talk to Kanaya.

Eridan: kan i been meanin to thank you
Kanaya: For What
Eridan: for all that trainin you did
i wouldnt be the incredible holy wizard i am now without your help
Kanaya: But I Didnt Even Really Train You I Just Made You A Wand
Eridan: yeah well thats all i needed i guess
i just needed for someone to show a little faith in me so im sayin thanks i owe ya
Kanaya: Okay Then Youre Welcome
I Hope You Use Your Magnificent Powers Of Light And Hope For Goodness And Purity And
Lets Not Forget Science
Eridan: dont worry im all over that shit you dont even know
Kanaya: Uh Oh I Hope That Didnt Come Off As Too Sarcastic
Eridan: what
Kanaya: The Thing I Just Said
I Didnt Even Realize How Sarcastic I Was Being Its Starting To Become A Problem I Think
Please Dont Take Too Much Offense
Eridan: haha damn kan if thats your idea of offense bein made then i honestly gotta fuckin worry for you
tell you what ill give you some lessons in dealin out the dark umbrage to repay you for your
tutelage in the white science
Kanaya: Um Sure
A Little Later Maybe
Eridan: hey what are you doin anyway
whats that thing there
Kanaya: The Matriorb
I Was About To Go Hatch It In The Core To Restore Our Race
Eridan: that sounds
Kanaya: I Hope Its Hopeful
Eridan: you should of told me about this
if theres goin to be any sort a hope for our race as the prince of hope i demand to be involved
so dont go anywhere without me got it
Kanaya: But
Fine

Look at the matriorb, which is still on the floor.
Examine matriorb.

Gotta help Kanaya out with this thing after your business is done here. Hope is your jurisdiction on this meteor.

Go back to the transportalizer
Transportalize.

You aren't about to leave. You just got here, and you have business to take care of.

Go down to Kanaya's computer.
Answer.

No reason to snoop on her computer. You've got better things to do.

Go up to Karkat.
Talk to Karkat.

Karkat: man, where have you been? You aren't helping, wandering off like...
holy shit, is that your new magic wand?
Eridan: its not magic we talked about this kar
Karkat: right, it's powered by science, I forgot.
or hope. Whatever the fuck that means.
Eridan: I dont fuckin need this from you I take enough shit as it is from the rest a you dirtscrapers I thought you and me had a kinda pact or whatever
Karkat: ok fine, shut up, I apologize. I know it's tough being you.
Eridan: nobody gets it
I had a harder time than anybody with this game
it was really fuckin unfair what challenges I got saddled with
I woulda fuckin murdered for a land full of a lot a harmless brains and fire
but no
it was so lonely
hey guys anybody want to come hang out with me in the land a wrath and angels
anybody at all I know it isnt anythin like one of your flippin land picnics
anybody please ill even settle for the kittycat shipper cave girl
but yeah I guess bein her server player and savin her life wasnt goddamn enough
had to be my most humiliatin rejection yet
Karkat: ok, but to be fair, I'm pretty sure she's still obsessed with me.
it's a very unfortunate, very red and very unrequited situation I've been trying to tiptoe around for a long time, ok?
her disinterest in your advance wasn't a reflection on you at all.
come on, we talked about this.
Eridan: yeah I guess
Karkat: anyway I don't know how you were expecting to make any sort of traction if you see her as
the kitty cat shipper girl, she’s a person with feelings you raving douche.
Eridan: I know kar its not even the point im over that embarrassment
im just saying where the fuck were you guys
I had to deal with those awful angels all by my self
do you have any idea how hard those assholes are to kill
like at least a minute of sustained fire from only the most legendary weapon ever and they were
fast and angry as shit
Karkat: yeah we talked about that too.
I really don't think you were supposed to be killing them dude.
I kept saying, I think they're like game constructs or something. There to serve some other game
purpose, not for you to hunt down.
they didn't even give you any grist, you idiot. That was your first clue.
Eridan: fine whatever your still missin the point
where was everybody why are they avoidin me all the time
Karkat: they were too scared shitless to set foot on your planet for more than a second!
between a triggerhappy prince with a god weapon blasting anything that twitched and a million
crazed angels he deliberately enraged, it wasn't what I'd call an ideal social hub.
if you were lonely why didn't you venture out more often?
Eridan: well I woulda but nobody else was volunteerin to pick up the slack on angel killin duties
Karkat: oh my fucking god why don't you listen
Eridan: and anyways I did leave
eventually
Karkat: leaving your planet to go duel with sollux isn't being sociable you thick fuck.
and you know what, you deserved getting your ass handed to you, because I warned you and you
didn't listen.
Eridan: yeah ok we will see whos becomin the proud new recipient a whose ass now
Karkat: argh, look
just stay here for a while, ok? No more brooding in the lab, and absolutely no fucking dueling.
Stay out of trouble.

Time for Trickster mode!! Press ctrl shift T.

Eridan appears in the library room with the Earthbound sprites. Sollux, who is in a very different
style, does repeated hip thrusts near the phonograph.
Talk to Sollux.
Turn on Heir Conditioning
The song Heir Conditioning plays. Well… it's supposed to, and it did in the past. At the time of
making this transcript, something seems to be broken.

Go talk to the earthbound characters. From right to left, they say

This asshole only has one record!

I miss the other guy, at least he had some taste.

Man where the hell'd that awesome clown go??

And that's everything. Press ctrl T to return to the lab.
Eridan's theme begins playing again.

Go to the Horn pile
Talk to Feferi and Sollux.
Sollux: oh god, it's him.
ff can you tell him to go away, i don't even have the energy for this.
Eridan: hey finless this doesn't concern those with mustard sludge slippin through their veins
its a matter for royalty only
so keep your mouth closed or ill slit you open over my next meal
Sollux: whatever bro, not interested.
Feferi: Eridan, please! I don't want to see any more dueling.
Don't try to provoke him. It's not like I don't know what you're doing! You keep trying to spark a rivalry with him to get me to auspisticize between you two, and pull us out of our quadrant!
It is the oldest and lamest trick in the book. It didn't work then and it won't work now!
Eridan: thats an astonishin accusation how could you say that
first as if this scum is even worthy of a rivalry with me and second as if im not totally done with
you like i have told you repeatedly
all i want to do is have a word with you
Feferi: Ok Eridan, we can talk. But only if you're planning on being civil.
Eridan: thats what you never got fef
you and i are bein civil by very virtue a the fact that were talkin now
were royalty you and i and we belong together
even if not in that way which i get that youre not into and thats fine
but we belong together as the rulin class if nothin else
so im gonna ask you this one last time and give you the choice
im about to go please come with me
Feferi: Go with you?? Eridan, you weren't really serious about going to find Jack, were you?
Eridan: of course i was
and we should do it together
you've got nothin to fear now ive reached a new heights of power no one else can dream of not even
mindfang with her garish orange sweatsuit and her silly flappy wings and all her poppycock about
luck which everyone with a think pan knows to be the fakest fiction that ever failed to exist
Sollux: this is the most hilarious thing i've ever heard, he made one of his shitty fake wands glow a
little and now he thinks he's a fairy god troll or something, lmao!
Eridan: was that slander i just heard i cant even tell
i tend to block out noise from filth whose blood is practically the complementary fuckin color a
mine
Feferi: he has a point though, in that you may be overestimating your abilities?
Jack Noir is insanely powerful Eridan! Please, I don't want to see you do anything foolish by trying
to fight him.
Eridan: fight him
are you fuckin nuts
i slaughtered enough angels to know my limits and where i stand against the lord of all angels they
prophecized
of course im not gonna fight him i stand no chance in hell against that guy
im goin to join him
Feferi: you're what??
Eridan: and you're gonna join me in joinin him too fef come on lets go
Sollux: ahhahahaha, ok that's it, he's lost it.
Feferi: No I am not! And you aren't either! That is glubbing insane!
I thought you were supposed to be the Prince of hope? how is it hopeful to surrender to a
murderous demon like a coward??
Eridan: as the prince of hope im uniquely qualified to recognize when all hope is lost
and im tellin you there is no hope not even a little bit
only thing left to do is serve him and hope he spares us
and im extendin the invitation to come with me cause even though you dont think so i really do
care about you
servin under jack together well be unstoppable and our anemones will tremble before us what do you say
Feferi: No. You have lost all right to use fish puns forever. I revoke your fish punning license, as whale as our frondship!
Eridan: don't take that tuna voice with me princess
Feferi: What the fuck did I just say???
That's it. This makes me sad, Eridan, but now we have to stop you. We can't let you find Jack and risk you leading him to us.
Eridan: so thats how it is is it
Sollux: she's right, man. can't believe this, i was looking forward to a nap too.
i should have killed you on lobaf when i had the chance.
Sollux hunches over and his eyes begin sparking again.
Sollux: oh well, guess it's only fitting i'd take you down in Round Two!.
you ready, prince?
Eridan: bring it mage

The scene shifts and the song Nautical Nightmare begins to play. This section is in the same style that Sollux was in trickster mode. Sollux and Eridan face each other with Feferi standing behind Sollux. Eridan dramatically discards his cape and retrieves the White Wand of Science. Sollux hip thrusts as Round 2 appears at the top of the screen. Strife appears at the top of the screen in Alternian. Sollux steps forward and begins to glow flashing red and blue. Eridan begins glowing white.
Sollux extends his hands at the same time that Eridan points his wand. Two balls of energy shoot out, one from each of them, and collide in the center. They explode in tendrils of flashing energy that push them both back. Feferi jumps in and yells at them, but they just go right back to fighting. Sollux glows and screams as he levitates into the air. The background changes to rushing lines. His glasses lift up, like he's about to blast something with his eye beams. Eridan also begins to glow and levitate as the rushing lines change to say E=mc squared in the top half. Both intensify their glows and the whole scene fades to greyscale. Two options appear.
Start battle over.
Start game over.

This is the end of the flash.]

Next

[Image description: Sollux and Eridan blast each other, but the energies collide in the center. Sollux glows purple and Eridan glows white. The background is split into two sections, the top one red and the bottom one blue with a slightly curved border between them. The way it's arranged, Eridan is in the top right, in the red section, and Sollux is in the bottom left, in the blue section. The whole scene is reminiscent of a Yin and Yang symbol. Or maybe the Pepsi logo.]

Next

[Image description: Eridan's blast completely overpowers Sollux, slashing through him in a massive white explosion.]

Next

[Image description: Sollux slams into the wall over a computer hard enough to leave a crater. Blood is splattered on the wall and drips from his mouth.]

Next
[Image description: He slides down the wall and slumps over on the desk. Written off to the side is KO'D.]

Next

[Image description: Feferi runs over with a horrified expression. Eridan, in silhouette, watches impassively.]

Next

[Image description: Feferi turns and snarls over her shoulder, clutching at her trident. The background behind her is split between Sollux's mustard yellow and her own fuschia.]

Next

[Image description: Eridan glares and tilts his horn towards her. His wand is still wreathed in white.]

Next

[Image description: Feferi runs towards him, holding the trident at the ready.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Eridan's eye. He just glares.]

Next

[Image description: He lifts his wand and shoots energy towards Feferi.]

Next

[Image description: Feferi drops her trident and freezes as the energy blasts a hole straight through her chest.]

Next

[Image description: She collapses into the horn pile, which honks underneath her. Off to the side, Dead is written in fuschia.]

Next

[Image description: Eridan sneers down at her body as Kanaya watches from the other side of the room.]

Next

[Image description: Kanaya grits her teeth and takes out her lipstick.]

Next

[Image description: Eridan turns to Kanaya and glares.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on her hand holding the lipstick. The background is her jade green color.]
Next

[Image description: It zooms in on his hand holding the wand. The background is his violet color.

Next

[Image description: Kanaya, drawn in white and jade green, glares determinedly.]

Next

[Image description: Eridan, drawn in white and violet, returns her glare with a sneer.]

Next

[Image description: Kanaya suddenly looks down. A second image shows her staring at the Matriorb, which is still on the ground.]

Next

[Image description: Eridan also looks down. A second image shows the wand beginning to glow white again.]

Next

[Image description: He blasts the matriorb, which hope-splodes. Kanaya screams.]

Next

[Image description: Kanaya screams harder and turns her lipstick into a chainsaw. The background behind her is jade green and violet warring with each other.]

Next

[Image description: A jagged line separates violet from Jade. On the left, Eridan points a wand towards Kanaya. On the right, Kanaya lunges towards Eridan with the chainsaw held over her head.]

Next

[Image description: The background turns black. Kanaya drops her chainsaw. A beam of energy from the wand cuts through her stomach.]

Next

[Image description: Kanaya falls to the ground, Dead. The remnants of the matriorb litter the ground around her. A second image shows an inverted color Hella Jeff and the words Are You Next? In comic sans. They're dripping 'blood', which is scribbled in with a large red brush in ms paint. This is a link to a SBAHJ comic.]

Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff

[Shitty clip art of a vampire and a pumpkin wearing a bowler hat and smoking a pipe are floating in a black void. Above them, Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff is written in a font that makes it look like the letters are cut out from pumpkins. Hella Jeff, who is wearing a black cape with a red outline, says A-BLAH!]

A-BLAH!
In a bright orange speech bubble. Below that, in bright red text with more badly drawn blood, it says
pffffffahahaha.....
im going to suck
your blood dude!
A half transparent Sweet Bro with black eyes screams in bright yellow text
EEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRI
Sweet Bro stares at Hella Jeff with wide eyes and holds a comically large pistol. Vampire Hella Jeff just watches blankly.
The gun floats on its own and is labeled
deudly firearms.....
On a pink background, an even more badly drawn Sweet Bro shoots vampire Hella Jeff repeatedly.
At every impact point, it says pap pap pap pap pap. Behind them, it says shoot shoot shoosh shoosh, and shoosh repeats until it runs out of room.
Bright green text against a black background asks
are you next?
It repeats, now dripping badly drawn blood.
are you next?
And even bigger, now with a color inverted Hella Jeff
are you next?

Now back to the actual comic.]

Eridan: Abscond.

[Image description: All we see is Eridan's shoes on the transportalizer and Kanaya's hand with a drop of her blood on it. Eridan transportalizes away.]

Next

[Image description: Karkat stares in shock, his eyes and mouth both open to absurd degrees.]

Karkat: Examine Kanaya.

[Image description: Karkat kneels next to Kanaya with a terrified expression on his face. He holds his hand hesitantly towards her, though it already has some of her blood on it.]

Kanaya are you ok

Hey

Oh god

What has he done.

Kanaya?

Please tell me that's just grub sauce.

Please just be grub sauce please just be grub sauce please just be grub sauce

Haha, ok, make-believe time is over!

Oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god
oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god

Karkat: Examine Sollux.

[Image description: Karkat stands next to Sollux and looks much less concerned.]
You are relieved to find Sollux is not Dead. He is merely KO'D.

[Note: Dead and KO'D are both written in yellow.]
You don't think you could handle it if this was Round Two of watching your good bro get killed.

Karkat: Examine Feferi.

[Image description: Karkat looks towards Feferi, who is laying across the horn pile. He looks sad. The blank alert still hovers over Kanaya's computer.]
She is Dead.

[Note: Dead is written in fuchsia.]
He is not going to take it well when he wakes up.
You hope he just stays asleep for a while.

Karkat: Examine Kanaya's computer.

[Image description: A trollian client appears. Trolling: (several question marks)]
Someone was contacting her.
What the hell? There's no text in the message window.
Oh, you get it. This joker types in white. Guess you'll have to highlight it to read.

Karkat: Highlight.

[Image description: Karkat highlights the text. It says Mr. Vantas.]
Pesterlog
(question mark): Mr. Vantas.
G.A.: what the fuck?
who are you, and why are you messaging me through Kanaya's account?
I seriously don't need this shit right now.
(question mark): I'm delivering this message through the console of one of my numerous unwitting proteges to give you a word of advice, and then you will not hear from me again.

Next

[Image description: The cursor slowly drags over the last message that the white text person sent, bringing it into view.
Don't turn your back on the body.]

Next
What is that supposed to mean? That is the dumbest advice you ever heard.

You type some more curse words into the chat window, but there is no response.

Body? Which body? What was he talking about?

Karkat: Turn around.

You turn around very slowly, pretending not to be nervous.

All of the bodies in the room remain as they were. There is clearly nothing to be concerned about whatsoever.

Oh look. Gamzee is messaging you back, finally. You wonder what the hell he's been up to all this time.

Karkat: Answer.

[Note: Gamzee's normal quirk, of alternating each letter between capital and lowercase, isn't there. Instead, he alternates messages. One is all in caps, one is all in lowercase. The capital ones will be proceeded with (caps) and lowercase ones will be preceded by (low).]

T.C.: (low) honk.
G.C.: gamzee!!!
fuck
there you are, you had me worried dude
T.C.: (caps) honk.
G.C.: uh
yeah
where have you been anyway, I told everyone to let me know if you're gonna wander off.
T.C.: (low) honk.
(caps) honk.
(low) honk.
(caps) honk.
G.C.: yeah, I get it wise guy, you're a fucking clown, who cares.
quit the bullshit partyclown antics and get your ass back here.
the shit has hit the whirling device, and you could be in serious danger out there.
T.C.: (low) shut up.
G.C.: what...
T.C.: (caps) I said shut the motherfuck up, motherfucker.
(low) honk honk honk (smiley face with a round nose)
G.C.: dude
are you ok
you're really weirding me out.
T.C.: (caps) Hahahahahahahahaha.
(low) uh, yeah...
(caps) I guess I'm all motherfuckin weirding out at some extent to my own motherfuckin self.
(low) but it's all good, i'm chill with it.
G.C.: oh god
no no no, please don't tell me you went crazy, I couldn't take that on top of all this.
T.C.: (caps) on top of motherfuckin what, motherfucker.
G.C.: eridan just flipped his shit and killed feferi and kanaya, and I'm freaking the fuck out about it.
T.C.: (low) heh heh.
G.C.: heh heh???
what the fuck is wrong with you?
seriously, get back here now, and have a slime pie to relax or something.
T.C.: (caps) slime?
(low) there is no more slime, brother.
(caps) and anyway.
(low) shit was motherfuckin poison, didn't you know?
G.C.: uh...
no? I mean, I would never eat it, but
T.C.: (caps) then get motherfuckin school fed all about the wicked news, punchline blooded motherfucker.
(low) it rots you.
(caps) rusts your motherfuckin think pan...
(low) and the floor all stares up back at you through the motherfuckin hole.
(caps) but there is no hole now.
(low) only under motherfuckin standing of who all I was made out to be all along.
(caps) only under motherfucking standing of who all I was made out to motherfucking be all a motherfucking long.
G.C.: oh my god
G.C.: no no no no no no no
T.C.: (low) i've been kicking the wicked ignorance on this shit.
(caps) been motherfuckin slaughtering the wicked ignorance, bro.
(low) all up in lifelong denial about my calling.
(caps) as a descendant of the high motherfuckin subjugglators.
(low) we are higher than you, brother.
(caps) we are higher than motherfuckin everybody.
(low) honk.
G.C.: gamzee
please no
T.C.: (low) and now I'm the last one, so I finally motherfuckin understand.
(caps) I finally got my motherfucking understand on to who the mirthful messiahs are.
(low) they were always both me. (smiley face with a round nose)
(caps) and also motherfucking me. (Very upset face with a round nose)
(low) and now.
(caps) and motherfucking now.
(low) i am going to motherfuckin kill all you motherfuckers.
G.C.: oh god
oh man
oh god
(caps) I am going to motherfucking kill all you motherfuckers.
(low) and paint the wicked pictures with your motherfuckin blood.
(caps) from your veins will drip my miracles.
(low) your crushed bones will make my special stardust.
(caps) welcome to the dark carnival, brother.
(low) honk.
(caps) honk.
(low) honk.
(caps) hoooooooooonk.

terminallyCapricious [T.C.] ceased trolling carcinoGeneticist [G.C.]

Next

[Image description: Karkat stares at the computer in shock.]

You have never been so scared in your entire life.

Karkat: Open memo.

[Image description: Gamzee sits on something red somewhere on the Land of Tents and Mirth, surrounded by teal imps with various lusus parts on them. Sopor pies, juggling clubs, and bike horns are scattered around him and he has sopor around his mouth. His husktop sits on the ground in front of him with a Karkat alert over it.]

pesterlog
Current carcinogeneticist [C.G.C.] right now opened memo on board team adorabloodthirsty.

C.G.C.: this is probably the last memo I will write.
because first of all, there's pretty much nothing left to say.
and second of all, I might be dead soon.
I'm just hoping some of you idiots read this, and even if you think I'm full of shit now, when it all starts going down you might just remember what I said and save yourselves.
the worst case scenario has happened.
the bard of rage is on the loose.
yeah, I know we all thought that title was a joke, but it turned out it wasn't.
he's completely snapped, and for those of you further ahead on the timeline, I don't have to tell you how dangerous he is.
remember what he did to the black king.
nobody could explain it, and then he just went back to spacing out for the rest of the battle.
I mean seriously, what the fuck was that.
I don't even think the king could fucking believe it, frankly.
did anyone's attack do as much damage? I don't think so.
I don't even think vriska's did, although it's hard to say since that was the knockout blow.
^^^ spoilers.
I guess we thought it was like a secret joke power or something?
but the joke is on us.
he is out of pie, and now the faygo genie is out of the shitty soda bottle for good.
we are so screwed.
oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck.
guys, I am terrified, I don't know what to do.
I'm in a room full of bodies, and I think I'm not supposed to turn my back on them?
oh my god, I just heard a honk.
oh god oh god oh man oh god
no no no no no no no no
it came from the horn pile
I don't know if it was just the body settling on an errant horn or...
or if...
I have to get the fuck out of here.
Past terminallycapricious [P.T.C.] 420 hours ago responded to memo.

[Note: Past Gamzee is still using his alternating each letter quirk.]

P.T.C.: hey best friend.
now what the mother fuck will I be supposed to do?
I'm not following.
C.G.C.: past gamzee, god damn it.
I am trying to warn people of your murderous future self.
this practically doesn't even have anything to do with you.
now go back to groping your horns and being distracted by colors you useless fuck.
P.T.C.: yeah, I can definitely carry out that order, bro.
I guess I'll wait until the motherfuckin future happens to see about what all this murdering noise is.
(smiley face with a round nose)
C.G.C. banned P.T.C. from responding to memo.
C.G.C.: like I was saying.
still freaking out.
augh
there was another little honk
it was so faint
did I just imagine it? I think I might be losing it.
I really have to get out of here, but
I should try to revive them first.
I know derse and prospit are gone, but if there's any chance at all they survived I've got to try.
I'm not looking forward to going near that horn pile though.
what if he's been in there the whole time???
I am shitting myself so hard here, I don't even know what to do.
guess I have to brave it for feferi's sake.
Past cuttlefishculler [P.C.C.] 380 hours ago responded to memo.
P.C.C.: For my sake? (smiley face wearing a tiara and goggles)
What do you mean, Crabcatch?
C.G.C.: Oh god, feferi...
P.C.C.: Is any of this serious?
It's so hard to tell! All of your memos have been so outrageous, I can't even decide what to take seriously anymore.
This one sounds like the biggest whopper of all, to be conknest!
C.G.C.: yes I am dead "glubbing” serious, ok.
P.C.C.: still sounds pretty fishy to me!!! (Very happy face wearing a tiara and goggles)
C.G.C.: feferi, I'm sorry.
it was my fault, I didn't know what to do.
P.C.C.: sorry for what??
C.G.C.: for
i
I can't do this
it's too much for me, I'm sorry.
C.G.C. banned P.C.C. from responding to memo.
C.G.C.: before I go
everyone should also know eridan had a complete shithive meltdown too
he's going around killing people with his magic wand
so keep an eye out for him.
if I run into him again, I'm...
I don't even know.
he better pray to all his murdered angels it doesn't happen.
Past caligulasaquarium [P.C.A.] 311 hours ago responded to memo.
P.C.A.: a magic wand is that so
kar come on now everyone fuckin KNOWS this memos rubbish

Next

[Image description: Eridan stands in front of a black and white, glowing cathedral somewhere on the Land of Wrath and Angels. Behind him, distorted outlines of sprite-like creatures with tattered wings fly through a bright white sky. He's holding Ahab's Crosshairs and a Karkat alert hovers next to his glasses.]

pesterlog
C.G.C.: hey asshole
consider our "pact" over
P.C.A.: weve got a pact
C.G.C.: not anymore
you are dead to me
past you, present you, future you
and above all, ugly scarfnecked douchebag hipster you
wait I forgot, all of the yous are that you
if I wasn't so terrified, I'd be consumed with anger, and as soon as I'm done cowering in a dark corner hiding from that honking murderous tool, I'm going to hunt you down and fillet you with my sickle.
P.C.A.: whoa kar
this is nothin if not flatterin but dont you think youre comin on a little strong
C.G.C.: oh god
I am not hitting on you idiot, this is honest to god platonic enmity
like in the "i really do want you to die" kind of way.
I am not initiating an elaborate caliginous waltz with you you desperate shit.
P.C.A.: I mean yeah obviously I knew you werent serious
I guess I appreciate the effort youre puttin into cheerin me up
I can always count on you for some good ironic repartee kar nobody else really gets our sense a humor
C.G.C.: ugh, no
P.C.A.: are you busy
you said youd try to make it to lowaa soon well how about it
C.G.C.: dude, are you an idiot, you can plainly see I am from 300 fucking hours in the future, even if I were remotely interested, which to that I simply say what the fuck.
P.C.A.: oh hahaha yeah losin track a the time shit is easy when we start riffin like this kar
C.G.C.: like what? What are we even doing here
P.C.A.: im just lonely here and I got major ordeals to keep afloat with
C.G.C.: I know you're lonely, god damn it, who cares.
P.C.A.: im sayin it would be cool to hang out and you said you would
can you put in a word with your past self maybe buggin him to make the trip when he gets the chance
C.G.C.: wait, were you hitting on me back then?
*are* you hitting on me?
like an actual red solicitation, is that was this was???
P.C.A.: what
C.G.C.: god damn it, I am chewing you out for wand murder, and you are flirting with me
my fucking god man.
P.C.A.: hey im not spyin you bein anythin but cagey what with this whole line a humor and all
C.G.C.: how about no, dipshit, not interested?????
P.C.A.: even if I wasn't compelled to think you were still bein flippant and ironic with me you can't
exactly outright reject me can you
C.G.C.: why not
P.C.A.: cause you're future you
doesn't count unless its present you til then its all fair game
C.G.C.: is this real, are you being ironic or something, I can't even tell anymore
the problem is, I can't put this sort of behavior past you at all, so I don't know.
P.C.A.: just send past you over man well hang out
its not like im doin anythin right now
C.G.C.: like fuck you aren't
P.C.A.: what's that mean
C.G.C.: you're killing angels now, aren't you
P.C.A.: no
C.G.C.: you are killing fucking angels, right now, in the past, with your shitty gun. I just know it.
P.C.A.: well uh
there are just so damn many kar and they're not gettin any less bloody pissed is the thing
C.G.C.: this is why it would never work between us, man.
because you are a stone cold retarded fucking idiot.
not to mention cowardly backstabbing murderer.
I hate you, I hate you, I hate you forever.
P.C.A.: kar im gettin some seriously mixed signals here
C.G.C.: how could you do that to them
P.C.A.: what to who
C.G.C.: to
fuck
I thought you loved her.
P.C.A.: who man what are you talkin about
C.G.C.: and also...
P.C.A.: what you're not makin sense
C.G.C.: I can't
I can't even type her name
she was my friend
she was my really *good* friend and I don't know what the hell to do now that she's gone.
I'm so upset, I'm just completely freaking out in every way possible.
P.C.A.: yeah I know what its like you wanna talk about it
C.G.C.: fuck no.
I can't stand to look at your dumb purple words anymore.
next time I see that shitty color you better believe it'll be coming out of your body.
and no, for the love of fuck, that was not innuendo.
C.G.C. banned P.C.A. from responding to memo.
C.G.C.: anyway
that's it I guess.
Future terminallycapricious [F.T.C.] 0:42:00 hours from now responded to memo.
F.T.C.: (low) honk.
C.G.C.: oh god
F.T.C.: (caps) hey best motherfucking friend.
(low) what all seems to be the motherfuckin problem? (Smiley face with a round nose)
C.G.C.: oh god oh god
don't you see everyone?
this crazy fucker has completely cracked, I told you.
F.T.C.: (caps) that's kickin the wicked motherfuckin misinformation, my brother.
(low) I'm as chill as all what's can be.
(caps) no cause for alarm, just motherfuckin gonna sit and zone the motherfuck out with a pan
rusting pie like as my usual motherfuckin self does.
(low) honk.
(caps) honk.
(low) honk.
(caps) honk.
C.G.C.: oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god
F.T.C.: (low) i'm in your future, best friend.
(caps) I know where you motherfucking are.
(low) and what you'll motherfuckin do.
C.G.C.: no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no
F.T.C.: (caps) and also.
(low) and also.
(caps) guess motherfuckin what.
C.G.C.: ..... 
no I don't want to
F.T.C.: (low) I'm all about to be meeting up some friends. (smiley face with a round nose)
(caps) going to get pretty motherfucking friendly at them real soon.
(low) I wonder if you can all be at with me in time and make me get my reconsider on?
(caps) maybe split an elixir like a couple of choice bros.
(low) just like we are... (smiley face with a round nose)
(caps) me and him. (very upset face with a round nose)
(low) hooooooootttttoooootttroonk. (very happy face with a round nose)
C.G.C.: oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck
I have to go
C.G.C. closed memo.
Terezi: Examine Tavros.

[Image description: Terezi looks down at Tavros's body. Hovering green text says "upsetting
discovery"]

Oh my!

What have we here???

Next

[Image description: Terezi's lip trembles. In the bottom corner, there is a faint indigo 'honk'.]

The upset of the upsetting discovery quickly turns to dismay and grief. Adios, sweet Toreadoormat.

You succumb to emotion. Tears are in order, probably. You attempt a sniffle. A wobble of the lip, even.

Alas, the tears will not come. Stupid lousy doomed Dave and your stupid lousy complicity in his
death. Getting you all cried out like that.
Oh well, whatever. There are more important things at hand to concern yourself with than the flow of teal ocular discharge. A crime has been committed.

And where crime strikes, there is justice to be done.

Terezi: Investigate.

[Image description: Terezi kneels down next to the body and makes a vaguely disgusted expression.]

The scene is a gruesome spectacle to your nose, otherwise known as a nostacle. Under other circumstances, the aroma could be delightful. A rich chocolatey bouquet, sent from the heavens.

But at the scene of this fresh murder, the smell is highly unpalatable. Stomach turning, even. It smells like all the worst things you would expect it to, and more.

But a true legislacerator must be steeled to the revolting. Only the truth matters. And if there's one thing that matters even more than the truth, which there is, it's justice. Someone is going to pay.

Terezi: Consider suspects.

[Image description: Terezi clutches her cane in both hands. A thought bubble next to her shows Vriska grinning maniacally and holding up Tavros's severed legs.]

Before the full investigation is underway, a legislacerator will always have a chief suspect in mind. The one she will hold guilty until proven otherwise, a process customarily taking place after the execution.

Even so, it is only prudent to stay open to the possibility of other culprits. As they say in your line of work, there's always room on the gallows for more to swing. And though executing the wrong person is only a minor embarrassment to the courtblock, it is an embarrassment nonetheless.

His Tyranny will surely commend you for your due diligence by graciously neglecting to eat you after the trial.

Terezi: Sniff around for clues.

[Image description: Terezi looks up, towards where a pulsing blue line and trail of sparkles cross the sky.]

Above, you detect faint traces of what you reckon to be special stardust, such as the kind left behind by the flapping wings of a mischievous fairy.

Suspicious indeed.

Next

[Image description: She looks in another direction. There's a trail of white and grey smoke that resembles the energy from Eridan's wand. In the bottom corner, there's a larger, brighter Honk.]

And not far from that, you detect bright trails of white light. It smells... hopeful.

Also curious.

And that noise. Behind you...
Terezi: Inspect noise.

[Image description: Terezi sits back down on the edge of the platform and laughs. Behind her, the background fills up with Honk, written over and over and pulsing at the edges.]

Oh, of course. It is Gamzee up to his unmistakable charades. He is wandering around somewhere out there in the abyss.

He probably has no idea what sort of danger he is in, with one or more murderers on the loose. Poor guy. You will have to seek him out shortly and offer him protection. You'd feel terrible if you were to lose any more friends.

Terezi: Deploy forensics crew.

[Image description: Pink, blue, and yellow scalemates sit around Tavros's body.]

But first you must complete your investigation.

Professor Pucefoot, Inspector Berrybreath, and Doctor Honeytongue reporting.

Your team of forensic scientists is the best there is. There is no bit of evidence which will escape their eager and busy snouts.

Terezi: Draw outline.

[Image description: Terezi grabs the pink scalemate's snout and uses it to draw a bright green outline around Tavros's body. A second image shows her holding the chalk, which is now bloody.]

Professor Pucefoot immediately begins drawing a pointless chalk outline around the body, as is standard protocol.

Which is to say, you hold up a piece of chalk to his snout and draw it yourself. Yuck, the chalk is getting blood on it! You will have to discard that color.

[Note: there are two links to the next page. One is several question marks, and one is Terezi: Dust for prints.]

[7 question marks]

[Image description: this panel is a grey screen with a large teal libra symbol and a text box labeled "Enter Password" in Terezi's quirk.]

<- Or go back!

Password Hint
If you don't know the password yet, it means you're not supposed to, dummy! Go back!!!

Terezi: Dust for prints.

[Image description: Terezi crushes some red chalk onto the floor and dabs the blue scalemate's rear end in it. In a second image, she dusts the red chalk onto Tavros's leg.]

You grind up a piece of chalk and dab Inspector Berrybreath's ample plush rump into the powder.

You dust the victim's robotic apparatus, revealing nothing. Quite the slippery one you're dealing with.
There are no prints on the victim's face either. This was surely the work of a master criminal.

The murder weapon however reveals a plethora of prints! Your keen tongue tells you that most of these belong to the victim. But several are unidentified. Hmm...

(You are only pretending to think there is any chance they are not Vriska's, because otherwise it would be no fun.)

Next

The inspector's bottom has become dreadfully bloody though...

You believe you will dismiss the inspector.

Next

[Image description: The blue scalemate falls away into the void.]

Terezi: Get medical report.

[Image description: Terezi holds the yellow scalemate up to her ear and it 'whispers' to her.]

What's that, Doctor Honeytongue? Your analysis is inconclusive? You are recommending a full autopsy of the corpse, you say?

Next

[Image description: Terezi boofs the yellow scalemate right off the edge.]

No, Honeytongue! Are you quite mad???

The corpse must not be dismembered just yet! There could still be hope for the victim's resurrection! And according to the legislacerator's handbook, the victim's well being is among the highest of investigative priorities.

The odds that his dream self survived are quite slim, you admit. But you must at least try for the sake of your friend, even if it means braving the awful stench.

Terezi: Prepare to revive.

[Image description: Terezi removes her glasses. Her eyes are shut.]

This is not going to be pretty. But what are friends for if they can't smooch each others butchered
corpses when the need arises? You will just have to suck it up. You can do it, Terezi.

Next

[Image description: She yanks the lance out of his chest, still keeping her eyes closed.]

Next

[Image description: Tavros's eyes stare blankly upwards. Terezi reaches towards him. A second image shows her pinching his lips into a kissy shape.]

Next

[Image description: Terezi puckers her lips and leans in, but she looks absolutely disgusted. A second image shows Tavros's face.]

Next

[Image description: She leans in closer, looking even more disgusted. A second image shows Tavros, still dead.]

Next

[Image description: She leans in to the point of almost kissing him. A second image focuses in on his lips.]

Karkat and Terezi: Revive.

[Image description: Karkat cradles Kanaya's body and kisses her. Red tears are running down his face. In a second image, Terezi kisses Tavros's body, but she's not crying. She just looks grossed out.]

2x corpsesmooch combo!!!

[Note: The caption is written in very large text that flashes brown and green.]

Next

[Image description: Dream Kanaya is consumed by fire. A second image shows dream Tavros sliced in half.]

Alas, they cannot be revived.

Their dream selves have been slain.

Rufio: Make him pay.

[Image description: A drawing of Rufio (from the movie Hook) shouts and holds his arms up in the air as a sword stabs him in the chest.]

Oh no! Rufio has just been murdered through the chest by his cruel nemesis, Captain Hook! His newfound father figure and Man-Skylark watches in horror!!!

[Note: this caption is a link to a clip from the Hook movie. Peter pan flies over a crowd of people on a dock, slashing a sword through the air. Someone shouts "here comes Pan!"
It cuts to Rufio and Captain hook on the pirate ship, dueling with their own swords. Rufio manages to pull Hook's sword to the ground and pin it there with his own. He taunts Hook. "Looky looky, I got Hooky!"

Hook pulls his sword from under Rufio's and stands up. The duel begins again. Rufio holds his sword up to block Hook's downswing, but Hook swings his sword around and stabs Rufio in the chest. Rufio gasps and it cuts to Peter Pan flying onto the ship, but he looks like a middle aged man. If he did before, the clip wasn't clear enough to see it. Peter yells "Hook, no!" A child dressed like hook looks down at Rufio in shock.

It cuts to Rufio as he falls backwards, though Peter tries to catch him. Rufio breathes heavily, then whispers "Do you know what I wish? I wish I had a Dad like you."

It cuts back to the child. He says "Oh Dad, I'm sorry."

[Image description: Hussie hovers against a background of flashing blue lines. He's wearing a Pupa Pan outfit- a green shirt and pants with a jagged collar and Tavros's symbol on the chest in brown. He gets closer to the viewer, then snaps back into his original place as the gif loops.]

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Next

[Image description: Hussie cradles Rufio in his arms.]

Speak to me, Rufio.

Oh god what has he done. Rufio? Please tell me that's just mohawk dye. Please just be mohawk dye please just be mohawk dye please just be mohawk dye. Haha, ok, make-believe time is over! Oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god.

I wish you had a dad like me too, Rufio. And how I wish you could have been my son. You were so much better than that traitorous piece of shit Cal who betrayed me to join Hook.

You taught me so much, Rufio. You taught me to crow. You taught me to fight. You taught me to fly. Please don't teach me to die now. I know no one thought you were real. But I believed in you. I always believed. I won't let you leave me.

AH: Revive.

[Image description: Hussie closes his eyes and leans in with puckered lips. A second image says 'This' in large black letters.]

Next

[Image description: He leans in closer, just shy of kissing him. A second image says 'is']

Next

[Image description: An extreme closeup as Hussie kisses Rufio. A second image says 'Stupid' so large that it has to be written vertically.]

Why don't we see what John's up to.

Next
John: Behold puffy oracle.

You are transfixed by the haunting mystery and beauty of this cloud's message. How long have you been staring at it? Minutes? Hours? You have begun to lose track of time.

What could it be? Two squirming cephalopods locked in a mating ritual? You suppose you will never know.

John: Snap out of it.

You somehow manage to pry your eyes from the exquisite celestial projection.

You have been exploring the battlefield with a new ally, a friendly fellow who strikes you as a sort of Wizardly Vassal. Your travels have led you here.

You spy a wallet lying on the ground.

John: Take wallet.

You pick up the wallet. It is full of many things. But the first thing to catch your eye is a NOTE.

John: Read note.

If you are reading this, it means you have inherited my wallet. You have truly become an adult man.

Wield it with responsibility and integrity.

I am so, so proud of you.

John: Become overwhelmed with responsibility.

You are suddenly extremely overwhelmed. How can one boy handle such awesome power and responsibility?

You also wonder why your dad dropped his wallet. It's as if he knew you would find it here. Perhaps he has been cloud gazing too?

Anyway, you wonder what else he's got in here?

John: Check contents of wallet.
The first card you examine contains One Ton of Shaving Cream.

Your father is nothing if not prepared.

W.V?: Inspect windy boy's treasure.

Oh goodness, such lovely cargo the boy has produced from his small brown square.

The black and white patterns on these little carapaced cylinders are impossibly attractive.

Next

You should be careful with that. Do you have any idea how flammable shaving cream is?

W.V?: IMBIBE LIKE THE WIND.

You gulp down decadent foamy dollops of the Beard Buster, and quickly respond with the Bluh callback as depicted jostling in the lower right hand corner of the image, because it is not nearly as tasty as you'd hoped.

But then you keep eating it anyway.

John: Empty wallet.

You don't have all day to be pawing through this thing while your silly friend eats shaving cream. You've already wasted hours staring at mysterious things happening in clouds.

Time to take a rapid inventory.

John: Examine contents.

An inviting pile of pipes, a somewhat less inviting pile of razor blades, a spare car, an assortment of shoes, hats, and ties, several issues of the serious jester, ticket stubs to cirque du soleil (you
would prefer to forget what happened that day, he was just so embarrassing), a briefcase full of fatherly documents, a variety of photographs, a laptop computer, ten tons of pipe tobacco, and a lighter.

John: Examine photographs.

[Image description: A recipe card, a picture of young John at the piano, and another picture of young John on the pogo bouncer sit on the ground. It zooms out, showing a framed picture of approximately 13 year old John, a picture of Harry Anderson, a picture of Jeff Foxworthy, and a pair of shoes.]

The wallet unsurprisingly contained a series of sentimental photographs of you when you were young. Some of these photos appear to have jokes written on the back. Others, cake recipes.

He also kept a series of portraits of some of his favorite comedians. Some are understandable. Harry Anderson goes without saying. Bill Cosby? Living Fatherly Legend. But his interest in Mr. Foxworthy always struck you as a little lame. Those redneck jokes were so corny and stupid. You secretly suspected your father was mostly arrested by the man's mustache. Maybe he fantasized about shaving the man's egregious furry lip? This seems like a reasonable theory to you.

John: Examine laptop.

[Image description: John smiles and picks up the laptop.]

Hooray, a computer! You have been dying for a way to talk to your friends again.

He bought this laptop at the Dadly Depot, an incredibly boring store established to furnish dignified gentlemen everywhere with dull fatherly goods. It was always so boring when he dragged you there. You have no idea who this douche bag is. "Who's this douche bag?" is what you ask every time you see his smug face. Maybe you're being unfair to the man, though.

Some guy named Crosby, you guess? Who cares. He's so boring.

John: Clean up this mess.

[Image description: John slides a card with the Crosbytop on it back into the wallet.]

You recaptcha the stuff and put it away neatly in your dad's sweet wallet.

You are almost done. Just one more thing to...

Next

[Image description: John leans back as the car horn beeps loudly. A second image shows W.V sitting in the driver's seat.]

Oh for the love of...

John: Get in.

[Image description: John rolls his eyes. A second image shows him getting into the passenger's seat.]

Fine. You guess you are going for a little ride.

John: Buckle up.
Safety is the most important thing.

W.V?: Follow suit.

You presume the windy boy knows what he is doing. You tug the dark sash across your chest and secure it.

This is an incredible look for you. It's too bad the fashion accessory seems to trap you inside this vehicle. Human fashion and transportation and safety sure are weird, and apparently interrelated.

W.V?: Ride.

Your feet do not reach the little steppy levers.

Your copilot points out that you also do not have the key.

You are terribly disappointed.

John: Just do windy thing already.

He probably would have been a terrible driver anyway.

John and W.V?: Ascend.

The car lifts up off the ground, leaving a blue wind in its wake.

WE HAVE.

The car flies even higher. One of the clouds shows Gamzee's eye reflecting Jade's tower dropping.

LIFDOFF

[Note: Lifdoff is written in comic sans, but it's patchy, like someone used the spraypaint brush in MS paint to draw it. It's also a link to a Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff comic.]

SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF

COCTINUED

This is written in such a mess of color and is so badly pixellated that it's almost unreadable.

Sweet Bro, whose hair is now the same color as his face, stands on an Unreal Air skateboard, which hovers over a blurry green line that's probably supposed to be grass. To his left, a tiny picture of Hella Jeff standing in a bathtub says and there he goe's

WE HAVE.
This is written in the same patchy comic sans as the link image. The same image of Sweet Bro on the skateboard and Hella Jeff in the bathtub has been extended. Into the sky A series of images show Sweet Bro lifting up into the air and flying off into the clouds, which are helpfully labeled 'cloun'. In the last one, Geromy makes an appearance on the far right of the picture. The final image, which is only tied to the others by the presence of the grass line and the fact that Hella Jeff is still in the bathtub, shows Hella Jeff looking over his shoulder to where a badly drawn woman is bending over. In bright pink and yellow, it says dufe, are you Scoping this bitches choice ass Geromy is standing close to Hella Jeff and is labeled Geromy (again) And back to Homestuck.]

John: Pester Jade.

[Image description: W.V beeps the horn and John uses the Crosbytop as they fly through the air.]


E.B.: hey jade, are you there? i have a computer now. this boring guy keeps blinking at me though, and it's weird.
G.G.: john!!! (very happy face) wow, finally!
E.B.: hi! sorry i disappeared after you entered the game... but from what i have seen in the clouds, it doesn't look like you have had much trouble making progress!
G.G.: nope!
dave was able to set up as my server player he is building up my house right now so that we can deploy some equipment up there
E.B.: oh, nice!
dave is serving ALL the ladies, isn't he?
G.G.: yep!
E.B.: he is like a dude on butler island. i mean, a dude who happens to be one of the butlers... doing a lot of serving, to various ladies who are vacationing at this snooty resort. wait, i am fucking this up.
G.G.: (gasping face) thats ok, i wont tell him about it
E.B.: ok, good.
all i am saying is, why can't i have a dave butler too?
G.G.: well, maybe you can..... i will try to put in a good word for you (smiley face wearing sunglasses)
E.B.: thank you.
what is the equipment you're deploying?
G.G.: im not sure!
something to do with cloning i guess? it serves some purpose in my quest as witch of space a nice troll named kanaya has been advising me on stuff about that
have you talked to her?
E.B.: hmm... i don't think so. not recently anyway.
G.G.: you should!

a bunch of trolls are not nearly as bad as i thought
even karkat! he has been helping me too... sort of, hehe
E.B.: he has? but i thought he "hated" you!
G.G.: oh yeah, he said plenty of stuff like that, but i dont think he ever actually meant it
flying off the handle is part is of his charm in a funny way, once you know that about him
E.B.: yes, this is what i have concluded about him as well.
he is a pretty great guy. i am really looking forward to more of his outbursts, especially his first
conversation with me, which i am to understand will be legendary.
but we shouldn't tell him we said any of this, or he will be "furious"!
G.G.: heheheh
shhhhhhhhh
E.B.: so what else have you been up to?
we should try to catch up as much as possible!
G.G.: yeah!
hmm what else... theres been so much going on, its been a little hard to keep track of it all!
why dont you tell me what youve been up to first?
E.B.: oh man.
you will never guess what i am doing right now.
go ahead, try to guess, you will not succeed.
G.G.: ............
whoa (gasping face)
john where did you get that nice flying car??????
E.B.: oh god dammit!

Next

[Image description: The car bursts through a cloud, upside down, near one of the tendrils, beeping the whole way.]

pesterlog
E.B.: how do you know!
do you have rose's crystal ball?
G.G.: sort of!
she gave me the code, and i made a cool pair of goggles with it
E.B.: argh, i am surrounded by real life witches!
everyone i know is turning magic, it's ridiculous.
including me! i'm magic now.
G.G.: it certainly seems so! what with your fancy magic car
and your chauffeur familiar, i guess?
E.B.: no, he is neither a chauffeur, nor a familiar...
he is just a new friend!
also, this is not a magic car, it is an ordinary car.
i found it in my dad's wallet.
G.G.: you did???
E.B.: yes, i just found his wallet on the ground.
but my dad was nowhere to be found. (sad face)
G.G.: (sad face)
E.B.: the clouds led me to the wallet though, so maybe they will keep leading me to him?
G.G.: hmmmmmm...
maybe, but hang on let me try something
E.B.: ok.
i have seen lots of interesting things in the clouds...
i guess you used to see things like that all the time, right?
G.G.: yes!
what have you seen?
E.B.: wow, uh...
well, lots of things that were mysterious and didn't make much sense...
but also lots of things i recognized.
like stuff i have done before. and also stuff i will do in the future.
and things that rose and dave have been up to...
and you too!
G.G.: (gasping face)
like what, what did you seeeee?
E.B.: well, i saw you on your island, and saw you sleeping in a floating bed, and...
i saw your pretty snow planet...
and i saw you with some frogs...
have you found any frogs yet?
G.G.: frogs?
no...
E.B.: well, i saw you once in a neat outfit...
it was kind of like you were torn from the pages of my favorite japanese mangas.
and the snow was melting.
and you were surrounded by frogs for some reason!
heh, now it sounds like i am describing a weird dream i had about you.
G.G.: sure does!
E.B.: which i guess is sorta true?? anyway, i guess that must not have happened yet.
G.G.: nope! but that sounds pretty interesting
i wonder why i would be surrounded by frogs?
E.B.: dunno! but you are a witch, remember.
witches LOVE frogs.
G.G.: hahaha thats true!
i hope i am not planning on putting them in a cauldron or anything (wide eyed blank face)
E.B.: i doubt it, it looked to me like a friendly gathering.
G.G.: whew!
E.B.: oh, and one time i saw a green version of you with pointy ears, and you were crying!
did that happen yet?
G.G.: bluh. yes (blank face)
i prototyped my dead dream self and tried to get her to fight jack
but it turned out to be a Big Mistake
god i cant believe how dumb that idea was, she was an emotional wreck
E.B.: oh no!
what happened? where is she now?
G.G.: oh, she went off to cry somewhere else... good riddance!
E.B.: wow jade, you really have been up to a lot!
G.G.: hehe i guess so
E.B.: and i have just been staring at these dumb clouds for hours or whatever.
i even saw my own dead body in a cloud!
G.G.: what!!!!!

Next
pesterlog

G.G.: oh nooo
E.B.: it's ok though, it already happened.
i was sort of tricked into sleeping on my quest bed.
and when i went to sleep, jack killed me.
she must have known that would happen...
G.G.: who?
E.B.: vriska. do you know her?
G.G.: i dont think so!
E.B.: she is pretty cool, but just between you and me, she might be a little crazy!
G.G.: well if she tricked you into getting killed, then i would have to agree
E.B.: but, i don't think it's really like that...
honestly i think dying was a necessary part of the process, and she just didn't tell me so i wouldn't get scared.
G.G.: what process?
and how are you alive now if you died! john im a little confused
E.B.: well... i died on the quest bed and woke up here, as my dream self.
and now i have all these sweet wind powers.
which is how i am making this car fly!
G.G.: ohhhhhh!
that makes sense
dave had mentioned you reached the god tier
E.B.: yeah!
G.G.: but he did not say what it involved (very upset face)
he probably didn't want to make me worried
E.B.: maybe, or he was just being some sort of aloof coolkid.
G.G.: or that!
but he also said that no one else would do it but you...
actually, now it makes sense that i wouldn't be able to, since my dream self is dead
its too bad really
E.B.: yeah...
G.G.: i wonder what space powers would be like??
E.B.: hmm, i have no idea!
G.G.: oh well
E.B.: maybe you shouldn't rule it out though?
i mean, you did mention your dream self isn't completely dead, remember?
G.G.: !!!!
you're right...
i suddenly dont know if i want to become a god tier anymore (sad face)
E.B.: heheh.
she was that bad, huh?
G.G.: (very upset face with eyes pinched shut)
i dont even want to talk about her! she is sad and cowardly.
E.B.: ok, i will not pry.
G.G.: why dont you tell me about your new friend?
he sure seems to be enjoying that horn!

Next
pesterlog
E.B.: i know, right?
/rolls eyes
he is just this silly guy i met when i woke up here.
he seemed to be curious about me and followed me around for a while.
also, i noticed he was wearing my bedsheet.
G.G.: haha! what is he doing with that!
E.B.: i don't know, there seems to be this whole cult full of people who worship my ghost sheets.
i ran into a bunch of them in a salamander village, they are all completely ridiculous.
so i guess he is a member of the cult?
G.G.: probably!
you are just going to have to deal with the fact that you are becoming a famous hero john, and
people everywhere will idolize you
E.B.: derp! they aren't idolizing me, it's my dumb bedsheets they love!
it's so stupid.
oh!
also, another thing about him...
he has the queen's ring!
G.G.: (gasping pace)
that's great! john you have to get that ring from him!
E.B.: i've tried! i asked him politely for it and everything.
but he is very protective of it!
G.G.: hmmmmmmmm
that is a problem!
E.B.: actually, i think it's ok.
i think he is supposed to keep it.
G.G.: you do?
E.B.: yes. once i saw something in the clouds.
it was hard to tell what was going on, but i saw him!
im pretty sure it was the future, and he had the ring, and...
G.G.: and what?
E.B.: and then the cloud stopped showing me.
but i am pretty sure that some day...
he will have to wear it!
G.G.: (wide eyed gasping face)
E.B.: so i think i will just let him keep it.
for some reason, i trust him.
G.G.: ok john.....
i trust you
so i will trust in your trust in him
E.B.: yeah, trust all around!
G.G.: im going to be a supportive piece of shit all day and fall down all this trust!
E.B.: how trustworthy do you even have to Be to Confide in someone like that.
G.G.: lol
E.B.: anyway, i guess that's enough of that nonsense.
i should keep looking for my dad!
maybe if i fly around in this car with this guy beeping here, the noise will get his attention and he
will find me.
G.G.: john, i already found your dad!
pesterlog
E.B.: you did?
G.G.: yes i found him with my goggles almost right away!
but i didnt want to interrupt you
E.B.: oh! well that sure is convenient!
where is he?
G.G.: he is with roses mom
they are in a castle, having some sort of tea party together
they appear to be enjoying each others company!
its quite adorable actually
E.B.: oh wow...
jade, what if they get married or something???
oh god, if rose became my sister too, that would wreak havoc on karkat's shipping diagram!
as leader of this team i submit that we cannot afford to let this happen!!!!!!!!!!
everyone man your battle stations!!!
G.G.: RED ALERT!!!!!
E.B.: we have a ship to sink! arm torpedoes!!!!!
G.G.: AWOOOOOOOOOOOGA!!!!!!!!!!!!
E.B.: Ka-pchooooooo00000. target destroyed. (smiley face wearing sunglasses)
heheh, i am just joking around, of course.
G.G.: durrrr oh really john (tongue sticking out face)
E.B.: (tongue sticking out face)
G.G.: but really, they make a nice couple and i think it would be great if they got married!
E.B.: yes, i agree.
even if it would make it awkward for me to marry rose.
G.G.: i guess so
E.B.: but maybe that doesn't matter? these are kind of special circumstances.
G.G.: yes they are pretty special
E.B.: i wonder if my dad and her mom would mind us getting married...
G.G.: i dunno
who are they to stand between two youngsters in love?
E.B.: whoa, in love???
G.G.: yes john, two people must be in love in order to get married
it is one of the rules!
E.B.: oh jeez, yeah i guess you're right.
G.G.: so what do you say john, are you in love with rose?
E.B.: um...
G.G.: and if not, are you prepared to fall in love with her?
E.B.: er.
G.G.: wellllll? (very happy face)
E.B.: argh!
this line of questioning is making me flustered.
all i know is, i was ordered by karkat to marry rose.
i think we can both agree that it would be reckless to look at a crappy shipping diagram made by an
alien, and ignore its message altogether.
G.G.: i didnt even know karkat made a shipping diagram...
E.B.: it's a thing of beauty, and it will save the human race.
G.G.: i will have to make him show me
E.B.: yes.
btw, you will marry dave.
100% TRUE REALITY.
G.G.: (sweating side eye)
E.B.: it's ok though, i will not press you on your feelings for him.
i already know you are totally into the strider anyway.
G.G.: whaaat...
E.B.: it's all in the diagram, jade.
it's all in the diagram.
G.G.: i dont know about that!
i clearly need to take a good hard look at this prophetic document
and possibly tell karkat what an idiot he is!
E.B.: that you do.
ok but anyway, who cares about his terrible shitty drawings and meddlesome romantic schemes!
how do i find my dad!
G.G.: uh
well, i dont actually know where he is relative to you!
so i dont know if i can give you directions
E.B.: bluh!!
G.G.: there might be some way to do that...
these goggles are actually Really Complicated!
i will look into it and get back to you
in the meantime, why dont you fly around and keep looking?
at least now you know to look for a castle
and maybe the clouds will give you some more tips!
E.B.: yes, that's a good idea, i'll do that.
thanks for the help, jade!
G.G.: sure! (heart)
E.B.: i will talk to you later.
G.G.: later!


Karkat: Contact John.

[Image description: The Crosbytop on John's lap blinks. It has a pesterlog open on the screen and a Karkat alert next to it. Behind it is The Battlefield as viewed from high above.]

pesterlog

E.B.: karkat!
what's up?
G.C.: I'm not sure why I'm telling you this.
I guess it's just out of a sense of obligation at this point.
we've come this far
so I feel like you should know.
E.B.: know what?
G.C.: I might not make it out of this alive
this might even be the last time you hear from me.
wait, what the fuck am I saying, the last time you hear from me will be the first time you hear from me.
E.B.: uh...
G.C.: I mean this could be the last time from my perspective.
because from my perspective I could be dead soon.
E.B.: oh no!
are you in some sort of trouble?
is it jack?
karkat???
what's going on?
G.C.: oh god the honking
why won't the honking stop
I have to go
sorry for being such a douche to you and your friends.
I hope you can succeed as a leader where I failed miserably.


Next

[Image description: John looks at the computer in distress and holds a hand up to W.V, who finally stops honking the horn.]

This message was rather disconcerting. You urge your navigator to ease up on the honking for a while, since it is distracting, and in somewhat bad taste given the circumstances.

You think you should try to message your friend back.

John: Pester Karkat.

[Image description: The car continues to fly over the battlefield, but now much closer to the ground than it was before.]

pesterlog

E.B.: karkat!!!
hey buddy, you were making me worried there...
are you ok?
G.C.: what in the name of sweet globe tickling fuck.
egbert, I just got done erupting a whole volcano of merciless fuck you on the primitive village located squarely on your crotch.
assuming that's a suitably terrible part of human anatomy for a village in jeopardy to exist.
E.B.: errr...
G.C.: shut up. How dare you contact me while I'm in the middle of my backwards march of hate through your tedious timeline.
E.B.: oh god, this is not right!
you aren't supposed to hate me anymore, you're supposed to be kinda my friend, sorta!
when is this?
G.C.: what do you mean when is this
ok, let me just check the universal clock which keeps consistent time for all frames of reference and all planes of reality.
it's half past you're a moron.
E.B.: ok, duh! I know that.
I mean, how many times have you talked to me before?
G.C.: we just got done with our second conversation. How can you not know this?
E.B.: augh!
this isn't good, I need to talk to future you!
G.C.: why
E.B.: because it sounds like you're in trouble.
I think maybe you are running from jack?
G.C.: of course we're running from jack, I just got done fucking telling you that.
E.B.: no, I know, but...
*sign*
G.C.: I guess my future conversations will instigate some misguided need for you to get in touch
with me later on.
what have I gotten myself into here.
I swear, it never ends with the ultimate riddle shit. Even after the game is over.
even after you lose it! How unfair is that.
E.B.: ultimate riddle shit?
G.C.: I can tell this conversation is going to be a utter fucking joy to participate in.
I honestly envy anyone in the position of not having to put up with reading it.
but you asked for it, john, so here we go.
are you ready
E.B.: no, I just want to talk to future you. (sad face)
G.C.: no you don't
take it from me
the guy is a bastard.

Future Karkat: Retreat into lab.

[Image description: Sollux, who is still unconscious, is dragged across the floor by someone unseen, leaving a trail of yellow blood.]

Next

[Image description: Karkat looks over his shoulder in a panic and drags Sollux along with him by his armpits. In the corner, there's a very small, indigo Honk.]

Next

[Image description: Sollux and Karkat both fall down stairs in a 'Happen 2x combob'. It's labeled as such in bright red comic sans. There's a larger indigo honk in the corner.]

Next

[Image description: Sollux lays at the bottom of the stairs and Karkat sits next to him, shouting angrily. There are several white things laying next to Sollux and a Terezi alert next to Karkat.]

You have been so busy being consumed by unspeakable horror, you didn't notice someone has been trying to contact you.

Karkat: Answer Terezi.

[Image description: Karkat stands up and puts his computer with insect legs down.]

pesterlog
G.C.: karkat, I have grave and serious news to report
I have discovered the scene of a real life murder!
tavros was the victim (frowning face with furrowed brows)
im very upset, but I am trying to stay professional about it
this crime is not going to solve itself (smiley face with furrowed brows)
I have conducted my preliminary forensic analysis of the scene, but my findings have been mostly inconclusive
(i am only pretending to think there is any chance it was not vriska, because otherwise it would be no fun)
anyway, I just wanted to warn you there is a bloodthirsty murderer on the loose, and you should be careful out there!
now I must attempt to revive the victim...
eeeeugh...
karkat you cannot even imagine what this smells like (gasping face with furrowed brows and eyes pinched shut)
but I pride myself on being a true professional, as well as an excellent friend
I will be away from my glasses for just a moment
so if you get this message please be patient (smiley face with furrowed brows)
G.C.: terezi? Are you there???
oh fuck, tavros is dead too?
terezi listen to me you have to get out of there.
vriska is the least of our problems.
wait
forensic analysis? Are you fucking insane?
put your fucking glasses back on. God damn it.
G.C.: aaaauuuuugh ohfuck ohfuck ohfuck ohfuck ohfuck ohfuck ohfuck


Karkat: Examine Sollux.

[Image description: Karkat looks sadly down at Sollux.]

You wish he would wake up. You could really use someone with awesome powers right now, being awake and not useless.

Oh god, are those his teeth on the floor?

Karkat: Put teeth back in.

[Image description: Karkat's hand hovers near Sollux's mouth, where the previously knocked out teeth stick out from his lips at weird angles.]

There. Good as new, best friend! It's like it never happened. No one can ever blame you for dropping him down the stairs now. Stairs? What stairs! Ha ha ha!

Karkat: Contact Equius.
You were hoping it wouldn't have to come to this. But you're running out of options. You need backup.

Strong backup.

Next

pesterlog
carcinoGeneticist [G.C.] began trolling centaursTesticle [CT]

G.C.: equius, are you there?
C.T.: d --> yes
G.C.: ok, good
are you still really strong?
like, is that still your thing?
C.T.: d --> I am still exceptionally strong
strength continues to be my strongest attribute
G.C.: ok good.
I guess that was a pretty dumb question.
I need your help.
C.T.: d --> with what
G.C.: gamzee is on a rampage
he's going to kill us all if we don't stop him.
C.T.: d --> you mean
the highblood
G.C.: what?
yeah, I guess
C.T.: d --> oh dear
G.C.: what
C.T.: d --> are you saying the highblood has finally embraced his position atop the hierarchy
G.C.: no I'm saying he fucking snapped and wants to murder us all
C.T.: d --> yes exactly
G.C.: dammit, why does this conversation have to be so predictably terrible
all I'm asking you to do
no, ordering you to do
is go find gamzee and beat him to death with your bare hands, or possibly two halves of a broken bow, before he kills anyone else.
C.T.: d --> I certainly appreciate the debauchery inherent in receiving an order of such gravity from a rogue-blooded foulmouth
but
I'm not entirely positive I can raise a hand to the highblood
it wouldn't be my place
G.C.: oh my god
why do you have to be so difficult in all the most fucked up ways possible?
you're getting off on this aren't you
C.T.: d --> uh
G.C.: if you ask me for a towel I am going to flip my shit right off this fucking meteor
it will just be me, spinning and spinning and spinning into endless nothing, screaming
C.T.: d --> no, I have a sufficient supply of drying utilities
G.C.: I forbid you from getting off on any of this
don't get off on my orders, don't get off on phrases like fuck fuck fuckety fuck, and don't get off on
any sort of weird admiration you might be harboring for a murderous clown with purple blood
C.T.: d --> the blood
it is just so
exquisitely purple
G.C.: are you listening to me?
C.T.: d --> yes
but look
the situation is very delicate I believe
the highblood would benefit from a proper enculturation into the aristocracy
I don't think he gives a shit about your etiquette lessons, or how a true gentleman is to go about
handling a proper fucking horse teat
seriously, people are in danger here.
C.T.: d --> I'll take measures to ensure our comrades aren't injured
G.C.: ok, and?
C.T.: d --> well
G.C.: but you won't fight him, is that it
C.T.: d --> if it comes to close quarters skirmish, I will try to be prepared
G.C.: how fucking reassuring!
you are such an idiot, I don't get it
you kiss the ground this lunatic walks on because he has purple blood
but that doesn't stop you from ripping on eridan, I know for a fact you don't like him
and his blood is even purplier, isn't it?
C.T.: d --> yes
that's different
he is a sea dweller
our feud is codified in tradition
neigh, we are obligated to be at odds
it's dignified
G.C.: ok fine, then speaking of which
he's on a murderous rampage too
C.T.: d --> he is
how many of us are rampaging murderously, exactly
G.C.: I don't know, at least three probably, but who even knows at this point
he point is, if you see him, would you mind snapping his stupid wand in half or something?
and then choke him to death with his own shitty pretentious scarf.
C.T.: d --> do I really have to
G.C.: god, what is the problem now?
C.T.: d --> I'd prefer not to interact with him
G.C.: why
C.T.: d --> it's primarily that his advances make me uncomfortable
I would high five you if it wouldn't shatter every bone in my hand.
and if you didn't smell terrible.
but seriously, if you could carry out my orders in the least perverse way possible, that would be
great.
just kill one or more of those assholes and get back to me, ok?
I need you to come through for me, because we're running out of manpower here.
C.T.: d --> we are
G.C.: yes didn't I mention? Feferi, kanaya and tavros are dead, sollux is unconscious, and terezi is missing.
oh god, I hope she's ok, I should probably go look for her
C.T.: d --> oh shoot
excuse my vulgarity
G.C.: I'll let it slide.
just do what I say, ok.
C.T.: d --> I will look into it

carcinoGeneticist [G.C.] ceased trolling centaursTesticle [CT]

Terezi: Return to computer lab.

[Image description: Terezi appears on the transportalizer in the computer room. She's not wearing her glasses. The floor is smeared with jade green blood, which is smeared up onto the transportalizer. Kanaya's body isn't there.]

You foolishly misplaced your glasses during your heroic revival attempt, leaving you with no way of communicating with the others to warn them. This is why you really should carry no less than 5 computers on you at all times, like a sensible person.

But there is no one in here. Just someone taking a nap on the horn pile over there.

And a big puddle of something next to the transportalizer. Grub sauce maybe? You hope it's grub sauce. Please be grub sauce.

Terezi: Sample sauce.

[Image description: Terezi dips her finger in the blood and touches it to her tongue. In the bottom corner, she Bluhs loudly in the scribbly style.]

Someone either had a major sauce accident earlier, or this is the scene of yet another Real Life Murder! Your team is so lucky to have you around to sleuth these heinous crimes.

And yet, the body is missing. Can't conduct much forensic analysis without it. This is exactly why you should never turn your back on a body, not even for a second.

Terezi: Examine horn pile.

[Image description: Terezi stands near the horn pile. Feferi's body is still there, but there is a smear of jade blood leading towards her and on some of the horns on the right side of the body. On the right side of her neck, there are two round dots of blood that weren't there before.]

This was no nap. This was...

Another Murder.

What is going on in this lab???

Terezi: Examine body.

[Image description: Terezi kneels next to Feferi with her eyes closed.]

Another textbook impaling. Your perp has been busy tonight.

Wait... there appears to be a pair of smaller marks on the victim's neck.
Terezi: Examine marks.

[Image description: It zooms in on the small round marks. There are small smudges of jade green around them in approximately the shape of a mouth.]

Hmm...

Next

[Image description: Terezi shrugs. Next to her, a scribbly imagining of Vriska holds a bloody lance and grins maniacally with jade and fuchsia blood all over her mouth.]

Has the killer really developed a taste for blood? She is completely out of control.

According to your expert analysis, she barged in here with a lance, her new weapon of choice. This startled everyone in the room so much, it triggered a dreadful grub sauce spill, and/or chainsaw accident, causing the missing victim to lose a large volume of blood, and/or grub sauce. Horrified by the sight, everyone fled the room, except for the present victim who was napping on the horn pile. The perpetrator in her deranged state of mind then sampled the spilt green blood/sauce from the floor. Her thirst piqued, she became tempted by the buffet of rich royal blood on the horn pile, dragged a trail of green from the puddle to the horns, and helped herself to the victim's neck. The victim undoubtedly woke up midway through the gruesome feast, fought back, and got a lance through the chest for her trouble. The perp then fled into the lab, thirsty for more.

Yes, you are quite sure that...

That...

That your theory doesn't make a lick of sense!!! You wish you had your crack team of experts to advise you. If only you hadn't kicked them all into the bottomless pit, along with probably your glasses, accidentally. Damn their insubordination!

[S] Equius: Seek the highblood.

[Note: In the link, 'highblood' is written with 100 in place of the l o o like in Equius's typing quirk.]

[Image description: This is an interactive walkaround. The song 'Horschestra Strong Version" begins to play. Equius stands in a grey room somewhere on the meteor. Nepeta stands to his left, but she isn't wearing her hat. Behind her is a large pile of broken robots. The ground is littered with broken bows, arrows, glasses of milk, and bits of robots. To the south, there are several pieces of machinery, some of which are topped by teapots. Walk to the right. A pair of stairs and a chest come into view. Try to go up the stairs. A grey text box appears. You cannot go off looking for the highblood just yet. You must make sure Nepeta is somewhere safe.

Go to one of the glasses of milk.
Drink milk.
The glass smashes.
Fiddlesticks.

Go smash more milk glasses, just to make a mess. The response is the same.

Go to one of the broken bows.
Examine broken bow.
Archery is so hard when you're this strong.

Go to the chest near the stairs in the southwest corner of the room.
Open chest.
You got a Fresh Towel!

Go north, to the pile of broken robots. There are several posters on the wall behind it, along with many pipes and wires of various sizes.
Examine robo-pile.

A gratifying heap of soundly thrashed robotics. Standing near this pile stirs powerful emotions. The closer you stand to piles of stuff, the more freely the feelings flow. It is a law of reality.

[Note: Robotics is written with a percent sign in place of the I C S, per Equius's quirk.]

There's a chest just east of the robotics pile.
Open chest.
You got a Heap of Fresh Towels!

Go to a black and white poster that looks like a very large horse head on very tiny hind legs, and only hind legs.
Examine fine art.
This piece is simply called Edward. It is so beautiful.

Go to a poster that looks like a grey centaur with blue dragon wings and a poster of a blue centaur leaning over a wall.
Examine fine art.
Legends tell of musclebeasts once roaming the cosmos that were so enormous, they could destroy entire planets with but a twitch of any anatomical feature. Are the legends true?
You hope so.

Next to those two posters, in the northeast corner of the room, there's a grey door.
Open door.

This is no time to retire. Gotta go after the clown.

Go south, towards the machines. In the southwest corner of the room, there's another chest.
Open chest.
A con air poster appears.
You got Emergency Backup Absorbency Unit!

At last, go to Nepeta. Several options appear.
Talk about Aradia.
Talk about Gamzee.
Be Nepeta.
Cancel.

Talk about Aradia.

[Note: The talksprites appear as each talks.]

Nepeta crouches down and flicks her tail.
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) *a furrocious and concerned moirail suddenly appurrchess out of some wild shrubberies!!!*
Equius:: (bow and arrow) I regard the furrocious moirail stoically
I mean
I greet Ms. Leijon without issuing a statement of action in the first person
Nepeta stands up.
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) *ms leijon pawnders over whether mr zahhak is still feeling blue over his depurrted robo sweeheart and needs more cheering up*
Equius:: (bow and arrow) Mr Zahhak, I mean I, will probably be feeling blue about that for some time, yes
But he is, darn it, I am, exceptionally STRONG and will cope with it admirably
Even though
She didn't even say goodbye for some reason
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) aww (sad face with two mouths)
we can always curl up in the pile again to talk about feelings (cat face with two mouths)
Equius:: (bow and arrow) Nepeta, for goodness sakes, a man can only discuss feelings for so much time
How long have we already spent in the robotics pile
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) ummmmmmmmmmm
Equius begins to sweat heavily.
Equius:: (bow and arrow) I believe it was at least an hour
We examined my emotional state until we were both blue in the face
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) heeheeehee!
Equius:: (bow and arrow) What
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) blue blue blue blue blue
[Note: Blue is written as b100.]
i just love how you say that word!
Equius:: (bow and arrow) I know

> Talk about Gamzee.

Equius:: (bow and arrow) Nepeta, I think it would behoove us to address the extreme danger in a serious manner
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) you mean about gamzee? heehee!
im still not sure if i can believe it!
Equius:: (bow and arrow) That's because you still refuse to look upon our bloodlines as the deciding behoovioral factors they are
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) behoovioral? (confused face with two mouths)
Equius:: (bow and arrow) Behavioral
Equius sweats heavily and wipes at it with Nepeta's hat.
Sorry, my heart is galloping and I canter nunciate properly
The horst case scenario is upon us
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) *snort* (cat face with two mouths and eyes pinched shut)
Equius:: (bow and arrow) His is the richest and most noble blood possible among the high land dwellers
As such, he is prone to being more violent and unpredictable than any of us
Not everyone has been as lucky as I in the domain of moirallegiance
I udder to think what I might be without you, Nepeta
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) udder?
Equius:: (bow and arrow) Shudder
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) oh! thats so sweet equius, you know i will always be ready to tacklepounce you when you start getting especially furrious (cat face with two mouths)
Equius:: (bow and arrow) Yes, which is among the reasons why I must make your protection a high priority
The highblood has joined a stable of those who are becoming increasingly volatile and murderous
as we remain stranded in this laboratory
I command you to steer clear of them, do you understand
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) hee, did you mean steer in the livestock sense?
Equius:: (bow and arrow) Yes
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) well, if you're referring to whiskers, I was already plenty scared
of her!
and if you are talking about Mr. Ampurra, he has always given me the creeps anyway! so there is
nothing to fret over
Equius:: (bow and arrow) Excellent
I would still prefer you hide, I mean prefer
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) hide? where? (gasp face with two mouths)
Equius:: (bow and arrow) Behind that gait
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) gait? you mean gate? what gate??
what are you stalking about!!!
Equius:: (bow and arrow) I mean that door over there, you goshdarned sillyface
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) oh!
kay! (cat face with two mouths) (heart)

> Be Nepeta.

Equius:: (bow and arrow) I will now seek the highblood, Nepeta
I command you to go hide, as we discussed
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) sure!
but there are lots of nuts on the loose out there, so don't stick your neck out and take any big frisks!
Equius:: (bow and arrow) I will exact caution, even when safety looks to be 100% assured
Even so
I would still like to take the opportunity to say
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) what?
Equius:: (bow and arrow) Goodbye
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) ...
well ok, goodbye!
but you had better believe I will see you again soon, equius!
Equius:: (bow and arrow) Yes, you will

You are now Nepeta and Nepeta's theme begins to play. Go to one of the un-smashed glasses of milk.
Drink milk.
lap lap lap lap lap (cat face with two mouths)

Try going up the stairs on the west side of the room.

You can't go up there! Equius told you to go hide through that gait! You mean gate. Argh you mean door.

Go to the pink teapot on top of one of the machines at the south end of the room.
Examine teapot.
Cameowmile. It smells so good.

Now go to the purple one.
Examine teapot.
Purr! grey. This has been steeping for way too long, so it is undoubtedly very strong. Just the way
Equius likes it.
Go back to Equius. Several options appear.
Suggest one last feelings jam in the pile.
Roleplay.
Tacklepounce.
Be Equius.
Cancel.

Suggest one last feelings jam in the pile.

Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) *Nepeta sheepishly looks at her shoe with a question on her pursed lips*
Equius:: (bow and arrow) For pete's goodfornothin' dixie whistling sakes, Nepeta
I am through talking about feelings, now go hide like I commanded
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) but so many of our friends have died, and it just makes me so sad to think about!
i dont think we have even scratched the surface of our feelings yet, and our feelings in this case are a very tall and inviting carpeted post to sink our claws into!
Equius:: (bow and arrow) I do not hoove claws
I mean have claws
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) i know, i was speaking metafurrikitty (cat face with two mouths)
Equius:: (bow and arrow) *Mr. Zahhak rolls his eyes, which remain concealed and aloof as ever*
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) besides, i know for a fact that you are still feeling blue (heehee) from losing aradia
Equius:: (bow and arrow) I suppose
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) i did not mention, but i think i should...
it may purrk you up to know that i had a dream about her during my last catnap!
Equius:: (bow and arrow) You did
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) yes, she had these purrty wings and a splendid hood, i think she might have been cosplaying much like friska has been!
Equius:: (bow and arrow) Uh huh
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) she was so happy, just like she used to be, and she said she would see you soon!
Equius:: (bow and arrow) That's a nice thought, and thank you for sharing it
But it was only a dream, and will surely have no consequence in reality
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) equius?
are those feelings i am detecting with my wiggly whiskery nose?
Equius:: (bow and arrow) Maybe
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) then we must take this to the pile, scratching-posthaste!!!
(winking cat face with two mouths)
Equius:: (bow and arrow) Okay, just for a while though

They lay in the pile of robots together.
You then proceed to have the most poignant and heartfelt feelings jam in the history of paradox space, or piles of things.

Roleplay.

Equius wears Nepeta's hat.
Equius:: (bow and arrow) (cat face with two mouths) *I, a mucular man who is clearly a feline-obsessed female at the moment, do something suitably cat-like in accordance with the nature of this juvenile theatrical amusement*
Nepeta wears Equius's sunglasses.
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) (bow and arrow) *Strong equius no like hiss-poor attempt at roleplay, also disapproves of missed oppurrtunity to spell amusement as amewsment*
Equius:: (bow and arrow) That's not how I talk
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) (bow and arrow) *Equius command strong meowscular cat girl to get into role better* (cat face with two mouths wearing sunglasses)
Equius:: (bow and arrow) Oh good grief
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) (bow and arrow) *He commands it!!!!!!!!!*
Equius:: (bow and arrow) Fine
*I, again as a lithe clawed female wearing a preposterous hood, I mean prepawsterous, strike a supine posture on the floor, darn it, pawsture*
*The exposed belly commands to be scratched*
*It commands it, do as it says*
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) (bow and arrow) *Rawr, hulking brute no obey command, too strong for touchy cuddly stuff purr usual!* (tongue sticking out face with two mouths and wearing sunglasses)
Equius:: (bow and arrow) (cat face with two mouths) *The scruffy haired, saucer eyed smart alec takes issue with the tone of the girl currently posing as said hulking brute*
*She/he wonders if he/she apppreciates that the pawerful nobleman currently meowsquerading as her/him would be more than happy to accommeowdate said cuddly stuff, outrageous Strongness purrmitting*
Nepeta isn't wearing his glasses anymore.
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) (uncertain face with two mouths) equius, dammit! why do you always have to make this so cerebral!
Equius:: (bow and arrow) Language
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) sorry (sad face with two mouths)
Equius:: (bow and arrow) What am I doing wrong
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) well you dont always have to announce who you are purrtending to be in every line! and you dont always have to point out that its just purrtend! in fact, that is sort of an R.P. ing no no
Equius:: (bow and arrow) How would you recommend I approach the absurdist charade, then
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) oh i dunno, just by having fun and having a sense of humor about it and such! and not sneaking in sneaky sneakret little barbs of disdain for the exercise, i am not dumb you know, i catch those like scared little scurrying rodents!
Equius isn't wearing Nepeta's hat anymore.
Equius:: (bow and arrow) I was having fun
The line about the belly scratching was exceptionally playful, and I am to be commended
You will commend me, I command it
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) yes yes, ok youre right. that was really great! do more of that. ok ready? Go!
Equius puts the hood back on.
Equius:: (bow and arrow) I think I'm out of material though
I don't actually know that much about cats
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) errrrrrg! fiiiine, we can stop
She wears his glasses again.
here, take your gross stinky glasses back, Sweat quius
He wipes his sweat with the hat again.
Equius:: (bow and arrow) Very well, here is your hood
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) umm yeah
why dont you hang on to that forever!
it is my purrent to you
He puts it back on.
Equius:: (bow and arrow) I
I can't tell you how touching I find this gesture, Nepeta
Thank you, from the very bottom of my ludicrously powerful cardiovascular system
Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths) dont mention it! (heart)

Tacklepounce.
Nepeta tacklepounces on Equius, just like she did way back in the Land of Little Cubes and Tea. Instead of little cubes, this time it sends Robo parts everywhere!

Don't bother being Equius because you already did everything there was to do as him.
Go to the door in the northeast corner.
Open door.

The scene changes to a hallway with metal floor tiles, which goes west for a short distance then turns north. There's three drawings on the wall. The leftmost one is Dave and Tavros holding hands with a red heart between them. The center one is Rose and Kanaya with a red heart between them. The rightmost one is Feferi and Sollux holding hands with a red heart between them. There's a paint palette on the floor near the Dave and Tavros drawing and a piece of purple string and teapot in the corner.
Try to go back down through the door.
Equius has blocked the door from the other side with something incredibly heavy! damn him and his strongness.

Go to the painting wall.
Examine shipping wall.
You just don't have the heart to update the wall to reflect the recent deaths of your friends.
As a veteran shipper, you have grown accustomed to watching your ships get sunk. But not like this. (sad face with two mouths)

Go to the paint palette.
Examine paint set.
Alternian paint sets are manufactured with the pigment from the blood of culled wigglers.
Which... is pretty pawful, when you think about it!

Go to the purple string
Examine yarn.
bat bat bat, pounce pounce pounce. (cat face with two mouths)

Go to the teapot.
Examine teapot.
Rawrjeeling. So fragrant! Mmmmm.

Go north, down the hallway.

More pieces of string, a pile of sugar topped by a teapot, and a new shipping wall come into view. The shipping wall, from right to left, has Gamzee and Karkat in moirallegiance, Terezi and Vriska in kismesitude, Jade auspitizing between Karkat and Karkat (No, that's not a typo), John and W.V in a quadrant represented by a question mark, and Nepeta and Karkat in some sort of quadrant, though that one is blocked by a large pile of machinery. There's some sort of text, but only a letter and a half can be seen. To the far left of the shipping wall, there's a grate labeled 'Great' in bright green text.
Ignore that for now and go back to look at the sugar pile.
Examine sugar pile.
Just looking at this pile is making you sleepy. And emotional.
No one can ever accuse you of not being prepurred to sweeten a warm beverage!

Go look at the shipping wall, ship by ship.

Examine Gamzee (diamond) Karkat.
You suppose this pairing is still viable. Although the roles will have to be dramatically reversed!

Examine Vriska (spade) Terezi.
Yes! This matchup was always just so purrrrrfect to you. Why can't anyone else see it? Why can't they see???
It's hard being a shipper. It's hard, and no one understands.

Examine Karkat (club) Jade (club) Karkat.
You will have to remember to write Jade a nice thank you note for helping to stabilize Karkat's unhealthy relationship with his past and future selves. Maybe now with a clear head he will be able to open his eyes to what waits for him in other quadrants. Certain other Pawsibilities. Maybe noticing someone nice over there in that bright red corner, who has been there all along. (winking cat face with two mouths)

Examine John ? Dersite.
This is, um... a ship in progress!
Human romance sure is weird.

Go to the blocked ship
Examine creats, you mean crates.
Nepeta shoves the machines aside, revealing the secret ship. It's Nepeta and Karkat kissing, surrounded by hearts and labeled OTP.
Oh no!!! No one must ever see. No one must ever seeeeeeeeeeeeeee!
Some day you will work up the guts to say something. Maybe once this huge murder fiasco blows over!

Now go to the grate.
Enter great, you mean grate.
You suppose you should stay put like Equius said. But its so furstrating being all cooped up in here!
Surely scooting through the air ducts for a while couldn't hurt. He will never know!

The scene shifts to an incredibly narrow walkway. The song Blackest Heart begins to play, but with occasional extra sounds in it that aren't in the album version, including a whispered 'miracles', clown horns honking rhythmically, and horns honking la cucaracha.

Head north.
You walk down a long vent that progressively gets darker. At the far end, there's another grate. Look through grate.
The scene is partially covered by the bars of the grate, but there's a pile of shredded scalemates, the same ones that Terezi tossed into the void, a bunch of broken machinery on the east side, and a control panel on the west. On the back wall, in Tavros's blood, it says Honk.
A grey text box appears after a moment.
Pucefoot? Berrybreath?? Doctor honeytongue??? What monster could do this
It returns to the vent. Head west. There's another grate a short distance down the vent.
Again, the view is partially covered by bars, but it shows a wall with another message written in
Tavros's blood.
are you next? (smiley face with a round nose)
A grey text box appears after a moment.
Hee hee! Next for what?
Head west. The path eventually turns north. Keep following it.
There's one last grate. Go to it.
Enter grate.

The scene changes. You are now in a tiny room containing two transportalizers with jade green footsteps between them. The west one is cracked and there's a chest on the back wall. Go to the chest.
Open chest.
You got an Enchanted Shitty Wizard Figurine!

Go to the east transportalizer.
Transportalize.
It doesn't work! Someone must have disabled the transportalizer on the other side.

Go to the footsteps.
Examine green trail.
Looks like someone's being Pretty Sloppy with their grub sauce.
At least, you hope that's grub sauce…

Go to the west transportalizer.
Transportalize.
Someone has chopped this thing right in half! Maybe whoever is traversing through these corridors does not want to be followed? You can certainly respect such sneaky tactics.

Just north of the broken transportalizer is another grate. Go there.
Enter grate.

The scene changes to another narrow vent. Go north. At the end, there's a grate.
Look through grate.
The music changes to a distorted version of the Insane Clown Posse's "Miracles". All we see is Nepeta staring through the grate with shadows falling across her as her expression slowly becomes more and more horrified.

It fades to black, then back to the room with the Robo pile. You are now Equius again. Blackest Heart with honks still plays. Go up the stairs.
Equius exits the room and enters a room with red floor tiles. Go west. There's a bank of computers with colorful points and many, many error messages. Go behind the machine.
Equius enters a secret area with a grey floor. There are several machines and a chest.
Open chest.
A broken bust of Nic Cage and a small pile of boondollars appear over the chest.
You got a Shattered Bust of an Incredibly Attractive Sweaty Human Male Actor.
You have told Nepeta not to scoot through the air ducts and steal the cherished belongings of others. But does she listen? Of course not.

Go back into the main lab.

Go north. There are two massive vats. The south one is broken and the north one contains a strange, black, horse-like creature. There is a chest in the northwest corner.
Open chest.  
You got Ahab's Crosshairs!  
Perfect! This is exactly the kind of firepower you could use if you're going up against...  
You just broke it.

Go east, past the vats. There's a long hallway. Go down it. It loads a new area that is only a red hallway going east. After a while, it turns north. Keep going down it. The hallway begins to get darker, then turns east.

A large creature that's half black night and half white night lays on the ground. It has an udder and arrows fired into each of the eye slots on its helmet.  
Examine slain beast.  
Arrows? Fired true, straight through the eyes...  
Who could have done this?

Keep going east.

A cutscene begins. The song Midnight Calliope plays.

A pair of red glasses rise through the darkness. Slowly, a silhouette and symbol appear. It's Gamzee, wearing Terezi's glasses. He's sitting on the edge of the lid of a vat with a bow across his knees. It zooms out. Equius stands at the base of the vat, looking up at Gamzee.  
Dialogue appears at the bottom of the screen in grey text boxes.

Equius: (bow and arrow) Ah, it's you, Pyrope  
Have you seen the highblood about  
Pardon, "smelled"

It zooms back in on Gamzee.

Gamzee: (low) heheh.  
(caps) Check it the motherfuck out.

The background flashes purple, highlighting heavily smeared juggalo makeup across Gamzee's face, but also smudges onto his arms and shirt.

Gamzee: (low) it's the peasantblood.  
(caps) heh heh.  
(low) fuckin heh.

It moves back to Equius, looking on from a distance.

Equius: (bow and arrow) Peasantblood  
Is that a joke

It cuts to a closeup of Gamzee's face. All that can be seen clearly is the glasses and the very faint shadow of the jagged lines of the makeup. It flashes for a moment, bringing him into view, then returns to darkness as it pans up.

Gamzee: (low) if your blood.  
(caps) is a running motherfucking gag.  
(low) then soon.  
(caps) it will be running.  
(low) through my motherfucking fingers.
It cuts back to Equius.

Equius: (bow and arrow) The profanity is sickening
You'll stop

Then back to Gamzee.

Gamzee: you'll...

Contrast slowly increases, bringing the lines of his makeup and hair into full view, but with the colors inverted. The areas of dark makeup appear bright white and the light grey areas appear black. It zooms in even closer.

Gamzee: (caps) kneel. (smiley face with a round nose and furrowed brows)

It fades to Equius's feet and slowly pans up him. He looks shocked.

Equius: (bow and arrow) You are not Pyrope
You are the highblood, I should have known
Remove your counterfeit eyewear at once
Uh
If you please, sir

Gamzee reaches up and hold the glasses at the edges, but they still cover his eyes.

Gamzee: (low) i'll show you what i motherfuckin got.
(caps) if you'll show me what's motherfuckin yours.

He lowers them. His eyes are low lidded and bright yellow. It cuts to a closeup of Equius's eye. He narrows it behind his glasses.

Equius: (bow and arrow) What

It cuts back to Equius looking up at Gamzee.

Gamzee: (low) it was.
(caps) a motherfucking.

Back to Gamzee. Lightning flashes.

Gamzee: (low) joke.
(caps) honk.

Back to a closeup of Equius's eye.

Equius: (bow and arrow) We really should talk

It fades to a closeup of Gamzee's eye.

Gamzee: (low) you really should kneel.

An even more extreme closeup of Equius's eye. He's shaking.

Equius: (bow and arrow) What was that
The volume of your voice keeps fluctuating.
Back to Gamzee's eye. He looks angry, but a blank sort of anger.

Gamzee: (caps) I said.

The contrast increases. His makeup becomes bright white and pitch black. His eye remains bright yellow.

Gamzee: (low) kneel motherfucker.

Equius looks up at him, still surprised.
Gamzee's eye snaps open all the way and it zooms in until it takes up most of the screen. He looks crazed. The edges of his eye and pupil shake.

Gamzee: (caps) I told you to motherfucking kneel, motherfucker.

Gamzee notches an arrow and pulls back the bowstring. Everything flashes red as he releases it, then it flies off screen. There's a loud bike horn honk. The black background fades to bright red. A text box with two options appears.
  Replay.
  Restart game.

Next

[Note: The next arrow for this page was made of two dashes and a greater than symbol where the other have been made with equals signs.]

[Image description: The arrow pierces Equius's leg just above the knee, spraying blue blood out as it exits. A second image shows his knee collapsing under him, forcing him to kneel.]

Gamzee: Subjuglate.

[Image description: Gamzee stalks forward, his chin tilted downwards. He still carries the bow in one hand. He's drawn in very dark colors and has a dark grey, jagged aura around him, which pushes back an otherwise purple background. Honk honk honk is written off to the side. At the bottom, Equius's horns just barely poke on screen.]

Next

[Image description: The image flips. Now we see Equius on the ground, looking scared and very sweaty. Gamzee's horns just poke on screen and a large Honk is written between them.]

Next

[Image description: Gamzee grins maniacally down at Equius while clutching the bow in both hands. The wood creaks.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in as the wood snaps.]

Next

[Image description: In blood colored silhouette, Gamzee stands over Equius, who holds his hands up in surrender. Gamzee has one half of the bow in each hand and looped the string around the back of Equius's neck. The background is black, but has Honk written over and over until it runs out of room.]
Gamzee: Engage Murder Mode.

[Image description: Gamzee snarls and yanks the broken bow away from Equius, who can only be seen as an arm sticking on screen. The string still leads off screen. Gamzee's eyes are bright red. Instead of honk, the background is filled with Murder Mode in bright red. Everything shakes and purple lightning crackles around Gamzee.]

This is completely terrifying.

Next

[Image description: Equius looks terrified. The bowstring is looped around his neck like a garotte. The background behind him flashes blue and indigo. A second image, is split between indigo and blue. In the indigo section, Gamzee pulls back on the bow. In the blue section, Equius leans back, still kneeling.]

Next

[Image description: The bowstring pulls tight. Equius's face turns blue, but he's smiling. A second image shows both of them in silhouette. Gamzee has let go of the bow and stands over Equius, who falls backwards.]

Next

[Image description: Equius lays on the ground with the bowstring still wrapped around his neck. His glasses lay on the ground nearby. His face is still blue and he's still smiling. Off to the side, Dead is written in his blue.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the same image, now with a grate covering part of it. A second image shows Nepeta's horrified face with the shadows from the grate falling over her.]

Nepeta: Pounce.

[Image description: Nepeta hisses and throws herself through the grate, which falls away and is labeled Bimp in comic sans. She has her claws out and is lunging straight towards Gamzee, who is facing away from her.]

Gamzee: Turn.

[Image description: A badly drawn Gamzee turns his head to face the other way, but it's done badly, like it was just moved around in MS paint to make the frames. The turn is helpfully labeled Turn in bright yellow comic sans.]

Gamzee: Draw Deuce Clubs from strife deck.

[Image description: It shows a strife specibus for Joker kind, which is symbolized by a face wearing a jester's hat. In the strife deck, he has a pair of juggling clubs, a crab claw sickle, a lance, some unidentified object, and a Warhammer of Zillyhoo. A second image shows him, once again in dark colors, facing Nepeta as she pounces towards him. He's holding the juggling clubs. Nepeta's motion is labeled 'pounce avenge'.]

Next
[Image description: He smiles blankly up at her. As her claws get close, though, he grabs her wrist and snaps it before they can even make contact. Snap is written off to the side, but the N looks like the capricorn symbol.]

Next

[Image description: He bares his teeth and drags her claws across his face, leaving three lines of indigo blood cutting from his left temple towards his nose.]

Next

[Image description: He grins even wider and continues slicing his own face.]

Next

[Image description: His grin grows more and he finishes the scrape. Three lines cut across his face from left temple to the right side of his jaw. Now done, he drops Nepeta.]

Next

[Image description: With the same setup as when Gamzee approached Equius, Nepeta lays on the ground, half propped up on one arm. She's yelling and holding up one set of claws threateningly. Gamzee's horns just barely come on screen.]

Honk.

[Image description: He just stands there, dripping blood down his face.]

HONK.

[Image description: He steps closer and the image goes blurry.]

Honk.

[Image description: Even closer and blurrier.]

HONK.

[Image description: All that's there is a blurry indigo Honk in the center of a black image.]

Honk.

[Image description: A large yellow Beep is written against a blue background.]

Next

[Image description: Dad's car sits on the ground, completely crumpled. It looks like it ran into a tree.]

John: Take car.

[Image description: W.V stands behind the wrecked car and John stands off to the side. The wallet modus appears and a blank card slides out. The car pops into the card and it slides back into the wallet.]
This is why seat belt safety should always be paramount.

Remember to buckle up!

John: Proceed to castle.

[Image description: John looks at a large castle in the distance. The path towards it is flanked by tall pine trees. He has a Vriska alert next to him.]

Perhaps this is the one?

As you approach, you make an attempt to contact your friends for verification. But there is no answer from Jade, or from Rose. You wonder what they could be up to?

It seems someone else is bugging you.

John: Answer.

[Image description: John walks through a hallways in the castle while carrying the Crosbytop. W.V is not far behind him. Blue light streams in through a window shaped like a pointed archway.]

pesterlog
arachnidsGrip [A.G.] began trolling ectoBiologist [E.B.]

E.B.: oh, hey there, vriska.
can this wait? i was about to check out this castle and see if my dad is here.
A.G.: Your guardians are not here!
E.B.: oh...
dang it!
do you know where they are?
A.G.: Yes, they are in another castle. Don't worry, you'll find them later.
E.B.: argh, how much later??
A.G.: In a while! Man, settle down.
I am telling you that you will find them after a little more questing around in your awesome blue godhood. So why don't you relax and talk to me for a while?
E.B.: well...
ok, i guess so.
A.G.: Why don't you have your hood up, by the way?
E.B.: shrug.
A.G.: You look great with the hood up. And anyway, we should be showing a little pride as the only ones to make god tier, don't you think?
E.B.: pshhh.
i don't know if it is much of a major accomplishment, honestly.
A.G.: John, are you mad at me?
E.B.: um... no?
A.G.: Then what's the matter?
E.B.: i guess i just miss my dad. i was hoping he would be here, but apparently i won't see him for another few hours or whatever?
if that is what you see in the future, then i guess there's no fighting it. bluh.
A.G.: I still find it a little hard to understand the sentimentality you attach to these adult humans.
It just seems so strange to me. But hey, that's alien culture for you.
E.B.: yeah, i know.
i guess you just have to think of them the way you think of your lusus..ses? lusi?
A.G.: Yeah, sort of. Except I never liked mine that much. (uncertain face with eight eyes) Even after I prototyped her, things were pretty chilly between us! I spent most of my adventure avoiding her. Haha. that... is too bad.
A.G.: John.
Are you suuuuuuuuure you're not mad at me?
E.B.: no!!! why would i be mad at you, vriska?
A.G.: Because I tricked you into getting killed!!!!!!!
E.B.: oh. right. i... actually almost forgot about that!
A.G.: Would it help if I said I was sorry?
E.B.: why would you need to apologize though? i mean, i admit i was pretty confused about it at first, seeing my dead body in the cloud and all... but in the end, you did it to help me, didn't you? really, i should probably be thanking you!
uh...
are you there?
A.G.: Yes, I am here. Sorry, I wasn't sure what to say for a moment. I am just so incredibly relieved you are not angry with me.
E.B.: heh. i really don't know what reason i would have to be angry! i mean, aside from the deception involved, but i kinda understand why you did that. and in any case, you did give me a choice.
A.G.: Yes, I did. I don't know, John. You'd be surprised how often people resent it when you try to help them! But see, you really get it. That's why you're special.
E.B.: shruuuuuuuug!
A.G.: (heart)
E.B.: so...
is that what you wanted to talk to me about?

Next

[Image description: Vriska sits at the edge of the broken platform she tossed Tavros off of. She's facing away from the viewer and looking down into the void.]

pesterlog
E.B.: then what is it?
A.G.: I know how this is probably going to sound, especially to a human. but I just killed someone.
E.B.: you did?
who was it? you mean like, a bad guy?
A.G.: Not exactly.
E.B.: oh yeah, karkat mentioned that he was in trouble, and then had to go. it made me a little worried! are you guys under attack or something?
A.G.: I'm not sure what his deal is. I haven't seen him in a while.
but we are not under attack.
Not yet, at least.
E.B.: oh.
well, then...
who did you kill?
A.G.: He was a friend.
Someone from our team.
E.B.: why?
A.G.: It's a little complicated.
E.B.: well, did he attack you or something?
A.G.: Yes.
but really, that's not why I killed him. He was no match for me, and I could have just incapacitated
him or flown away or whatever.
The truth is I killed him because at the time, I thought I wanted to, and sort of felt like I finally had
to.
E.B.: uh...
why did you have to?
A.G.: because enough was enough! You don't even know how frustrating it was to be friends with
him.
I used to really like him and always wanted to help him get stronger, so that he might stand a
fucking chance to actually make it on our world.
but he was just sooooooo weak and indecisive. He wouldn't change!
And when he tried to change, it was too little and too late. Always late. Latey Latey Laaaaaaaate.
Too late to kiss me.
Too late to kill me.
He couldn't do it when I really needed him to. So when I saw he was actually serious about trying
to kill me now of all times...
I just got so aaaaaaaangry. I am still a bit upset thinking about it.
So I killed him.
And I'm pretty sure he's dead for good now.
E.B.: wow.
you're right, vriska. that does not sound good.
A.G.: I know!
I know our races are completely different. And I really hate the idea of you thinking worse of me
because of this.
but I don't have anyone else to talk to about it!
E.B.: you don't?
what about all of your friends?
i bet karkat would listen.
or what about terezi? she's pretty nice, isn't she?
A.G.: No no no no no no no!
I mean, yeah, they're fine. but I can't talk to them!
E.B.: why not?
A.G.: For one thing, they would probably just be pissed off at me for killing Tavros.
And more importantly, there's no waaaaaaay I could tell them how I really feel about it.
E.B.: well, how do you feel?
A.G.: Horrible!!!!!!!!!
If any of my friends knew that, they would think I'm weak.
E.B.: oh...
i guess i understand. i mean, i'm trying to, with the cultural difference and all.
A.G.: Do you?
E.B.: like, trolls are more violent and angry, right? kind of like klingons or something, which is an
angry race of alien savages from a human tv show.
A.G.: We aren't savages, you dope!
E.B.: oh, i know, that's not what i meant! but i am guessing you all have to act tough to make it in your world, and have a sense of honor about fighting, and like to beat people up and stuff, right?
A.G.: Uh, yeah........
Let's say close enough!
E.B.: but i think that no matter what alien culture you are from, killing is still wrong! and it sounds like you do too.
A.G.: Yeah, see.
This is where our cultures clash, I think.
It would be difficult to explain exactly how killing is viewed on our planet with all the nuance involved.
It just isn't the black and white thing humans seem to think it is!
E.B.: well, you could try. i am listening.
A.G.: On my world, I would be completely vindicated for killing him! He is far lower on the hemospectrum than me. He managed to disrespect me time and time again, but I kept letting him live! In fact, the amount of slack I cut him would be considered scandalous by those in my class.
I had every reason to kill him. And yet...
I feel bad about it like a lame weak fudgeblood, just like he was. And the fact that I feel bad is why I'm sort of freaking out right now!
E.B.: i think if you feel bad, it just means you have a conscience. which is good, right?
A.G.: No. That's not how it works.
I'm supposed to be just fine with it.
This was sort of like a test, and I'm afraid I might be failing.
E.B.: how was it like a test?
A.G.: Well, it was the first time I killed somebody.
E.B.: ok.
A.G.: Wait! Ok, that's not really true. What I meant was, it was the first time I killed somebody I cared about.
E.B.: so...
you killed other people, that you didn't care about?
A.G.: Yes. Sort of a lot, actually. but there was a really good reason for that!
E.B.: hm. how many?
or... do i want to know...
A.G.: Oh, it doesn't matter. Probably many thousands.
E.B.: uhhhhhhhh.
hopy shit...
A.G.: God, I know how this sounds! but I had to feed her. My lusus I mean. I've basically been playing this role as a slave in the food chain my whole life. It is what she selected me to do.
E.B.: i guess that is why you didn't get along with her?
A.G.: Hell yes.
E.B.: i see.
still, that is a lot of killing. jesus...
A.G.: Yeah, but I never felt anything about it. It was just normal life for me.
E.B.: but then you finally killed a guy you liked, and...
not so cool anymore?
A.G.: Yeah. Oh!
Ok, that's not quite right. He's the second person I cared about who I killed.
Man, I always forget about her!
E.B.: uh.
A.G.: I guess she wound up getting me back pretty good though, so we're even.
Oh, also, technically I attempted to kill that same guy around the same time.
but I just wound up paralyzing him! Oops, hahahaha.
E.B.: ...
A.G.: but man. That was sweeps ago.
I think I had a really juvenile attitude about killing back then. I think I was trying too hard?
I was always really obsessed with being the best at stuff, and I guess I was trying to be precocious
in that respect as well, and prove to everyone how brutal I could be.
but I was such a confused kid! I didn't know anything about what killing really means. I was trying
to fake it, and it caused me nothing but problems.
E.B.: i guess i had no idea how different we really were.
what i am hearing is seriously scaring the shit out of me!
A.G.: Yeah, I know. I wish we didn't have to be so different. I'm just trying to be honest with you,
because like I said, I have nowhere else to go.
E.B.: ok, well i appreciate the honesty.
so... if killing isn't exactly wrong, then what is it?
what do you mean by "what killing really means"?

Next

[Image description: It turns. We see Vriska from the front. She has her knees drawn up to her chest
like she's trying to hide, and the top half of her face disappears offscreen. In the bottom left corner,
a small John stands on a turret of the castle.]

pesterlog
A.G.: I guess I have to admit I don't actually know that much about humans either!
Other than that you are all pretty soft and mild mannered and seem to be friendlier, and think
killing totally sucks.
I really have no clue what it means to grow up as a human, though.
but I do know what it means grow up as a troll, and what's expected of us.
E.B.: what does it mean?
A.G.: When a troll comes of age, you better believe it means they're going to start killing.
It's what we do as a race. We are very effective conquerors, and as such, we practically dominate
our galaxy. Or... used to.
The ones that don't learn to be ruthless? They're better off dead.
And the reality is, it won't be long until they are. That's just life for us.
E.B.: that sounds terrible!
i would like to be culturally sensitive, but i wish it didn't have to be like that for you.
i have started to really like you guys!
A.G.: Well, thanks John. That's nice of you to say. but let's face it, it doesn't fucking matter
anymore, since our whole race was wiped out!
Maybe for the best, when you think about it.
E.B.: (sad face)
A.G.: but at least paradox space gave us some purpose before wiping us out, right?
At least we got the chance to create you guys, and all those twinkly stars you used to look up at.
E.B.: yeah, that's true.
A.G.: So because we got that chance, it means we'll never actually get to come of age and enter
troll society, and see if we got what it takes.
but that doesn't mean we stop growing up!
I think the game knows it's always gonna be played by kids, and it always rigs it so they enter right
around the cusp of sexual maturity, whatever the race is.
Which kinda makes sense, since if they succeed, they've got their whole lives ahead of them to do
whatever the hell they're going to do in their universe, like start repopulating and whatnot.
That means the game also knows it's got to deal with all these damn kids who are coming of age
while playing it!
I really think how successfully they mature is tied to success in the game. It challenges the players
in all the ways they need to be challenged to grow, which is different for every individual, and
veeeeeeeery different for every race.
I don't think we were so hot at that aspect of the game. In fact, I'm sure we were quite awful. Hell,
even I wasn't that great at it! I actually just kinda fell ass backwards into the god tier, to be honest.
E.B.: hehe... yeah me too. (smiley face)
A.G.: but what really gets me is this didn't even occur to me until just now, while I was sitting
around thinking about it.
It was so obvious!
E.B.: what?
A.G.: That was why the game split us up into two teams.
It knew as we came of age, we'd probably start killing each other.
So it just provided the stage. Red team vs. blue. It was so simple! All we had to do was what we
were naturally inclined to. It might have worked out better for us.
E.B.: uh...
i don't really see how you guys killing each other would help you play the game better!
A.G.: Yeah, you'd think that would be counter productive! but then again, maybe not.
If we really did take the team thing seriously, and started killing each other, maybe it would have
meant more god tiers?
Maybe all of us would have made it????????
Damn, can you imagine? We would have breezed through the game even faster, killed the king
without a sweat. Maybe claimed the reward before Jack even showed up?
Or if he did, maybe we could have beaten him then and there instead of scurrying off like
cowards!!!!!!!!
In retrospect we failed at this so spectacularly, I am amazed, and kind of ashamed.
It turned out that the only one of us with the guts to kill someone was already dead!
Hahahahahahahaha. And boy, did I have it coming.
E.B.: dead?
A.G.: Yes, she was a ghost, and then became a robot. Then she became a thousand robots. Then
Jack killed them all but one. Then she blew up.
Oh, and she also had that exact bizarre laptop you are using right now. How weird is that?
E.B.: gosh...
your team is so crazy!
A.G.: Not crazy enough, apparently!
Actually, this is probably Karkat's fault.
E.B.: how?
A.G.: When it comes down to it, he was probably too good a leader! He actually did manage to get
the two teams to work together toward the same goal. It could have easily deteriorated into a feud
otherwise.
He was just so loud and annoying and obsessed with leadership. He wouldn't shut up! So it was
just easier to go along with his plans.
E.B.: huh...
yeah, i can see how that could be true.
A.G.: He sure kept us working together, but in the end I think we paid for it.
It wasn't natural! Pretty fitting, really, since he's kind of a freak himself. He's not even on the
hemospectrum, the weirdo.
I really doubt he would have handled it as a leader if the shit ever hit the whirling device.
He likes to pretend he's all vicious and bloodthirsty, but I know he ain't got that in him. I have a
sense for these things.
He'd be so pissed if he heard me say this, but I think he'd cut it better as a human than as a troll.
E.B.: you probably mean that as an insult, but i think it is a nice compliment!
but...
i won't tell him you said it, heheheh.

Terezi: Message Karkat.

[Image description: Karkat and Sollux are in the lab where Karkat made the wigglers. Sollux is still unconscious and Karkat watches him. Karkat's computer is still out and has a Terezi alert over it, but her symbol has a red X over it.]

PESTERLOG

G.C.: karkat, more bad news
Carcinogeneticist [G.C.] did not receive message from gallowscalibrator [G.C.]
G.C.: (confused face with furrowed brows)
it says you didn't get my message
you didn't block me or anything, did you?????
where are you!
I lost my glasses, but I am back at the computer lab and there is no one here
except for another murder victim (sad face with furrowed brows)
she got feferi this time, and maybe kanaya too, I dont know
do you know about this yet?
if you get this, please be careful karkat, wherever you are
im afraid vriska has finally gone completely out of control
do not try to engage her, she is too dangerous
she is now my responsibility
only I know how to deal with her
warn everyone else to stay away too, if you can
why wont anyone respond? What the hell is going on here
sign (sad face with furrowed brows)
gog damn, how am I going to go about this
I guess I cant put it off for much longer
why cant you answer?
I could really use someone to talk to about it
oh well
just dont let her drink your blood
its all mine, remember (happy face with furrowed brows)

Karkat: Examine equipment.

[Image description: Karkat turns and looks at the empty ectobiology machine. On the floor, Sollux begins to stir.]

You reflect on your prior experience as the team's ectobiologist. It seemed like you were doing something so important at the time. Finally everything made sense. This was why you were here.

But what was the point? You are all clearly going to die the most pointless deaths possible. Everything you believed about your destiny was meaningless. You wish you never pushed those buttons and hatched your team out of all this goddamn slime. You are no ectobiologist. If only there was some other title more befitting of the true discipline you practice, and the death sentence given to whatever you do the disservice of creating. You can't think of one though.

And what about the other twelve wigglers you spawned? Who were they? Probably further proof this was all meaningless and random. Could it be that they were the true heroes meant to be sent
back to play this game, while your team was the superfluous crop? Could a mistake have been made during the reckoning?

Or just maybe, she was right about them all along. Not that it makes any difference now.

Something is stirring behind you. Something unconscious and toothless.

Sollux: Wake up.

[Image description: Sollux sits up and spits his teeth out. His eyes are completely black. Karkat stares with his mouth and eyes wide open to a comical degree.]

Next

[Image description: John and W.V. stand on a turret in the castle, looking out over the battlefield. The crosbytop sits on one of the crenelations. Behind them, a cloud shows Vriska sitting on the edge of the platform.]

pesterlog
E.B.: so... what about jack?
A.G.: What about him?
E.B.: are you still planning on killing him?
E.B.: that would be a constructive way to use your killer troll instincts, even by human standards. It is much better than killing friends.
A.G.: Yeah, you're right.
And to tell you the truth, part of the reason I wanted to kill him was to protect them. It's not just about glory you know.
because if I don't do it, then who will?
E.B.: well, we have a plan to defeat him too, so there's that.
A.G.: Yes, I know about your plan.
I guess two plans are better than one, right?
E.B.: yeah.
so...
will you go fight him then?
A.G.: Man, I don't know anymore.
It's one reason I'm freaking out about this. About feeling bad about a simple, perfectly justifiable killing.
If I can't handle that, doesn't it mean I'm not as strong as I thought? What hope do I have against Jack if that's the case?
E.B.: for whatever it's worth coming from a human, feeling remorse doesn't make you weak! i bet you are still really strong.
but then, i'm not sure if i actually want to encourage you to go off fighting him...
because as strong as you probably are, it sounds like he is really strong.
and even though you killed tons of people, i think i would still be pretty sad if you died.
A.G.: Aw. (smiley face with eight eyes)
E.B.: so maybe you should just let us handle it? at least we won't fight him directly.
A.G.: I don't know. Even though I'm conflicted, it still feels like something I have to do. I admit, I'm pretty scared thinking about it.
Not of him necessarily, but of the fact that I apparently don't know myself as well as I believed.
What if I'm not as lucky as I thought?
What if I do not in fact have allllllll of the luck?
E.B.: well, maybe you don't?
all of the luck sounds like an awful lot of luck to have.

A.G.: Exactly!

but then, if there is no chance of catching a bad break, then taking a risk doesn't even qualify as bravery, does it?

It isn't even a risk, by definition!!!!!!!!

So if this is going to mean anything, I guess I just have to find the strength from somewhere to go through with it.

More than just the fakey strength that comes from turning a blind eye to all your flaws. You know what I mean?

E.B.: heh.

A.G.: Hmm........

E.B.: what?

Next

[Image description: John looks out over the battlefield. There's a massive river snaking away from the castle, then draining into a large lake. A dersite ship flies above the lake. In the far distance, the faint outlines of three other castles can be seen. Clouds and tendrils cover a large portion of the sky.]

pesterlog

A.G.: You know how I said I couldn't relate to the attachment you have for your guardians?

E.B.: yes.

A.G.: Well, I guess that isn't completely true.

There are adult trolls who we can relate to, if we choose to, and if we are lucky enough to discover who they are.

but it is not really in a familial sense, at least not socially speaking, the way you understand family.

They are more like figures of legend, who are said to have more in common with us genetically than any other troll, but we can never meet them of course. Only look up to them, and follow in their footsteps, because they died centuries ago.

E.B.: like...

ancestors?

A.G.: Yeah!

We are each supposed to have one, and if you believe the lore about it, your destiny will be tied to theirs. You will find clues pointing to them and who they were, but you will only notice them if your eyes are open.

You then can choose to take up the life they left for you. And if you do, they will always be looking out for you, and guide you in finishing what they started.

E.B.: wow, that is kinda neat.

so, do you believe?

A.G.: I don't have to believe.

I am completely certain it is true, and I know who mine is!

I have been doing my best to honor her legacy for most of my life.

I even named my roleplaying character after her!

She gained all the levels.

E.B.: all of them?

A.G.: aaaaaaall.

ooooooof.

theeeeeeeem!

E.B.: hehe...

how did you know she was the one?

Next
pesterlog
A.G.: It was before I ever started gaming, or rounding up other kids to feed my lusus. I was nearing the age where I would be expected to feed her. And she was starting to get so big, that she would have to crawl out of the caverns soon, no longer able to feast on stray wigglers she caught in her web. It was kind of an intense symbiotic thing, a particularly demanding lusus-troll relationship, and only really strong kids are supposed to be able to handle it. So of course I was terrified of the responsibility looming! I really didn't think I would make it. I was sure I'd fail, and my lusus would either get angry and eat me, or she'd just die and then I'd be culled.
but then I saw a shooting star one evening. I tracked down where it landed, and found a chest with my sign on it.
A sign is an insignia we must wear, specific to our class. Each class has a huge alphabet of signs, so when someone shares yours, you know you have a lot in common. I was so excited to see it.

E.B.: what was in the chest!

Next

[Image description: An adult troll stands in front of a massive sailing ship. She's wearing blue lipstick and a black uniform with blue piping making complex, somewhat jagged designs on the chest and bodice. On the left side of her chest, there's a scorpio symbol. She's also holding a single eight sided die between two fingers. The whole drawing is done in shades of cerulean blue and black. The only other color is the white of this troll's teeth, which are the only part of her face visible. The rest is hidden in shadow.]

pesterlog
A.G.: It was her journal! She documented all of her amazing adventures as she sailed around the world, commanding a notoriously deadly fleet of Gamblignants. It was so thrilling reading it. It really felt like she wrote it just for me, like she was talking right to me and telling me how to be like her. She even left notes on where she buried treasure and stuff, which I followed later when I started R.P. ing. I found her dice that way, and so many other great things.
Learning about her gave me the strength and confidence to do what I had to do.
E.B.: that is a pretty exciting story!
so then, your great great great grandnanna or such was some kind of troll pirate? uh, i mean, pirate?
[Note: Pirate is written with an 8 in place of the A T E.]
A.G.: Yeah!!!!!!!!
And that's not all. Not that I really needed it proved to me that she was my ancestor, but that's exactly what happened while playing this game. It turned out that in addition to creating us all in the ectobiology lab, Karkat created our ancestors too! but he never believed in any of that, and just thought they were random extra wigglers serving no purpose, the stubborn jackass.
The more common bloods are less inclined to give a shit about that kind of stuff, legends and tradition and all that. Those in the upper classes like me put more stock in it, and rightly so.
E.B.: now that you mention that...
it really sounds like our situations are not so different! i created our guardians in the lab too, along with the four of us.
and when you think about it...
i never even knew my nanna.
she died before i was born. or, uh, before i created myself and sent baby me back in time, i mean.
so really, she is my ancestor too! someone i am connected to genetically, but never knew.
A.G.: Oh yeah. Wow, I never thought about that.
E.B.: and even though i never knew her, she definitely helped me when i was growing up!
i followed in her footsteps, and became an incredible prankster.
A.G.: Hahahaha. That is an admirable calling, John. Every bit as dignified as the path of the
Marquise!
E.B.: i even had a book i learned a lot from too, the book was sort of a family tradition.
it was written by an even older ancestor, my nanna's grandpa, who was only the most Legendary
Prankster of All Time.
so as you can see, we have both benefited greatly from ancestral wisdom.
A.G.: Yeah, that's so awesome!
E.B.: i think it is nice to see that when you take a closer look, we have a lot more in common than
we first thought.
A.G.: I agree.
Haha, oh man...
E.B.: what?
A.G.: I was just thinking about your life on Earth.
You had it so easy! You don't have to go hunting for clues about your ancestors at all.
There was a picture of her hanging right there on the wall of your hive.
E.B.: heheheh, yep! also, her ashes were there too.
A.G.: Hahahahahahahaha!
I don't know why, but that is just so funny to me.
Your lives are so simple and easy. It must be really nice being a human, even though you're all so
weak.
but maybe it's ok to be weak, if that's what's normal.
E.B.: yeah, it is pretty great, actually. i highly recommend being human.

Sollux: Pester Terezi.

[Image description: Terezi sits at a computer with a drawing tablet on the counter next to it. She's
not wearing her glasses. The blue hanged scalemate is on the ground behind her, along with a
handful of fiduspawn cards. The computer has a Sollux alert over it.]

pesterlog
twinArmageddons [TA] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [G.C.]

[Note: Sollux's quirk is different. He no longer doubles I's or replaces S's with 2s. Instead, he
replaces all O's with 0, just like Aradia did.]

T.A.: terezi?
G.C.: finally!!
I was starting to think I was the last one of us alive
have you seen karkat?
T.A.: no.
but I've sure as hell heard him.
G.C.: what does that mean??
and why are you typing like this, its very odd (confused face with furrowed brows)
T.A.: it means that I'm blind now.
and I guess I talk like this cause...
kk knocked out all my teeth like some kind of grubfisted douche.
eheheh, now he's flipping out.

Next

[Image description: Karkat shouts and flails his arms at Sollux, who holds him back with one hand. Sollux is using a headset with a microphone that has a Terezi alert over it.]

pesterlog

G.C.: I'm relieved you and he are ok
I was getting so worried, he wouldn't answer
T.A.: seems like he wants to talk to you.
but I was hoping to talk with you a bit first, hope you don't mind.
I mean, I know he minds, but he can smooch my bloody, gummy mouth right on the lisp for all I care.
I mean lips! That's what I mean to say, now that I can.
lips, lips, lipsssss. Wow, it feels so great to say that word!
G.C.: hehehe (smiley face with furrowed brows)
ok sollux, we can talk
what is this about you being blind?
T.A.: I hope you don't find it insulting that I wanted to talk to you about it first.
you just seemed like the right one to talk to about it.
G.C.: I do not mind
how did it happen?
T.A.: it was eridan.
got me with his fucking science stick, but it's my fault, I totally underestimated him.
G.C.: oh no
T.A.: honestly I'm ok with it though, I'm fine, I mean, aside from the part about not being able to see god damn squat.
G.C.: sollux...
do you know about feferi?
T.A.: yes.
G.C.: im sorry (sad face with furrowed brows)
T.A.: me too.
but it's ok, I'm ok with that too.
it's hard to explain how I'm feeling now.
I just know that she is happy and ok right now.
just like aradia is.
G.C.: you are sure youre ok?
T.A.: yeah.
I feel better than I ever have, really.
there is no more noise, I never realized how noisy it was.
I can finally relax, and hear my own thoughts without having to yell them, or actually, just not have any thoughts, that's a nice change of pace.
G.C.: thats good
what kind of noise were you hearing
T.A.: voices.
indiscriminate, indecipherable voices, all talking at once, voices of the soon to be dead.
they had been getting louder lately, and i just figured they were all ours.
i tuned them out kind of like i pretty much always do, but now that they're gone the difference is huge, i mean wow.
maybe since they're gone, it means we won't have to die anymore?
Karkat pokes Sollux's arm to try to get his attention, but Sollux just backhand paps him in the face. Blood from Sollux's mouth dripped down onto the symbol on his shirt, dividing it in two.

pesterlog

G.C.: I hope you're right
T.A.: so, since I guess I have to learn to be blind now, do you have any tips for me?
I mean tips.
tips tips tips tips tips!
(wide eyed very happy face)
wait, no, that sounds stupid.
G.C.: hehe
yeah! I have plenty of tips
it may take time though, it took me plenty of time to get used to
also, I may not be as good a teacher as I had, since I am not a magical dragon (frowning face with
furrowed brows)
T.A.: that's ok, I'm happy to learn from you just being you.
G.C.: hooray!
so where are you guys?
I should come join you, so we can stick together
T.A.: fuck, I dunno.
I'm blind, remember?
G.C.: hahaha
T.A.: I'll ask kk.
G.C.: hang on
T.A.: what?
G.C.: something is going on
I smell something in here
T.A.: what??
G.C.: it smells
brighter
T.A.: brighter?
terezi?
are you there?????
aw shit no...

Dave: Resist great urge to play Bro's Xbox.

[Image description: A skateboarder clips into a post in Bro's video game. There's a bag of doritos on top of the post.]

As usual, you fail to resist the urge.

You start thrashing up stunts something uncannybrutal on your quest for OH GOD DAMMIT.

You were making a play for that sicknasty pack of deliriously mouthwatering Doritos and this idiot got stuck in a pole again. Time to reset for the third time this hour.

Dave: Reset.

[Image description: Dave, who is wearing a record shirt with an unbroken record and triangular
shades, holds up an iphone that has a time symbol alert over it.

Someone is bothering you.

Dave: Answer.

[Image description: Dave, a younger Dave than the one in the game, stands in the messy living room of his apartment and pokes at his phone.]

pesterlog
apocalypseArisen [A.A.] began trolling turntechGodhead [T.G.]

A.A.: hello!
T.G.: hey
A.A.: i think its absurd i never introduced myself to you in all that time i spent moping around the lab
guess i wasnt in a very good mood
hi dave my names aradia
T.G.: christ
youre a fan of one of my websites arent you
what asshole gave you my chumhandle
also what was your favorite thing i did you liked
and what did you think was so great about it
also
T.G.: a s l???
A.A.: um
6 a girl and a place very close to you
in fact
i could visit you right now if you would like
T.G.: oh holy shit ok youre a troll
only trolls say theyre six i dont know whats up with you and that dumb fake age
A.A.: to be fair it translates to the same age as you which at the moment is 12 is it not
T.G.: makes no sense bye
A.A.: understanding disparities in the flow of time should be easy for people like us let alone
understanding disparities in such pedestrian things as units
i am 6 sweeps old one sweep is a little more than 2 years you dummy!
T.G.: cool story
A.A.: look it is either the truth or i am just someone who is being a bit playful what is the harm in
that
T.G.: ok so 2=6 awesome joke hahahaha
or wait maybe it was just a waste of time
you people think im made of the stuff
A.A.: (very happy face)

Next

[Image description: Dave looks out of the window, which shows nothing but bright red.]

pesterlog
A.A.: i know you arent
but i am
T.G.: what
A.A.: maid of time
whereas you are the knight of the very same cosmic faculty
it would seem we have very little in common dave
when in fact we have very much
T.G.: yeah
i think
im gonna shut off my phone now cya
A.A.: yes
that's definitely what you did the first time we had this conversation
so i will wait patiently while you realize that's not what you're going to do this time
T.G.: uh
what
the fuck
A.A.: dave describe to me why you are now incredulous please
T.G.: i remember this
i remember shutting off my phone and never talking to you again
but
im still talking
whats going on
A.A.: of course you remember that
this is a memory
T.G.: no its a dream
im asleep
or am i
what is going on here
A.A.: come to the window
T.G.: why
A.A.: because im outside
T.G.: bs
A.A.: take a look
T.G.: i dont see anything out there
A.A.: that iiis
becaaaause
im not out there anymore!
turn around

Next

[Image description: Dave looks away from the window, which now shows blackness. Aradia now stands in his living room in her godtier outfit, which we now know is the Maid of Time. Her eyes are the standard troll yellow.]

pesterlog
T.G.: oh sup
looks like youre a fairy
A.A.: yeah
T.G.: thats cool

Next

[Image description: Dave stands to her right now, and his glasses and shirt change to the ones he wears for most of the comic- the rounded shades and the broken record shirt. The TV shows Bro slicing Dave's sword in half and knocking him aside with the tattered remains of lil Cal scattered across them. A Nakodile stands to Aradia's left.]
T.G.: these aren't my shades anymore
john gave me these new ones for my b-day
i remember that
and i wasn't wearing this shirt
it was this one
howd it get like that
A.A.: try to remember
T.G.: i cant
wait
i wasn't wearing this actually

Next

[Image description: The room changes into a strange mashup of the LoHaC grist exchange, Dave's living room, and Dave's dream tower. Dave's clothes cycle through a red and black suit to a completely black suit. Lil Cal sits off to the side in his derse dreamer nightshirt.]

T.G.: i was wearing this suit
no wait
it was a black one
A.A.: are you sure
T.G.: yeah
and i was playing sburb
thats right
and then i went to sleep at some point
which is why im asleep now
but
if im dreaming
then why am i not awake as my dream self
A.A.: why indeed!
T.G.: shit
this wasn't the suit i was wearing

Next

[Image description: Aradia steps back. Where she was standing, the Quest bed now sits, and the floor begins to turn red. Green suit Dave sleeps on the quest bed. The point of view Dave's black suit shifts to a green suit.]

T.G.: it was this ugly fucking rag
A.A.: yes
i think it looks pretty nice but go on
T.G.: and i went to take a nap
terezi said id reach god tier
or i guess show me why i wouldn't
did it work is this part of the process somehow
A.A.: no
sorry
T.G.: so then
its just a stupid pointless dream
A.A.: not exactly
T.G.: wait
oh yeah
i woke up
and then

Next

[Image description: Dave stares down at his chest in alarm. Blood streams down from his throat.]

pesterlog
T.G.: welp

Next

[Image description: He turns away from the quest bed, towards where LoWaS is starting to bleed into the dream. The blood vanishes.]

pesterlog
T.G.: so then
im dead
A.A.: yes
T.G.: then this isnt a memory or a dream at all
its the afterlife
A.A.: yes and no
yes and 2 nos!
it is the afterlife
but what is happening now is taking place in a bubble which is accessible to the living through dreams under the right conditions
and it is also your memory
the entry point for any bubble is always a memory
either a memory of the dead
or a memory of the living dreamer come to visit!
but once you realize it is not just a memory
what happens next is up to you

Next

[Image description: The point of view Dave is once again wearing the unbroken record shirt, but he kept the rounded shades. Another Dave crouches next to Bro's on a blue bit of ground. The second Dave has a Terezi alert.]

pesterlog
T.G.: ok
what is going on over here then
is this some disturbing ghost hallucination should i start slapping myself or what
A.A.: no this actually did happen
T.G.: i dont remember this
A.A.: thats because it isnt your memory
this is alpha dave
the one who chose not to take the nap which led to your death
T.G.: fuck
lucky bastard
so then i guess terezi tricked me
A.A.: did she
didn't you ask for this
T.G.: it would have been cool to know if picking one option would definitely kill me pointlessly so
yeah
but i guess i kept giving her shit about it and i knew she was kind of crazy and morbid anyways so
whatever
is
bro dead there
A.A.: evidently
T.G.: like in reality
like that's a thing that really happened
also
is reality still a thing that means something can that be a question on the table too
A.A.: yes yes and yes
yes it can be on the table and yes reality still means something
and yes your guardian did die
T.G.: well
damnit
what did i do wrong
aside from getting my ass killed in the most retarded way possible
A.A.: nothing
all is well and as it should be
T.G.: what's he doing
alpha me
A.A.: what would you be doing there if you were him
T.G.: i am him
A.A.: even better!
T.G.: i dunno
A.A.: would you be upset
T.G.: yeah
sorta
A.A.: then maybe what you are doing is grieving
in whatever way that comes naturally to you
T.G.: maybe
A.A.: you are lucky to be able to
i could not for a long time
but now that i can again im so relieved
because i have discovered there is no reason to grieve!
T.G.: ok
am i talking to someone there
A.A.: looks like it
T.G.: who
A.A.: who do you suspect you would be talking to in this situation
T.G.: probably
terezi i guess
A.A.: maybe she is helping you through this
T.G.: i dunno
would she do that
A.A.: you were helping her weren't you
T.G.: was i
A.A.: i think so
the living need each others help
just like the dead do
alpha dave still has a long way to go
hes still not at ease with his mortality
but people like us have to be!
we have to be prepared to die a thousand deaths before our quest is complete
the master we serve demands it
T.G.: so
im just one dead dave offered up to the time god
A.A.: pretty much
T.G.: what about the other dead daves
A.A.: they come here too
in their own bubbles
you may cross paths with them if you wish
T.G.: uh
i think
im up to my neck in dave already
just being one
A.A.: ha
i know the feeling (smiley face)
T.G.: still doesnt seem right though
why are you even here like why are you showing me this
A.A.: im not showing you im just visiting your bubble
it projects your thoughts and memories
as well as other things relevant to you much like the clouds do in skaia
T.G.: but like
if im seeing this
shouldnt i be able to do something about it
or stop it from happening or
i dont know like anything to keep helping my friends
what do i do
A.A.: nothing
none of this is your business anymore
its time to move on

Next

[Image description: Aradia and Dave now stand near Aradia's hive, though a LoWaS forest bleeds into the yard on the west side.]

pesterlog
T.G.: where are we now
A.A.: oh look this was my hive!
before it was destroyed
T.G.: oh so this is the trollplanet
pretty cool not really what i pictured
A.A.: what did you picture
T.G.: i dont know its more subdued
i pictured a lot more mayhem like
a bunch of trolls flying around in little grub pods constantly screaming at each other through bullhorns shaped like buckets
A.A.: thats very silly and a little perverse
T.G.: hahaha
A.A.: but actually that sounds like what it might have been like on some parts of the planet sooo
T.G.: can we not go to those parts
A.A.: ill put in a good word with your bubble about it
T.G.: awesome
so what am i supposed to do now that im dead
what is like
the primary activity here
that ghosts get their shit worked up over
like
where are the fucking haunt offs at is what im asking
A.A.: i dont know about haunt offs
but there is plenty of time to satisfy various curiosities you might have about existence and whatnot
T.G.: boring
A.A.: is it
T.G.: just kidding that sounds cool
A.A.: oh! yes
T.G.: what else
A.A.: there are all sorts of friends to meet
ones you already know and ones you dont
there is plenty of time for just about anything
lots and lots of time
enough time to understand that time isnt much of anything at all
T.G.: it isnt
A.A.: time is like a game
just one fun game in realitys cupboard which is full of them
its the one we are the best at!
while other people are better at the other games
but when all the games are back in the cupboard everyone is about the same
and games are fun but sometimes you dont realize how much fun you were having until theyre all over
and sometimes you look back and realize for some stupid reason you werent having any fun at all!
then you laugh
T.G.: ha
haha
i bet you meant a laugh a whole lot less shitty than that
A.A.: that laugh will suffice
hey!
want to see inside my hive
T.G.: yeah sure
well
how about later
not that that doesnt sound cool but i kind of want to just go home
and i guess chill for a while cause i guess it was all a bit much
if thats ok and i guess also possible
A.A.: it is quite possible and more than ok

Next

[Image description: They now stand in Dave's bedroom, though part of the floor is grass. A dead Tavros with his biological legs is there too. He's holding his hands up and firing little bits of flame from his palms.]
pesterlog
A.A.: it seems you have a hiveguest dave
T.G.: aw hell no
is this who I think this is
A.A.: tavros has been looking forward to meeting you
A.T: heyyy,
first, ok, I think you're fantastic,
which is to say, just an enviably cool guy, who I admire,
let's put that compliment on the table where we can both see it,
T.G.: holy shit
A.T: looks like I found another point in time to bother you,
when, I guess,
you are more emotionally susceptible,
(smiley face with bull horns)
T.G.: dude
are those sick fires youre packing there
you best not be bringin that fire into my bubble less you plan on dropping that shit
A.T: ohh, bro,
these are without any confusion to be noted as some truly unhealthy incendiaries,
they are in above average need of medical attention,
so, in other words, just to complete the analogy, I hope you know a licensed physician,
T.G.: I am your general fucking practitioner and doctors orders are to shut up and burn down my
goddamn office
ill break your brittle ass like a graham cracker and well roast smores over the flaming debris have I
made myself clear
A.T: ah, haha, yes, and,
certain features of your pale anatomy may serve as the marsh mallow ingredient, needed for the
molten snack,
I will provide the fudge, (very happy face with bull horns)
T.G.: dude
gross
so aradia just so were clear
this is like a hellbubble right
its my eternal punishment to have shitty rapoffs with this tool forever is that it
A.A.: yes you figured out the mystery!
T.G.: i guess i had it coming for a flagrant lifetime spent being unbelievably fucking incredible at
rap and just about practically everything else
except not dying
A.A.: you may think so but then again you have not faced team charge in a match of slam poetry
have you
A.T: ohhhh, yesss,
A.A.: just kidding im no good at slam poetry haha sorry
A.T: ohhhh,
oh, (sad face with bull horns)
T.G.: so is he dead
he looks dead
A.A.: yes hes dead
T.G.: what about you
you dont look dead
are you dreaming
A.A.: no i am wide awake
and i physically stand before you in person!
T.G.: so
you're not dead
A.A.: oh no

Next

[Image description: Aradia smiles.]

pesterlog
A.A.: i am very much alive
A.A.: and i intend to stay that way (smiley face)
Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 5: Hivebent, Act 2: He is Already Here, Part 4

John: Prepare to leave castle.

[Image description: John sits on the turret and looks down at his crosbytop, which has a light symbol alert over it.]

pesterlog
E.B.: ok then, i guess i will get going.
A.G.: Go where?
E.B.: to keep looking for my dad!
A.G.: Are you sure you don't have more important things to worry about?
E.B.: um...
are you saying that i am still not supposed to find him yet?
A.G.: John, please. I thought you were done getting the future spoon fed to you like this.
I have told you that you will find your dad eventually. That should be good enough! Don't you think it's time to start taking your responsibility more seriously?
E.B.: well, yeah.
but what responsibility do you mean?
A.G.: We just concluded that I am going to go fight Jack. And there is a possibility I will fail! He could kill me easily for all I know. but it's something I have to try.
And if I do fail, your plan will serve as backup. There is a lot riding on you, John. On both of us!
E.B.: ok.
so you're saying i should go get the tumor now instead of putting it off?
A.G.: I'm not telling you to do anything. Just reminding you of what's at stake.
E.B.: wait, i mean the tumor.

[Note: Tumor is written in black.]

wait...
i mean The Tumor!

[Note: The Tumor is written in black and capitalized.]

A.G.: Why don't we just call it what it is.
A.G.: A big fucking bomb in the core of your battlefield.

[Note: big fucking bomb in the core of your battlefield is written in black.]

E.B.: yeah.
which is what i was wondering about...
how am i supposed to get it out?
i guess go find a cave or something?
A.G.: Yes, you could probably go looking for a sanctioned entry point.
Or you could just do what winners in a hurry do.
E.B.: what...
A.G.: Cheat!
E.B.: uh, is that even possible?
A.G.: It's practically always possible.
I won't tell you how, but I will point out you could start making better use of your powers than facilitating noisy joyrides.
Is that what Earth is like, by the way? A bunch of humans flying around in little wheeled pods constantly beeping at each other with their chauffeur familiars????????
E.B.: hehe, no.
well, maybe some places, but most cars stay on the ground, because science fiction hasn't happened yet.
A.G.: Anyway, I'm just saying it's time to do something useful and impressive with your powers, deliberately for a change. You are a god now, remember?
E.B.: yes, but...
all i can do is make a lot of wind blow around!
how is that going to help?
A.G.: Use your imagination!
That windy thing of yours is more versatile than you think.
E.B.: alright, i will try.

Next

[Image description: John looks down at the ground directly below him. It's so far down that it blurs.]

pesterlog
A.G.: Good.
I think it's time for me to get going too. I will prepare for battle.
E.B.: oh, man.
i guess if there is nothing i can say to change your mind, and it's something you really have to do, then i understand.
but, how about this...
A.G.: What?
E.B.: can this not be the last time we talk before you go?
it would be nice to hear from you at least once before you leave to fight him.
A.G.: Yeah! You got it. I will message you before I leave.
E.B.: in my future, too! none of this messaging me in the past nonsense, before i even knew you.
A.G.: Of course.
E.B.: ok, great. i will hold you to that, vriska.
A.G.: It will be a certainty.
That said, there is no need for any sort of farewell right now.
Go do your amazing windy thing, John. be creative! I will talk to you later.
E.B.: ok, i will, later!

arachnidsGrip [AG] ceased trolling ectoBiologist [EB]

John: be creative.
Next

[Image description: John's hand begins to glow bright blue.]

Next

[Image description: John hovers off the tower and holds his hands out. He makes a whirlwind that starts to turn into a tornado.]

Next

[Image description: In a blue silhouette, John does the windy thing. Blue and white lines pulse behind him. W.V. gets tossed around by the wind.]

Next

[Image description: The tornado presses into the ground and begins to drill into it. The Dersite ship gets caught in the wind.]

Battlefield: Quake.

[Image description: The ground shakes. Two clouds show the tornado drill from different angles.]

Next

[Image description: Dad and Mom sit at a table, which shakes. This makes Dad spill the wine he was pouring for Mom.]

More wine for the lady?

This woman sure does seem to like her wine. The gentleman has never met a woman quite so taken with the drink, or one as enchanting and beautiful, for that matter.

Oops!

Next

[Image description: Wine splatters onto Mom's white dress]

The fellow has stained the mademoiselle's fine garment. The gaffe is unforgivable, and the only true course of chivalry would be to liberate the damsel from the sodden cloth and launder it immediately.

But the lady has no concern for the purity of her finery. She has other things on her mind altogether.

Next

[Image description: Dad smokes his pipe.]

The woman has never met a gentleman so strong and considerate and handsome. She cannot tell for certain if her intoxication is due to her seventh glass of wine, or the contours of his proud, powerful nose, and the sensual aroma wafting from his pipe.

Next
The man and the woman are at ease. They have everything because they have each other. They know that together they can make it through anything, whether trouble brings a bit of spilled wine on a chic lab coat, or reduces the very castle beneath their feet to ruins.

Next

Vriska: Read Mindfang's journal.

~ On the 14th bilunar perigee of the 2nd dim season's equinox ~

The Orphaner poses a caliginous riddle like no other I've met. I am presuming him bothered by jealousy, and it would be sickening if it were not so marvelously amusing. But then, who but royalty could have the finned cheek to show disdain for the manner in which his black lover conducts her red conquests? Less has accelerated meeker than I to homicide, and the violation would hold me aghast, again, if his misgivings did not complement his so endearing arsenal of quaint flaws. It is impossible to stifle this grin even now as I write.

He surely understands this as my maritime overlord, a superior while through gritting fangs he would concede the expanse of my plunder makes his seem hardly worthwhile to trouble a map with good ink over. I know he understands. I will take what I want. I expect nothing less from Dualscar, and truly, less would offend me. Is it the crude blood of the suitors from which I have taken enjoyment recently? If his displeasure is with my blithe treatment of the social order then he has either not spent enough time in the warm company of my indifference, or is simply very stupid. I saw the look he gave. He's so secure in knowing I can't feel what's in his mind he forgets the traitorous ways of his own face. His little looks are words to me, interjections in our deliciously bitter repartee. First a look as I summon a slave from the hold, with such ease between my remarks. Why yes, Dualscar, they were the very slaves in your hold until but this hour. Another ship deployed carelessly, languishing in strategic vulnerability. Is this not our routine? Our dance? What is this look, my dear kismesis? Is it shame? Envy? Contempt for what he knows will follow?

I nod her over. She is fearful and it makes her prettier. He scoffs without a movement or sound. I know there is disgust feeding the shadows in his corner of my block. At least prick her in the light, he surely thinks. Determine what vulgar hue she bleeds before persisting with your abasement,
Marquise. Do try to understand, Orphaner. Not knowing is the point, and if you truly understood this, your crusade against the Gamblignants would not be among our Grand Highblood's most uproarious punchlines. (If only one truly needed to be so high to find it amusing!) And so not knowing, I take her will, but leave enough of it to enjoy her response. Her hands are in my service but they still shake. They unfasten the first button at my jacket's waist, clumsily. I have masked the line between my puppeteering and her volition exquisitely, and her uncertainty over her own control fuels her fear. She unfastens the second button, and between the second and third, I make a casual remark to Dualscar, continuing our conversation. He does not respond.

I look again at the face of my slave, imagining for a moment her mind is not an unguarded port to her every dread. I imagine I cannot feel her conviction that it's not merely a matter of whether she will be put to the irons, but how hot they will be if she fails to please. Poor thing. Her horns make attractive shapes and pair themselves pleasantly amidst her violent snarls of hair. Her fingers, which I have lost track of, to my surprise have come between the petticoat and my skin. The heat of her touch tells me the likely range for the color of her blood. I wouldn't have guessed it to look at her, not with her sign stripped. Her mouth opens slightly and I squint. Ah! Razor sharp, and none missing. Perfect. How disappointing it is to find quivering lips hiding dull teeth. I pause to consider. What will her fear become if I choose to show her mercy later? And even, in days, kindness? Will this be the red dalliance that becomes fully flushed? Love demands my cunning just as my raids. If it is to be, she will never understand how thoroughly she was manipulated, her body, her mind, her devotion.

I remember Dualscar again. My distraction from our banter was momentarily absolute, and I inquie into the shadows. but he is gone.

Then go, my kismesis. Fume with the indignation I gave you. I can only pray it blackens our bond. I must know such exhibitions agitate him and hence why I bother, otherwise it would be easy to dismiss him before I partook. Let it be a gift of antagonization to you, my dear rival, on which you may brew pitch for me anew. And if it is true envy, a vermilion yearning I can't abide, then though it pains me it will be farewell.

Alas, it may be that I am too good at spurring hate. Too good, at least, for him. I only hope he is not so foolish as to tread a path of less torrid malice.

For if he does........

Next

[Image description: An adult troll, drawn in violet and black stands against against a background of white lightning. He's wearing a long cape with a jagged collar that frames his head. His shirt incorporates the jagged lines of the aquarius symbol onto its design. He wears many gold rings, a bracelet shaped like his symbol, and a necklace. In one hand, he holds Ahab's crosshairs.]

journalog
~ On the 16th ~

My suspicions have been confirmed. I'm not grinning anymore, Dualscar.

Our orderly contention has dissolved right before my vision 8fold. It was once a handsome black, but now sits like good strong tea sullied and cooled by unwelcome dairy.

Thus my heart was broken twice. I was fond of the slave. There was surely promise in her red investment. He had her assassinated.
journalog
And so I am visited by a bit of bad luck for a change. It's not possible to evade it forever, I suppose. I will simply have to endure the misfortune of observing his base and artless measures of retaliation.

Next

journalog
He's applied his own resources to increase the bounty on my head. I wonder if he intends such a laughably ineffectual gesture as anything more than a formality, a symbol of his intent. If not, my smile. How it threatens to revisit. Almost.

I've broken laws, yes. but what has there been to pay for? If any act I've taken should demand a bounty, it was paid up front. I foot the bill myself with guile and supremacy.

Next

journalog
~ On the 20th ~

If only my hoard were as bottomless as his desire to disappoint me. He is set on cowardice, deferring to others to settle his score.

Doesn't he remember what he's confided? It would be easy to give the evidence to Her Imperious Condescension, and he would be killed quickly for his unthinkable presumption. He's taken a great risk harboring red ambitions for an empress who will never even know his name. Not that I'll sink to his tactics.

but then, he feels safety in knowing this. My sources say he is en route.

Next

journalog
Next

~ On the 20th ~

If only my hoard were as bottomless as his desire to disappoint me. He is set on cowardice, deferring to others to settle his score.

Doesn't he remember what he's confided? It would be easy to give the evidence to Her Imperious Condescension, and he would be killed quickly for his unthinkable presumption. He's taken a great risk harboring red ambitions for an empress who will never even know his name. Not that I'll sink to his tactics.

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Next

journalog
Next

~ On the 20th ~

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Doesn't he remember what he's confided? It would be easy to give the evidence to Her Imperious Condescension, and he would be killed quickly for his unthinkable presumption. He's taken a great risk harboring red ambitions for an empress who will never even know his name. Not that I'll sink to his tactics.

but then, he feels safety in knowing this. My sources say he is en route.

Next
Gamzee's but larger, and his hair is a wild, tangled mess. He also wears clown makeup, with the edges smeared and jagged like Gamzee's became once he became sober. The background behind him is a room splattered with a mess of every color of troll blood except bright red, indigo, and fuchsia.

journalog
~ On the 21st ~

I've learned Dualscar has reported to the Grand Highblood all the intelligence he has on me and my fleet. It was information he'd guarded closely to protect our once mutually cherished rivalry. He couldn't let it fall into the wrong hands, lest another besiege me more effectively and cause me to wax for the usurper. Not that he'd raised that mast particularly high himself. Ah, the shortcomings I manage to overlook for the sake of a lover.

I would have enjoyed witnessing the entertainment he prepared to please the Highblood. His sense of humor was dreadful. It would have been a true miracle if he survived the appointment.

Funny, I always imagined a grander entry in my journal for your demise, Dualscar, but I should have realized you would die as you lived. A joke. One more humorous little sacrifice kindly given to the Subjugglators, and one step closer to the release of the Vast Honk they prophesize. I am overjoyed to understand now this was always your destiny.

Next
[Image description: Gamzee continues to stalk forward, honking all the while. We now see that he's wearing Nepeta's hat and Equius's glasses.]

Next
[Image description: He stops and smiles. Off to the side, it says motherfucked.
HONK.
motherfuckers.]

Next
[Image description: Terezi lays on the ground of the computer room near the blue scalemate. There are two teal puncture marks on her neck covered by a small bandage.]

journalog
It's been nearly a week since Dualscar's fitting end and I'd all but forgotten the matter. It seems the Subjugglators were not particularly inspired by his revelations about my affairs. Sources tell me their response was to commission one of the court's neophyte legislacerators to conduct the investigation and bring me to justice.

Next
[Image description: Another adult troll, this one in teal and red, stands before a set of stairs leading to an archway shaped like the libra symbol. Her outfit looks like she's wearing a teal jumpsuit with a calf-length red skirt and short red vest over it. The vest has a semi-circle taken out of the bottom, which makes it resemble the libra symbol. This troll also wears red glasses similar to Terezi's and holds a white cane with a dragon's head behind her back.]

journalog
Neophyte Red glare is reported to be quite talented. I find no reason to doubt this. Still, how can I
be caused any unrest to learn their recourse is to send a lone, inexperienced bureaucrat to apprehend me?

I cannot view this as anything other than full concession by the Highbloods. They now only seek to maintain the appearance of pursuing me. Maybe they find my exploits amusing? I couldn't possibly disagree. Those rare moments when my superiors show wisdom come perilously close to restoring my faith in the social order.

Next

[journalog

As for Red glare, it would surprise me if I ever heard her name again. If she finds me then I welcome her challenge, but I am so confident she will play no relevant role in my future, I won't even bother peering into my oracle to satisfy my curiosity.

[S] 3x Showdown Combo.

[Image description: A loading screen shows a smiling troll emoji with three symbols circling it; aquarius, scorpio, and capricorn. The song Trollian Standoff begins to play. Eridan, Vriska, and Gamzee stand in a circle, all facing inwards. They look like they're preparing to fight. The image flashes brighter and shakes. A sketch of jagged juggalo makeup overlays the screen. It fades and everything goes white.

It pans over Gamzee, grinning. Behind him, a shadowy depiction of the capricorn troll from the throne appears. They both fade.

A bottle of faygo rolls across the floor.

Eridan sneers at someone offscreen. Behind him, a shadowy depiction of the troll with Ahab's crosshairs appears. They both fade.

A tattered blue scalemate lays on the floor, spilling out its stuffing.

Vriska glares and holds a die at the ready. A shadowy depiction of the troll with the ship appears behind her. They both fade.

A purple sash is stained with jade green blood. It pans up to Kanaya's symbol on her shirt. Something just above it glows. The glow gets brighter until the whole screen goes white. The smiling troll emoji appears again. Its eyes and mouth turn red and the three cuts from Gamzee's face appear on it, along with a circle of blood to give it a round nose. Honk appears above and below it.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the purple sash again. It's tied around Kanaya's middle, covering the hole Eridan blasted in her stomach. She upright and moving. Something above her symbol still glows.]

Next

[Image description: Gamzee and Vriska both turn to look at something offscreen.]

Next

[Image description: It shows Kanaya's feet as she begins to run. Her skirt swishes around her. Her ankles are bright white and seem to glow.]

Next
[Image description: She screams and kicks Gamzee right in the crotch, hard enough to not only lift him off the ground, but also knock his shoes, Nepeta's hat, and Equius's glasses off. He drops the club and honks loudly. Kanaya's skin is glowing a bright white color.]  

Next

[Image description: He flies backwards, right over the edge of the cliff, trailing a Hoooooooonk sound effect behind him.]  

Next

[Image description: Vriska slumps over slightly and stares in a blank sort of shock.]  

Next

[Image description: Kanaya lunges towards someone, fist raised.]  

Next

[Image description: She clocks Vriska in the jaw, knocking her glasses off and sending them flying.]  

Next

[Image description: Vriska falls face first onto the ground and skids.]  

Next

[Image description: Kanaya reaches over and grabs the wand from a very startled Eridan.]  

Next

[Image description: She holds it over her head in both hands.]  

Next

[Image description: And she snaps it in half. Debunk is written above her.]  

Next

[Image description: Eridan looks very upset and more than a little scared by this.]  

Next

[Image description: Kanaya screams again and pulls out her chainsaw.]  

Next

[Image description: In a scribbly drawing, she slices Eridan in half at the waist, sending a spray of violet blood everywhere.]  

Next

[Image description: The image splits between a white half and a black half. In the white half, Eridan's torso flies away from his legs. In the black half, Kanay completes her lunge. The sash, which is actually Eridan's cape, trails behind her, dividing his torso from his legs and taking the place of blood.]
Next

[Image description: Eridan's head lays near his feet. The ground is covered in his blood. The word Dead is written in it.]

Shades: Descend.

[Image description: Equius's shades slowly fall down and land perfectly on Kanaya's face. She's splattered with violet blood.]

Next

[Image description: She stands there, splattered with blood and slightly hunched over. The chainsaw turns back into its lipstick form.]

Next

[Image description: She holds up the lipstick, which is now open. The jade green of the actual cosmetic is barely visible under all the violet blood.]

Next

[Image description: She applies it anyway. The jade green and violet mingle as she draws it across her lower lip. The blood drips slightly.]

Next

[Image description: She licks her lips, clearing away some of the blood.]

Next

[Image description: Vriska sits on the floor with a small, stupid smile on her face. She's absolutely delighted… and maybe a little turned on. Something small and blue flashes near her head. It has been circled in red and an arrow points to it.]

Next

[Image description: A second image zooms in. The flashing object is a heart emoticon with eight 3s.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the heart.]

Be Jack Noir.

[Image description: Jack noir stands in the remnants of the tea party. The table is turned on its side and everything that was on it is broken and scattered across the floor. Everything is smeared with blood, including the sword through Jack's chest. Dad and mom both lay on the ground, but only their legs are visible.]

You are now Jack Noir.

You have just murdered an innocent family.

What will you do?
Jack: Accessorize immediately.

[Image description: Jack puts on Dad's hat, but has ripped two holes in it for his ears.]

You begin claiming trophies to celebrate your magnificent triumph over the defenseless loving couple. The man's hat suits you perfectly. It is plain and serviceable. Yes, that looks so good. The only way the look could possibly be improved is if it was blacker. Or bloodier.

Jack: Take a prize from the lady.

[Image description: Jack wears Bro's shades, Dad's hat, and Mom's scarf. He has Dad's pipe in his mouth and the repaired Lil Cal in his hand.]

This beautiful scarf will look quite dramatic as you soar through the air, scouring the surface for new victims. It is finely crafted and the fabric is wonderfully soft. Your powerful nose detects perfume. The odor is pleasant.

Wait, this pipe is great too. It makes you look dignified and thoughtful. Yes, this will be your trophy as well.

Jack: Trophy binge.

[Image description: Jack cycles through various shirts, hats, glasses, and other accessories he's taken from the kid's guardians that he's killed.]

Yes. Yed!

All of the glorious trophies will belong to you. There is no possession of the fallen so trivial that it would not make a splendid adornment to your intimidating visage.

Wait no.

This is in fact so very, very stupid.

Next

[Image description: Jack bares his teeth and stomps on Dad's hat, Bro's glasses, and Mom's scarf.]

This is no way for a killer of your elite profile to dress. Your rise to omnipotence has had a regrettable influence on your vanity it seems. Have you forgotten the original grievance with frivolous attire that got you here?

That's it. No more trophies. You are swearing off trophies forever.

Probably.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on lil cal in Jack's hand. A second image shows Jack's torso glowing as he puts Cal inside himself, or maybe uses his body as a way to teleport Cal elsewhere. A cloud behind Jack shows the same image as the first one on this page, except Jack's hand is covered in blood.]

Ok.

You will keep one trophy.
But only one.

You can never stay mad at Cal. He is a true friend. The only you have ever known.

Next

[Image description: Jack stands over the smashed trophies and blinks quickly.]

God you are so bored.

Jack: Sniff out new prey.

[Image description: Jack sniffs. A second image shows him catching a whiff of the windy thing with small drawings of John floating near it. Clouds behind him show John in his godtier outfit.]

It used to be that when you were bored with paperwork, you would go distract yourself by sharpening one of your favorite knives, or give your most disapproving scowl through a fenestrated wall to survey the kingdom. But those were simpler times. There is only one cure for boredom befitting a demigod, and that is more senseless killing.

You consult your proud long snout for assistance with the hunt. You pick up the maddening scent of one of the young graveyard stuffers. You are sure it is the same one you slaughtered earlier, and yet his stench remains, confounding you from every direction. It is as if The Breeze which carries it deliberately seeks to obfuscate the odor's origin. Your thoughts become more murderous with each blustery taunt.

Jack: Succumb to unfathomable bloodlust.

[Image description: A thought bubble appears over Jack's head. It's full of John, dead on his quest bed, Green suit Dave dead near his own quest bed, and mostly full of dog bones, snausages, fire hydrants, and some mail.]

You are consumed by murderous thoughts and you prepare to embark on a killing spree to end all oh for fuck's sake you start thinking about dog things again.

Why do bones have to be so delicious and enticing.

Jack: Suppress thoughts of unfathomable Snausages.

[Image description: Jack snarls. Behind him, the background shows Jade smiling widely and surrounded by light pink hearts and the word Wag.]

You successfully suppress all thoughts of delicious little wrapped wiener and infuriating things like mail and its agents of delivery.

But in the process you awaken your deepest and darkest feelings of all. Feelings of...

Loyalty? How completely despicable.

But no, that is not quite all there is.

Could it also be...

Love?

It must be. It is the only emotion that could possibly make you feel so utterly disgusted with
yourself.

Next

[Image description: Jack stands over Jade, who is asleep on her bed.]

And it is surely why you couldn't go through with it.

Next

[Image description: Jack holds his sword out, ready to stab her, then disappears in a green flash.]

You could not do it.

You could not kill the girl.

Jack: Contact DD?.

[Image description: Jack, back among the ruined teaparty, holds up a walkie talkie that has a red diamond alert next to it.]

You get the Draconian Dignitary on the line. He asks what the hell you've been up to. You say it doesn't matter. You have a point of serious business to discuss with him. He makes sure you're remembering to keep the destructive impulses to a minimum. No more planet exploding or anything like that. You say yeah yeah. He says no point in securing power when there's nothing left to rule. You say you know, god. It's not the point.

Lousy stupid dignitary, all keeping your murderous tendencies in check. He's the most terrible guy you almost kind of didn't despise completely.

DD?: Listen to SS?.

[Image description: The Draconian Dignitary stands in Jack's office with his walkie talkie that has a spade alert. One of the walls is still sliced and the Queen's blood is still on the floor. A thought bubble shows DD wapping Jack with a rolled up newspaper.]

You attempt to humor the Sovereign Slayer's demands diplomatically. There's a narrow line to walk between obeying the orders of a clear superior and blindly facilitating a perfectly useless genocide. It takes a very savvy breed of psychopath to pull it off.

The Slayer is yapping about some girl. Probably one of the young players who can no longer provide any serious threat to your rule. But he wants you to go kill her anyway. You ask why he doesn't go kill her himself. He says it's complicated. This guy, you swear. You tell him you're busy with things that actually matter. Like running this kingdom on his behalf and all. Levying taxes, oppressing consorts, all the unpleasant chores he would never dirty his snout with. He says this is more important than any of that stuff. You say fine, just send the droll after her.

There's a moment of radio silence.

He says you mean the Courtyard Droll? He wants to be sure this is the same droll you're talking about. You say yeah, what's the problem? He says, you mean the very same droll who couldn't manage the one simple task assigned to him, to steal the White Queen's ring from the very same adoring, wonderful girl and master and friend in question? Wait. He says he just means girl. Just girl. You didn't hear any of that.
You don't say anything.

He says fine. You win. Sic the stupid droll on her, what does he care.

DD?: Contact CD?.

[Image description: DD turns to face the unbroken screen to his left, which now shows the Courtyard Droll.]

You hit up the droll. The slayer was right, this guy is clearly incompetent. Still, the only real objective here is to get him to stop breathing down your neck with his awful dog breath.

Looks like the droll's on the battlefield. He says he is still looking for the queen's ring. He says he made a new friend to help him with his search. But it is terribly breezy on this planet, and his new friend keeps blowing around making the search more difficult! He says thank goodness he is not wearing one of his finer hats. It would be just dreadful trying to keep it on his head in such weather!

You say you don't care about any of that stuff, and tell him to shut up.

CD?: Listen to DD?.

[Image description: CD stands on the battlefield, holding onto the robotic bunny's arm so it doesn't fly away in the wind. In his other hand, he holds a walkie talkie with a red diamond alert over it.]

The dignitary is one of your superiors who makes you nervous. The list of superiors who make you nervous in fact includes all of your superiors. It includes many of your inferiors as well.

He tells you to forget the ring. You failed your mission, and you are never going to find it. There is a new mission. You say oh? He says yeah. And let go of the goddamn rabbit. You say ok, but don't actually let go.

You say you will be happy to begin the new mission very soon. But first there is this pretty blue tornado ahead you were meaning to investigate. Perhaps other locals it has attracted will know something about the ring? He says for the love of god, will you forget about the tornado and the ring. You don't say anything and look longingly at the tornado again. He says fine, if you really must examine a meaningless and extraordinarily dangerous exhibit of meteorological phenomena, then go ahead. But be ready to embark on the mission not a moment later. You say alright, and wonder what you should do to prepare. He asks if you have a good winter hat.

You nearly drop the radio in excitement.

Jack: Wait.

[Image description: Jack sits on the ground with his legs crossed. A second image shows him looking up at a cloud.]

There. Now that those wheels are in motion, you guess you can put your mind at ease for a while. You find nothing quite so troubling as the intrusion of a positive emotion.

You are momentarily afforded the peace of mind to resume a dull, quiet life of semi-restrained murder. Maybe you will wait here and see if the boy shows up. It's reasonable to assume he will seek these adults. Certainly easier to let him come to you than follow an untraceable scent. Or maybe you will take a look inside this castle. Perhaps there are survivors here fit for the offing? You guess that could serve some amusement.
You wonder if it will always be like this. What sort of future does a new god have to look forward to? Will this malaise follow you for eternity? Will you be perpetually tempted to destroy everything you see, knowing that in just a few moments of recklessness, you will be left with nothing else to destroy forever? What will eternity feel like when a single moment of boredom feels like an eternity unto itself?

You wish you could consult the clouds for answers. But they never show you anything. The reckoning can't wipe this place out soon enough.

Be future Jack Noir.

[Image description: It shows the newly ascended Aradia freezing Jack in place with her time powers.]

You are now future Jack Noir.

Presently, you are trapped in a single moment, which increasingly feels like an eternity. Your boredom is surpassed only by your all consuming rage and contempt for existence itself.

Hours ago, you entered an unfamiliar session. You killed a thousand robotic assailants. You destroyed twelve planets with ease, methodically and cyclically, like a single stained hand of a defective clock smearing each number it passes. You reduced Prospit and Derse to dust, and murdered a whole bunch of alien kids in yellow and purple pajamas. Your warpath of absolute devastation had only begun to be blazed; there were still miles and bloody miles to send forth. But when the dust of Derse settled, this infuriating fairy appeared out of thin air and froze you in time. But she can't keep you like this forever. And when she finally lets you go, you will be ready.

What will you do?

Aside from nothing, that is.

Jack: Wait.

[Image description: Jack flashes green and white.]

You attempt to be patient.

You fail miserably.

Be Aradia.

[Image description: Aradia glares at him triumphantly.]

You are now the Maid of Time, recently resurrected from the crypt of Derse. Your name is Aradia Megido, and for the first time in your life, you feel truly alive.

You have just incapacitated Jack Noir with a spell. But a demon so powerful requires your full concentration to subdue. He will break free any moment. You may release him, and die now. Or you may continue to hold him, and die later.

What will you do?

Aside from die, that is.

Aradia: Release him.
Aradia releases him. At the same moment, she lunges past him and disappears. Jack finishes his downward swing, but it doesn't hit anything and he stops. A question mark appears over his head.

Next

A green dot glows in a black void.

Next

It zooms in. It's a green sun. Aradia hovers near it.

You're done with dying.

Next

Aradia closes her eyes and smiles as she basks in the light of the green sun.

Soon, friends will arrive. They will need your help.

Next

She flies towards a dream bubble, leaving a red trail behind her.

Next

She observes the bubble from just outside it.

Whose memory is this?

Next

She gets closer. It's full of broken Aradiabots and a single whole one.

It appears to be yours. At least, that's how it begins.

Aradia: Enter bubble.

Jack noir stands in the center of the grey frog platform that has the troll's exit door on it. He's wreathed in green fire that coils into a tight spiral on the ground around him. Broken Aradiabots float around the platform, along with Alive Aradia.

Next

Jack glares up at one of the few whole Aradiabots. A second image shows her lunging towards him.

Wait a minute.

Next

Jack holds out his hand, which is covered in blood. Cal appears in it a moment later. A second image shows him throwing Cal.

This is not specifically your memory.

Next
Cal wraps his arms around one of the Aradiabots and she shudders and crackles with lightning.

It's hers.

Next

That aradiabot pulls out her music box time machines, then disappears in a flash.

Next

Aradiabot and Cal appear between a meteor and a indigo portal. A second image shows the meteor going through the portal.

Next

Aradia, alive on Alternia, looks up from her archeology as a meteor crashes a short distance from her house. Her lusus looks towards it as well.

Next

Aradia's lusus watches as Aradia picks a black bag up and skips off towards the meteor.

Next

Aradia stands on the edge of a hole the meteor punched into a subterranean cavern filled with pink stalactites.

Next

Aradia cracks her whip down into the hole. A second image shows it grabbing onto a stalactite.

Next

She swoops down onto the top of a frog temple. A second image shows her staring down at the impact crater of the meteor.

Next

It zooms out. The frog temple she's standing on is the one she will deface in the future and use the head of for prototyping. West of it, there is a still smoking crater.

Next

She approaches the crater. A second image shows a ripped apart Cal and the remnants of an aradiabot.

Next

Aradia stares blankly down at the objects.
[Image description: She picks up cal and pulls a wallet modus out of his torso.]

Next

[Image description: She slides a card out. It has the Crosbytop on it. A second image shows her holding two cards; one for a crosbytop, one for a hat.]

Next

[Image description: Aradia grins widely and puts the hat on. God tier Aradia stands behind her and watches.]

Aradia: Report discovery.

[Image description: Aradia sits down and uses the crosbytop, which has a sollux alert over it. God tier Aradia whispers into her ear.]

pesterlog
apocalypseArisen [AA] began trolling twinArmageddons [TA]

A.A.: sollux!
T.A.: hey what's up a.a.
A.A.: you will never guess what i just found
T.A.: won't i?
A.A.: i doubt it
T.A.: was it the matching ruins site?
A.A.: um
yes
how did you know!
T.A.: i don't know, just a weird feeling.
i feel like we had this conversation before and that's what it was about.
A.A.: yeah
me too
what do you think it means?
T.A.: probably nothing, but now not only does it feel like we had the conversation before, but it's going differently this time.
so it's extra weird. maybe your voices are involved?
A.A.: i dont know maybe
maybe yours are too?
T.A.: i don't hear a goddamn thing.
do you?
A.A.: wait
yes
shes very quiet though i cant tell what shes saying!
T.A.: oh well.
why don't we pretend there is no spooky paranormal phenomena going on just once and talk about what you wanted to talk about.
A.A.: good idea
ok do you remember what we talked about regarding kanayas ruins?
T.A.: sorta.
A.A.: i asked you for help in understanding the glyphs
T.A.: i guess.
A.A.: (wide eyed blank face)
are you just being difficult or do you really not remember
T.A.: i guess i don't find the whole mystery of the ruins as exciting as you, ok?
A.A.: well obviously!
but i really appreciate your help anyway
T.A.: sure.
how can i help, then.
A.A.: well you said that you'd need another set of glyphs to make sense of them
you speculated that there might be another set of ruins
you even guessed they would be blue! it turns out you were right
don't you think that is pretty cool?
T.A.: oh yeah, i am awesome about that for sure.
but,
i can't shake the feeling these ruins are going to be nothing but trouble for us.
A.A.: but you say that about everything!
T.A.: that's because it's fucking true about everything!
A.A.: no its not!
i did find some other neat things down here too which are strange but quite harmless and not
foreboding in the least!
T.A.: like what?
A.A.: like this amazing hat!
it is an authentic archeologists hat its so hard to find them in this style
there are no horn holes but i love it anyway its great
T.A.: pretty sweet aa.
hey didn't you also find some bits and pieces of your bizarre robot doppelganger.
A.A.: i wasn't going to tell you about that!
damn it how did you know
T.A.: i don't know, i just "remembered" some more shit about this discovery, god sorry.
A.A.: this is stupid
T.A.: yeah, well, i guess this is the kind of shit you have to deal with when two psychics talk to
each other about stuff.
A.A.: maybe
T.A.: why don't we pick this up again later when we're not feeling so weird?
A.A.: well
ok

apocalypseArisen [AA] began trolling twinArmageddons [TA] and apocalypseArisen [AA]

A.A.: ahem
sorry to interrupt i wanted to give you both the chance to remember but it doesn't look like this is
going anywhere!
T.A.: what the fuck?
A.A.: wow what

Next

[Image description: Aradia and God Tier Aradia stand in a crater that now has some of Sollux's
beehive mainframes on the left side. Aradia flickers for a moment, then turns into Aradiabot. The
crosbytop still has a Sollux alert.]

[Note: Some of Aradia's messages are in dark blue. Those will be preceded by (blue). Sollux also
switches to the Aradia-like quirk he used after getting knocked out by Eridan. Red Aradia doesn't
use her quirk anymore, though blue Aradia still does.]
A.A.: is it coming back yet
T.A.: is what coming back, who are you?
whoa hold on.
why am i talking like you suddenly?
(blue) A.A.: this is a memory
in a dream bubble
A.A.: thats right!
T.A.: oh.
that doesn't really answer my question, but ok.
(blue) A.A.: you changed your voice because you remembered
like i did
T.A.: remembered what?
(blue) A.A.: that i died
this is my memory and also hers
but i went on to become the robot whose remains are in this crater
whereas she did not
i dont actually know her story or how she got here but for me this was the end of the road
this is the afterlife
T.A.: well, shit.
so then i guess i'm dead too?
A.A.: nope!

Next

[Image description: Sollux, God Tier Aradia, and Aradiabot all stand in Sollux's hive, though some of the walls are red. Cal and the exploded aradiabot still sit on the ground. On the right side, Jade's room is starting to bleed into the room, and Jade stands there wearing her Dead Shuffle Dress, which has an impossible skirt made of floating strips of fabric.]

A.A.: you are just asleep
you are also blind!
T.A.: holy shit, i can't see!
A.A.: yes thats what being blind means
T.A.: wow, awesome! way to be awesomely sympathetic too my terrible new problem, a.a.
A.A.: sollux will you shut up and stop being so tragic for once
you knew this was going to happen! your prophecies of personal doom were practically all you ever talked about
i think you were looking forward to this honestly
(blue) A.A.: shes right
T.A.: i can't believe this, it's almost as if i'm getting...
Double Teamed.
(troll wearing black sunglasses emoji)
damn.
that didn't feel right at all, i think i might have to retire the whole bifurcation gimmick, puns and all.
actually that is kind of a relief, maybe you're right, i'm feeling better about this already.
A.A.: great!
you should be able to relax now that youve been released from the curse of your vision twofold just like you said youd be
you are now merely doomed!
T.A.: oh.
that's... awesome?
(blue) A.A.: being doomed isn't that bad
i spent most of my life that way remember
at least you have the luxury of understanding
and the best part about being doomed is you only have to put up with it until you die
A.A.: that's the spirit hahaha

[Note: From this point, blue Aradia doesn't use her quirk anymore.]

(blue) A.A.: actually i guess i don't have to keep talking like im doomed anymore do i
A.A.: nope (smiley face)
T.A.: this is so weird, what am i even listening to here.
(wide eyed blank face)
Fuck, I cannot believe I just made that face.
(blue) A.A.: hahahahaha!
A.A.: hahahahaha!
T.A.: god dammit.
oh yeah, also...
why the fuck are my teeth missing?
A.A.: i
dont know?
T.A.: ok, well, great, glad we got to the fucking bottom of that mystery.
myssssssstery. mystery. mySSSthSSSStery. mysterymysterymystery.
man, i can't even lisp anymore if i try.
please don't laugh, i can tell you are both enjoying this, i can smell it using my new blind guy nose powers.
(blue) A.A.: really?
T.A.: no not literally, i was joking. i mean not yet. maybe i'll ask tz about it when i wake up though.
hey what was that noise?
A.A.: what noise?
T.A.: i think someone else is here.
A.A.: oh its jade!
T.A.: jade?? wtf.
(blue) A.A.: whos jade
A.A.: shes one of the humans we met after you died
(blue) A.A.: ok
i guess i am out of the loop on chronology for once
A.A.: thats fine youll catch up!
G.G.: ummmmmmm hey guys i hope im not interrupting!!!

Next

[Image description: They all now stand in Jade's room.]

pesterlog
T.A.: well, yeah, you kind of were, sort of a reunion of close departed friends going on here, but no
big deal i guess.
G.G.: oh no!
i can leave
A.A.: no dont!
sollux try to be polite
there is no reason at all for you to feel hostile toward them anymore
jade is very nice and she did nothing wrong
none of them did so when you wake up maybe you should try to reconcile with them or at the very
least just say hello
T.A.: did you?
A.A.: did i what
T.A.: be nice to them or whatever before you exploded.
A.A.: well no
but i should have!
i did with you before i left didnt i
T.A.: i guess so.
G.G.: (gasping face)
(blue) A.A.: this is awkward
A.A.: shush you!
(blue) A.A.: what actually happened after i died it sounds complicated
A.A.: it is!
ill get you up to speed i promise but guys come on lets not scare away our guest
(blue) A.A.: ok then ill shut up
i think one aradia saying things is more than enough probably
T.A.: you can say that again heheheheheh.
but i mean, don't say it again literally, because that's kind of the whole point, and would completely
contradi...
A.A.: oh my god shut up!
G.G.: its ok! i can take another nap later when you guys arent busy...
A.A.: no jade its ok
please stay! im curious about why you are here
G.G.: well...
i have just been enjoying these little naps more and more lately!
each time i go to sleep i meet more new people and learn so much
but i still cant get karkat to take a nap, boy talk about a guy who is anti nap!
T.A.: ahhahah, yeah, what a douche!
G.G.: seeeeeriously!
he is the douchiest of crabby crabs who ever douched a big douchey crab
T.A.: lol.
G.G.: but yeah, its been fun, i should really thank feferi again for setting it up so we could meet
like this!
T.A.: wait, ff is here?
G.G.: yup!
T.A.: oh god, why didn't that occur to me, where is she??
G.G.: ummm probably in another bubble
but youll find her! maybe during your next nap...
T.A.: well shit, why can't i just go glub around out there in the ring and find her now?
i mean, aside from the fact that i'm blind and completely useless.
A.A.: navigating between bubbles is difficult here
its better to drift between them naturally as they intersect
not spatially but through common points in memory
to navigate the furthest ring you need to have mastered the flow of time!
that is why i am here
i am alive again so i may assist the dead in this way
T.A.: huh.
A.A.: jade tell me
have you seen me here before? i mean me dressed like i am now wearing my godhood
G.G.: yeah!
you were really nice and helpful
T.A.: wait, what, you're wearing a godhood?
why didn't you tell me that, what gives? or that you came back to life??
A.A.: im wearing a hood and have butterfly wings what else would you like to know
T.A.: man, being blind is dumb, can i like grope you or something to get up to date on your
appearance, would that be weird?
A.A.: yes sollux that would probably be pretty weird
G.G.: i think your outfit looks so cute! i love your wings too
A.A.: thank you your outfit is quite spiffy too
i like that skirt a lot especially
is
is that a skirt?
G.G.: i am not sure (gasping face)
T.A.: /Rolling my eyes.
is what i would be doing if that were possible.
A.A.: shhh!
T.A.: aa come on you were making a point.
A.A.: yes ok
you see those encounters you had with me before have not happened for me yet because ive only
just arrived
time follows strange paths here as does space
if you travel a great enough distance you may discover you are also traveling either backwards or
forwards in time as well!
just as if you stay in one place for too long the geometry of space surrounding you will become
unreliable
you may swat the air to your left and discover you have just slapped yourself!
the only way to make sense of it is to understand either property very well
and since i am new here i have some learning to do just like everyone else
but i do know one thing
G.G.: what!
A.A.: i knew that the first bubble i would enter would be an important one for us to visit
T.A.: what's so important about it?
A.A.: hang on
we are moving on to a new memory hold that thought

Next

[Image description: The scene behind them flickers and they all now stand on a path in a green
field. Jade's bed came with them, along with the red lunchtop that was sitting on it. There's a blue
lunchtop sitting on the path.]

pesterlog
A.A.: it is important because it will help us begin to understand why we are all here
T.A.: what do you mean why we are all here?
you mean in the afterlife? that's easy.
because she's asleep, she's dead, you're alive, and i'm blind, couldn't be simpler.
A.A.: no no
not why we are in this bubble now
but why we all exist in the first place and why we all went on this adventure together
T.A.: oh, that.
A.A.: there is much to understand and i believe it all begins with one sequence of events
watching will help those who've passed to understand the purpose of their sacrifice and those still living to understand what must be done to complete the journey still ahead.

we will let the memories lead the way

are you guys ready?

Next

[Image description: They all vanish along with the bed, leaving the blue lunchtop sitting on the ground.]

pesterlog

G.G.: i am ready!

A.A.: ok let's allow the next memory to take shape

i believe it is kanayas

i will reprise my role in a conversation i had with her shortly after i discovered the ruins

everybody hide and try not to spoil it for her until she remembers!

Next

[Image description: Everything except the lunchtop flickers and Kanaya appears along with her room. She's sitting in a pile of pillows and holding a keyboard. An Aradia alert appears above the computer. God Tier Aradia looks out from behind a wardrobifier. Aradiabot stands on the other side of it, with only her horn on screen. Sollux hides behind a plant and Jade hides near the window.]

pesterlog

A.A.: hey kanaya

there is something i want to give you

G.A.: Oh Really

A.A.: yes its something very odd i found when i discovered the ruins the other night

i dont know what its archeological significance is yet but i suspect you will be able to repair it!

G.A.: This Is A Dream Isn't It

A.A.: (wide eyed blank face)

wow!

uh i mean

(wide eyed blank face)

wow

you figured that out very fast!

G.A.: It Seemed Obvious

Either I'm Sleeping Or I'm Dead Which Is It

A.A.: oh i am sure you are alive

you are unconscious now and will likely wake up as your new self very soon

G.A.: My New Self

A.A.: yes

you are undergoing a metamorphosis which you have been groomed for since you were very young

much like i was for my various personal iterations including this one

G.A.: You Mean

Being A Ghost And Then A Frog And Then A Robot And Then A Fairy

A.A.: yes!

but it sure sounds silly when you list them all like that

G.A.: Kind Of

What Do You Mean We Have Been Groomed

A.A.: wellllll
that is what we are about to find out!
if you will oblige us by continuing with this memory

G.A.: Okay
What Do I Do
A.A.: why dont we go through this conversation again to the best of our recollection
but i guess rather than acting it out we can just talk about it
the old fashioned way
G.A.: Was What We Were Attempting Before Not Old Fashioned
A.A.: i have no idea
G.A.: It Seems To Me The Nature Of The Afterlife Is Probably Very Old Fashioned
Maybe Even The Most Old Fashioned A Thing Can Get
A.A.: haha yeah you know what i mean though
G.A.: Yes Then
This Was When You Were About To Give Me That Unusual Gift From The Ruins
A.A.: yes
i then had sollux deliver the pieces to you so you could stitch it back up
sollux that is your cue!
come out and play the part
T.A.: so we don't have to hide anymore?
A.A.: no of course not!
obviously the jig is up everyone can come out now
G.G.: yay!

Next

[Image description: They all step out from their hiding places. Sollux suddenly has teeth between
his lips like when Karkat tried to put them back. Kanaya's skin begins to glow. Lil Cal appears on a
table.]

pesterlog
T.A.: so like,
ok so i'm supposed to act out what i did before, when i brought her these shitty doll parts, is that's
what's going on here?
G.A.: Yeah Im Still Not Sure Aradia Are We Supposed To Be Role Playing
A.A.: no guys come on this isnt that complicated!
we are just revisiting the past just like we would if we were talking about it
but it just so happens we can watch it happen as we talk about it
and as a matter of fact
this story does involve a role playing game but not in that way!
T.A.: thith ith kinb of thtupib.
A.A.: youre stupid and you sound stupid!
T.A.: hopy thith, i bo thounb thtupib.
why the fuckth ith by bouth fthull of all thethe theeth subbenly?
A.A.: i dont know (wide eyed blank face)
but you maaay be waking up soon
T.A.: oh, ok, greath, tho i willmith the retht of the cool thtory, ok.
A.A.: maybe not if we hurry this along!
G.G.: wait! before we do...
hi kanaya! it is nice to meet you
G.A.: Hi Jade
Uh
What Is That Thing Youre Wearing
G.G.: you dont like it???
G.A.: No I Didnt Mean To Sound Disapproving
But I Do Think More Colorful Apparel Suits You Better
G.G.: yes i know you told me!
G.A.: I Did
G.G.: yes but you probably havent yet
not from your perspective.... i could not help but overhear you are asleep now
you told me all about what happened after you woke up!
G.A.: About What
G.G.: about how you turned into a vampire
G.A.: Whats A Vampire
T.A.: thith ith ribiculouth.
A.A.: thollux is right
i mean sollux
kanaya tell us what happened next!

Next

[Image description: Lil Cal is suddenly sitting upright by a sewing machine. He's wearing a bright green suit with a matching backwards cap. Sollux disappears in a white flash.]

pesterlog
G.A.: There Isnt Much To Say
I Repaired The Doll And Made Him A Nice Outfit
With A Far More Becoming Palette And Fit Than The Absurd Tatters He Was Found In
I Thought At Least
A.A.: yes
G.A.: Uh
Should There Be Anything Else To This Story
A.A.: not really!
G.G.: isnt that daves puppet?
A.A.: yes
G.G.: (uncertain face)
T.A.: aw sthith, i guethth i'm outha here.
A.A.: bye sollux
T.A.: thee you lather eberyboby.
G.G.: bye!
G.A.: Anyway That Is All I Can Remember
I Quickly Began To Find The Doll Unnerving So I Put Him Away
To My Knowledge He Has Remained Secure In My Block Ever Since
Is He Relevant In Some Way
G.G.: guys why do you have daves puppet?
what is going on here!
G.A.: Yes Aradia It Seems You Have Some Foreknowledge Of This Narrative Maybe You Can
Tell Us Why Any Of This Is Important
A.A.: this is only a piece of the story
the other pieces will fall into place with successive memories and it will all become clear
but yes alright i will eliminate some suspense and try to serve as a better guide on this tour through
the catacombs of our collective subconscious
the separate tunnels we once traveled in the dark as individuals we now retrace together with a
torch
on the walls we illuminate the runes which describe a convoluted origin story
an origin we participated in
we were spurred to these actions by that which was being originated
and incited to acts of revenge as we were turned against each other

Next

[Image description: They're somewhere else suddenly. The desk with the sewing machine, the pile of pillows, and lunchtop came with them. They seem to be at the bottom of a cliff. Tavros lays on the ground in his pupa pan costume. A black circle on his forehead pulses with his symbol.]

pesterlog
A.T.: I don't remember this,
I mean,
I remember getting jumped off the cliff by my legs,
but not the thing I'm doing now,
A.A.: no
our manipulator disguised his tracks well
A.T.: do i,
have to lie on the floor like this,
is that important,
A.A.: no tavros you can get up
A.T.: also,
can we, or at least i, be not in this memory,
because,
it's one that's not as great as most,
A.A.: we will leave it soon
but you were doing something very important here
A.T.: what was I doing,
A.A.: writing a part of the code

Next

[Image description: Now they're standing in Tavros's room. Horsaroni is writing over the posters on the wall. He's writing letters like the ones that Rose wrote on her own walls. They are arrangements of K, C, 1, and T. A second image zooms in on a section written over the name on the Pupa Pan poster. T I C K. Tick. A third image zooms in on a flarp manual near a burst fiduspawn doll.]

pesterlog
A.A.: an incomplete fragment consisting of four symbols
comprising the first word of a binary refrain
a pair of sounds emerging from the belly of a fabled tyrants menace
but you authored only one sound of the pair

Next

[Image description: They're standing around Aradia's hive, which is now very small and collapsing in on itself. God Tier Aradia flickers and changes to how she first appeared; white eyes, Aires symbol shirt, and tattered skirt.]

pesterlog
A.A.: i would write the other

Next
A.A.: in the soot of my ruined hive I scrawled my part of the code
completing the phrase of legend
the persisting sounds said to accompany the ultimate demise of the tyrant less an arm and an eye
but even these eight characters
the scrawlings of charge
were still but half the code

Next

A.A.: there was another half by scourge in two parts
one part three symbols

Next

A.A.: and the other
five
why the scale was tipped in this way between sisters
i cannot say!

Next

A.A.: each fragment would be transcribed in our rulebooks
sealing the collaboration between rust bloods and blue bloods
completing the code for our sessions architect
(blue) A.A.: not exactly

Next

[Image description: The explosion has taken place in Terezi's hive. The walls are covered in blood which has been used as writing. It's arrangements of 4, 3, H, S, D. Vriska, who came with them, changes to her God tier outfit. A second image focuses on a sequence. H 3 4 D S. Heads. The third focuses on her flarp manual, which has her scratched coin sitting on it.]
A.A.: there was another fragment
A.A.: oh?
A.A.: yes
an additional eight symbols
from a wild card source i suppose

Next

Pesterlog
(blue) A.A.: it came from a timeline not meant to happen
the one i came from to ensure it wouldnt
thus sealing my fate

Next

Pesterlog
(blue) A.A.: i believed the fragment was gibberish from a lunatic
after completing his rampage through our session
since it was not part of the scripted chronology i was oblivious until it was too late to stop it
not that it would matter if i did the timeline had already gone astray
i pieced together what had happened by sleuthing the various scenes

Next

Pesterlog
(blue) A.A.: and discovered the text which the code was recorded in
i decided to return to the alpha timeline with the text
as evidence for his madness i guess
in the alpha timeline this text was destroyed
in an explosion caused by a computer virus
this explosion did not take place on my timeline
i identified this event as the difference prompting the offshoot
and returned to our planet via the reckoning just as i did at the end of my life
though that time deliberately
to influence events quietly to make sure it happened
and later joined the rest of our doomed selves to help defeat the king
the others surely had similar responsibilities along the way
pesterlog
(bluetext) A.A.: as for the book
i lost track of it shortly after i arrived
A.A.: yes we all lost track of our books

Next

pesterlog
A.A.: they were gathered surreptitiously by agents assigned to the task

Next

pesterlog
A.A.: and in the veil their codes were merged with the ghost imprints of other mysterious artifacts

Next

pesterlog
A.A.: our first guardian was brought to life on the seed to pass through skaias final gate of defense
the first to find alternia

Be Scratch.

You once again try to be Doc Scratch, and fail spectacularly. You can't be him no matter how hard
you try. It is impossible.

[Note: Doc Scratch is written in bright green, except for the o, which is written in white.]

[In fact, I think it would be for the best if I commandeered the narrative completely for a while. I
trust you won't mind if I speak in white. It's not actually negotiable, but as a courtesy I will enclose
my words between a pair of visually audible brackets.

I am doing this because I can.]

o

[Image description: Doc Scratch reaches up and adjusts his bow tie.]
My apartment doesn't have a doorbell. Why would an omniscient fellow need to be alerted to the presence of a visitor? I know he will be right on time. Which is to say, early. And if I did have a doorbell, you would have just witnessed it ring.

He is already here.

My door is not fitted with a peephole either. Those without eyes or without limits to their knowledge have no need for peeping, and I am without either. I have never once peeped at or through something, and I doubt I ever will.

Apertures built into physical surfaces to reveal what's hidden behind them are for those with particular handicaps. They are for those lacking advanced vision to render the opaque permeable to light, or those lacking advanced knowledge to render the concealed information irrelevant, or both. They are for people who I call suckers.

I know the identity of anyone who stands behind this door, even in those cases where I have not extended an invitation to the visitor personally. Pardon me while I let Jack inside.

Did you not believe it would be Jack? Who else would it be? Someone who would have suspected anyone else is a person I would also describe as a sucker.

Haa haa.

Hee hee.

Hoo hoo.

Hello, Slick. Won't you please ent...

Did you not believe it would be Jack? Who else would it be? Someone who would have suspected anyone else is a person I would also describe as a sucker.

Haa haa.

Hee hee.

Hoo hoo.

Hello, Slick. Won't you please ent...

Slick clocks Scratch in the head with the cane.

Oh for heaven's sake.

Slick? Which would you prefer I call you? It's one of the strange points of uncertainty which surrounds
you. Maybe it is that you don't particularly care. Your flair is for the plain and serviceable, isn't it? Not much of your vanity is tied up in a name, I'd guess.

Not going to tell me? Fine, I won't tell you my name either.

Well, I might. If you would just show some manners and stop hitting me with that ridiculous horse hitcher. I won't crack no matter how senseless the drubbing. If only it were that simple.

You're not going to stop, are you. It will be very difficult to discuss our points of mutual interest like this. I was prepared to go about it in a civilized way, even though I knew very well I would spend the first several minutes of our meeting sitting on the floor while being flogged. I have even prepared a bowl of candy for you, which I know you will enjoy. Courtesy is important, Jack.

Do you have anything at all to say? Any form of communication you care to attempt beyond the sound iron makes against my head repeatedly?

No, of course not.

[Image description: Scratch bends the cane into a right angle while Slick glares at him.]

[What's that? I see. You think you already know my name. You do not know my real name, Jack, just as none of your adversaries on this planet know yours. You only know my nickname.

It's a good nickname too. Befitting of the passive gunslinger charged with initiating the break. I am my master's weapon. His soldier in a war of one bullet fired. But when that bullet clears the barrel, it won't be my finger on the trigger. I'm a facilitator, not an assassin.]

[Image description: Scratch hands the cane back to Slick, who looks at it sadly. It's been bent into a knot.]

[Here.

Jack, why don't you go help yourself to some candy over there on the table? There is something I need to take care of before we continue. I won't be long.]

[Image description: A white bowl full of licorice scotty dogs sits on a green table.]

[Image description: Slick starts shoveling handfuls of scotty dogs into his pocket.]

[Yes, good. Placate yourself with the scottie dogs, Slick. My supply is bottomless. I am an excellent host.]

[Image description: Scratch takes off his jacket, revealing the bright green shirt underneath. In the background, Slick dumps the bottomless bowl of scotty dogs into his hat.]

[When I am finished with this minor interruption, we will resume our gentlemanly negotiation. I]
will proceed to beat you severely until you agree to do what I ask. I trust you won't take it personally.]

[Image description: Slick stands by the typewriter, which has a Rose alert over it. His jacket is hung from the Skaia model and Jack watches from near the chair with the gun on it.]

[Now please excuse me. I have to talk to a teenage girl from another universe.]

Be teenage girl from another universe.

[Image description: Rose sits on the platform on LoHaC. Her hubtop has a Jade alert and a breath symbol alert. She's still surrounded by consorts, though they're all wearing various bedsheets now.]

You cannot be a teenage girl from another universe, because you are too busy being a teenage girl from this universe. You are busy being Rose Lalonde. Completely preoccupied with it, in fact.

So preoccupied, you have been neglecting messages from some of your friends who are trying to contact you. But you have a lot of important stuff to do. You will get back to them later.

Rose: Pester informant.

[Image description: Rose smirks at her computer, which has a blank alert over it. A blue lizard holds a magic cue ball next to her.]

pesterlog
T.T.: It's quite warm here on Lohac.
I think I've been patient enough.
When will I receive further instruction?
(question mark): Now.
T.T.: So,
I could have contacted you at any time?
(question mark): No.
Only now.
T.T.: I came away with the impression from our last conversation that our next would take place on your invitation.
I was being polite by waiting.
(question mark): Your inevitable impatience caused you to contact me again.
Inevitability is my invitation.
T.T.: That's pretty smug.
(question mark): I am right to be smug. I am omniscient, extremely powerful, and very charming.
T.T.: Well,
Two out of three isn't bad.
Can you use your limitless intelligence to figure out which ones I mean?
(question mark): That was clever.
If I plead ignorance to the fact that you are denying my charisma, it invalidates my claim of omniscience.
But if I must adhere to my all knowing status, it forces me to validate the unfortunate reality that you are feigning the opinion that my demeanor is unpalatable.
Not that it matters, because I have all three qualities and you know it.
T.T.: This is stupid.
Could we get to the point?
We should hurry this along. My visitor is beginning to set things on fire.

T.T.: You have a visitor?

Who?

T.T.: Some guy.

I was joking anyway. I am not in a hurry at all.

T.T.: You tell jokes?

T.T.: So, your visitor isn't setting anything on fire then?

T.T.: I'm really not getting this joke.

T.T.: I think if you're going to risk tarnishing your record of honesty, you should probably get better material.

T.T.: Ok.

T.T.: I thought you didn't lie. Aren't jokes essentially humorous lies?

At least, those like the one you just attempted.

T.T.: Jokes are only temporary lies.

If the falsehood is never exposed, there is no punchline. If the punchline is never delivered, the lie is sealed forever, regardless of initial humorous intent. Lies are not funny.

T.T.: I think if you're going to risk tarnishing your record of honesty, you should probably get better material.

T.T.: My joke was objectively funny. Who would know better than I?

T.T.: Ok.

T.T.: I'm starting to change my mind.

T.T.: Yes. I think your joke was funny in retrospect. Actually, your whole shtick is pretty good. I'm warming up to it.

T.T.: Was the assurance you just made a prank or a joke?

T.T.: Was that?

T.T.: Yes.

T.T.: The truth?
(question mark): Yes.
T.T.: Ok.
Were you serious about wanting to die?
(question mark): Yes.
T.T.: Why?
(question mark): I'll tell you later.
T.T.: Why?
(question mark): Because you asked.
T.T.: But why not now?
(question mark): Because that piece of information would not fit elegantly into the sequence of our exchange at this moment.
T.T.: Then you know how this entire conversation will go?
(question mark): Yes.
T.T.: Is that true of all conversations you have?
(question mark): Yes. Until, briefly, I don't. But the dark spots never last long. The truth disguises itself to me sometimes which can be mildly frustrating, but it usually reveals itself quickly, much as if a punchline was delivered. It's a humorous dialogue I have with reality, and it is very amusing.
T.T.: Then why do you bother with the conversations? Obligation to predestination, as usual?
(question mark): There is no obligation.
It's a pleasure.
T.T.: It is?
(question mark): I've always had a soft spot for young ladies.
T.T.: Hmm.
That's a little creepy.
(question mark): No it's not.
T.T.: Yes it is.
(question mark): No it's not.
T.T.: It kind of is.
(question mark): I have looked into the future and determined that we would continue in this manner pointlessly for some time, so I am putting an end to it here.
T.T.: That doesn't make sense.
Was that the other joke?
(question mark): Yes.
(question mark): Thank you.
T.T.: How young are the ladies you typically take a shining to?
And does this mean you are attracted to me?
Suddenly this conversation is kind of terrible.
(question mark): Of course I am not. Not in the way you mean.
And anyway, you are applying standards of conduct frowned upon for your kind which make no sense to apply to me.
I am an immortal entity with a large cue ball for a head, and no biological means of reproduction.
T.T.: ... Really.
(question mark): Also, if you were millions of years old, you would find that nearly every lady you encounter is quite young, relatively speaking.
There should be no reason for you to feel uncomfortable with this interaction. Try to think of me as one of your kindly human uncle figures.
In fact, if I were in your presence now, I would offer you candy to prove it.
T.T.: Oh my god.
(question mark): What?
T.T.: Can we talk about the scratch instead of this?
(question mark): Yes.

Next

[Image description: Rose looks towards the Beat Mesa, which is lit from below by the lava lake.]

pesterlog

(question mark): You are situated near the game construct supplied by your session for causing the Scratch, yes?
T.T.: Are you actually asking?
(question mark): No.
That was a fact, and then a question mark.
T.T.: Ah.
Well, yes, I am.
It's a large plateau shaped like a record. It's called the Beat Mesa.
(question mark): I know.
T.T.: Is the game construct different in other sessions?
(question mark): Yes.
It will always be an edifice of similarly cryptic design, located on the planet that is home to the Hero of Time.
(question mark): Its environment dictates the nature of its construction. Its power is dangerous, and is meant to be utilized only in emergencies such as yours.
T.T.: You mean, in sessions where victory is no longer possible?
(question mark): Yes.
T.T.: Due to creating an unstoppable adversary? Who triggers the reckoning prematurely?
Is that sort of emergency common?
(question mark): No.
Failure is common. But the composition of yours is quite atypical.
T.T.: Ok.
Then, it's like a panic button for the players to push once they realize the cause is lost.
(question mark): Yes, but causing the Scratch is not an easy task either.
The construct must be destroyed in a very specific way to release its energy.
The keeper of my ectobiological father began the process.
It must be finished.
T.T.: Who?
(question mark): The guardian of the Knight of Time.
T.T.: Dave's bro?
(question mark): Yes.
T.T.: How do I finish it?
(question mark): You don't.
Not you personally. Another will. You have something more important to attend to, remember?
T.T.: Oh, right.
The Green...
Wait.
The Green Sun.

[Note: The Green Sun is written in bright green and wavers slightly.]

(question mark): Yes.
T.T.: I'd planned to take care of that later, once John had retrieved the Tumor.
(question mark): Tumor.

[Note: When scratch says Tumor, it's in black. Rose said it in purple.]
T.T.: Whatever.
(question mark): Your plan will have to change.
You aren't ready to cause the Scratch yet.
Like I said, it's difficult.
T.T.: What will the one who does it have to do? I should let them know.
(question mark): He will have to scratch the surface of the plateau across its full diameter.
T.T.: I see.
This terminology can be very literal sometimes.
(question mark): You will require a certain needle to create a breach in the surface that will be adequate.
T.T.: I have needles.
(question mark): Your needles won't suffice.
T.T.: Then where do I get ones that will?
(question mark): Again, you won't. This task is out of your hands.
The needles must be acquired from the denizen of the Witch of Space.
Her quills are very large and potent. They will be able to cause the Scratch.
T.T.: This really seems more elaborate than you lead me to believe.
(question mark): I didn't lead you to believe anything.
I told you to find the construct and await advisement on the Scratch. The plans you were making were based on assumptions and fabrications of your imagination. You were writing more stories, much like those about your false magical men.
T.T.: I wish what I'd written in my private journals could be confined to your dark spots.
(question mark): I don't. I find your stories entertaining.
T.T.: You're being creepy again.
(question mark): No I'm not.
Besides, the White King agrees with me.
T.T.: What?
(question mark): For a Seer, your vision of events surrounding you is rather limited. It's charming.
T.T.: Just,
Please stop complimenting me.
(question mark): No.

Next

[Image description: It shows the mesa from above. Lava swirls into a red spiral around it. There's a faint, spiderwebbing crack on the left edge. Below it, it shows it from a different angle. The crack shoots out beams of light and the edge of the mesa itself is wreathed in flame.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Fine.
Then please at least try to sound more sarcastic when you do it.
(question mark): Oh sure, I am really going to do that. Yes, very likely.
T.T.: ...
Then the Scratch will be implemented later, by either John or Dave I presume?
You used a male pronoun.
(question mark): Yes.
T.T.: I guess it makes sense that it would happen later. My understanding is that Jack will not be banished from this session until near the end of the reckoning.
(question mark): Yes, Jack will exit your session later, but this has nothing to do with the Scratch. Not directly, as you imply.
T.T.: I don't understand.
I thought that was the point of the Scratch, to open a rift in spacetime as it were, and banish him
into the trolls' session.

(question mark): No.

hat is not the purpose of the Scratch at all. The Scratch does not open a rift in spacetime.

T.T.: Hmm.

Then why have you directed me to cause it?

Does it have something to do with enabling you to die?

(question mark): No. Not directly.

The Scratch has nothing more to do with my death than any other single event ultimately contributing to my demise.

T.T.: I think it's disingenuous for you to behave as if I have not been misled.

You say you don't lie, but what about lies of omission?

(question mark): Lies of omission do not exist.

The concept is a very human one. It is the product of your story writing again. You have written a story about the truth, making emotional demands of it, and in particular, of those in possession of it.

Your demands are based on a feeling of entitlement to the facts, which is very childish. You can never know all of the facts. Only I can.

And since it's impossible for me to reveal all facts to you, it is my discretion alone that decides which facts will be revealed in the finite time we have.

If I do not volunteer information you deem critical to your fate, it possibly means that I am a scoundrel, but it does not mean that I am a liar. And it certainly means you did not ask the right questions.

One can make either true statements or false statements about reality. All of the statements I make are true.

T.T.: Unless you're joking.

(question mark): Yes.

T.T.: Haa haa, hee hee, hoo hoo?

(question mark): Exactly.

T.T.: Then I guess I'll start asking better questions.

(question mark): Good.

I will make a Seer of you yet.

T.T.: Will you?

(question mark): Yes.

You can start by shoring up the reliability of your sources. You proceeded to question me believing you understood the purpose of the Scratch. You received your information about it from trolls. I assure you that in most ways, the trolls are as confused about everything as you are.


What exactly does the Scratch do, then?

(question mark): It resets the game.

T.T.: Oh.

That's it?

(question mark): Yes.

T.T.: Then,

We all start from the beginning again? When John entered?

(question mark): No.

The release of temporal energy will be quite massive.

This is a hard reset. It will reboot the conditions in your universe well before you began playing the game.

You will have lived different lives after the reset. The different initial conditions will ideally lead to a more favorable scenario in the new session.

Unfortunately, you will have no memory of anything that has happened in the session you are in now.
T.T.: What will happen to us? Everyone in this session now?

(question mark): You will all cease to exist completely if you remain here during the Scratch.

T.T.: This seems familiar.

It reminds me of when Dave and I were trapped in the doomed timeline, and he left to change the past.

The timeline ceased to exist, along with my dream self, who in a way became merged with my dream self of this timeline. I kept some of her memories.

Is the situation similar?

(question mark): Similar, but more severe.

Since this timeline will undergo such a violent upheaval, such a merger of memory cannot happen.

You will be resigned to absolute oblivion.

Unless you can discover a way to preserve yourselves.

But it's not really my place to advise you on that.

After you have dealt with the Scratch and the sun, what happens to you is not any of my business.

Next

[Image description: Rose keeps typing at her computer. The consort holding the cue ball holds it out to her in a trembling hand.]

pesterlog

T.T.: Then can you at least tell me if we will be successful in preserving ourselves after the reset?

(question mark): I don't particularly enjoy spoiling things for people when unnecessary.

I find speaking in a discreet color helps avoid this.

T.T.: So if the Scratch isn't specifically meant to banish Jack from the session,
And our quest to destroy the sun is meant to kill him,

Why is the reset necessary at all, especially if it means oblivion for us?

(question mark): Because you cannot achieve the ultimate reward in this session.

Your battlefield is cancerous, and the reckoning will destroy it prematurely regardless.

By resetting, you will create a session which can bear the fruit of a new universe, even if you will not be the ones to claim the reward.

Don't you want to fulfill your purpose?

T.T.: I guess.

But it's a little disheartening to learn I'm now faced with not one, but two suicide missions at once.

One to destroy Jack's power source and defend all of existence, and another to ensure our cosmic progeny at the price of oblivion.

(question mark): That frames the dual objectives accurately.

But if you are inventive, you may find a way to survive the reset and participate in the renewed session.

It's up to you.

Just as it's up to you to face the decision to claim immortality before you enter your creation.

T.T.: Immortality?

(question mark): Yes.

T.T.: Do you mean ascending to the god tier?

(question mark): Yes.

T.T.: I have reason to believe that I won't.

The trolls have not indicated I will die on my Quest Bed, or that any of us will aside from John.

Instead I've been given a more troubling and ambiguous forecast.

(question mark): What have I said about confirming the reliability of your sources?

T.T.: Are you saying I will?

(question mark): No.

T.T.: Oh.
Well, will I?
(question mark): It seems you'd like me to do some more fortune telling.
T.T.: Fine.
Maybe this question will suit you better.
Is it probable?
(question mark): That's a strange question to ask someone who is omniscient and therefore knows outcomes with one hundred percent certainty.
I like it.
T.T.: Then what's your answer?
(question mark): You have exactly a fifty percent chance of ascending to the god tier.
T.T.: That's a strange answer.
(question mark): I know.
T.T.: Why such a precise probability?
(question mark): Because, much like the decisions you must face to complete your dual suicide missions, you have two ways of achieving godhood to choose from.
T.T.: Two ways?
By dying on the Quest Bed on my planet, and some other way?
(question mark): Yes.
T.T.: Is there another Quest Bed somewhere?
(question mark): Yes. Good guess, Seer.
T.T.: Where?
(question mark): What difference does it make? You already know where the first one is. You have the choice to go there right now and take your own life.
T.T.: That's true.
(question mark): Of course it is.
T.T.: You mentioned immortality.
Godhood makes one immortal?
(question mark): Yes.
T.T.: A god tier will live forever, with no caveats?
(question mark): No.
One will live forever, unless killed.
The death must be either heroic or just.
T.T.: How are those terms defined?
(question mark): Broadly, mysteriously, and according to the case of the individual.
One may be killed by opposing a corrupt adversary and die for a just cause, as through martyrdom, for instance. This would be heroic.
Or one may be subject to corruption, and slain by a hero. This would be just.
T.T.: Which sort of death will you have when I destroy the sun?
(question mark): Neither. I'm not a god.
I'm a guardian, a servant, and a weapon.
I have power and knowledge far surpassing a god.
But I am not one.
T.T.: Is this when you are going to tell me why you want to die?
(question mark): Yes.
T.T.: I sense it's not just because you're getting bored with immortality.
(question mark): That's good. Your vision is becoming clearer.
T.T.: Then why?
(question mark): My master can't enter this universe until I am killed.
Such is the nature of the break.
T.T.: That almost sounds like martyrdom. Are you sure it won't be a hero's death?
(question mark): Quite sure.
My master is a very evil man.
T.T.: Who is he?
(question mark): I won't tell you his name.
but he goes by the title, Lord English.

[Note: Lord English is written in bright green with the o as a billiards ball flicking between each one in the set.]

Next

[Image description: Rose looks down at her laptop with her cue ball bearing consort at her side. She's framed by the lapels of the massive green overcoat Hussie used to block the fourth wall.]

pesterlog
T.T.: This doesn't sound like an especially admirable objective. Releasing an evil man, who is presumably more powerful than you, an already omnipotent being.
Am I right?
(question mark): You are right about both. It is not admirable, and he is considerably more powerful.
But you must decide which objective is more important.
You may decide to attempt to destroy the sun and end my life. This will neutralize Jack, who is also much more powerful and dangerous than myself by virtue of the ring he wears in addition to drawing energy from the same sun as I. He poses a significant threat to reality.
T.T.: But in the process of killing him and you, I release your master, who is just as deadly?
(question mark): He's more deadly.
But the danger he poses is sanctioned by paradox space.
It is a known quantity. His very existence in a universe will mean it will inevitably be torn apart.
But there are rules to his entry, and his grim procession through paradox space is rather orderly.
The present equilibrium has accounted for him, and will continue to.
Jack however is a loose cannon. He will not stop until he destroys everything he encounters.
Additionally, his existence is your responsibility.
T.T.: Then I guess I don't have a choice.
(question mark): You do.
But also know this.
Refusing to venture out to destroy the sun in no way spares anyone from my master regardless.
It is certainly true that destroying it will end my life.
And it is certainly true that The Tumor you will deliver to its location has enough power to destroy it completely.

[Note: The Tumor is written in black.]

But it is not the only way to kill me.
It is simply a way I have suggested to you, which doubles as a way to disarm Jack, should you choose to go through with it.
Instances of myself have spawned in countless universes, and my objective is always the same.
I have never once failed to complete this objective, and I never will.
There is nothing noble about taking a course of action you believe would prevent his arrival, because that is impossible.
He will come.
In fact, he is already here.
T.T.: Are you saying that I will succeed in the mission to destroy the sun?
(question mark): Are you asking for another palm reading?
T.T.: ...
(question mark): You seem rather keen on acquiring a fortune from me considering you are the one
with the crystal ball.
T.T.: I'm just trying to ask as many questions as I can. It's the only way to find the dark spots in your obstinacy.
(question mark): I've been very helpful. And I will continue to be.
I myself do not care to be an oracle. But I can graciously supply you with one.
T.T.: Can you?
(question mark): An eager consort has brought you one of my seeds. It appears you have amassed followers who wish to please you. How fortuitous.
T.T.: Your seeds?
(question mark): The white orb.
T.T.: Oh. The cue ball. How did I not notice this?
(question mark): It will accurately answer any question a curious girl can pose. Provided she can see through the surface to read its reply.
T.T.: Hmm.
Is that possible?
(question mark): Is it, Seer?
Given your title and all the tools of prognostication at your disposal, it seems to me I should be the one asking you the questions.

Next

[Image description: Rose holds the cue ball and looks towards it. Her skin is dark grey.]

pesterlog
T.T.: How can I see through it?
(question mark): It seems you weren't listening, so I will state this again in the form of a question. Don't you think I should be asking the questions from now on?
T.T.: Yes, if you wanted to be disingenuous and irritating.
(question mark): Don't you think a clever person should be able to acquire information from someone who only asks questions?
T.T.: Then it's a challenge!
I pass.
(question mark): Do you have a choice? What if I'm feeling a bit stubborn?
T.T.: Ok, so what you mean is I should continue humoring your leading questions until you happen to ask certain rhetorical questions that contain information I need.
(question mark): Was that a question?
T.T.: That was a fact, and then a period.
(question mark): How does a Seer see?
T.T.: ...
With a crystal ball?
I already considered that. I don't think I can get the focus of the ball to "zoom in" tight enough on the cue ball's enclosure to read the answers.
(question mark): How else does she see?
T.T.: By other magical means, I guess.
Should I use magic?
(question mark): Do you believe in magic?
T.T.: Magic is real.
I've been using it.
(question mark): Are you sure?
T.T.: Use whatever word you want to describe it. I have magic wands, they are very powerful, and they allow me to be magic. Your questions are silly.
(question mark): What makes you convinced the wands are responsible for your abilities?
T.T.: Because I did not have the abilities before I made them.
(question mark): Could this be circumstantial?
T.T.: Could it?
(question mark): Is there an echo?
T.T.: Is there an echo?
(question mark): Hee hee?
T.T.: I don't know what you're getting at.
How about another leading question?
(question mark): What did you combine to make those wands?
T.T.: Some stuff.
(question mark): Knitting needles?
An inexpensive figurine of some fictional fellow with long whiskers?
A simple textbook on the zoologically dubious?
Why would this mundane combination of objects grant a child such an alarming mastery over dark forces all at once?
T.T.: I'm guessing this is one of the rhetorical questions meant to be informative.
So then, my answer should affirm how ridiculous that sounds, shouldn't it?
(question mark): Maybe?
T.T.: That wasn't even a question.
(question mark): Yes it was?
T.T.: Ok. Magic is fake, the wands are useless toys, and there is something else going on. Next question???
(question mark): Would it be so difficult to believe the power you've found to devastate your planet and create shortcuts through your session is not entirely by your own device?
Would it be so difficult to believe a young lady could be unwittingly apprenticed by more powerful entities who meant her potential to be realized later through some arbitrary trigger?
What would you say if I said a dutiful girl raised in the daylight was protected by a bulb-headed guardian, and learned to glow in the dark after death?
What would you say if I said a vengeful boy on a path of nihilism was taken under the wings of fearsome angels, and learned to destroy hope with their light?
What would you say if I said a reserved girl enamored by what dwelt in shadow was selected by the horrorterrors for service, and did their bidding at every step while convinced of her own autonomy?
T.T.: What would I say to those short fables?
Not much, except I gather the third is a story about me, and that there's a lesson you'd like me to take from it.
That I should renounce my "allegiance" before my grimdark corruption is absolute.
And while I'm at it, I should discard these useless wands, because apparently the power was in my little black heart all along. Is that right?
(question mark): Won't you have to give up your specibus to the one who causes the Scratch regardless?
How else will the young man wield that great big needle?
T.T.: I don't know! If you say so.
(question mark): Haven't your friends already shown concern for your recklessness and your increasing sense of detachment from the party, the team objectives, and not to mention those of your personal quest?
Does this worry you? Is there a part of you left that's able to worry?
T.T.: Yes. It has been mysteriously localized to my middle finger. Could the dark magics be at work again?!
(question mark): Do you deny that you have been neglecting incoming messages from your teammates? Would that be in keeping with the spirit of the human emotion of friendship for one whose soul was not so befouled by the designs of unknowable monstrosities?
T.T.: Friendship isn't an emotion, numbnuts.
(QUESTION MARK): Isn't it, Rose?
Isn't it?
T.T.: I've been busy. I'll get back to them.
And can we please stop doing the patronizing question thing?
In exchange I promise I will discontinue my patronizing responses.
(QUESTION MARK): Can the omniscient be patronized?
T.T.: The omniscipotent can do whatever they please. I guess I'm just asking you nicely to do me this favor.
(QUESTION MARK): Very well. I will stop smothering you with surprise noodles.
T.T.: Huh?
(QUESTION MARK): But only because I find you to be adorable.
T.T.: So creepy.
(QUESTION MARK): So cute.
T.T.: Yuck.
(QUESTION MARK): I am going to ask the same question I asked earlier.
Please do not regard it as a violation of my pledge. It is just an ordinary question, like those that crop up in an ordinary conversation.
T.T.: Ok.
(QUESTION MARK): How does a Seer see?
T.T.: I don't know.
(QUESTION MARK): Be literal.
T.T.: With her eyes?
(QUESTION MARK): Take the orb.
Ask it a question.
T.T.: I don't know what to ask anymore.
I'm confused.
(QUESTION MARK): What would you ask me?
T.T.: I would ask what should I do next.
(QUESTION MARK): Then ask.
T.T.: What should I do next?
(QUESTION MARK): Not me.
The ball, dunkass.

Rose: Ask.

[Image description: Rose concentrates on the ball. Her skin is uncolored again.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on her eye as she squints at the ball. A burst of yellow moves towards her eye and the light symbol appears there.]

Next

[Image description: A black light symbol appears on the surface of the ball and a blue triangle floats up towards it. It says Answer Jade]

Rose: Answer.

[Image description: Rose leans in over her hubtop, which has a Jade alert, but it has a red background and the bec head symbol glows slightly, making it look like her iron lass suit.]
pesterlog
T.T.: Sorry for the delayed response.
Answering seems to be what to do right now.
G.G.: rose jeez!!!
finally
you sure seem to be absorbed in whatever you're doing on that computer...
were you talking to someone?
T.T.: Oh, right. I forgot I gave you the code for the crystal ball.
And here I was thinking I could safely delay responding to messages without seeming like an ass,
the way it usually works.
Oops.
G.G.: oh no no i don't blame you for not responding!
you must be very upset
are you ok?
T.T.: Why would I be upset?
G.G.: um
because
uhhh i figured you would have found out by now but i guess you still don't know?
T.T.: Know what?
G.G.: about...
johns dad
and.......
your mom (sad face)
rose?
hello???
oh noo (crying face)

Next

[Image description: Rose's crystal ball shows Jack in the ruins of the teaparty. A second image shows Rose staring at it in shock. Her computer still has a Jade alert.]

Next

[Image description: Rose grits her teeth, pinches her eyes shut, and begins to tremble. Her crystal ball shows Jade looking very sad.]

pesterlog
G.G.: rose please say something
you are making me nervous...
T.T.: I should have gone looking for her.
Why didn't I?
G.G.: umm
because you were busy trying to make the best of this situation?
T.T.: John was too. But he went to look for his father.
It would have been normal of me. I can't remember what I was trying to prove anymore.
G.G.: i don't think you should be so hard on yourself about it
john was being john, and you were being you, which i guess meant taking our problems very
seriously and putting all your attention on solving them!
and anyway, you and your mom had a much trickier relationship than john and his dad didn't you?
i mean, not that i am saying that means you were any less attached to her than him...
argh, i don't know if i'm very good at consoling people. sorry rose i don't want to make you feel
worse (sad face)
T.T.: You're doing fine.
For someone raised by a dog.
Or really,
Anyone.
Thanks.
G.G.: whew, ok
you know...
now we have all lost guardians
dave lost his, and i lost mine in a weird way... uuum even though that was pretty much definitely
my fault (uncertain face)
and even the trolls all lost their monster guardians
i think that maybe it is an inevitable part of a game that can be cruel sometimes
T.T.: For some reason, despite all the danger, I never thought she was in any trouble.
I never believed she would actually die.
I grew up with the feeling that something more significant had always been meant for her.
That she was a heroine displaced in some way, resigned to the inglorious duty of raising me, and
preparing me in her way.
I didn't actually need the ectobiological verification that she was like a mother and a sister at the
same time. I always understood that somehow.
And I felt she had knowledge and ability beyond what she let on. It was always intimidating, but
nonetheless a source of respect which was childishly begrudging on my part.
I think she was just waiting for me to catch up with her.
But now I can't.
G.G.: ..... i am so sad
rose i think you are being stronger about it than i am
T.T.: Probably because my emotions have now ceded to anger.
This shouldn't have happened.
G.G.: oh
well
i just hope you aren't thinking of doing something rash
T.T.: I already was.
I was going to go to sleep, fly to a sun bigger than our universe, drop a bomb in it, and kill myself.
G.G.: yeeaaah...
T.T.: So if my course of action is to change on account of my mood, it can only become less
impetuous, don't you think?
G.G.: errrr, i dont know?
G.G.: wellllll
no!
but i was trusting that you had thought it through and it was our best hope
T.T.: I'm not sure if I did.
Maybe it was a terrible plan.
I made it without a full understanding of the nature of the Scratch.
G.G.: hm
then what will you do?
T.T.: I could stop being so cowardly, for once.
I could short circuit this endlessly expanding game of chess we're playing, just like Jack decided to
do.
G.G.: what does that mean!
T.T.: Maybe I will go kill Jack myself.
Right now.
G.G.: oh no no no no no!
rose that is a much much worse plan!!!!
he would probably kill you!
T.T.: Probably.
But the Scratch will wipe us out anyway, and reboot the conditions of our session.
I suddenly don't feel much like sneaking through the back door of the Furthest Ring for retribution
by distant super nova.
G.G.: i know what you mean, i was angry at jack and wanted to stop him too, but we have to think
of a more sensible way to do it
T.T.: Whether my existing plan was sensible or not,
I may have been allowing myself to be manipulated by an omniscient being regardless.
(question mark): Hello ladies.
G.G.: aaaaaaa whaaaaat?????
T.T.: This is a private conversation.
Private even to those who know it word for word already.
(question mark): Proceed.
I will be here.
Watching.
G.G.: rose who is this!
T.T.: Ignore him.
G.G.: i dont even know whats going on anymore
(question mark): You were discussing Ms. Lalonde's intrepid new variation on suicide.
As one with a passion for the subject, I'm intrigued.
T.T.: Shh.
Anyway, if it's true the gods have "selected" me for service, maybe the power they've given me
will be sufficient.
T.T.: Maybe they wanted me to kill him all along.
(question mark): Hee hee.
G.G.: SHHHHHHHHHHH!
please dont rose, i know you are angry but you arent thinking straight
T.T.: But I am.
I'm fully aware I'll probably die and fail. Scratch happens, we start fresh. No recollection, no
problem.
G.G.: nooo (sad face)
(question mark): Jade, as an ambassador of Skaia, maybe you'd be willing to talk some sense into
your friend?
You should understand she's been corrupted by various entities with some rather questionable
motives.
G.G.: rose, maybe white text guy is right?
the dark gods gave you all these powers, and seem to be helping us with dream bubbles and stuff...
but what if they are not actually good?
T.T.: They are enormous, ugly, and live in darkness.
That doesn't necessarily make them bad.
G.G.: no...
but i still dont trust them!
(question mark): If only there were a way to make this determination with certainty.
Through a reliable source within reach, for instance, at this exact moment. Perhaps one that is
spherical, and devastatingly handsome.
G.G.: whats this weirdo talking about!
T.T.: The cue ball.
G.G.: oh yeah
i noticed you found it!
i was worried it had been destroyed when my room blew up
is he saying you can use it?
T.T.: Yes. And he is right.
G.G.: omg
does it work???
T.T.: It advised me to talk to you just now.
So I guess so.
G.G.: then maybe you should try it!
(question mark): Yes, Rose. Listen to Jade.
She is far less manipulative than I.
T.T.: What are you suggesting I ask it?
G.G.: well
since we dont know much about the gods...
why dont you ask it about them?
T.T.: So, you're saying I should ask it if the gods are evil?
G.G.: i guess that is a way to put it
(question mark): Even though at this point neither of you is highlighting my text to read it, this idea
gets my vote.
Go ahead.
Ask, Seer.

Seer: Ask.

[Image description: The sun aperture on the cue ball glows yellow, then goes black. It fades to
Rose's eye, which still has the sun in it. The sun grows while pulsing yellow, then fades to black.
The red rushing lines of the furthest ring appear, and a blue triangle slowly grows. It fades to white
as it gets larger, then flashes with text.

thgl'tgl fgqat thn thyr
ueio fif oixlsxms ii lcyjdovij d d doivjei fl e vc WOLE oivoije bjnj
ioaal SQ SCXJA sjxlsij v ijfjbjbn db d v ioijfi ff
ghnri fi ylsthlg
ch'g ulotha fthyn
aearteeao fpofoeop ape aalk oo vudgudg v dig uv vu p vdeppeg pomombihju
fu hi ubdp fh vjc hci hjdhjo idoi fio jfoj ovi ivd j
mrubbit
hthag y'yrn thg uthilt
oglog
mrbit
Thgl'tgl fguhn tng
thl f
It cuts back to Rose's eye, which begins to open in shock. Her pupil expands quickly and there's a
flash. Her skin is dark grey and she looks angry. For just a moment, it flashes to her squid symbol,
which for an even briefer moment is covered in blood and angry. Then everything goes black.]

Next

[Image description: Kanaya watches Rose through a trollian window in Equius's glasses.
Everything slowly fades to black.]
Rose: Go dark.

You slip into the fabled black death trance of the woe gothics, quaking all the while in the blood eldritch throes of the broodfester tongues. You advise the members of your Complacency not to be alarmed, as they chronicle the event in tomes bound in the tanned, writhing flesh of a tortured hell scholar, with runes stroked in the black tears bled from the corruption-weary eyes of fifty thousand imaginary occultists.

But they fail to not be alarmed.

Next

This is because, as is now painfully obvious to anyone with a brain, you have basically gone completely off the deep end in every way.

You have officially gone grimdark.

Rose: Resist urge to seek revenge.

You make a halfhearted attempt to resist the urge.

Next

Alas, one is not easily shaken from the brood fester tongues.

Next

They are stubborn throes.

Big Man: Request time out.

A second image shows him reclining against nothing. He says ah'right homies… everybody all yall hold up….. the big man wants to take a,, time out!
BM: Wreck some havoc.

[Image description: On a poorly drawn LoHaC, Hussie stands on shitty lava. Above him, Rose holds the cue ball, but it's clearly just the basketball player from the sports comic with a dress drawn on. There's a black smudge on the left side, just below a shitty beat mesa. Text boxes say the big man's about 2 Wreck Some Havoc..... in the yard.
In a second image, very pixelated comic sans says
the coat… is on fire
Fire is written over a stock image of a campfire.]

BM: Request ruler.

[Image description: A Hella Jeff picture has been recolored to look like Hussie. A Rose basketball player is hovering above him. Hussie says
dude come get the ruler check this out
It zooms in on Rose's foot.
dude hurry look she's escaping from above]

Next

[Image description: A badly drawn W.V. brings Hussie a measuring spear. Geromy stands off to the side, but is wrapped in caution tape like A.R. Hussie says
ok dude no
A second image says
okaaaay,
how am i going to wreck some havoc in the yard................ with a meter, you chumpass>
.....ahahahah
Yard is written in a yellowish green. Meter is written in brown. Ahahahah is incredibly blurry.]

Next

[Image description: W.V. stands next to a series of black and white squares in a line and trembles. A massive Hussie holds his head and says
again with the metric system what is it even with you and units man
A second image has a queen's ring in the bottom right corner and says
its like you must be toking up on a joint to make you sto- stoned or something, i can't even think of who leaves all there rings lying around like that.
Toking up is written in large blue text. Stoned is surrounded by a rainbow.]

Next

[Image description: Hussie, now inexplicably half covered by black star outlines, says
it is soooo. infuriating shit, whare's the manager
The text is written in blue and purple and the whole image flickers.]

Next

[Image description: Rose once again floats half way offscreen and is labeled DUNK. W.V. and Hussie wrestle over the meter stick, which has a segment highlighted and labeled 8.56 centimeters. Hussie, in several different text boxes, says
dude no./. let me show you
no
fuck
No
A second image says
Dude...You got to snap it, broke-ways]

Next

[Image description: Hussie snops off the 8.56 centimeters at the end of the meterstick, removing the trusty knife/flappy arm mailbox thing from it. Splinpers fall from the broken meterstick.]

Next

[Image description: Hussie leans against the back of a grey chair at a bright yellow table. Off to the side, W.V. returns to his wall panel fort. A very ornate marquee at the top of the screen says. "it was at that point when you got distracted by the authors Hot Self Insert…
And hussie says
who were you expecting.... the easter bunny>
A second image says
You propaply want to know how invovled the big man want to to get into the storey........?
Involved is written in teal
How munch will he, fucuk this up/?
The first half of that is written in yellow.
Well all. I'f got to say to thap is.....
That line is written in orange.]

Next

[Image description: black text against a yellow background says whoof want to know?
A second image zooms in on Andrew Hussie's face, which now has Sweet Bro's scribbly beard.]

I want to know. Tell me, and please be smug about it.

[Image description: In a mess of color, jpeg artifacting, and other incomprehensible nonsense, barely legible blue comic sans says

Alright.
As the indulgent self-inserts grow in frequency, you may find yourself increasingly afraid that my direct interference with canonical events approaches inevitability. But you should understand that I understand that I am dealing with forces which if handled recklessly will nullify the basic ability of intelligent beings in all real and hypothetical planes of existence to give a shit. It would be stupid of me to mismanage these forces, and even stupider of you to worry about it, because it would be stupid for you to think I was stupid. In fact, I feel a little dumber just thinking about it.
When the time comes, I will interact directly with the events of this narrative. But this moment will be responsibly confined to a passive intervention. It will be compact, surgical, and essential. My involvement will have such precision, I have even managed to quantify it in units of physical measurement. I will be involved in only the narrow corridor of space through which light will pass in three nanoseconds.
My window of influence, end to end, will be exactly one yard.
A second image shows the broken meter stick. A meter is exactly 8.56 centimeters longer than a yard.]

Ok Anyway Let's Get Back to John.
John: Locate Tumor.

[Image description: It shows the hole John drilled in the battlefield. The scene rushes down it, then goes dark as it goes further than the light can go. An object appears, then grows. It's a large, spiked ball with an S shaped border between a left, white half and a black, right half. The border is somewhat feathered, giving it the appearance of a yin and yang symbol. There is a black circle on its surface, directly in the center from our perspective. John hovers near it. It is many, many times his size.]

John: Look around.

[Image description: John looks at the wall of the cavern the object is in. There's a moon carved above two carved quest beds. One is the two curving lines of breath and one is the eight armed spiral of space.]

Next

[Image description: He looks across the cavern. On the other wall, there is another moon with two other quest beds. These have the sun for light and the gear for time.]

John: Look inside.

[Image description: John flies up to the circle on the tumor. It's at least twice his height.]

Next

[Image description: John stares at it and blackness fills his glasses.]

Next

[Image description: A blurry blue countdown counts from 10:25:00 to 10:24:51.]

John: Take Tumor.

[Image description: The tumor disappears into a captchalogue card.]

John: Return to surface.

[Image description: John flies up and out of the hole, then away from the battlefield entirely.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the battlefield, now with a hole in the center, calling back to the tumor from just moments ago.]

CD?: Approach locals.

[Image description: Courtyard droll and the robot bunny stand with W.V. and John in the battlefield. A speech bubble over CD cycles between John, W.V., a weird and fancy hat, Jade, Bec Noir, the robot bunny, and the queen's ring.]

You and your rabbit friend approach a gentleman wrapped in a fine white cloth, and his courageous cohort, a young man riding a great gust of wind!

You are so impressed, you forget what you are supposed to be doing.
John: Reunite with Liv Tyler.

Sweet, precious, beautiful Liv Tyler. You thought you'd lost her forever, just like Bruce Willis did when he blew himself up with a nuclear bomb in the center of an asteroid the size of Texas. His heroism and fatherly pride were also the size of Texas.

But your love for Liv is not fatherly, oh no. This reunion is with no loving daughter, but a loving movie star fantasy crush, who happens to be in the form of a robot bunny which has traveled through time, and been given as a gift on five separate occasions, twice by you and thrice to you, and originally fished out of a sewer by Nicholas Cage on the silver screen.

You forget the point you are supposed to be making.

But you wonder where all of her sweet weapons went.

She indicates in the language of plush toy pantomime that she has no idea! They all blew away in the Breeze.

John: Retrieve tiny hammer.

This tiny hammer is so ridiculous! It's too bad it is not the right size. You would love to wallop some imps with such a fanciful weapon.

You guess you could just go around giving them little bops on the head with it. Like a silly gavel. No, that would be too absurd, even for a great prankster like you. You will discard this rubbish immediately.

Wait! What is this? Ms. Tyler is handing you a note.

John: Read note.
This rabbit im sure youve noticed is armed to the stitches! Hes got all four of the funny little weapons i mentioned thatre all deadly as the fucking dickens but that doesnt mean they are meant exclusively for the paws of mr terry kiser. (That is the name i call him.) Heck no.

You see i adapted terry with some doodads you may deem practical. An infinitesimalator which i used to littlefy them down in the first place as well as a monstrositifier for when you would like to hugen them up and wield them yourself! Hes surey got enough juice in him to make them enormous if you wish. But thats silly what would you even do with say a magic needle the size of a skyscraper for instance? Preposterous!

I borrowed this technology from my grandmother who had quite the way with manipulating space. Legend tells she was something of a witch with the stuff! Once she was a brave hero like you and i john and the stars themselves twinkled in her cauldron. I would like to tell you who my grandmother is i really would. But i cant. I think i have trouble keeping secrets. I like to be honest just like you and a lot of secrecy after a while gets me feeling a bit jaded. Heh heh.

Green means grow red means shrink! See you soon pal.

J.

Grandmother? You wonder who that could be?

It's probably just Jade. What with all the time shenanigans.

John: Hugen hammer.

You got the Warhammer of Zillyhoo.

[S] All: Behold glory of Zillyhoo.
are crying tears of joy. A large black Z on a yellow background appears behind them. The Warhammer of Zillyhoo slams down on a matching anvil as a Z flashes again. John holds up the hammer and sings the lyrics.

It cuts to Gamzee holding the warhammer. It fades to Karkat's face. He's crying red tears and has Zs in his eyes. Back to John singing. It cuts to the face on the counterweight against a rainbow background.]

Next

[Image description: John grins at the hammer.]

You are so delighted by your rad new hammer and the cool hugening abilities of Liv Tyler or Terry Kiser or whatever her/his name is. Who the hell is Terry Kiser, anyway? Probably a movie star from the future. Who cares though, your bunny will be liv 4 lyfe (heart) (heart) (heart) hearts hearts

You wonder what other neat things you can get Liv to monstrositify with her sweet eye beams?

Next

[Image description: CD and Liv flail towards W.V., who burps. Liv's green eye is missing. John boggles vacantly.]

Wait, what happened to her green eye? And why is she feverishly gesticulating toward the fellow in the ghost sheets? This is so ridiculous, you cannot turn your back on these people to admire a beautiful hammer for even one moment.

You think that is enough fooling around. It is time to get down to business again. The serious business of being an important and heroic leader.

John: Wear the hood. Be the leader.

[Image description: John swoops his hood back up.]

You are not their leader, you are their Friend, there is a Big difference!

You prepare to issue your party a highly authoritative series of Friendly Requests.

Next

[Image description: CD and Liv keep flailing, but CD stands between Liv and W.V. now. W.V. looks distressed. A second image shows CD reaching for the club symbol on his chest. In a third, Liv wears the club as an eyepatch.]

First you request that everyone settle down! The squat fellow mediates between the two bickering parties, and patches up Liv's missing eye. She is nothing if not accustomed to decades of repair work, and quickly resumes her plucky demeanor.

Next

[Image description: John's hand glows blue. In a second image, a Dersite ship lifts up off the ground, buoyed by The Breeze.]

You then in your most leaderly way ask Liv to pilot that enormous battleship! She will now be known as Captain Tyler.
Next

[Image description: Liv shines a red beam from her remaining eye and the ship shrinks.]

She littlefies the ship down to something more manageable for a small bunny captain. Everyone is impressed.

Next

[Image description: John hands his wallet modus to W.V.. Behind him, CD and Liv salute.]

You give your wallet to your loyal chauffeur familiar. He looks puzzled. You inform the party that you will not be going on this journey. You must remain behind and continue looking for your father.

But you insist their mission is the most critical of all! You know they can handle it. You believe in them.

You instruct Captain Tyler to set a course for the ship's home. They must fly to Derse, and deliver the Tumor to the moon. Everyone salutes their intrepid friend leader. This is what teamwork is all about.

Next

[Image description: John looks down at CD, who just blinks up at him.]

And this guy...

You guess this guy can go along and help out?

Hey who even is this guy, anyway? You guess it doesn't matter. He seems nice enough.

John: Bid farewell.

[Image description: W.V., Liv, and CD stand on the ship. Liv and CD wave at John and W.V. clutches the wallet to his chest. He has an iron lass Jade alert over him.]

Godspeed, heroes. You have all the faith in the world that they will be successful.

As a friend leader, or sometimes known as a pal honcho, you have done an amazing job. You have come up with a plan, and politely request-ordered your loyal team to execute it. It is all falling into place perfectly. You are quite sure you have not failed to account for even a single thing.

Next

[Image description: The ship flies off past a cloud and some tendrils. The Jade alert follows it.]

pesterlog
-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

G.G.: john!!! i am worried about rose!
im pretty sure she is on her way there to look for jack!
i cant say for sure because i cant see her with my goggles anymore for some reason, but i am fearing the worst
just in case, you should to try to intercept her before she does something stupid like try to fight him!!!!!
also, um...

i guess you probably still don't know about your dad yet do you?
darn, why do i always have to be the one to break terrible news (sad face)
er
john?

Next

[Image description: John grins widely and waves goodbye, completely oblivious to Jade's messages.]

pesterlog

G.G.: oh god please don't tell me your computer was in the wallet you just gave that guy.....
dammit john!!!!!!!!!!!!
one of these days you will learn the value of having plenty of backup computers
in fact whenever you finally leave the battlefield i am going to give you the code for a nice pair of
lunchmuffs
and then i am going to force you to keep them on your head At All Times!
yeah, you're never going to read this are you (blank face)

Next

[Image description: A shadow encroaches on the left side of the image, and John turns to look. His
lips are pursed.]

Huh??????????

Next

[Image description: A swirl of black smoke and purple lightning snakes towards John from a point
beyond the horizon.]

Something is happening on the other side of the planet. Something ominous. Something...

Grimdark.

You are so glad that grimdark is a real word, so that when things like this happen they may be
described as such.

Maybe your dad is over there? You believe you will investigate.

John: Approach grimdarkness.

[Image description: John flies towards the source of the darkness. The sky is entirely covered with
clouds and the smoke begins to resembles tentacles or thorned vines. They originate just above a
tall castle with a yellow banner on one of the turrets.]

Next

[Image description: A trollian viewscreen shows John flying into the shadow, then goes black.]

pesterlog

arachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling tentacle
Therapist [TT]

A.G.: John!!!!!!!!!
You're heading into the blackout, so I won't be able to see you until you leave. 
but don't worry, I can still sense you are there. because of awesome powers, remember?
Smooth move, ditching your computer like that, by the way. That was some incredible leadership you showed!
Now I have to contact you through Rose, thus exposing me to the risk of actually having to taaaattalk to her........
Your carelessness has put the Heroes of Light in a very awkward position, John. I hope you're satisfied.
Hahahaha, just kidding. She's obviously a little too "preoccupied" at the moment to be sassing me.
Just borrow her computer and talk to me when you get the chance, ok?
I will be waiting. (smiley face with eight eyes)


[Image description: The song Black Rose/Green Sun begins to play. Dark clouds cover the sky. 
Pink lightning flashes. It pans down until the tower of a checkerboard castle appears. Mom's hand lays in a pool of blood. Drops of something dark fall onto her arm, then spread out to mingle with the blood. It fades back to the clouds, where a mass of shadowy, spiked tentacles descend slowly. 
A cloud moves aside, revealing Rose at the heart of the mass. The tentacles expand outward, unfurling into the sky. It focuses in on Rose's feet as she slowly lowers towards the ground. It pans up, moving over her grey skirt, her pink belt, and up to her grey shirt with a white squid creature. 
The grey fades to black, leaving her belt, sleeves, and symbol floating in a void. The squid grows to take up the whole screen and Rose appears again, descending slowly across it and leaving a trail of inky blackness behind her. The background fades back to the clouds and it zooms in on her. Her skin is still dark grey. 
Several images flash very quickly. A pink squid creature with black and white scribbles all over it, almost making it resemble juggalo makeup with inverted colors. The same squid, now black, and scribbled with red. The same image in black and white. The green sun. Rose, still Grimdark, in front of the green sun. The sun disappears and the background turns pink, then resolves into a pink sun. It zooms in on Rose's face until it takes up the whole screen. Her skin becomes darker grey and her eyes open wide and begin to glow white. 
It zooms back out and she's once again descending through the clouds. She descends the final section quickly and lands in the ruins of the tea party. From this point, it's an interactive walkaround panel. 
The table and chairs are still overturned. Teapots, dishes, and wine bottles are scattered around. Blood is everywhere, but now a black liquid is as well. Black rain falls across the scene. To the left is Dad's body, and to the right is Mom's. Just south of the table is a set of stairs. 
Look at the table or one of the bodies. Only a question mark and cancel appear. 
?
There is no sign of Jack up here. Must be somewhere in the castle.

Go down the stairs.
You enter a hallway with checkerboard tiles on the floor and walls. Arch shaped windows let in beams of blue light between golden pillars. Go east, down the hall. It curves to the south and there's the body of a Prospitian. It can't be interacted with. Rose doesn't care about it. The hallway loops back around to head west and there's the body of another carapacian. This one can't be interacted with either. There's another set of stairs at the west end of the hall. Go down.

You enter another hallway just like the one you left, except this one curves north and back around to the east. There are Dersite bodies here, and a Prospitian one on the stairs at the end. Go down.

You appear on a long stairway with small, round, stained-glass windows along it. Go down. The
stairs end at a landing with three tall stained glass windows and a Prospitian corpse, which has been bisected at the waist. Another set of stairs goes east from the landing. Keep going down. On the second set of stairs, there's another body. On the wall, there are several golden banners with the white king's symbol on them. One is splattered with blood from the slain Prospitian. There's another landing with stained glass windows. This one has two Dersite corpses. Another set of stairs goes west. Keep going down. More prospit banners line this stairway. The bottom of it loads another area.

You appear on yet another stairway, just like the others, but there is no wall behind it, just blackness. Keep going down. At the bottom, the stairs exit into a large room with red curtains framing four banners on the back wall. There is a yellow banner with the breath symbol, a yellow banner with the space symbol, a purple banner with the light symbol, and a purple banner with the time symbol. There's another Prospitian corpse near them.

Go to the banners.
Examine tapestries.
The series of banners is titled 'They Wait.'
They wait for he who would extinguish candles whilst fanning a fire.
They wait for she who would thaw solid flesh and resolve it into a dew.
They wait for she who would breed lilacs out of the dead land.
They wait for he who would drop it like it's hot whilst the pimp's in the crib.

Go east, then south towards a small alcove with two golden pillars, a white chest, and a live Prospitian. Ignore the two Dersite corpses you have to pass.
Open chest.
Mom's bloody scarf floats out of the chest.
You got a trophy!

Go to the Prospitian.
Talk to soldier.
A Prospitian talksprite appears. He looks terrified.
Prospitian: ...
He is too frightened to speak!
He seems to be indicating that the only reason he survived this massacre was by hiding behind this pillar. Thank goodness for pillars.

Go back into the main room, where there's a decapitated frog statue. A Prospitian's head sits just to the east of it, but ignore that.
Examine idol.
It bears an inscription: 'Our Glorious Speaker.'
His head was lopped clean off, with some sort of sharp, sword-like object. Someone around here sure must hate frogs. You wonder who it could be?
(It was probably Jack.)

Head southwest. There's another alcove. There are five bookshelves, two pillars, a white chest, and two bodies. One is Prospitian, cut in half, and the other is just a Dersite head on top of the eastmost bookshelf.
Open chest.
Bro's shades float out of the chest.
You got a trophy!

Go to the westmost bookshelf.
Examine bookshelf.
You find an ancient unlabeled tome, and read an excerpt.
'Though we adore Him we shall never enjoy His beauteous Croak. We spill our blood on acres of black and white so they may cross the yellow yard. At last in Skaia's reflection through broken glass He may find the pond in which He's meant to squat.'

Go to the next bookshelf.
Examine bookshelf.
'Journey to the Center of the Battlefield'
Looks to be a fairy tale for youngsters. The hero is a dashing young man in a blue hood. He heals the planet from within, but can do nothing to stop its annihilation from above, nor its soon to follow eradication from reality.
It must be sad growing up in a culture whose mythology is centered almost completely around futility.

And the next one.
Examine bookshelf.
This is a book on theoretical physics, and complex spatial geometries based on the hypothetical addition of orbs to the queen's ring.
The shapes in the diagrams are very complex. This sort of nonsense is regarded as crackpottery at best. Why would the queen ever wear more than four orbs? Four towers, four orbs, four heroes; this is a sacred truth.

Next.
Examine bookshelf.
'A Foot Soldier's Guide to Combat'
Most of the diagrams in this book involve a soldier advancing by a single tile, either straight ahead, or diagonally when lunging with a weapon.
No wonder these guys are so easy to kill.

And the last one, which has blood spilled down it.
Examine bookshelf.

'Advanced Frog Breeding for Beginners: Difficulty Level - Extreme For Idiots!'

Go south. There is a set of stairs blocked by the head of the frog statue.
Examine frog head.
The stairs are blocked.
You supposed you could easily remove the obstacle, but that would spoil a perfectly good opportunity to look for secret passages.

Head east, to another alcove full of bookshelves. There are eight here, along with a chest at the far end.

Go to the westmost bookshelf, then each one in sequence.
Examine bookshelf.
'Her hands are in my service but they still shake. They unfasten the first button at my royal gown's waist, clumsily.'
This...
This is erotic fanfiction written about the queen in the first person. This doesn't belong in this library.
This doesn't belong anywhere.

Examine bookshelf.
More books. You really have better things to do than to read a lot of books written by chess guys.
Examine bookshelf.
books books books

Examine bookshelf.
'Data Structures for Assholes 2: Now Written to Accommodate the Shortcomings of the Mentally Retarded'

Examine bookshelf.
Grimoire for Summoning the Zoologically Dubious
This is apparently on loan from the Dersite Library. It seems unlikely to be returned at this point.

This next bookshelf has something blue sparkling on it.
Examine bookshelf.
The bookshelf lifts away, revealing a secret passage. Come back to that later.

Examine bookshelf.
You think you know what you might find on this shelf. Just a hunch...
Yep. More books.

Examine bookshelf.
'Rise of the Slayer'
A horror story meant to scare children.
Writers of Prospitian fiction tend to write what they see in clouds. Hence their fables tend to be events which simply haven't happened yet, or happened in another realm. They like to use the word fiction so that kids don't get too scared.

Examine bookshelf.
'Problem Sooth'
You have been meaning to read this one. Absolutely required reading for any promising young seer who has blundered into entanglement with the occult through an absurd sequence of events.

Go to the chest.
Open chest.
Dad's bloody hat floats out of the chest.
You got a trophy!

Now go through that passageway you just opened up.
You appear in a grey room, not unlike the ones on the meteor. Dersite and Prospitian soldiers mill around aimlessly. There are two chests, one to the west of the entrance and one to the east. Go to the west one.
You got A Flaming Meteor Chunk!
This isn't even treasure. How is this treasure?

Go to the east chest.
Open chest.
A tattered red flag comes out.
You got the Banner of the Villein!
You suddenly feel inspired. In a generally rebellious, united sort of way.

Talk to the soldiers from south to north.

Talk to soldier.
A Dersite soldier smiles nervously and sweats a little.
Dersite: ...
She is apparently swooning over a hero of lore shared by the two kingdoms. A great man who united opposing sides against his tyrannical king. The revolt ended in tragedy of course, which is typical of their folktales. But it is no less inspiring.

Talk to soldier.
A Prospitian soldier smiles and sweats nervously, just like the Dersite.
Prospitian: ...
She is all aflutter about a legendary hero. Some guy who was weary of war, apparently. A simple farmer, handsome and brave.
You think you are beginning to fall in love with him too.

Talk to soldier.
A Dersite soldier gives a sad smile.
Dersite: ...
He seems to be relieved that he and a handful of fellow soldiers have found a secret hideaway to escape the bloody rampage. Maybe if they regroup, and marshal all their remaining forces, they can take this guy!
(Yeah right!)

Talk to soldier.
A Prospitian stares blankly.
Prospitian: ...
She looks scared and confused. There is nothing left to do but hide.

Talk to soldier.
A Dersite frowns.
Dersite: ...
This fellow is mourning the dead. He has probably lost many friends today.

Talk to soldier.
A Prospitian frowns.
Prospitian: ...
First he was frightened when you barged in here, and then briefly excited, and now disappointed. He must have thought you were the great dark kingdom's defector, come to save them. Alas, it was only a spooky girl with magic wands.

The back wall is lined with banners. They alternate between derse and prospit. There is a door between two of the banners. Exit.
You enter a hallway full of bookshelves, one of which is toppled over. Go examine the bookshelves, starting at the far left.

Examine bookshelf.
It is a holy parchment.
Maimed Clown. Undead Cat. Impaled Crow. Omnipotent Dog. These four shall be held in reverence for the eternity they serve to cut short.

Examine bookshelf.
You're sick of reading. Gotta find Jack.

The rest of the shelves all say the same thing. Go east. There's a short set of stairs with a red curtain behind them. Descend.
The stairs let out into a T shaped hallway with a branch going north, stairs going east, and the stairs you just came down on the west. There's a set of bloody footsteps leading between the north path and the east path. In the center of the junction is a white transportalizer.
Transportalize.
something's blocking it from the other side.

Go north.
There is a large white creature in a pool of blood.

Examine slain beast.

You have never seen anything so sad in your entire life. A beautiful muscular man-stallion, struck down in his prime.
What monster could be responsible for this deed?
(Hint: it was Jack Noir.)

Follow the bloody footprints to the eastern stairs. For just a moment, you see Jack, but he teleports away. Go to the door in the north wall.

You enter a room with a red curtain on the north side. Walk towards it.
Open curtains.
They open. North of them, there is another set of curtains, then more. The sequence is four red curtains, a blue curtain, then another red curtain. Go through all of them.
At the north end of the room, there is another set of stairs. They fade to white at the top, then let out onto a massive record, which looks like a smaller version of the beat mesa. At the center of it, there's a transportalizer.
Transportalize.
Rose disappears in a flash and appears on another transportalizer in a room very similar to the one you just left. This time, however, the curtains are green, and the first 5 are already open.
Open Curtains.
A trail of bloody footprints leads away from the curtain. Follow them. Up another set of white stairs, onto a platform with a bright green spirograph on the edge and a smaller one in the center around something yellow. John stands on this platform too.

John: hi rose! wow, i did not expect to find you here!
Rose's talksprite has glowing white eyes, grey skin, and wisps of shadow around her.
Rose: Nyurb gu'ilg.
John: heh... what?
also, why are you all gray like that? you look weird.
Rose: G'hiroog fib'th mur brup brup.
John: uh...
Rose: G'hiroog fib'th mur brup brup!
John: rose, i can't understand a word you are saying. it is a lot sillyspeak and gobbledygook.
Rose looks incredibly angry
Rose: Haughauuth'rl...
John: wait, i know what's going on here. it finally happened! you have gone grimdark!!!
i told you rose. i warned you about... what did you call them? the brood fester throes?
Rose narrows her eyes at John.
Rose: ...
John: it's ok rose, don't worry. we will find a cure for your stubborn throes.
but i'm still trying to find our parents! i thought my dad might have come to this castle to check out that huge black rain cloud.
did you see the cloud, rose? it's pretty awesome.
Rose: Fnith gohluyng j'rg hothaht!
John: what? you sound kind of upset. what is it, rose?
Rose: Jgngn, fnith gohluyng j'rg Hothaht!
John: wait, are you talking about our parents?  
oh man... you mean, they're here?!  
Rose: Shgvb throl. Goors fn'nnyuld hothahty'j otot!  
John: are you saying they are in trouble?  
oh no! rose, we have to go help them!  
Rose screams into the purple velvet pillow that once stopped her thank you note from touching the ground.  
Rose: mmph phlthmmphmhmfmf rrmphpmrph.  
John: yes, i am frustrated too. but there is no time for such lamentations!  
do you think you can find them again?  
Rose: Shruggot.  
John: great! i can't wait to see my dad. it feels like it's been forever since i saw him.  
please lead the way, rose!  

Go north, across the platform. John follows you. The yellow object comes into view. It's a golden frog statue. Come back to that later. For now, go through the door on the north side of the platform. You enter a room with golden floor tiles. There's a large golden statue on a white platform. The statue is of the White King and White Queen holding hands.  
Examine statue.  
They make such a cute couple.  
The king and queen are pretty nice too. Heheheh.  

Keep going north, through another door.  
This is where John came from. No use backtracking now. Got to take him to see mom and dad.  

Go back out onto the platform where you found John. Go to the frog statue.  
Remove idol.  
The statue vanishes, revealing a transportalizer underneath.  
Transportalize.  

You're back in the junction. A new set of bloody footsteps goes up the west stairs. John still follows you. Follow the steps back through the hall with the bookshelves, then into the room with the alive soldiers. They're all dead now. Halfway through the room, John interrupts. He looks scared.  

John: oh no! rose, what happened in here?  
Rose: Yyjyrn yulk frobithh.  
John: was it jack? are you saying it was jack, rose?  
Rose: Fru'frnuhuh jgog hhgh.  
John: what's that, rose? are you getting aggrivated that i am talking to you kind of like you are a dog?  
Rose screams into the pillow again.  
Rose: ...  
John: that is a really nice pillow, by the way.  
it goes well with your weird dark skin and gothy ensemble.  
Rose: Knryip.  
John: you're welcome!  

Leave the room through the south door, where the footsteps lead.  
You're back in the room with the defaced statue. Keep following the footsteps. They lead into the alcove, where the once living guard is now dead. One of the pillars is sliced into several pieces. Follow the footsteps to the tapestry wall. The breath, light, and time banners are shredded. The space one is untouched.
Examine tapestries.
Ripped to shreds. All but one, for some reason.
Who Could Have Possibly it was Jack stupid.

The footsteps lead to the stairs. Go up. Ascend the rest of the winding stairs, then go through the curving hallways. Part of the way through the last hall, John speaks up.

John: by the way, did you know that karkat thinks we are supposed to get married?
Rose: Gorthytch svulk borbly'ahth?
John: wait! i hope that didn't come off as a proposal or anything!
sorry, i'm just making conversation.
i guess i am a little nervous...
because technically, this is the first time we have ever met, and also, you are talking like an eldritch monster, so i'm kind of babbling.
we don't actually have to get married though. i mean, not if you don't want to.
Rose: ...
John: heheh. ok, i'll shut up now.

Exit to the roof. Everything fades to black. An option to start over appears.

[S] Next

[Image description: The song At The Price of Oblivion begins to play. John and Rose, still in the style of the flash, stand among the ruins of their parents' tea party. Jack now stands on the other side of the table. Black rain continues to fall from Rose's cloud. The art style changes to the usual animation style and John looks down at his dad's body. Rose watches him. Mom's arm lays in the pool of blood and black liquid. Dad's lays in a similar pool. It zooms in on John's eye. It's bright blue and wide in shock. It pans over Jack. The sword in his chest is surrounded by red blood. He begins to turn green. Rose glares and pulls out her wands. John pulls out the Warhammer of Zillyhoo, which now glows blue. It zooms out and they each slide to different sides of the screen. Jack appears between them and Round 1 appears at the top of the screen. The clouds behind them begin to turn red and Jack flashes green, then vanishes. For just a second, it flashes back to John's eye. His pupil dilates quickly, then it cuts to a shot of his chest as Jack's sword pierces him from behind. The background goes blood red, then black as the sword withdraws. A splash of blood crosses the blackness. The music ends. In silence, it fades to show the breath symbol on John's chest. There's a single cut through it. Exactly as it did when he was killed on his quest bed, the blood expands, darkening the fabric. When red takes up the whole screen, it cuts back to Jack standing behind John. He's shoved the sword back into his own chest. Rose stands behind him, wreathed in grey smoke and staring in shock. She watches John collapse forward and land in a puddle of blackness from the cloud. The Warhammer of Zillyhoo sits at his side, where he dropped it. Everything goes blurry, then fades to black. The music begins again and Rose appears through the darkness as a white outline and grey smoke. It zooms in on her face and she bares her teeth, then screams. It cuts to a white silhouette of Jack against a background of green lightning. The silhouette slowly fades to Jack. Green lightning crackles across his face. Rose lifts her wand and Jack draws his sword. It zooms out. The pulsing red and black of the furthest ring mingles with green lightning as the castle zooms away, then vanishes. A bright green explosion appears, along with green stars against a black void. The explosion fades to black.

Next

[Image description: In the style of a walkthrough, Dave stands over Bro's body on LoWaS. Orange
feathers are scattered around the body. Dave has a Terezi alert over him.

Dave: Answer.

[Image description: It shows the same scene, now in the standard Homestuck style and with Dave crouching.]

pesterlog
gallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling turntechGodhead [TG]

G.C.: striiiiiider
T.G.: oh my fucking god
G.C.: what (confused face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: what do you mean what
we just got done talking and agreed it would be awesome if you didn't bother me for a while
you know like while I guess I grieved over this brutally murdered rad family member or something
G.C.: oh
that's right
I forgot!
T.G.: it was five seconds ago
G.C.: I think that was hours ago for me
I am a little foggy on all our chronological shenanigans at this point...
there has been so much crazy stuff going on here I have lost track!
T.G.: so you're officially going nonlinear with me then
were just forfeiting all rhyme or reason to this unmitigated clusterfuck is that it
G.C.: dave, your entire existence is nonlinear
don't be so melodramatic
T.G.: whoops ok in the future ill try not to pitch any sort of dramatics while brooding over the
cadavers of slaughtered loved ones
G.C.: did you love him dave?
T.G.: no
G.C.: but he was your strange human man-lusus
who taught you to like cool things, like swords and puppets and moving really fast!
how could you not???
T.G.: puppets aren't cool they're shitty small fake people who haunt your dreams and grin like
permanent assholes
I was making a joke about being all broken up about it
a guy can be sad and make jokes at the same time
G.C.: you are sad, but not broken up about it?
I don't understand
T.G.: exactly
G.C.: but you said you were grieving!
T.G.: I said we agreed you'd leave me alone to grieve
didn't say whether I actually would or actually am
G.C.: well, are you?
T.G.: I am grieving to the max like a widow on dead husband island
behind these chill as fuck shades my face is having this crazy attack of the sads
my rue is fucking bananas can't you tell
G.C.: argh no, I can't!
you don't sound sincere, but its so hard to tell what layer of irony removed from reality your flippant
remarks are supposed to be
I am betting you really are sad no matter how hilarious and aloof you think you're being
T.G.: the truth is a mystery
tucked behind the pursed lips of a shitty riddler
they will be loosened only when presented with the conundrous grandeur of rigid insoluble puzzlecock
G.C.: bluh that makes no sense!
T.G.: im sorry you are so flustered by the mere mention of glittering mythical crypto dick it honestly makes me think youre not ready for the truth
G.C.: dave your perplexing euphemisms involving what I presume to be lewd and vaguely intriguing portions of human anatomy I think are not as hilarious as you probably believe and in any case you may be amazed to learn I am not totally in the mood for your dumb smartassy hornswoggery!
I have lots of my own problems here, and they are big, big problems so why dont you just tell me what you are thinking for once?
T.G.: its pretty simple
im just thinkin about how im gonna take this sword
G.C.: yeah...
I never really got why you wouldnt just pull it out
T.G.: filthiest thing you ever said
G.C.: huh (confused face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: forget it
pulling swords out of things isnt how I roll
im not john remember
G.C.: I am not following
T.G.: im not a hero
my bro was
john is
im not
G.C.: yes you are!
T.G.: no
G.C.: yes, we all are
I am the hero of mind
you are the hero of time
that is who we were created to be
T.G.: fine its a title we inherit as phlem babies or whatever but what have I done to earn it pretty much nothing but horsing around through time and swindling retarded alligators out of their life savings
if that swords coming out of his chest its coming out clean
taking it vertically means drawing more blood
but horizontally means a clean break
T.G.: check it
G.C.: no, dont (frowning face with furrowed brows)

Dave: Break.

[Image description: It shows Dave's feet as he runs.]
Next

[Image description: He does a flying kick towards the sword in his bro's chest.]
Next

[Image description: He kicks against the handle.]
Next

[Image description: The sword doesn't break. It springs back and sends him flying back with a Sproing effect.]

Next

[Image description: Dave lays face first on the ground, in the same position John laid in just a few pages ago. His glasses lay at his side with a Terezi alert over them.]

pesterlog

G.C.: dave get up
T.G.: no fuck that
im a lie my ass right down here for a while looking slightly less cool than I make myself out to be ordinarily
G.C.: you must stand tall, only a true hero could pull off such an acrobatic fucking pirouette off of that handle (smiley face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: that is basically what I just did isnt it
G.C.: yes
T.G.: thats what im doing here im making a point of makin every little thing take place what was once mentioned in passing no matter how seemingly trivial or pointless thats how all the best adventures get strung together
you havent heard me bleat like a goat for ironically humorous purposes yet have you
G.C.: no!!! (gasping face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: that was something that was mentioned at some point by someone I forget when or why I bet you are on goddamn pins and needles waiting for that arent you
G.C.: are you about to bleat like an earth goat, dave?
T.G.: no
fuck that
G.C.: (frowning face with furrowed brows)
then will you at least get up??
T.G.: no
fuck you
go away
G.C.: augh
why do I do this to myself
T.G.: what
G.C.: subject myself to the moody nonsense of curmudgeonly candy blooded foulmouths!
T.G.: I dunno
why are you even talking to me anyway
aside from the fact that several hours from now you apparently forget I dont need consolation and oughta be left alone
G.C.: maybe it just so happens that for once this isnt about you!
maybe I am the one who needs some help, has that occurred to you, mr coolkid??
T.G.: oh
G.C.: anyway, I remember now
sorry, everyone went kind of shithive here, and I got bitten I think, and I kind of forgot where I left off with you
T.G.: bitten
what
G.C.: but I remember where this all fits into the chronology, you with your bro here
this was just before you begged me to finally show you how to reach god tier
so I did
and then you got mad at me
so you decided to go do your own thing for a while
and since then I have been up to my pointy little nubs in suspense, intrigue, and betrayal!
T.G.: that sure sounds like a dumb way to say a thing
almost egbertian in elegant stupidity
the t in egbertian is soft like shhhhh
G.C.: hehehe oh
T.G.: why would I get mad at you
G.C.: oh, youll see (tongue sticking out face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: ok
but yeah I guess its about time you showed me whats up with my allegedly futile god tierification
how long ago was it that you did your coin flip thing I dont even remember
I was getting sure you were just bullshitting me and had no intention of ever mentioning it again
G.C.: unfortunately, no!
maybe I should take the opportunity to apologize in advance (frowning face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: for what
G.C.: hmmm
I dont think it will be constructive to go into it before it happens
T.G.: before what happens
you mean god tiering
does something go wrong
G.C.: everything goes according to plan!
but that is all I will say
remember, this conversation is kind of not supposed to be about you, I know the idea is unprecedented
T.G.: thats practically unthinkable
G.C.: I know (tongue sticking out face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: but I mean ok we can talk about your troll problem but this is pretty important here
the god tier thing and whether I can actually do it or not
it might be kind of hard to tell on account of me chilling face down on the pavement and also
because downplaying feelings is the chief rule of cool but im pretty pissed about this
which is weird
G.C.: its weird to feel mad?
are you too cool for that too??
T.G.: no its not weird to be mad its just weird it feels like im the only one who is
and the only one even contemplating taking jack on
even among your group of irate gnashing shitheads
G.C.: hey!
T.G.: what
G.C.: actually, youre right
turns out we really do have a lot of shitheads here (frowning face with furrowed brows)
and also as it happens the worst one is the one who happens to be planning to take him on!
T.G.: well ok
and that would be a bitchin line to switch the subject to start talkin about your complicated problems but I kinda wasnt done
G.C.: fiine
but for someone who just told me to fuck off you are sure bending my ear suddenly (smiley face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: but ok I mean isnt that what heroes should be doing
working to take down the bad guy without a whole lot of this fuckin grandiloquence and these huge sweeping plans that got nothin to do with fighting him
like always biding our time and tiptoeing around the unbeatable god boss
johns too nice to get mad
rose spends all her time calculating
too focused on machiavellian ploys of sabotage to try anything drastic
jade is
I dont even know
probably more a liability if she got it in her head to take him down
if anything id bet she just needs protection
G.C.: what are you saying here dave, in this conversation that is still being about you
T.G.: im just wondering
when does someone actually step up
jacks got shit to pay for
G.C.: if that is how you feel
then I think our two problems are not really different
we are both presently concerned with justice
T.G.: yeah I guess
I guess it has been on my mind
maybe I am supposed to be a hero and rise to the occasion because there seems to be this little
persistent voice in my head nagging me about it
insisting someones gotta pay
and its hard for me to disagree
G.C.: then it could mean one of two things
or both of the two things, like it did for me (smiley face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: what things
G.C.: it could mean that the agent presently influencing you is...
a conscience
and/or
an exile

Next

[Image description: Dave and Bro both lay on the ground. A black text box with a yellow border
says
this is so completely illegal.]

pesterlog
T.G.: im pretty sure i dont even have an exile
ive never heard any voices or anything
anyway you dont need a voice in your head to tell you this shit is
just like
so completely illegal
G.C.: (confused face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: wait
why did i just say that stupid thing i said
this atrocity cannot go unpunished.

[Image description: It zooms in on Dave's eye, which is bright red. Two black and yellow text
boxes say
throw whoever is responsible into the slammer.
slammer means jail by the way.]

pesterlog
G.C.: Dave, I did not realize you had such a passion for law enforcement. I must say this shocking development is coming dangerously close to giving me a case of the vapors (gasping face with furrowed brows).

T.G.: no I mean
ok that came out wrong
what were we talking about again?

G.C.: bringing Jack to justice?

T.G.: right
someone has to make him pay
cant let him just go unpunished
if I can figure out how to reach the god tier maybe I can be the one to throw him into the slammer

G.C.:...
the slammer?

T.G.: slammer means jail

G.C.: I know what the slammer means!!!

T.G.: you call it the slammer when you’re extra angry at crimes

you call it the slammer when you’re extra angry at crimes

[Image description: Dave sits up and puts his glasses back on. Two more text boxes say take a note of that important principle.

because I am deputizing you even though you are a kid.

pesterlog

T.G.: are you taking notes on this important principle?? Jesus get a fucking pen
or some chalk or whatever

G.C.: I think I am following
you are going to find Jack, and put him in jail?

T.G.: wait
fuck
what
no

G.C.: Dave, I know you are likely discombobulated with grief over your fallen manbro lusus, but that is extremely silly and doesn’t make any sense

T.G.: I know it doesn’t
im just saying
what am I even saying here
shit

but only while I am away from my jurisdiction.

[Image description: Dave stands next to Bro’s body again. Three text boxes say which I think is forever.

bring the criminals to justice young deputy.
each mutinous agent must pay for their crimes.]

pesterlog

G.C.: I’m still not sure
you’re talking about throwing Jack in the slammer and rambling about justice and telling me to get pens and such
not that I am complaining

T.G.: ok forget the slammer stuff that was stupid
it is about justice though
and since no one else seems to give a shit about that it apparently falls in my jurisdiction now not just going after jack but all the mutinous agents responsible for crimes

G.C.: agents?
T.G.: holy shit why do I care about that suddenly
G.C.: (wide eyed confused face with furrowed brows)!
T.G.: anyway thats more shit that popped into my head just now so
ok

i have other duties to attend to.

[Image description: In a red desert, a fuse leads from a gun, past some arrows, and offscreen. A crate of ammo with Grandpa Harley's logo on the side sits nearby. A second image shows the fuse leading up to the bec head station atop the broken temple. The sky behind it is black and full of stars.]

pesterlog
G.C.: well
noirs cronies are exploitable
are you saying you have a plan that involves targeting them?
T.G.: not really
no
anyway
its not like being mad about this and hankering for justice is even the only irrational thing im currently hot and bothered about
I have other duties to attend to
G.C.: like what?

i must explode this ridiculously illegal edifice.

[Image description: It shows the bec head on top of the temple from a different angle. A second image shows A.R. standing inside it, near the terminal, which is wrapped with caution tape holding sticks of dynamite and alarm clocks to it. The bottom left screen is on, showing Dave near Bro's body. There is another message typed into the computer.

farewell.]

pesterlog
T.G.: ive got to explode this ridiculously illegal edifice oh my god what are these words im saying
G.C.: you have to explode something?
T.G.: never mind
G.C.: are you referring to your plan to blow up The Green Sun?

[Note: The Green Sun is written in bright green and flickers slightly.]

T.G.: oh
yeah
thats gotta be what im talking about
probably
I need to shut up now
im sounding like an idiot and my head is starting to hurt
why dont we talk about your thing now
what justice thing do you have to do
G.C.: you mean its actually my turn to talk?
T.G.: yes
G.C.: but I was beginning to forget my problem listening to your highly enjoyable befuddlement!
T.G.: just please tell me your justice problem and make me stop saying stuff
farewell
G.C.: farewell??
wait!!!!!! (frowning face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: no I mean
god damn it im not leaving
farewell is not even a thing I would ever say jesus what am I a victorian poet
can you show me a little respect and assume any time I say something stupid it just means im
temporarily being inexplicably retarded
thats what a real friend would do

Next

[Image description: Terezi stands in a shadowy lab somewhere on the meteor. She's drawn as a
grey silhouette with a teal libra symbol on her chest and red glasses on her face. Behind her, a large
vat is full of green liquid and a monster with a pair of long horns.]

Pesterlog

G.C.: ok dave, I will show some sensitivity and cast suspicion on the intellectual merit of
everything you have ever said
T.G.: thank you
G.C.: I will further demonstrate my friendship by dominating the rest of this conversation with
lengthy accounts of my emotional tribulations, leaving no space for you to submit any amusing
outbursts
T.G.: that sounds awesome
G.C.: quiet!!! (gaping face with furrowed brows)
now
where was I
T.G.: justice problems
G.C.: oh yes, of course
you see, our aims are not that dissimilar
our pursuits of justice I mean
but yours is motivated by anger in the heat of the moment
which is blinding you to the consequences of attempting something very foolish
you are far too cool to succumb to anything like that
which is why you will come to your senses shortly (smiley face with furrowed brows)
my situation is a little more complicated
its less personal
though once it was a grudge which propelled our rivalry
now its resolution has become a matter of practicality
if not professionalism
business like!
the way a true legislacerator conducts her prosecutions
dave did you know that centuries ago on my planet, legislacerators were not confined to stuffy
courtblocks arguing cases before his honorable tyranny?
T.G.: oh shit are you fucking serious
G.C.: yes! Also, shush
I know you are sassing me due to my use of terms unfamiliar to humans, but it is true
they were deployed throughout the galaxy to apprehend criminals by any means necessary
T.G.: no I got that they're like your alien death lawyers who were sorta like bounty hunters in olden times pretty simple to decipher through context
G.C.: I thought I told you to be quiet!
I am monologuing here (tongue sticking out face with furrowed brows)
anyway, they would not rest until their suspect was in custody, one way or another
they would gather evidence over the course of the investigation, compiling a case to be presented
at the trial, should one be held before the final submission of the guilty corpse to judicial authorities
personal feelings and vendettas did not matter, nor did even the nature of the crime
only justice did!
they were selected for their cunning and martial prowess
and for their ability to understand the minds of the criminals they sought
this is why the burden has to be mine I think
I am the only one who knows how to handle her
as such, she is my responsibility
T.G.: she
G.C.: shooooooosh!!!!!!!
T.G.: ok I can't even make little interrogative quips to grease the wheels of your monologue
G.C.: oh
yes that's ok, in fact its very helpful
who do you think??

[Note: there are two links to the next page. One is several question marks and one is a next arrow.]

[seven question marks]

[Image description: There is a grey panel with a teal libra symbol in it. Below it, it says "Enter Password" in Terezi's quirk with a text box below it.]

Or go back!!!

Password Hint
If you don't know the password yet, it means you're not supposed to, Dummy! Go back!!!

Next

[Image description: Terezi stands next to Nepeta's body, which lays in a pool of green blood. The layout is identical to Dave standing next to Bro's body. There is a torn nic cage poster and half a broken magic 8 ball next to Nepeta's body and a thin trail of indigo blood leading away.]

pesterlog
T.G.: spidertroll
G.C.: you are correct
the spideriest one of all
T.G.: you've decided to take her down then
G.C.: I guess so
T.G.: you don't sound that psyched about it
G.C.: well, im here talking to you about it instead of actually doing it, aren't i?
T.G.: are you feeling guilty
like second guessing whether she deserves it
G.C.: not exactly
T.G.: hasn't she done enough terrible shit to warrant legislaceration
G.C.: that is not a thing!
but yes, the case against her is overwhelming
more than you even know!
shes completely out of control now
she has murdered at least one of my good friends
and possibly several others, I am not sure yet
the circumstances are a little fishy, but my investigation is ongoing

Next

[Image description: Terezi walks towards a grey door near a large vat containing a mer-goat monster.]

pesterlog
G.C.: additionally, I have discovered she is complicit in jacks rise to power
when I first learned he came from your session, I mistakenly blamed you all, and took it out on a
hapless egbert (frowning face with furrowed brows)
but if anyone is to pay for releasing that demon on both of our groups, it is her
T.G.: are you sure about that
G.C.: yes
and she knows I know
she has been taunting me, trying to stir up our old rivalry
that is what this whole john vs dave thing has been about
T.G.: there is no john vs dave thing though
G.C.: I know
not really
its just a game
but the game is serious business to her
like it was during our role playing days
and just like then, shes ruined everything by taking it too far
and in spite of all her past crimes, these are not even the most important reasons to stop her!
she has decided to fight jack herself
which is an extremely dangerous and stupid thing to do!
sound familiar, dave?
T.G.: are you going to stop me too then
hunt me down and lawyer viscerate me for my own good
G.C.: no
ill just let you try to reach the god tier, and then decide for yourself (smiley face with furrowed
brows)
T.G.: are you saying that I wont make god tier or I wont be strong enough if I do
G.C.: objection!!!
T.G.: what
G.C.: we are talking about you again
I motion that all dave centric testimony be stricken from the record
T.G.: lame motion overruled the judge wants to see where this is going
G.C.: no he doesnt, you know perfectly well he doesnt give a shit
he will clear this courtblock if he does not have order, he swears to jegus
T.G.: ok fine
we can keep obsessing over your fucked up kismesister if you want
G.C.: its not like that! (gasping face with eyes pinched shut and furrowed brows)
T.G.: do you think she stands a chance against him
G.C.: no
T.G.: then what the big deal
why not let her go get her shit ruined by jack and let justice happen that way
G.C.: because I am quite sure that if she goes to find him, it will tip him off to our location in the
veil
I have seen it already
that is why this is no simple vendetta
bringing her to justice is critical to our survival!
T.G.: so why dont you go do it
G.C.: because
im not sure if I can
T.G.: you mean you cant beat her in a fight
G.C.: no, its not that
it just that when the time comes
im not sure if I will be able to kill her
T.G.: I thought trolls were all about gratuitous murderings
G.C.: yes its true
we are supposed to revel in bloodshed as we grow up
and she seems to be embracing her rite of passage with reckless abandon, as I would expect
grabbing the bull by the horns, so to speak
its a little intimidating
because im not sure if im ready for that
which I guess is normal??
T.G.: are
you asking me to reassure you about that
cause I seriously dont have a clue
G.C.: its ok dave
still monologuing (smiley face with furrowed brows)
I guess
I am not so much worried about not being ready
as I am that...
I might not actually want to be ready
maybe ever
maybe theres something wrong with me
T.G.: I dont understand
I thought you were insane kinds of apeshit over the macabre stuff
like being all cutesy about executions and smelling cherry blood and such things contrived to get a
guy feeling vaguely uncomfortable
was that all an act
G.C.: not an act
just fun!
I like fun, dave, and I also like games
dont you like fun and games?
T.G.: of course the fuck not
G.C.: liar!!! (gasping face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: didnt you say youve killed people before
G.C.: there is a big difference between manipulating people to their doom with trickery, and killing
someone by your own hand
it is a bit like having to face your own death...
and discovering the difference between leaving the responsibility to someone else, and doing the
dirty work yourself
maybe youll understand some day (winking face with furrowed brows)

Next
pesterlog
T.G.: ok
id like to help you out but I dont know what advice I should be giving
to a member of a murderous species whos gunshy on going off to justice murder a murder happy
murderer whose done lots of murders
it feels pretty weird and inappropriate for me to be the one to tell you fuck yes go for it shes got this
huge murder with her name on it anyways and its cruising right at her down comeuppance
boulevard
so I dont know
do you want me to tell you to be a better human
or to be a better troll
G.C.: I cant tell you what to advise me, chumpass!
maybe im not even looking for advice per se
but just want to talk to someone about it
T.G.: alright well all ill say is
maybe if you kill her at least we can finally stop obsessing over her
G.C.: *siiiiiiiiiiinnnnn*
yeah, fair enough
T.G.: why dont you just do what you think you have to do
and ill do the same
speaking of which
G.C.: oh, right
youll be bugging me about showing you how to reach the god tier soon
prompted by this very conversation I imagine, whod have thought!
T.G.: these time shenanigans completely blindsided us they practically never even happen
G.C.: I know
T.G.: so I hang up now with future you and then start pestering present you about it is that how it
works
G.C.: yes
T.G.: and I make sure not to reference anything said here to keep it simple
except like in an offhand way thatll seem retroactively logical to your future self
ie you right now
if for no other reason than itd be boring as hell to rehash it
G.C.: that sounds about right but what do I know
youre the time guy after all
luckily I will not have to participate in these charades this time around
T.G.: does luck actually matter
G.C.: (gasping face with furrowed brows)
Exit.

A command box like the ones in walkarounds and used by the exiles appears.
Remove disc 1.
Click it.
A disk showing a blue spirograph filled with clouds in front of meteors raining down on John's neighborhood slowly spins down, then goes into a red captchalogue card. A new command appears. Insert disc 2.

Click it.

A large object shaped like a captchalogue card appears. It has a green border and a blue section with several slots in the center. It says Homestuck along the bottom. To the right of Homestuck, there's a 1 followed by four evenly spaced red dots, a blue dot and a red dot that are closer together, a 2, a green dot, then a white dot. The disk 1 card slides into a slot and another red card slides out, but there's nothing on it. A red exclamation mark appears on the blank card, then another command box appears.

Disc 2 is missing

Next

[Image description: Terezi holds the homestuck disk case. A second image shows her standing next to a chest, which is open. She still holds the case and frowns at it in confusion.]

Keep playing anyway.

[Image description: Terezi puts the case into a captchalogue card.]

You have no idea what the hell this thing is, or why you would need another disc.

You just captchalogue it and proceed. There is justice to be done, and you are running out of time.


[Image description: This is an interactive walkaround panel. There is no music. Terezi stands in a narrow grey hallway near an open chest. She taps her cane in front of her as she moves. Walk north.

A large white, jagged shape with Objection! In it appears. This is from the Ace Attorney games. A grey text box appears below it.

You cannot control Terezi! How can you possibly expect to play this game when you have lost the game disc? All you can do is watch what she decides to do.

Terezi walks north until she comes across a piece of yellowed paper with indigo writing on it. It's pinned to the floor by one of Nepeta's claws.

You find a note stuck to the floor with Nepeta's claw. It appears to be addressed to you, written on a page torn from the journal of Vriska's ancestor. Her taunts are becoming increasingly flagrant. It also appears to be written in purple blood. She wouldn't dare harm sweet, precious Gamzee, would she? The thought is almost more than you can bear. You are going to throw the book at her.

[S] Terezi: Read note.

[Image description: It still resembles a walkaround. Terezi walks forward and picks up the note. The tile she's standing on clicks. Terezi turns around. A grey text box appears. (confused face with furrowed brows)

The tiles swing down and Terezi falls. After a moment, she lands in a pile of scalemates on the counter in the trickster mode room. The song Secret ROM begins to play. The counter and rug have little smudges of indigo blood on them, as does Lil Cal, who sits near the cash register. There is a smiley face with a round nose drawn in indigo on the back wall. There are two chests south of
the counter and the stairway is full of bike horns. A black silhouette of dancing Gamzee appears, then disappears at various points around the room.]

Terezi: Wake up.

[Image description: Terezi sits up in the pile of torn scalemates.]

You cannot wake up, because you were not actually asleep! You were just taking a breather in this nice cozy pile of horrifically mutilated scalemates, which were gathered here to break your fall for some reason.

You wonder where you are? This is a fancy looking room. It doesn't look like a place you would expect to find on this meteor, at least not in any strictly canonical capacity.

Terezi: Examine surroundings.

[Image description: Terezi stands up. A silhouette of Gamzee appears next to Cal for a moment, then they're both gone and Cal reappears on top of a bookshelf behind Terezi. A confused face with furrowed brows appears above her.]

This dapper kiwi-suited gentleman is quite familiar. You are almost positive he made an appearance in that very crowded dream you had recently...

Where did he go??

Something in this room smells funny.

And fast.

Terezi: Climb stairs.

[Image description: In the style of a walkaround, Terezi stands near the stairs and looks at the horn. Cal vanishes from the bookshelf and appears on the banister.]

You cannot ascend!!!

The staircase is suffering from a catastrophic horn clog.

Terezi: Exit door.

[Image description: Terezi stands near the door. Cal vanishes from the banister and appears on the phonograph next to the door.]

The door is locked!

You will either need a key, or to break it down with force. You would need to achieve an especially heightened state of determination to pull that off, though.

[Note: There are two links to the next page. One is multiple question marks, which leads to another password page, and one is the actual next page.]

Next

[Image description: Terezi puts a hand to her chin and ponders the door. Behind her, Cal stares at the back of her head and shakes, held in place by a grey arm with smudges of white makeup and drops of indigo blood on it.]
You have been completely hornswoggled. This whole thing was a setup from the start. A trap deployed by a cunning mastermind. All of the clues are adding up. The blood. The note. The flagrant displays of tricksterism and japery. The identity of the puppetmaster behind all of this is now painfully obvious to you.

Next

[Image description: Terezi pushes Cal away without turning to look.]

Spidertroll.


[Image description: It shows a golden phonograph with a spinning record on it. A command box in the upper right corner has the different song options.
Trollcops, which has a red record.
Havoc to be wrought, which has a green record.
Rumble at the rink, which has a grey record.
Unlabeled record, which has a black record.
Xrom, which has a yellow disk.
I'm a member of the midnight crew, which has a white disk.]

You select appropriate crime solving music to set the right mood. With this kind of atmosphere, it is highly unlikely that any crime will stay unsolved for long.

Terezi: Remove Midnight Crew record.

[Image description: Terezi holds a record and looks disgusted. Cal vibrates behind her.]

No no, this vaudevillian cornball nonsense will not do at all. The mood is just not right for figuring out crimes.

You put the record back in its sleeve.

Terezi: Examine cover.

[Image description: She holds the record sleeve, which shows a slightly grainy picture of Eddie Morton, though entirely green. Eddie Morton is a middle aged white man in a formal suit. A second image, in flashing, rainbow text so large it has to be written vertically, says Who's This Douche Bag. The second image is a link to a video of a man giving an introduction to Eddie Morton, then playing I'm A Member of the Midnight Crew. A transcript of what the man says is
I'm going to give you a great song now by Eddie Morton, one of my favorite rag-time era performers on record, who was actually a former Philadelphia police officer before he made it big on Vaudeville and then became a recording artist with such record companies as Victor and Columbia. So here he is with a song he did in 1909, called "I'm a member of the Midnight Crew" Mr. Eddie Morton…
He then plays the original version of I'm A Member of the Midnight Crew. He closes the video by saying Mr Eddie Morton and "I'm a member of the Midnight Crew", done one hundred and one years ago on the Victorgram prize label, and that's Victor number sixteen three twenty-four.]

Next

[Image description: A small disk rolls out of the sleeve. It looks like the beat mesa as viewed from
Before you can make heads or tails of who exactly this douche bag is, something rolls out of the sleeve. It appears to be a very small record. It's so small! What is such a small record doing in this great big sleeve?

Next

[Image description: Terezi holds the disk. A second image shows her standing in the trickster mode room with the disk floating above her head and flashing. Cal and the silhouette of Gamzee hide in the scalemate pile and shake. A text box at the bottom says You got Homestuck: disc 2!!!]

You cannot get over how tiny this record is. It's adorable. You wonder what sort of music it plays?


[Image description: The disk sits on the phonograph. The needle lowers and a faint static sound plays. The disk spins once, then a scratching sound plays and a zig zagging line that sends out a beam of yellow light appears across the disk's surface.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the now scratched disk. It's cut in the same way that Dave's shirt's record is, and it glows like the beat mesa.]

Predictably, you scratch the surface of the disc. What were you expecting? It's almost like you don't even know what a CD is.

With the disc damaged, who knows what sort of effects it will have on the data. Better store it somewhere safe to prevent any more mishaps.

Terezi: Captchalogue disc.

[Image description: Terezi captchalogues the disk, which then goes into the Homestuck disk case. That goes back into its own captchalogue card.]

It should be perfectly safe from any similar kinds of damage while secured in your Scratch and Sniff modus.

Terezi: Examine chests.

[Image description: Terezi stands near the two chests. Cal sits on the counter a short distance from the scalemate pile.]

You have spent way too much time calibrating the ambiance of your investigation, and not nearly enough time investigating. It is one of the most common pitfalls to being an investigator. Aside from literal pitfalls, which you actually fall into.

There are two chests in this secret room. Nothing out of the ordinary. Chests are everywhere in this lab, and people find it all too tempting to sneak their personal belongings into them for safe keeping. That is, until the goods are stolen shortly after by those who can't resist looting every chest they encounter, which is everybody.

Maybe these ones contain clues?
Terezi: Open chest.

[Image description: Terezi opens the western chest. A costume like the one her ancestor wore comes out.]

You got your Neophyte Redglare Roleplaying Outfit!

What is this doing in here? You have not worn it since your Flarping days. The only part of it you kept on hand was the stylish pair of glasses, which of course since the incident has managed to become a regular accessory.

But you cannot imagine how someone could have gotten their hands on the rest of it. Surely a crafty and resourceful criminal is at work.

(spider troll spider troll spider troll)

Terezi: Wear suit.

[Image description: Terezi wears the teal bodysuit with a red vest and skirt. It's not an exact copy, but there are more similarities than differences.]

You don the garb of the legendary legislacerator. It brings back memories of many successful fantasy prosecutions resulting in the real executions of rival players. Those were the days.

Terezi: Open other chest.

[Image description: A white scalemate comes out of the other chest. Next to the smiley face on the back wall, there's now a large black smudge. A second image shows Terezi standing next to the eastern chest with the white scalemate on top of it.]

You got your Pyralspite Plush!

Pyralspite was your scalemate sidekick during your campaigns. He was the model of loyalty, friendship, and righteous retribution. More than could be said for another partner in justice.

There is no doubt about it anymore. She is clearly baiting you into confrontation.

You mean baiting.

[Note: In the correction, baiting is written as 88ing, like in Vriska's quirk.]

Terezi: Hug Pyralspite.

[Image description: Terezi grins and hugs Pyralspite, which squeaks.]

You embrace your old friend releasing a mighty and majestic squeak. It has been too long, old friend. You vow never to let him out of your scent agai....

Next

[Image description: Gamzee's silhouette flashes past and Pyralspite is replaced with Lil Cal. A faint Honk is left in Gamzee's wake.]

Next

[Image description: Terezi frowns at Lil Cal, who now sits on top of the chest that Pyralspite came
This puppet is becoming a nuisance. It appears to exhibit the same incredible puppet fastness properties which Dave's had. Must be some form of universal puppet enchantment. It couldn't possibly be the same one, because that would just be insane.

Hey, where did Pyralspite go???

Terezi: Look up.

There he is. How'd he get all the way up there? He has always been quite the slippery scalawag.

Maybe he was reminding you to check out the note. You almost forgot is was up there, what with all your furious investigating. Most of which has involved fooling around with records, hugging plush toys and cosplaying as a childhood heroine.

Terezi: Read it.

Just as you thought. It is a message from Vriska summoning you to do battle. It is written in Gamzee's rich jelly-smelling blood, but it is her handwriting for sure. Her quirk is present, leaving the matter undeniable.

But why the hell does she want you to bring this stupid puppet along? She's so weird.

There is a journal entry on the back. It probably isn't the slightest bit relevant to the current situation, but you guess it couldn't hurt to read it anyway.

Terezi: Examine journal entry.

I now do so in captivity, while I bring my awe to bear on the immensity of the Subjugglators high jinx. I took their gesture as plain avowal of my prosecution's futility. With a lone neophyte assigned to the task, how could I view it otherwise? I was sure they'd drawn from the bottom of their deck, not intending to squander more competent mercenaries on one who'd made a show of outclassing them all before. but I discovered too late that Redglare was their wild card all along.

How is one allowed to be raised by a dragon in this era? Let alone one of such middling blood, the sickly hue of a gutless civil servant. Those of her caste are typically pleased to mount a sluggish cholерbear, or some brainless squawking spleenfowl during petty expeditions to plaster seizure notices on gamblicant property. by what fluke was this woman granted such a weapon, permitting her to luxuriate in these delusions of righteousness?
Something blocked the light of the unbitten moon, treating the harbor to darkness more grim than what fell this season's apogee. I made the mistake of looking into its eyes, each like a sun concentrated into a small jewel, as two hot garnets searing through a black veil. I shut mine quickly, but the more sensitive of them was burned irreparably. When I regained sight in the other, there was only red. My fleet was in flames. The neophyte was on deck. Pyralspite, she mentioned through her ridiculous forced grin. She wanted me to know the name of the beast which was able to consume my lusus whole.

My dice were in the hold below, not that my present luck would consent to a favorable roll anyway. I made a move for my blade. She took my arm, which I'm sure she kept as the tiniest of snacks for her ostentatious custodian. Maybe she meant to prove she wouldn't need me in irons to have my submission?

bound or free.

Two, one or none.

I wonder how well she knows it's not what I do with my arms she has to fear?

I await my trial.

Insert disc 2.

[Image description: Disk two comes out of the case and spins up. It zooms out and it appears on a page of MS paint adventures within the panel. A loading bar appears above it. As it hits 100%, the disk snaps back into the whole panel as it automatically moves to the next page.]


[The disk vanishes and Vriska's 7 pupiled eye takes its place. It zooms in on the center pupil until the whole screen is black. The song Terezi Owns begins to play. Terezi holds the page. On the back, in a mix of Gamzee's alternating line capitalization quirk and Vriska's quirk, it says

(low) sis.
(caps) roof. now.
(low) bring the puppet.
(winking face with eight eyes and a round nose)

Terezi looks up and crumples the note, just like Dave did to the one Bro left him way back in act 2. She leaps into the pile of scalemates, then captchalogues it. She does the same to Cal, then does an Acrobatic Fucking Pirouette up on top of the bookshelf to reclaim Pyralspite. She jumps back down onto the ground, then reaches for her cane. The screen goes black and a white and red line slashes across it. It shows a stairwell outside of a door that's labeled Inn with indigo. The wall has one of Gamzee's smiley faces on it, also in indigo. Terezi kicks through the door so hard it flies off its hinges and hits the opposite wall. She holds Pyralspite over her shoulder and begins to ascend the stairs. It zooms in on Pyralspite's eye, which is a bright red button with a swirl in it, making it resemble the sun from Dave's home. Terezi ascends a spiral staircase. Behind her, the background fades to a night sky with a green moon. It pans down to a dock full of sailing ships at night time. It darkens even more, leaving the outlines of the ships and a castle overlooking them just barely visible. It cuts to Mindfang with two moons framed by her horns. The green one disappears and an image of Terezi carrying Pyralspite appears over her. Mindfang disappears and Terezi gives a small smile. It cuts back to Pyralspite, who bounces with each step. It once again zooms in on its eye, but the spiral grows to take up the whole screen, then flashes. It's now an eye of a massive dragon flying
over a fleet of cerulean sailing ships. Redglare, Terezi's ancestor, rides on its back. It zooms in on her grinning the same grin as Terezi.

Mindfang stares up at her fearfully and the ships burn behind her. The image glitches for a moment, like it's covered with static, then it cuts back to the dragon's face, also glitching. It shows Vriska's eye with seven pupils turning red and filling in with the spiral. This image glitches and overlays with the scratched disk. The disk takes up the whole screen, then stops spinning.

A bunch of trolls stand on the deck of a sailing ship. A line of fire crosses the scene and suddenly the ship is on fire. Most of the trolls are either dead or tossing themselves into the sea. Four ships burn and sink against a red sky with the red spiral in it.

Redglare slides down her dragon's back, then jumps off. She lands, holding her cane out. A ship burns behind her. Everything fades to black except the red vest and her glasses, then the vest fades as well. Mindfang's face fades in behind her. She's sneering. Her eye with seven pupils is bright red. It zooms out. Her left arm is missing, too. She matches Vriska exactly.

Terezi or Mindfang, or maybe both, stalks forward.

Vriska sits on the ground where the 3x showdown happened. She has her laptop out, which has a Rose alert over it. Behind her, Terezi pulls herself over the edge of the platform. Vriska smiles and turns to look at her. Terezi glares and pulls herself to her feet. It cuts to Pyralspite sitting in a spotlight.

Next

[Image description: Vriska smiles down at her computer, which is sitting on top of a black book. It has a Rose alert and a Mindfang's Journal alert over it.]

Next

[Image description: It shows her screen. She has two blacked out viewscreens behind a chat log with tentacle therapist, though she's talking to John through Rose, and a series of scanned images of pages of Mindfang's journal.]

journalog

Much fanfare was made of the trial. More than I would have dared to hope. It seems my luck has been returning of late.

Next

[Image description: A crowd of trolls looks towards a walkway shaped like a libra symbol. On either side of the curved section, a single troll stands. One is drawn in cerulean. The other is drawn in teal and holds a white cane.]

journalog

The Highbloods surely intended to make a spectacle of my conviction. They filled the courtblock with peasants ravenous for the comeuppance of a blue blood. I wasn't about to deny them what they came for.

Next

[Image description: Redglare stares at Mindfang, who holds her remaining hand up to her temple. Many pairs of eyes peer out of the darkness behind Redglare.]

journalog

It was kind of the authorities to supply me with phalanx of such impressionable spectators. The weak wills were nearly as thick in the air as the rust in their veins. Funny how my other senses seem to have piqued since exchanging glances with the dragon. What an extraordinary specimen.
How I've come to covet the creature since it ruined my fleet. I know too well the whispers of a dangerous new infatuation when they beckon. But I digress.

Next

[Image description: The crowd, rendered with jagged lines of dark grey and black, descends on a confused Redglare. Each of them has a Scorpio symbol pulsing on their forehead.]

journalog
It was simple enough to nudge the hostility of the lowbloods from one aristocrat to another. The subjugglators could not have been pleased, but nor could they have been altogether unamused, I would expect. I wonder if this was part of their unfathomable game? I'll never understand their riddles.

Next

[Image description: The crowd carries Redglare and pulls a teal noose over her head.]

journalog
I only regret I didn't get to hear the opening statement the neophyte had prepared against me. The case she compiled from all that evidence she burned must have been damning. I bet her remarks would have stung worse than when she severed my arm. She certainly would have shown me greater mercy by taking the other instead!

Next

[Image description: A black hand reaches for Redglare's discarded cane.]

journalog
Alas, I mock to disguise the extent of my regret.

Had my escape not necessitated her demise, she would have made a lovely rival. If she'd only discarded her childish preoccupation with justice, we might have made a striking scourge. Had we inched blacker we'd have torn red miles across the land and sea. Unfortunately, the only miles to be found through her bureaucratic calling were those of red tape. When so ensnared, one is eventually bound to be choked.

With the courtblock cleared, all that remained to obstruct my freedom was His Honorable Tyranny himself.

Next

[Image description: Redglare grins and wields the cane, which now comes to a deadly point.]

journalog
Upon reflection, Redglare showed the foresight of a true seer in thieving my arm before the trial.

Next

[Image description: A massive creature with insectoid hands, an elongated head, and three pairs of branching horns reaches for Mindfang. The creature, His Honorable Tyranny, is rendered in jagged lines of black and bright red. Mindfang is barely the length of one of his fingers.]

journalog
It permitted a fair fight.
Though I was free, I had no fleet. No matter. With the gamblignants decimated, I'd embraced the turn in fortune and pledged to put my seagrafting ways behind me. With any luck, the skies will be my future. My thoughts again returned to that dragon.

but first, I was in need of temporary refuge. I sought it with the expatriate.

He owed me for the sweeps of protection I provided after his brazen defiance of the Highbloods. It was perhaps the only such courageous stand ever taken against a superior by one of his supercilious pedigree, and I'd not have bothered sticking my neck out for another. but the admiration he'd won naturally wore thin as he persistently bemoaned his treason and banishment, and I was saddened to find this habit holding "STRONG" even now. I wonder if he still believes she was worth it?

Repairing my arm would go a little further in squaring his debt with me. Even if I came with both intact I might have ripped one off and put him to the task just to halt to his blubbery. Darkleer was always a skilled machinist and the work proved an adequate distraction. So pacified, he listened to what I had to say, about my recent travails with the law, and Pyralspite, and what I'd come for in truth - the treasure he'd been keeping safe for me.

I cradled the oracle in my synthetic hand, as if appraising by weight the mystic qualities it still concealed. With my vision bfold seared away, I was as blind to its secrets as the old Doctor was to its present whereabouts. I'd learned to keep it cloaked from the awareness of the man who once called me his protege, a backhanded term of endearment from a smug manipulator. Locating his so called dark pockets was the only gambit I had in countering his milk tongued doublespeak. The
expatriate for indiscernible reasons seemed naturally surrounded by such a void in the Doctor's awareness, and so was uniquely fit to inherit the orb. The Doctor could not see his treasure, nor I into it.

I considered what to do with it for a while. Should I find Pyralspite by consulting with the oracle, as I'd done so often to steal fortune from my adversaries? I guessed exploiting some technological means of gazing through its surface may have been simple enough, but I hesitated. Every expedient granted by its counsel, though never instantly, came at a price. Knowing his nature, I'm surprised I only now recognize it as yet another instrument of his spurious benevolence, dangerous by way of selective divulgence. The sense of infallibility his oracle brought me was superficial, and in hindsight weakened my readiness. Knowing my fate so far in advance, I took Redglare's threat lightly. The greatest mistake I have ever made was asking the orb when I would die.

but as I revisited the prophecy surrounding this unfortunate query, something struck me. I thought of the man I would have as a matesprit centuries from now, who was said to command an army of beasts. The one it called the summoner.

Next

[Image description: A troll with horn's like Tavros's and brown wings flies with pyralspite through a blue and red sky. The troll has a red mohawk and red striped pants, making him resemble Rufio from Hook. The image glitches after a moment, then returns to normal.]

journalog
If my obsession with the dragon should continue to burn for so long, would he be the one to assist me in taming it? I did not have enough knowledge to ask the right questions when I had the opportunity. Were that the case, I might have asked if it would be his rare abilities of communion that would bring Pyralspite under control. Would it be on account of my influence? And if so, would I exert this influence by taking his will, or winning his heart? These are details I would have given no second thought in drawing from the orb, my curiosity a force usually too much to quell. but now...

I have thought of the summoner often. I have been troubled to know that as one so common blooded, he could not possibly have hatched yet, nor will he wriggle from the caverns for many sweeps. So I must have patience to take up my role in his story of heroism. It is a tale which reads to me as though lifted from a child's story, yet I know I'd be a fool to doubt its veracity entirely. He would rise through the ranks of the cavalreapers and assume command, having proven the most skilled and fearless of them. He would exhibit a remarkable pupation, the sort only recorded in myth, growing, or perhaps simply revealing, a striking pair of wings. His army thus inspired would spearhead a major rebellion. Surely one at least on the scale of the sectarian revolt crushed by the Highbloods, who thereafter forbade its mention, or any invocation of the heretical symbols at all, even in private journals.

[Note: symbols is written with a 6 in place of the b and a 9 in place of the o, making something that resembles Karkat's cancer symbol.]

Which is why I will stick to the fable of the summoner, and not risk another execution with even oblique reference to the compelling tale of the sufferer.

Resolution to the summoner's mutiny is foggy, as I only understand what has been related to me through the brief answers I thought to solicit. Ultimately, the ire of the Condesce would be such that in the settling dust of the conflict, she would banish all from the homeworld, except the young. She would scatter all who reached maturity to the stars to fight her wars, I presume to keep them occupied, existing in a less centralized state from which such a coup may arise. This is still an
incredible notion for me to consider, and I cannot imagine how she would come to enforce such an upheaval in our civilization. Though I suppose she will have on her side the advantage of an unparalleled lifespan, and the leverage extended by the hideous psychic prongs of her deep undulating monstrosity. That is, until it chooses another little witch to serve. Nevertheless, I take the prediction as truth, and find it amusing that a homeworld dominated by children will be the great summoner's legacy. One of them, at least.

More importantly, and less amusingly, his legacy will be my demise. You see, I first learned his name when I asked who would be the one to kill me.

Next

[Image description: It shows Vriska's screen again. The scanned pages show the last one; the back cover of the book. This image also glitches, but it never stops glitching. It just switches where and how bad they are.]

journalog
I have never spoken nor written of him out of contempt for the prophecy, but do so here, in my final entry for this journal. I took this to be a pitiable fate, and scoured the orb for any means of escaping it, or at least, to salvage a little dignity from the tale of my downfall. Alas, it had no consolation for my vanity.

but as I sit here deciding what to do with the damnable little sphere, I understand my error. It was not in failing to chart a course through future events to turn my fortune's tide, even so many sweeps from now. It was in believing the future was mine to know, and fortune mine to control. If this hero is meant to breathe life into my embittered heart, and if he is to earn the right to run it through, then so be it. For him, I will commit to this page my highest expectations. And for what precious uncertainty is left in my future, I renew my vigorous anticipation.

The oracle I will resolve to part with. I will conceal it in a crypt bearing the sign of the expatriate, with a map to its location hidden in this journal. To whomever finds it, be wary, for the truth it tells may leave its new keeper blind as I was. Though no more.

[S] Flip.

[Image description: A glitching loading screen shows a libra symbol and a scorpio symbol in orbit around a smiling troll emoji. When it loads, it looks like a workaround. Terezi stands on a transportalizer, tapping her cane in front of her. A trail of fuchsia, olive green, violet, brown, and royal blue blood leads south from the transportalizer. Try to walk south. The screen glitches violently as an Objection appears. A text box appears, but the text is random symbols and unreadable gibberish. The screen flashes white, then black, and the song Blind Justice Investigation begins to play. Terezi once again stands on the transportalizer. She walks south down a glitching hallway, following the trail of blood. The music also glitches. For a moment, we see Redglare being ambushed by the mind controlled crowd, then it returns to the hallway. Terezi turns a corner and heads west. There is a row of vats. The first one contains Eridan's legs. The second contains Nepeta's body, which is now decapitated. As Terezi passes it, a glitching image of her discovering Nepeta's body appears for a moment. The next contains Feferi, also decapitated. A glitching picture of her on the horn pile appears. The next vat contains Equius, decapitated just like the others. Eridan's death appears, then Equius's, then they both disappear and Terezi keeps walking down a hallway that glitches more and more. The last vat contains Tavros, also decapitated. His death appears, just like the others. The hallway turns north, and the rainbow blood trail continues up there. A glitchy horsaroni]
appears, duplicates, then vanishes. The hallway gets darker as Terezi approaches the end, where there's a staircase. She goes onto the stairs, then everything glitches even more. Images flash quickly. Red static. Vriska, staring off into a void. Vriska smiling and looking over her shoulder. The light symbol. The glitching fades for a moment and Vriska turns to look at Terezi. Terezi holds pyralspite under one arm and her cane in the other. Behind her floats the mind symbol, which is a teal circle with three question mark shaped lines coming off of it, spaced evenly around the edge. The symbol glows, then the background turns white.

It cuts to a scribbly drawing of Gamzee using the Warhammer of Zillyhoo as a gavel. The table in front of him is labeled motherfucking jury and four heads sit on it. From left to right, it's Equius, Nepeta, Eridan, and Feferi. Tavros's horns poke on screen from the bottom. The picture glitches badly and turns white. Terezi looks up, then glitches to Vriska grinning smugly. As each speaks, they appear on screen.

Vriska lowers her horns at Terezi
Vriska: hey redglare. Nice outfit!
Terezi: same to you mindfa...
I mean vriska
Terezi: as much as it pains me to admit, your fruity orange fairysuit smells…
A light symbol appears behind Terezi.
Terezi: delicious (frowning face with furrowed brows)
Vriska: thanks! I see you finally wised up and started taking this rivalry seriously.
it was hard to antagonize you properly while you refused to get in character! (Winking face with eight eyes)
Terezi holds a coin in one hand.
Terezi: I am not in character!!! (Gasping face with furrowed brows)
this is serious business, vriska
see? I brought my deadly cane sword and cool coin and everything
Vriska grins.
Vriska: yes, I can see that. So you've come for revenge, then.
I thought we settled all this a long time ago?
Terezi stares.
Terezi: no, not revenge. Justice! (Smiling face with furrowed brows)
for the despicable murders of our innocent friends!
Terezi glares at Vriska from a few feet away. She's framed by Vriska's legs, just as Eridan was before the 3x showdown.

Vriska: murders? Like, plural?
Terezi: vriska, please. Do not try to deny it. I found the evidence
tavros, nepeta... Even gamzee!!! I mean really vriska. Gamzee?!
(frowning face with furrowed brows and a round nose)
The background turns purple. It cuts to Vriska, who frowns and points at Terezi
Vriska: gamzee isn't dead, you dope!
he flipped out or something and now (glitching text)
The whole scene glitches. It flickers to Vriska holding Tavros's legs, then Rose riding a pony, then Terezi. Then it just glitches too badly to make out what's happening. After a moment, it returns to the confrontation. They've switched places. Now Vriska is framed by Terezi's legs.

Vriska: well, yeah ok. There was like........
one murder I was responsible for.
you know tavros? That was me.
She looks uncertain
Vriska: I guess.
Terezi looks at her disbelievingly.
Terezi: ...
Vriska: but that's it! He's the only one I killed, just that one guy!
Terezi: (uncertain face)

Terezi does a double facepalm, and Lil Cal's hand comes on to make it a Facepalm x3 combo! The image glitches horribly. For a moment, we see Rose standing over something red, then the green explosion caused by her and Jack, then John bleeding out, then Cal's face surrounded by black lines, then Jack glaring at something. Then it stops glitching and gets back to Terezi.

Terezi: we both know you can't beat jack
all that will happen is that you will lead him here and he will kill us all
he will follow your sugary pixie trail with his keen canine snout
I have already seen this consequence in my minds eye
The mind symbol appears behind Terezi, then the libra symbol appears in the center of it. Vriska: fascinating! Why don't you tell me your terms already??
forget my pixie trail. At this rate, my snoring will lead him to us!
lol.
Terezi holds up the coin.
what I propose is simple
Terezi: I flip
heads, you stay
It zooms in on Terezi's glasses.
Terezi: scratch, you go
Vriska: you're kidding, right? You want luck to decide this?
The light symbol glows behind Vriska.
Vriska: maybe you forgot who you're dealing with. I am the thief of light.
you really expect me to lose a simple coin flip?
I've got aaaaaaaaalllllllll the luck, remember? (Smiling face with eight eyes and furrowed brows)
Terezi: I did not forget
what will it be, marquise?
Vriska: .......
just flip the fucking coin, neophyte.

Terezi flips the coin. The background behind her turns teal. The screen splits, just like with all the other showdows. The left half is teal and has a red outline of Terezi holding her cane sword. The right is cerulean blue with an orange outline of Vriska with white wings.

The coin flips through the air. Vriska's 7 pupiled eye appears behind it, then has the light symbol appear in it. It glitches for a moment, then begins to glow. It glitches again, stopping the coin's fall. It continues like this until you flick to go to the next page

=> =

[Image description: Disk two spins, but the image glitches badly and occasionally flickers to Vriska's eye and the flipping coin.]

The dÎsc is tø€ badly da™aged. You can no lœeger play Homeµ&uck.

[Translation: The disk is too badly damaged. You can no longer play Homestuck.]

QŮí" 

[Translation: Quit.]

[Image description: The disk spins down and stops glitching.]
You are forced to quit. You will not be able to resume playing unless you can repair the scratch in the disk.

You will need to seek the service of someone who is capable of fixing a scratch.

A scratch doctor, if you will.

[Translation: You are forced to quit. You will not be able to resume playing unless you can repair the scratch in the disk. You will need to seek the service of someone who is capable of fixing a scratch. A scratch doctor, if you will.]

Visit doctor.

[Translation: Visit doctor.]

[Image description: The disk disappears in a flash of green lightning and a green front door with a white doorknob takes its place.]

[You rang?]

That was a joke. Of course you didn't. I don't have a doorbell, remember?

Haa haa, hee hee, hoo hoo.]
12. Act 5 Act 2 Act 5

Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 5: Hivebent, Act 2: He is Already Here, Part 5

[o] Please come in.

[Image description: The entire website turns green. There is a banner at the top, which looks like where an ad banner would go. Instead, it shows Doc Scratch's apartment. The room with the couch and model of the fully prototyped battlefield is on the left with another sitting area to the right. There's a model of a cube battlefield and a bowl of scotty dogs sitting on the table. The main panel shows Scratch standing near his door.]

[Note: The text is still white, but because of the dark green background, it doesn't need to be highlighted to read it.]

Welcome to my apartment. I trust you'll find my voice is more palatable against this decor. I continue to be an excellent host.

I'm expecting two more guests later. First one, and then another.

Make yourself comfortable in the meantime. But don't touch the candy on the table. That is reserved for one of my guests.

[o] Let's have a look at this disc.

[Image description: He holds the disk, which still shoots out a beam of light.]

She really did a number on it, didn't she? It's virtually unplayable like this.

What a shame. There are many moments trapped on this disc which you would have no doubt found to be quite exhilarating.

[o] But yes, I can fix it.

[Image description: The banner image stays the same. In the main panel, Scratch holds disk 2 up in front of his head, then a pulse of green light moves in from the edges to engulf it and it disappears. In a second image, it shows the Homestuck disk case, now with Disk One and an empty card.]

It will take time, though. I estimate, by which I mean I am certain by way of omniscience, that when I am done we will have reached just shy of the green circle on the card above. I'm sure you have already presumed this mark represents the beginning of Act 6. The disc should be ready to run in time to witness the Critical Event, a confluence of thickly interwoven, aconcurrent circumstances which have been meticulously arranged by myself, influenced to a much lesser
extent by you, and by an even more negligible degree, our heroes. The scratch will be healed in
time to watch these heroes put into motion, yes, The Scratch itself.

If you don't mind waiting here while I complete my repairs, I will tell the rest of the story. I will
show you as well, as I recover data from the disc. But the visuals I supply will be nothing more
than abbreviated snapshots, and my telling will be abridged.

Immortality notwithstanding, I'm not going to live forever, you know.

[o] Tick.

[Image description: The banner stays the same. In the main panel, it shows a green grandfather
clock with a panel of static above the clock face and Skaia in a gem in the detail work above that.
Just below the 12, there is an 8 ball. According to the clock, it is 7:51.]

And since for once in my life, time is at a premium, let's get on with it. Where were we?

[o] Tock.

[Image description: The banner image says the same. In the main panel, Scratch stands in another
green room, equally as fancy as the rest we have seen of his apartment. The clock is just to his left,
next to a fireplace. Over the fireplace is a painting of a dragon flying over ships. Next to that, there
is a flowery love seat next to a table with a very old TV on it.]

Never mind, I figured it out instantly because of my unfathomable intellect, limitless knowledge,
and mind boggling charisma. Granted, my charisma had less to do with it than the other qualities.
But it didn't hurt, did it?

Here, I'll show you.

[o] Tick.

[Image description: The TV turns on, showing the teal and blue confrontation between Terezi and
Vriska. The coin still flips.]

The Seer of Mind had challenged the Thief of Light to a simple game of chance.

If the result was the undamaged side, the Thief would agree to stay. If not, she would "go."

[o] Tock.

[Image description: The coin flips in front of Vriska's 7 pupiled eye with the light symbol in it.]

The result of the flip was left inconclusive, at which point you decided to pay me a visit.

But the inconclusive should not be confused with the uncertain. The actual result was trivial; it was
a constant across all timelines.

[o] Both the Seer and the Thief knew this.

[Image description: The coin sits on the ground, scratch up.]

The Thief used her abilities to steal the fortune of her opponent, and forced the flip to yield what
she regarded as the most favorable outcome. The Seer anticipated this move, correctly.

This is why I don't care much for gambling. While a sucker is born with each tick of the clock, a
cheater is born with each tock betwixt.

Also, because it is boring, and I am already a very wealthy man.

[o] Tick.

[Image description: Terezi clutches her cane.]

The Seer relayed her terms through the generally understood argot of an assassin. The result "go," while at face value would suggest the Thief was allowed to leave, was actually the Seer's code word for the threat of death. This was obvious to everyone, including the Thief.

[o] Tock.

[Image description: Terezi, still clutching her cane, glares at Vriska, who turns away and waves goodbye.]

While the Thief turned to fly away, making a show of claiming her prize, the Seer would stab her in the back the moment her guard was dropped. This was her plan. Not a particularly clever tactic in its own right, but its ingenuity didn't dwell in the novelty of the ruse, nor even the neutralized probabilities in the game of chance. Psychology was in play.

[o] Tick.

[Image description: It shows the same scene, from a slightly different angle, and with Terezi and Vriska in teal and orange silhouette.]

Naturally, the Thief knew this was her intent all along. She knew the Seer would have understood the outcome to be rigged, and that she likely intended to kill her as a consequence of the fixed result. This was to be seen as an implicit dare to the Thief to allow the flip to fall fairly, something which the Seer knew the Thief's ego wouldn't allow.

And the Seer knew the Thief knew all this as well.

Just another pair of cheaters attempting to play with their cards face up. Amateurs.

[o] Tock.

[Image description: Terezi grits her teeth and unsheathes the sword cane. She's surrounded by a jagged black outline that cuts into a teal and red background.]

Each was gambling, not with any vehicle of probability, which had been eliminated from the equation, but with each other's intentions. The Thief indeed took the Seer's bait, stealing the luck needed to affect the flip in defiance of her dare. And in turning to leave, she then posed a dare of her own to the Seer, challenging her to back up the implied threat.

This was the Thief's gamble. She wagered the Seer would not be able to go through with it.

[o] It turned out,

[Image description: Terezi holds her sword, but she just watches Vriska fly away.]

She was right.

[o] So ends a tale of rivalry.
Well, almost. There's a bit more.

But in order to understand its proper conclusion, we should first catch up with another of my other proteges, from whom I'm expecting a message shortly.

The other Seer.

The other Hero of Light.

[0] Tick.

[Image description: It shows the battlefield within Skaia, but a plume of grey smoke comes out of it and mingles with the tendrils looped around the planet.]

[0] Tock.

[Image description: It zooms in. In addition to the hole John carved, there's now an even larger crater in the southwest area of the planet.]

[0] Tick.

[Image description: Chunks of land fly up around the crater.]

[0] Tock.

[Image description: It zooms in towards one of the pieces, where two figures stand. The shattered tower of a castle flies behind them. A cloud off to the side shows Vriska and Terezi just before Vriska leaves.]

[0] Round Two.

[Image description: Rose and Jack face each other and glare. Rose has her wands out and Jack holds his sword while flickering green. John's body lays on the ground behind them. It says Strife at the top of the screen.]

[0] Here we left our human Hero of Light.

[Image description: Jack slashes for Rose with his sword, but she Ogloparrises it and catches it on one of her wands. Pulsing green and blue energy comes out of the contact point. Both of their health vials appear, but neither reduces.]

She flew away to take vengeance on the Noir this side of The Scratch. That is, the one less angry and dangerous. The one not yet unmotivated by a compelling duel.

[0] Compelling, but not particularly challenging.

[Image description: They fly away, still duelling and surrounded by pink lightning. Rose's health vial is down by a quarter, but Jack's hasn't moved.]

The Seer wouldn't win this duel.

My apologies if this spoils the outcome for you. I can't speak as discreetly about such matters against this canvas.
Tick.

I warned her.

I warned my neophyte protege not to stare into that ball.

Tock.

I told her about stares.

((wide eyed sweet bro and hella jeff face))

I'll remind you that the pacing of my account will be characterized by a reduction in granularity from what you have come to expect by way of an undamaged disc. You will imagine the remainder of the duel to be sensational, and I will continue my steady distribution of facts as if they were pieces of candy, poured from a bottomless white hemisphere.

The duel ends. The Seer dies. The Slayer departs. The Heir comes back to life.

This outcome was hardly a point of suspense.

It would be disingenuous of me to present it as such, and I will not belittle your intelligence with such a tawdry narrative ploy. It would be rude, and I am too well dressed for that kind of behavior.

If there truly stood some chance of permanence to the Heir's corpsehood, I can hear you asking now...

How could this moment later come to pass?

And for that matter, what sort of story would this be, with our human Hero of Breath made to stay a cadaver? Definitely not one the alpha timeline would allow.

And what sort of spectator would you be...
If you'd forgotten the terms ruling the conditional immortality he won with his previous, similarly unceremonious impaling?

He'd done nothing to earn martyrdom,

By which we might laud his fall as heroic.

Nor had he tasted notoriety,

To secure a death one may parse just.

And while I can't give you my assurance,

I'm reasonably convinced of this much. When the Hero of Breath dies for good, it won't be as a scoundrel.

But not for lack of a devoted mentor.

If I had served as his mentor directly, rather than as his mentor's mentor's mentor, he may have stood a fair chance of perpetrating something underhanded. At the very least, his jokes might have been better.

Instead, he got her.

The other Hero of Light. Always bugging him.

Bugging and fussing and meddling.

What's her deal?

Let's find out.

I mentioned there was a bit more to her story. I believe it's time to resume it.
I trust you won't mind if I step away for a moment. I have important guests arriving very soon. If you need me, I'll be up here, making sure everything is in order, which it already is, and keeping an eye, which I don't have, on the clock, which I don't need.

[o] Tick.

[Image description: In the banner, Scratch stands near the cube battlefield model. In the main panel, Vriska flies away from the troll's meteor entirely, still trailing a blue line and sparkles.]

[o] Tock.

[Image description: In the banner, Scratch pours more Scotty Dogs into the already full bowl of Scotty Dogs. In the main panel, Vriska flies towards a pulsing, light blue orb.]

[o] Tick.

[Image description: In the banner, Scratch stands near the door. In the main panel, Vriska looks towards a small frog platform that has the top half of their exit door floating away from it.]

[o] Tock.

[Image description: In the banner, Spades Slick enters Scratch's apartment. In the main panel, Vriska begins to glow blue as she approaches Jack on the platform.]

[o] Bonk.

[Image description: In the banner, Scratch sits on the floor as Slick repeatedly bonks him with the cane. In the main panel, Vriska points at Jack, who just stares at her.]

[o] Tick.

[Image description: In the banner, Scratch bends the cane. In the main panel, Jack looks away from Vriska, towards the trail she left behind her.]

[o] Tock.

[Image description: In the banner, Slick takes back his now knotted cane. In the panel, Vriska watches indignantly as Jack flies off, following her trail back towards the meteor.]

[o] Tick.

[Image description: In the banner, Scratch and Slick stand near the cube battlefield model. In the panel, Vriska shakes her fist at Jack as he vanishes in a green flash.]

[o] Tock.

[Image description: In the banner, Scratch's typewriter has a Rose alert over it and Slick stands near the bowl of Scotty Dogs. Scratch stands behind him. In the panel, Vriska glares towards where Jack disappeared.]

[o] Tick.

[Image description: In the banner, Slick shoves scotty dogs into his pocket. In the panel, Vriska looks down sadly, just like Terezi did after she left.]

[o] Tock.
Apologies for my preoccupation. I have managed to pacify the rowdier of my two other guests with sugary little black dogs, so that I may continue my narration. But only briefly. In a moment, I will go stand over by my typewriter and teach my neophyte protege the consequences for taking advice from strange men over the internet, while I continue to attend to my second guest, who is you from an earlier point in the story.

Remember?

We met here in my apartment a little while ago. At that moment, I was busy hosting you from the future, who is you right now, but I did not mention this at the time. I would have introduced your past self to your future self and vice versa, but it is a well known fact that past and future selves tend not to get along. A good host would never tolerate the potential for discord among guests, and as hosts go, I am simply the best there is.

Please don't be alarmed. Past you was just leaving.

Where was I?

Of course.

The two Heroes of Light had challenged the same Jack Noir, the one straddling The Scratch and about twenty hours of his own time, to a circumstantially simultaneous pair of duels. Circumstantial simultaneity is a concept more complex than its temporal analogue, and is valuable for examining the properties of paradox space. It is the agent responsible for the major cosmic event which pre-extinction Alternians came to refer to as The Great Undoing. The same concept rules the innumerable lesser events by which this critical moment shall be catalyzed, including the break, my employer's arrival, the detonation of a very powerful bomb, and my own death. It is an abstraction weaving together the fortunes of otherwise perfectly disparate chronologies, such as those bound to a pair of distinct sessions. It's not fully comprehensible to a mortal mind, and the length I will go to explain it to you will not extend beyond this sentence.

But the story will.

The Slayer was, for the moment, unmotivated by the Thief's motion for a compelling duel. This side of The Scratch, he opted for a more ruthless and calculating policy of extermination. On his arrival, not about to repeat the mistakes leading to his banishment, he quickly obliterated all twelve planets, followed by Prospit and Derse, to weed out those who might outsmart him in the same manner.
With as little fanfare, he seized the opportunity to follow the Thief's trail quickly before it dissipated, and destroyed their hideout in the veil.

[o] And now knowing her position,

[Image description: In the banner, Scratch still stands at the typewriter, but Slick is gone. In the panel, Vriska looks over her shoulder, where Jack appears in a flash. The sword in his chest is covered with teal and bright red blood.]

He would soon return for the duel she wanted.

[o] But not without a pair of trophies.

[Image description: In the banner, Slick comes on near the bowl of scotty dogs, which is now upside down. He has a yellow oil can in his hands and twists off the lid. In the panel, Terezi and Karkat lay on the ground in mingling pools of bright red and teal blood. Jack looks down at them.]

[o] Tick.

[Image description: In the banner, Slick begins to pour oil on the floor. In the panel, Vriska snarls at Jack and hunches over, ready to attack.]

[o] Tock.

[Image description: In the banner, Scratch sits in the chair with his gun hanging from the back. He has the bloodstained tilde ath manual in his lap. On the side of the room, Slick pours oil over everything. In the main panel, it shows a closer image of Scratch holding the manual. His legs don't even reach the floor. A second image shows it open. The honk honk code is still here, but there are four pictures on top of it. From left to right, top to bottom, they are Vriska looking towards the green explosion, Jack appearing behind Vriska, Terezi and Karkat on the ground, and Vriska ready to attack.]

Again, sorry for the interruption. My conversation with the girl ran a bit long, slightly exceeding the one second I scheduled for it.

This is where events begin to outpace my awareness. The deeper into this dark pocket we explore, the more I will be forced to speculate. I rarely have cause to rely on probability, but luckily for you, my guesses are better than anybody's.

[o] Tick.

[Image description: In the banner, Scratch has the now open book on his lap and Slick pours more oil over the room. The panel shows another page with five photos. One showing Terezi's glasses laying in a pool of teal and red blood covers part of the other four, which are the bloodsplattered poster from Karkat's room in Aradiabot's memory, the crowd of trolls and Jade standing in the bloodsplattered room, all of them looking at the tilde ath manual, and a photo of the honk honk code. Scratch reaches for the picture of the glasses. In a second image, he pulls the picture off of the page.]

I have always believed that a good storyteller should keep a comprehensive record of past events on hand. A scrapbook of personal significance, for instance, from which he may piece together current moments from past ones of a similar, if not identical nature. It's more efficient.

[o] Tock.
It's also logical, since there is essentially nothing new in paradox space. Everything that can happen is either a visual or substantive reproduction of something which has already transpired on a timeline, offshoot or otherwise.

And if I'm going to speculate on this duel, I might as well make use of earlier clippings.

For the Slayer, this was round one against the Hero of Light.

All I really need to do is flip it turn-ways, like so, and we have...

And just as probably, due to her impressive hoard of stolen fortune, she would have a 100% chance of rolling the most favorable result.

Ordinarily, this result would be almost impossibly improbable. The odds of the roll would be 1 in 16,777,216, to be specific.

And to be less specific, 1 in...

[o] (sweet bro and hella jeff face, or 8 to the power of y)
and begin to glow and shake. She rolled all 8s. There is a small black smudge in the bottom right corner.

Where \( y = 8 \).

[Hee hee.]

[Note: Hee hee is written in green and enclosed in brackets.]

[o] Tick.

[Image description: In the banner, scratch has left the burning room, In the panel, Vriska glows blue and white and everything shakes. A text box at the top of the screen has alternian text in it. It translates to Ancestral Awakening. In a second image, Scratch reaches for a fire alarm in a part of the room that's not on fire.]

[o] Tock.

[Image description: In the banner, a black hand reaches on screen and grabs for some more scotty dogs. In the main panel, Vriska's outfit has changed and she's drawn as a flashing blue silhouette against bright, quickly flashing stars. In a second image, Scratch reaches towards the fire alarm again.]

[o] Tick.

[Image description: In the banner, Matchsticks, the member of The Felt with the 11 hat, comes on with the fire extinguisher. In the panel, Vriska grins smugly. She's wearing her Mindfang outfit and clutching a blue sword with a hook like one of her horns. Behind her, there is a pink ocean with pink sailing ships.]

[o] Tock.

[Image description: In the banner, Matchsticks sprays the fire extinguisher. In the panel, Jack and Vriska cross swords. Health vials appear above both of them, but neither is missing any. Alternian text at the bottom says Auto-Parry.]

[o] In round two, the Slayer would be not merely compelled,

[Image description: Matchsticks continues spraying the fire extinguisher at the fire. In the background, Clover, the number 4 Felt member, flails. In the panel, Vriska forces Jack back towards the edge of the platform. Her health vial is still full, but his has lost some. Blue and red clouds pulse behind them.]

But challenged, if my guess is right.

Challenged by one claiming godhood before reaping the prodigious spoils from striking down a formidable endgame foe. One with the guile of a cheater, the luck of a Clover, the hubris of her mentor, and the drive known only to the pathologically competitive.

[Note: Clover is written in bright green.]

I believe he'd be challenged, yes...

[o] Tick.

[Image description: In the banner, Matchsticks continues spraying. Slick comes back on and glares
at the little bits of remaining fire. In the main panel, Jack and Vriska stand on top of the broken exit door. Something glows between them. Jack's health vial is missing about a third and Vriska's is at half.]

But not outmatched.

As one who shares the Slayer's source of power, my projection must give him the unambiguous advantage. But even so...

[o] While I continue to not be a gambling man,

[Image description: In the banner, Matchstick puts out another patch of fire. Slick carries the bent cane, which is red hot from the fire. In the main image, Jack and Vriska fly just outside of Skaia, but Vriska is flying backwards, on the defensive. Jack has a green sun around him and Vriska glows blue. His health vial is back up to almost full, but Vriska's is still at half.]

(That didn't stop being a thing that was true or anything.)

[o] Tock.

[Image description: In the banner, Matchsticks puts out the last of the fire and Slick holds the bent cane over his head. In the main panel, Vriska jumps up and holds her sword over her head, ready to strike down at Jack. Jack's health bar is back to half.]

I'm reasonably sure that if I was,

[o] I wouldn't bet against her.

[Image description: In the banner, Slick throws the cane at Matchsticks and it bonks him in the head. In the panel, Vriska snarls and swings down. Jack brings his sword up to block her strike.]

[o] Moving on.

[Image description: In the banner, Matchsticks lays on the ground with blood pouring from his head as Slick beats him with a crowbar. Clover stands by the cube battlefield model and has a red exclamation mark flashing over his head. In the main panel, Vriska still lunges towards Jack, but now she's surrounded by a pulsing mind symbol. In a second image, Clover holds a small grey coin with a number 14 billiard ball on it.]

Let's pull back from this ever narrowing dark pocket. All this uncertainty is wearing thinner than the only pair of pants in an immortal's wardrobe.

I've never much enjoyed navigating the vortices of alternative possibility. The path which alone has my absolute mastery is the alpha timeline, a continuum I define as that which boasts exclusive rights both to my birth and to my death, two circumstantially simultaneous events. Any divergence from this path to my knowing will taper into blackness like rotting roots. But if I was a Seer, such offshoots would be fully within my domain. And if I was a Seer of Mind in particular, synaptic causality would be my specialty.

A Seer of Mind would have given you a more reliable account, perhaps. But then, she would do many things I wouldn't.

[o] Tick.

[Image description: In the banner, Clover holds the coin and dances on top of the cube battlefield.]
Slick stands on top of Matchsticks, who has gone still. In the main panel, a series of mind symbols connect like synapses. Three of them show images. The back one shows Vriska swinging down at Jack. The left one in the front shows the white king's scepter from the troll's session shattering, and the right one shows the troll's black king surrounded by floating lily pads. In a second image, Clover flips the coin.

A Seer would support her allies in battle not with her weapons, but her vision. She would sift through dross of her comrades' poor tactical inclinations and examine the grim consequences. A Seer would not charge into the fray headlong but direct it as a conductor with a baton. She would have the sight to eschew the obvious gambits, and find the path to victory disguised cleverly as setback, or even imminent defeat. She would behold the fortunes of friends and foes in totality, and appraise the contrivance of luck itself. She would know its mines were not to be plundered, but simply explored and charted carefully.

[o] Tock.

[Image description: In the banner, Clover flips the coin and Slick steps down off of Matchsticks. In the panel, mind symbol synapses flash past. Some contain pictures, but they flash by too quickly to see. In a second image, the 14 coin flips. One side shows 4, one shows 14.]

A true Seer would know where luck is a given, where it is absent, and most importantly, where it doesn't matter at all.

[o] Tick.

[Image description: In the banner, the coin lands, 14 side up. In the panel, a mind symbol synapse shows Karkat's and Terezi's bodies. It gets smaller and flashes, then appears on Terezi's forehead. She's alive and holding her cane sword out. In a second image, the coin sits 14 side up and glows green.]

And she would know victory doesn't matter in a reality where all else is doomed to fail.

[o] Tock.

[Image description: In the banner, Quarters, the number 14 Felt member, pops out of the coin and lands on the other side of the room. He's holding a machine gun. In the main panel, it shows Terezi's coin sitting scratch side up. A second image shows her and Vriska in silhouette again, but now Terezi has a mind symbol with a libra symbol in it on her forehead. Watermarked on the background is her and Karkat's dead bodies. In a third image, she clutches her cane.]

What sort of story would this be, with our Knight and Seer made to stay cadavers? Certainly not one the alpha timeline would allow.

[Note: There's a link to another password page on this one.]

[o] Tick.

[Image description: In the banner, Quarters shoots his gun through the fully prototyped battlefield model and into Slick. Vriska turns to leave, but a sword thrusts through her chest in an exact parallel to Jack stabbing John. The background goes red, then black. A spray of cerulean blood crosses the blackness.]

And not one she'd allow either.

[o] Tock.
[Image description: In the banner, Slick tries to move away from the bullets, but Quarters turns to follow him. In the main panel, a blue line of blood appears in the light symbol on Vriska's chest in another parallel to John.]

[o] Tick.

[Image description: In the banner, Slick's body lays on the table that once held the scotty dogs. Matchsticks puts his gun away. In the panel, blood spreads out from Vriska's wound, turning the orange fabric blue.]

[o] Tock.

[Image description: The banner shows Slick's body in a mind symbol synapse, amid a sea of other synapses that don't have scenes. In the main image, the background shows Vriska's wound. Terezi just watches as Vriska falls forward.]

[o] Tick.

[Image description: In the banner, it zooms out. In the main image, Terezi stands over Vriska's body. Her laptop sits off to the side with a Rose alert over it. In the distance, Karkat climbs over the edge of the platform.]

[o] Tock.

[Image description: In the banner, mind synapses flash by. In the panel, Karkat stares at Terezi in blank shock.]

[o] Tick.

[Image description: The banner shows a pulsing starscape with teal mind symbols flashing behind them. In the main panel, Terezi turns to look at Karkat, who's holding a piece of paper. A second image shows the paper. It shows a child in very 80's clothes with nubby horns and a cancer symbol drawn in red on it, but slightly off center and skewed. The original caption on the page says You think you're soooooo cool…, but a new message has been written in indigo. It mixes Gamzee's sober quirk with Terezi's. It says (low) bro.
(caps) sloppy makeouts. Now.
(low) On the roof.
(caps) He he he (smiley face with a round nose and furrowed brows)]

[o] Tock.

[Image description: In the banner, is shows a pair of white eyes staring out from the starscape. In the panel, Terezi and Karkat hug. In the distance, Kanaya leads Sollux towards them.]

[o] Tick.

[Image description: The banner zooms out. The eyes are in a carapacian's face and that carapacian is wearing a wide brimmed hat. In the main panel, it zooms in on Kanaya and Sollux. Kanaya is wearing a long red dress and red gloves. There's no blood on her anymore. Sollux is still wearing his bloody shirt, but now he has Feferi's goggles on and has a bandage over a bite mark on his neck.]

[o] Tock.
[Image description: The banner zooms out more. It's snowman. In the main panel, Gamzee holds the warhammer of Zillyhoo and watches from a distance.]

[o] Honk.

[Image description: In the banner, it zooms out more and snowman disappears, leaving just a bright green background. The main panel shows Gamzee, still drawn in dark grey and black, holding the warhammer of Zillyhoo. He still has the three scratches on his face and his eyes are now bright red.]

[o] Honk.

[Image description: In the banner, Snowman stands in Scratch's apartment, where Slick is still alive, but Quarters is getting ready to shoot him. In the main panel, Gamzee stands there, staring at everyone. In order of closest to nearest, it's Sollux and Kanaya, then Terezi and Karkat, then Vriska's body and her laptop, which still has a Rose alert.]

[o] Tick.

[Image description: In the banner, Snowman stab Quarters in the chest with her lance. In the panel, it shows Vriska's hand, head, and wing in a pool of blue blood. Her laptop still sits on the book and has an alert over it, but the alert goes off screen.]

pesterlog
arachnidsGrip [A.G.] began trolling tentacleTherapist [T.T.]

A.G.: John!!!!!!!!
You're heading into the blackout, so I won't be able to see you until you leave.
but don't worry, I can still sense you are there. because of awesome powers, remember?
Smooth move, ditching your computer like that, by the way. That was some incredible leadership you showed!
Now I have to contact you through Rose, thus exposing me to the risk of actually having to taaaaaaaaalk to her.......
Your carelessness has put the Heroes of Light in a very awkward position, John. I hope you're satisfied.
Hahahaha, just kidding. She's obviously a little too "preoccupied" at the moment to be sassing me.
Just borrow her computer and talk to me when you get the chance, ok?
I will be waiting. (smiley face with eight eyes)

[o] Tock.

[Image description: In the banner, Quarters falls over and Snowman reaches for the lance. In the main panel, Rose's body lays in a pool of blood with a light alert over her head. John's body lays nearby, partially on screen, but he begins to glow rainbow. A second image shows Scratch standing near the clock in his TV room. The clock face is gone. Instead, it's split vertically and has a breath symbol on it. The left half is purple and the right half is yellow. His head shows Rose's body.]

pesterlog
A.G.: .......
........x8
........x8 x8 x8 x8 x8 x8 x8 x8!!!!!!!!
All of the dots, John. All 16.777216 million of them.
Still dead, huh?
Or are you too busy weeping over her corpse to pick up that headset and answer me?????????
You can't fool me, John. I know you are not staying dead for long. And it is not just because I can clearly see you're alive in the future! (tongue sticking out face with eight eyes)

You see, we are both the best there is, and therefore we have special privileges when it comes to mortality. It's hard to keep a god dead for good. We can only die under very specific circumstances. Didn't I mention?


[Image description: The sound of a ticking clock plays. In the banner, Snowman smokes on her bloody cigarette holder, which she just returned from its lance form. Blood is smeared on her lips and her neck shows a starscape. In the panel, the green clock stands alone. The pendulum swings back and forth slowly, moving a hand along with it. It shifts back and forth between the sections and as it does, the clock flashes that color. A panel above the face, where there was once static, switches between two words. Purple is Just. Yellow is Heroic.]

pesterlog
A.G.: Nothing too glorious about the way you just died, I bet. Let me guess, even after all my lessons, you allowed yourself to get sucker stabbed, right? Pretty lame!
I mean, lucky for you it was lame. I guess being lame pays off when dying a hero's what gets you killed.
If our Hero of breath reached god tier, he would have been completely indestructible! Lol.
Damn, I forgot, I was going to stop ripping on that guy, since he got stabbed through the chest and died. Haha, whoops.
Anyway, I figure you're probably safe from a just death too, since I'm pretty sure you haven't done anything all that despicable.
Yet. (smiley face with eight eyes)

[o] Stop.

[Image description: In the banner, Slick approaches Snowman and holds up his crowbar. In the main panel, the clock stops with its hand vertically, landing on neither just nor heroic. The clock face flashes with brightly colored nebula and the clock begins to send out tendrils of rainbow.]

pesterlog
A.G.: I don't know for sure, but I'm betting that if I go to fight Jack, it will wipe out all the bad things I've done.
I think if I die it'll be a hero's death, so it ought to stick.
Pretty good motivation to win the fight though, don't you think?
One way or another, I think this will be my last big challenge as a gamer.
As such, I would like to pass my dice on to you.
It is very important to me that they stay in good hands, John. That you continue their legacy, and that of my ancestor.
8 2 the eighth.
Use the code! I'm sure I can count on you to make something awesome with it.

[o] Slick... I am serious. Please stop.

[Image description: In the banner, Slick steps even closer. In the main panel, John lifts up off the ground. His blood and the area around him glows with bright rainbow colors.]

pesterlog
You better hurry up! She probably doesn't have much time left.
Trust me, what she's going through on Derse right now isn't much fun.
Ok, I guess I should mention why I'm trying to contact you now of all times, rather than just skipping ahead.
Remember how we talked about your backup plan? The one you have devised to defeat Jack, in the off chance I fail?
Well, it's not going to work if Rose is dead, is it?
You have to wake her up! breathe some life into her. Do the windy thing, with your lips!!!!!!!
You know what that means........

[Image description: In the banner, it shows Slick and Snowman's feet. They're standing incredibly close to each other. Both the crowbar and cigarette holder sit on the ground. In the main panel, John kneels next to Rose and holds her hubtopband. He looks confused and upset.]

pesterlog
A.G.: Gotta kiss her.
Don't worry, I still can't see you, so there is no reason to be bashful or anything.
And since we are a couple of professionals here who are focused on winning, we both know it doesn't have any meaning.
It's not like I would be jealous even if I could see.
Why would I be?
Or maybe that didn't even cross your mind........ haha.
Man, why am I even talking about this.

[Image description: In the banner, it shows Slick and Snowman are holding each other and kissing. There's a blood splattered Spade alert next to them. In the background, Scratch holds his head and has a large exclamation mark over him. In the main panel, John wears the hubtopband. The eye piece shows Rose's body.]

pesterlog
A.G.: Let's just forget I said that. This isn't really how I wanted this conversation to go!
I guess I was assuming you'd be talking back by now. So now I'm just talking and talking and spinning my wheel device like an idiot.
Maybe I don't actually know how I wanted it to go.
I guess I could just shut up and skip ahead on your timeline a little, talk to you when you're alive.
That would make sense.
So
I guess
I will do that.
but then........
Maybe if I did, I wouldn't actually say what I wanted to say.
So
I will just say it.

[Image description: The banner is now surrounded by a grey, metallic border and shows a static-y image of Snowman and Slick hate-kissing each other. In the main panel, John looks down at Rose's
body. In a second image, Scratch bangs on a narrow window, which looks like a shorter version of
the 4th wall Jade had.]

pesterlog
A.G.: To be honest, I am nervous about this fight.
but I'm still going through with it, for a lot of reasons.
To save my friends, or at least the ones who are still alive. Oh, and I guess to save reality itself
from being totally fucked up. There's that too.
but I think what's motivating me to win this fight the most is........
The possibility of getting to meet you when it's all over!
Maybe I can finally put all this terrible stuff behind me.
And I won't have to worry about being the best anymore, or proving what a ruthless killer I can be.
Maybe I can try out whatever is supposed to be normal for a human. Who knows, it might not be as
boring as it sounds!
Maybe
If you're not too freaked out by all the bad things I've done........
Or the fact that I am an alien
We could go on a date? (gasping face with furrowed brows)

[o] To redirect the view from this impropriety. Oh goodness.

[Image description: In the banner, which is still surrounded by metal, it shows a close up of
Snowman and Slick's lips as they hate snog. In the main panel, John holds the back of Rose's neck
and lifts her off the ground a bit.]

pesterlog
A.G.: Don't worry, it could be a human date, whatever that entails.
No weird alien stuff, I promise! And no killing or murders, or even talking about killing or murders
and such. Just whatever you like to talk about and think is cool.
I could even be persuaded to watch more of your absurd human films.
Do you like any others which feature that rugged human with the long hair and wounded arm?
You know the one. The sweaty guy with the mutilated animal and the speech impediment.
Those would be tolerable to watch, I bet.

[o] There.

[Image description: The banner shows the same kissing for a moment, then flickers to static. When
the image comes back, it's Jade in her 3 in the morning dress standing on LoFaF, which is
beginning to thaw. Behind her, it shows her volcano erupting. In the main panel, John leans in
close to Rose. There's blood on her lips. A second image shows Scratch shoving himself between
Snowman and Slick. There's a faint grey club symbol in his head.]

pesterlog
A.G.: Well, think it over.
before I go, I'll get in touch one more time later on, when you're alive and maybe have something
to say about it.
Oh yeah........
Sorry about your adult male guardian. I wasn't trying to be deceptive by not telling you.
I decided not to, because I didn't want to be the one to make you sad about it.
Was that selfish of me? I dunno.
You would have found out regardless. Like we all did. There are things we care about that we just
have to leave behind.
It just sucks for those who aren't in as much a hurry to leave it all behind as me!
[o] I am a wonderful chaperone as well as an excellent host.

[p] Someone's coming, hang on.

pesterlog
A.G.: Oh god. She's wearing her R.P. outfit! What the hell is she up to? Man, she's got her dumb dragon doll and everything. Guess she means business this time. Dammit, I've got to go deal with this now. Anyway, if you actually get around to reading any of this, thanks for listening, John. If my outrageously great luck has any say in the matter, we will be meeting up in no time! Just please consider what I said. Ok....... Later! (heart)

[S][o] Tick. Tock. Tick...

[p] Oh, for crying out loud.

[o] Slick, I can tolerate many things from a guest.


[o] Even atrocious candy bowl etiquette.

[p] But it is the desecration of a priceless timepiece where I must draw the line. I'm afraid I must now insist that you take your beating quite personally.

[o] BREAK.

Dave jumps up and stabs at him from behind. Two more Daves stand just behind him, ready to attack. Jade shoots at Jack, but the bullets don't hit. In the panel, Scratch is surrounded by a grey aura and smacks Slick with the book hard enough to knock Slick's teeth out. Photos fly from the book, all of recent panels, and scotty dogs fly out from under Slick's hat. A second image shows some of the photos falling. The largest one is of John looking at Rose while wearing her hubtopband.

pesterlog
T.T.: vriska, wait!
oops, hold on.
tentacleTherapist [T.T.] ceased pestering arachnidsGrip [A.G.]
ectoBiologist [E.B.] began pestering arachnidsGrip [A.G.]
E.B.: hey, are you there?
i did what you said...
but i can't tell if it worked.
hello?
you didn't fly off to fight jack yet, did you?
i hope not.
anyway, all that stuff you said sounds fun to me, i have hells of the cage flicks in my library.
i do not even care that you're an alien! you see, cage is the universal constant which unites us all.
well...
if you haven't flown away...
i will look forward to your message in the future.
it would be nice to talk, about...
all this stuff that happened.
anyway, bye.
A.G.: Oh god.

[Note: A.G. is typing in all caps.]

E.B.: hey!
A.G.: Oh my fucking hell, this is so insanely awkward and sad.
E.B.: what is???
A.G.: Hang on
arachnidsGrip [A.G.] ceased trolling ectoBiologist [E.B.]

[o] HEADS.

[Image description: In the banner, the four Daves all attack Jack. Jade now stands behind him and blasts him with energy from a green gun, but it still doesn't hit him. In the main panel, Scratch slams the book down on the back of Slick's head hard enough to break it in half. More pictures fly out and Slick spits blood and teeth onto the floor. A second image shows more of the recent scenes; Karkat staring at Terezi. Vriska's laptop. John lifting Rose.]

pesterlog
carcinoGeneticist [C.G.] began trolling ectoBiologist [E.B.]
C.G.: hey.
E.B.: karkat!
that was you?
where is vriska?
C.G.: she
E.B.: she what?
C.G.: shit
I feel like an asshole for reading this whole thing.
E.B.: what whole thing?
you mean, what she wrote?
C.G.: yeah
E.B.: why are you snooping around her computer!
C.G.: because
wow ok
so let me ask.
did you both actually like each other.
E.B.: um...
C.G.: like I mean something vaguely resembling actual genuine mutual sentiment or whatever, not
some lopsided pining bullshit.
E.B.: what are you talking about?
C.G.: did you like her, you windsock headed shitmouth.
is what I'm asking
E.B.: well...
yeah. Why?
C.G.: ok
that's fine
then
we'll talk about it later.
E.B.: talk about what?
C.G.: I need you to be able to think straight.
we have important shit to go over, and I don't have much time.

[p]

[Image description: In the banner, Jack lunges for Dave, but pulls back as Jade throws herself between them, her arm raised to stop the blade. In the main panel, Scratch gives Slick an uppercut to the chin and sends him flying backwards, trailing blood from his mouth. Pictures rain down behind him. In a second image, it shows the pictures. They're of the tumor, the battlefield, the beat mesa, John, a dersite ship, and the quest beds carved into the side of the cavern the tumor was in.]

pesterlog
E.B.: alright.
like what?
C.G.: plans.
E.B.: what plans?
C.G.: never mind that. First, get out of the fucking blackout to a place where I can see you.
leave now, I'll contact you in a while, once you've landed.
E.B.: landed where?
E.B.: oh, obviously.
C.G.: well how else do you think you're going to cause the scratch, idiot.
do you even have any clue what's going on?
wait, of course you don't, you are wearing pajamas and giggling at clouds like each one was shaped
like the rudest bit of naked anatomy a human can recognize.
E.B.: no I'm not!
I mean, yes, I am wearing some pretty nice pajamas.
but I know lots of things, like about the tumor, which I have already recovered...
wait, I mean the tumor
wait, fuck.
I mean...
oh screw it, you know, the big bomb, and some other stuff like that, I am totally in the loop.
C.G.: great, awesome, now get going.
E.B.: so I have to cause the scratch, huh?
C.G.: ok, I'm done here. Talk to you in one second for me, one long windy fucking journey for you.

Carcinogeneticist [C.G.] ceased trolling ectobiologist [E.B.]
Carcinogeneticist [C.G.] began trolling ectobiologist [E.B.]
C.G.: ok
E.B.: hi!

[o] You let me down, Slick.

[Image description: In the banner, everything begins flashing red and a red sphere appears around Jack. Jade and Dave stand on either side of him, each with their aspect symbol spinning behind them. At the top of the screen, a blue text box has a space symbol, a time symbol, and the words Adagio Redshift. In the panel, Slick bursts through the wall at the top of a tall, green apartment building in a sea of similar apartment buildings. The one he flew out of has a large white orb on the roof. In the sky, there are countless stars behind Alternia and its pink moon.]

pesterlog
C.G.: let's get down to business.
E.B.: aren't you going to ask me how my journey was?
C.G.: no.
E.B.: it was long! And windy. But a lot of fun.
I really like flying, it's so much fun.
C.G.: oh, I bet it is just the biggest fucking blast a guy can have without a pair of shame globes secured in his two trembling fists.
E.B.: you... Haven't tried it?
C.G.: every douche got to fly but me, even the cripple.
may he rest in peace, I fucking guess.
E.B.: (uncertain face)
wait, is that the guy who vriska killed?
C.G.: oh god, you actually know about that?
you know what, I give the fuck up trying to understand you and her.
E.B.: haha, why?
C.G.: egbert, god damnit. Will you shut your mouth and listen?
E.B.: ok.
but...
is something wrong?
C.G.: what
E.B.: a while ago you talked to me and it sounded like you were in danger, and it sounds like some people died, but you never told me what happened!
then I got distracted by a lot of crazy stuff.
C.G.: yeah, something is wrong
or, was.
a bunch of us died, the end.
I don't really want to talk about it.
E.B.: oh.
are you sure?
C.G.: yes, and not just because, oh, the clock is rapidly ticking down to something we're calling the critical moment, and no, I don't know what that is, so close your reeking question geyser before it
asks.
E.B.: but, I'm your friend. Aren't i?
C.G.: oh god.
E.B.: well?
C.G.: john, I can't handle talking about it, ok.
I just got done
uh
dealing with gamzee
and I'm feeling pretty emotional about it. So please, no.
E.B.: who is gamzee?
C.G.: he was my best friend.
E.B.: really? I thought terezi was your best friend.
or wait, maybe she was your girlfriend, I forget...
C.G.: my think pan, it hurts
it is presently threatening to make me its bitch, john. Is that what you want?
do you want your cool alien pal to become the bitch of a raw, throbbing think pan?????
such is the scenario before us.
E.B.: sorry, I don't mean to be nosy. I just want to know some things about your situation!
I am concerned.
C.G.: gamzee was my very good friend, who was this goofy loveable bullshit clown until he went
psycho and killed some people. I liked him a lot.
I don't know, I guess my best friend is really just the guy who I happen to be feeling most
sentimental to at the moment, is that a fucking crime.
E.B.: heh, no.
I think I know how you feel.
so he killed some people... And then what?
C.G.: so then i
E.B.: it's ok, you can tell me.
C.G.: john, trust me. You wouldn't understand.
it's just a troll thing, humans wouldn't get it.
you might think I was a shit head, and I can't deal with that now on top of everything, so let's drop
it.
E.B.: hmm.
ok, if you say so.
oh!!!
I can't believe I almost forgot, I've been dying to know since I left the battlefield...
do you know if rose is ok?
did it work???

[o] I thought I could rely on you of all people.

[Image description: In the banner, Jade stands between Jack and Dave and shoots at Jack with a
machine gun. Jack flickers faintly. In the panel, Slick continues to fly through the air, now heading
towards the roof of a very fancy, green building. In a second image, he lands on his face and skids.
Scratch, who is flickering green and white and surrounded by green flames, floats after him. In a
third image, Scratch stands over Slick with a white pistol in his hand. A fourth image shows more
photographs. Mom and Dad hold hands over the table. Karkat stands next to his recently slain
lusus. John floats over the beat mesa. Vriska lands on her face after being punched by Kanaya.
Mom's arm lays in a pool of blood and blackness. Dream Rose, surrounded by shadows, sleeps on
Derse with a bleeding hole in her stomach. Dream Rose sits up, no longer bleeding, but still
shadowy. A black smudge crosses some of the pictures.]
pesterlog
C.G.: she's fine.
she woke up alive on derse.
E.B.: really??
C.G.: that's the rule, john. You kiss a dead player in time, and their dream self takes over, assuming
they still have one.
E.B.: oh, wow.
C.G.: it's incredible you reached god tier status without even understanding the more mundane
means of resurrection available.
wait, your unfailing cluelessness makes it the opposite of incredible, my mistake.
E.B.: so, I guess...
it would not have worked on my dad then?
or rose's mom... (sad face)
C.G.: no, but that is exactly what I wanted to picture happening behind the black curtain, john.
you snogging up your dead hatted man lusus. Thank you for that mental image.
or rose's adult woman lusus. Maybe a dead woman sweeps your senior is more your cup of sauce,
since apparently you are "not a homosexual", whatever that even means, not even to speak of your
race's absurd qualms with the notion of incest, which again, still sort of wondering how that can
even be a thing.
E.B.: er...
C.G.: is that your game, egbert. Have you had your eye on madame lalonde, and you've been
waiting for a convenient resurrection opportunity to bust out your most passionate smoochmotifs
kept in reserve? And in front of her dead female "offspring" no less! Just shameful.
E.B.: well...
she is a very pretty lady, but that seems like a really inappropriate thing to think about, karkat.
C.G.: you don't say!
what are we even talking about anymore
E.B.: I don't know!
I am frankly pretty upset about finding them dead in the magic castle, and I guess I was wondering
aloud if something could have been done.
E.B.: or at least maybe to talk about it, without angry tirades being involved.
C.G.: exactly, you were embarking down tragedy lane, and we've got to stamp that garbage out.
we can't have you getting all morose while we've got so many irons in the fire.
fuck, loaded phrase, forget I said that.
just clam your shit up and forget your stupid guardian, like I did with my dear crab monster
custodian, who I adored in no way whatsoever.
E.B.: you are being a douche!!!
wait, what am I saying, you are always a douche, hehe.
C.G.: yes, thank you.
E.B.: heheheheh, your dad was a crab monster?
C.G.: shut the fuck up.
we were talking about something important.
rose, remember.
E.B.: yes.
C.G.: she is waiting on derse for your bomb to be delivered.
it will arrive safely, a little later.
E.B.: oh, great!
how do you know it gets there?
C.G.: jade told me.

[o] To do what it is you do best.
In the banner, Jade keeps shooting Jack, but he flickers and is in two places at once, redirecting the bullets into Dave. In the panel, it shows a white, pixellated gun like the one from a recent SBAHJ comic. It's labeled deadly firearms. In a second image, Scratch points the gun at Slick's head. A third image shows more of the photos. Karkat banishes the thought of Jade and Jadesprite kissing. Jade puts a tadpole into the 8 ball. Kanaya sits in a pile of pillows on the rim of a volcano. Crosshairs sit over a frozen frog. Karkat looks at his computer. Jade looks concerned. Aradia watches Green Suit Dave realize that he's dead. Dream Rose looks towards Dream Dave as bullet holes appear in his chest.

pesterlog
C.G.: jade from further ahead on your timeline.
before my piece of shit clown-bro made everything terrible here, she and I were hammering out these plans.
I talked to her across pretty much the full spread of her timeline, until the scratch starts and the feed cuts out.
so I have a sense of the whole picture here, and it's my job now to put some things into motion.
E.B.: that's cool!
it's nice to hear you are working together. I should pester jade and see what she's up too...
C.G.: you should sit your ass tight and do the fuck what I tell you the fuck to fucking do.
E.B.: oh...
C.G.: anyway, she and dave do a lot of frog breeding, accelerating the process significantly by exploiting time travel, with help from me and kanaya, since we were in charge of frog duties in our session.
E.B.: frog duties???
wait, which one is kanaya again?
C.G.: don't interrupt, I am following a train of thought.
ok, kanaya is my other best friend, and she was the hero of space like jade which means she's the stoker of the forge and is basically in charge of frogs, which sounds retarded, I know. You breed the right frog to make the universe you want to make, which is a long arduous process and I kind of fucked it up in my game, but that's a whole other story which I'll get to later, ok?
C.G.: she and dave ran into jack, which I'm sure he must have saw coming because I've never seen anyone exploit time travel so shamelessly as him, not even aradia.
E.B.: aradia?
C.G.: just another dead troll, who cares.
E.B.: (sad face)
C.G.: stop frowning, she was already dead before she died.
E.B.: ...
(sad face)
C.G.: so she and dave fought with him a while, and long story short, he died.
E.B.: what!!!
C.G.: but it's fine, I guess that was his plan, like some bizarre useless last stand, even if he didn't tell jade who was pretty freaked out until I talked her through it.
E.B.: did she kiss him too? (gasping face)

[o] You are not supposed to kiss her, Mr. Noir.

[Image description: In the banner, Jade holds Dave's body just as John did for Rose. Behind them, Jack looks sad, like a dog that's being scolded. In the panel, flickering green and white text says You're supposed to kill her. A second image shows Scratch offering slick the pistol against a background of green static. Scratch’s head shows an 8 ball. A third image shows more pictures. John kisses Rose's corpse. Terezi kisses Tavros's. Karkat kisses Kanaya's. Jade looks over her
shoulder at a sad looking Jack just before she kisses Dave's body. In two places, the pictures are labeled 2 times corpsesmooch combo!!! One in red and purple, one in green and brown.

pesterlog
C.G.: yeah.
right there, while jack watched like a fucking creep.
but it worked.
E.B.: omg, karkat. It is like your shitty shipping grid is coming true before our very eyes.
haha, remember when you made that ugly thing?
C.G.: who gives a fuck about shipping, or my ludicrous stranglehold over all topics concerning romance, I'm still talking.
he woke up alive on derse, and met with rose.
that was the end of the line for alpha dave. To my knowledge, he doesn't time travel after that, and he and rose stay on derse waiting for the bomb until you start the scratch. But I can't see either of them because of the blackout lingering around rose for whatever reason. Nobody knows what's up with that.
C.G.: regardless, his job is to plot a course through the ring to find the sun.
when he does, either he or rose will deliver the bomb.
I don't know which.

[o] Now leave, and never darken my door again.

[Image description: The banner turns to static, then shows Scratch's apartment. It's still covered in fire extinguisher powder. Matchsticks and Quarter's bodies lay on the ground. In the panel, Slick takes the gun, then vanishes in a green flash. Scratch flashes, then expands and the same image shows the broken clock in his TV room, which is surrounded by pictures now. A second image shows the pictures. Jadesprite yells at Jade. Gamzee sits on top of the vat. Karkat imagines Jade and Jadesprite kissing. Jade and Jack Noir stand in a forest somewhere on LoFaF. A large statue of a snake creature with two tails and spikes along the back of its head and shoulders sits somewhere on LoFaF. The ruler Hussie broke in the SBAHJ style section hovers in a white void. Karkat uses Vriska's computer while splattered with indigo blood.]

pesterlog
E.B.: but now they don't have dream selves left!
who ever goes will be risking their life for good, won't they?
C.G.: that would be the logical extension of those facts, yes.
E.B.: this is unacceptable!
couldn't I do it?
I am apparently immortal, because of this god tier business, so the bomb probably would not kill me!
C.G.: ok, but don't you think there's a remote possibility that going on a suicide mission to save all of reality would count as a heroic death?
E.B.: hmm...
maybe I could try to be not all that brave while I do it?
C.G.: you asshole, of course you'd be brave. That tends to be what happens when you do something really fucking courageous.
E.B.: yeah.
I just don't want to lose anybody else is all.
C.G.: that's just how it is. I've lost friends for way more pointless reasons. You're all out of options here.
you'd be risking death just as much as they would, and they're better qualified to handle the mission as the derse dreamers.
jade's dream self is dead too, so she's out. Or to be more specific, her dream self is an overly
emotional dog who went off whimpering somewhere. I'm pretty sure she will be completely useless.

E.B.: oh, yeah.
she mentioned something about that. She said she prototyped her dream self?? What happened with that?
C.G.: she doesn't like to talk about it. Kind of a sore subject.
E.B.: why?
C.G.: she thinks she's selfish and completely hysterical and I guess hates the part of herself she represents.
but I mean, the thing is she spent a long time being dead and moving on, it's not like you can just bring somebody back and expect them to give a shit about all the stuff you think is important.
I've tried to tell her that her sprite self is probably nowhere near as despicable as she's making out with herself to be.
I mean making herself out to be.
you know what I mean.
E.B.: ...
C.G.: look, I'm just saying we've all got flaws, even her
and for all the shit she's given me on this very subject, she keeps herself dangling from a very high hook.
she'd be doing me a major personal solid by making at least some attempt to get herself off.
wait fuck
what did I just say
E.B.: wow.
C.G.: I meant let herself off.
the hook. The fucking hook, it's a figure of goddamn speech.
E.B.: /raises eyebrows
C.G.: put those back down, before my hot acid ragebreath burns them off your idiotic face.
E.B.: ok, I am putting them back down as not suggestively as possible.
C.G.: what were we even talking about, it wasn't this, whatever this is.
E.B.: what is this is?
C.G.: it's nothing, you shit. It has been the conversational equivalent of us whistling through our snort barrels while touching each other inappropriately.
E.B.: was...
was that another weird erotic slip of the tongue?
C.G.: no, that was me being worked up into this ridiculous fucking conniption and saying something inflammatory, god. How does that not be clear by now???
E.B.: ok, well,
what I am getting from this, aside from the possibility that jade may or may not have kissed dog jade at some point, is that neither of them will be able to help with the bomb plan.
C.G.: that's exactly right! The pajama prodigy used his puzzle sponge today.
besides, jade is responsible for other important parts of the plan.
for one thing, you'll have to wait for her to send you the code for the quills.
you can't scratch the mesa without them.
she got them from her denizen, or will later on her timeline, now that she lit the forge and woke the monster up.
E.B.: aren't those the really tough to kill guys?
C.G.: yeah
E.B.: did she kill him?
C.G.: hell if I know, her explanation of the entire encounter boiled down to and I quote
C.G.: limed for infuriatingly vague.
E.B.: haha.
C.G.: anyway, after she gives that to you, she then has to go through with the rest of the plan, which is making sure you all survive after the scratch, minus one of the derse dreamers of course.
C.G.: the plan revolves around some really baffling hand wavey mumbo jumbo which I don't really understand, but she told me to trust her about it because the info comes from a "reliable informant."

C.G.: whitened for smug tool.
it involves something to do with a yellow lawn ring.
which isn't the human word for it, it's just your word is so dumb I feel dumb saying it.
E.B.: word for what?
C.G.: I guess your entire escape plan somehow pivots critically around an unwatered piece of residential property???
it doesn't matter what it means. Jade says she has this figured out, and I don't have time to do much but trust her.
the point is, she's all booked up, and all too mortal. So she won't be delivering the bomb, and neither will you.
E.B.: ok, well what about this.
since she is mortal, and I am not (sort of), and I don't need to do the scratch for a while, can I go help her?
maybe she could use some protection? Maybe that is what dave was just trying to do, when he temporarily died.
remember, jack is still on the loose! He has killed rose and dave once, and me twice.
C.G.: no no no no no
sweet bleeding jegus, egbert, you keep bragging about your immortality, and then brainlessly announce plans to go off and do something heroic! You're going to have the shortest lifespan of any immortal in history.
E.B.: sorry. (sad face)
C.G.: besides, it's a total non issue. Jack wouldn't hesitate to stab you again, but he won't hurt jade for some reason.
if anything, you could use her protection.
E.B.: really?
C.G.: I never noticed when looking through her timeline earlier. It wasn't until I was talking to her in those timeframes and she told me. He just keeps following her around. I can see him off in the distance in some frames, just lurking there, shadowing her movements. It's incredibly disturbing.
he lingers around her until the scratch begins and I lose the feed, never once doing anything threatening. She says she thinks it's because jack inherited loyalty of her lusus.
C.G.: if she's right, I guess her lusus really did offer her the most protection possible by prototyping itself, albeit by dooming us all. The idiot.
C.G.: sadly, he holds no such loyalty to any of us here. He regards us all as ripe for the repeated skewering.
oh fuck, maybe we should have all just dressed like jade?? I can't believe this stroke of genius only occurred to me now.
E.B.: I don't think he would be fooled. Dogs have pretty good senses of smell.
C.G.: it was
a motherfucking
C.G.: anyway, it doesn't matter anymore.
if we can ride this out for a little longer until the critical moment, and dave/rose can destroy the
sun, jack shouldn't be a threat.
conveniently, if they're successful, that will signal the beginning of our own escape plan.
E.B.: what is your plan?
C.G.: apparently the explosion will be so huge, it will be visible at great distances throughout the
furthest ring.
even from different sessions, like yours and ours. You won't get to see it because by then your
session should be wiped out by the scratch.
but we will. The plan is to use it as a beacon, and travel there as a rendezvous point.
E.B.: rendezvous with who?
C.G.: we've got people there. That's what jade tells me.
E.B.: jade knows so many things lately, what is even her deal?
C.G.: hell if I know, this is basically dream intelligence, every time she goes to sleep, she has more
to ramble about.
she says I should go to sleep to find out, but I'm like how the fuck am I supposed to be napping
between making all these plans and getting persecuted by this demented honking asshole?
so yeah, we'll meet in the aftermath of the explosion with our people on the inside, or I guess I
should say outside.
I don't think they can come with us though.
E.B.: come with you where? Who are they?
C.G.: dead people.
as for where, it's not like we're going to stick around there forever. That would probably be
depressing, since we're not fucking ghosts.
the scratch will reboot your session. Your whole universe actually. So somewhere in this dreadful
abyss, that new session will start up in its own incipisphere, from scratch.
look at that, another pun because of using that fucking word every other sentence! Kill me now.
but that "from scratch" (f'ing lol!) Session is what you're shooting for to survive.
the idea is for you all to preserve yourselves by escaping there.
E.B.: through the lawn ring?
C.G.: yes.
once you're there, you will help us find our way there too, and then we can all finally figure out
what the fuck to do with the rest of our lives.
E.B.: oh!!
so then, this is how we're supposed to meet. That is kind of exciting.
C.G.: yeah, I guess, if enough of us are alive by then to meet.
E.B.: so, I guess you are not worried about it turning into a huge sloppy makeout fest anymore...
C.G.: uh
right! Hahaha, john, you and vriska better keep your hands to yourselves, or everyone's going to be really uncomfortable. No interspecies funnybusiness, is that clear!
blaaaaaaargh, I am convincingly flipping my lid about this, waving my arms around a lot, and making all my best yelling faces. Wow, look at that! It's time to change the subject again.
E.B.: huh?
C.G.: poof! Subject changed.
if it works and you wind up in the new session, that's why it'll be important to make sure one of the derse dreamers stays with you, so they can help guide us there from the ring.
E.B.: won't there be other players in the new session?
like, alternate universe versions of ourselves or such?
C.G.: probably.
but those chumps won't know anything about us, or all our plans. Why would they?
E.B.: yeah... It's just kind of a weird thought.
C.G.: so out of everything we just talked about, this is the thing that has you tripping globes?
Whatever you say!
E.B.: but I guess it's sort of comforting too.
if rose or dave have to go off and die, at least I get to see them again, in a way.
even if I will only be alternate universe john to them.
maybe my dad will be alive in that session too!!!
C.G.: ok, maybe, but before you get too excited about that, you've got to make sure you get there first.
which means you have to do what I say, and stick to the plan.
you need to focus on getting ready to start the scratch. The game doesn't make a hard reset that easy to pull off.
once you initiate it, the game throws everything it's got at you. Which is one reason why you're the best guy for the job, because of your superpowers and silly windy bullshit.
E.B.: ok. I'll do my best.
what should I do right now?
C.G.: get prepared, make all the equipment you think you'll need, stay out of trouble.
wait for jade to send that code, wait for me to contact you for the first time, and do your best to humor him while he ignorantly attempts to flame you back into the puddle of slime you crawled out of.
please.
E.B.: oh, man.
our "first" conversation ever? I can't wait.
C.G.: yeah, but can I just say something in my defense before that happens?
I don't actually hate you, and I never did. I was deluding myself.
deep down I'm sure I was always pretty ok with you.
E.B.: thanks karkat!
C.G.: it wasn't a fucking compliment.

[o] This scrapbook is now in hopeless disarray.

[Image description: In the banner, Scratch flashes into the room. As soon as he appears, the fire extinguisher powder and Felt members disappear. The broken tilde ath book sits on the table and the pictures are scattered on the floor. In the main panel, Scratch vanishes from the TV room, which throws some of the pictures up into the air.]

[o] Feel free to examine the clippings while I tidy.

[Image description: In the banner, Scratch stands next to the table with the broken book on it. In
the main image, there are 5 photos laying on the floor. One shows Jaspersprite on the Land of Light and Rain with a Nepeta alert. One shows Dave's apartment building, still in the middle of the city. One shows Jadesprite crying on the battlefield. One shows John sitting at his computer just before sending Dave, Rose, and Jade their birthday presents. One shows a dersite ship flying past some meteors, which are streaking in the opposite direction. This is an interactive panel. Each of the images can be clicked to redirect you to another part of the story. Click Dave's apartment building.]

[Image description: In the banner, it shows an array of photos that fell out of the scrapbook. The main panel shows the same image you just clicked.]

[o] Next

[Image description: It zooms in. Dave stands on top of the air conditioning unit and pokes at his phone. He's wearing triangular shades.]

pesterlog

T.G.: heres one for you
its a whopper
are you ready
T.T.: For what?

[o] Next

[Image description: He sits down and looks at his phone, which has an alert showing Rose's house covered in snow. The record on his shirt is still unbroken.]

pesterlog
T.G.: this huge fuckin whopper im about to just say
T.T.: You mean a canard of behemothic embellishment?
T.G.: what
T.T.: Or was your resolve finally dismantled by the siren's song of all that flame broiled beef?
T.G.: no no
ok first do you even have burger kings out in the fucking woods
why do you reference things that obviously arent in the woods like terrible burgers
T.T.: I'll limit my establishments of reference to lumber mills and sugar shanties from now on.
Also, there's a Burger King less than forty minutes from my house. I won't let this stand in the way
of the new policy though.
T.G.: there is
ok whatever
im talking about a dream i just had
i mean it was a doozy like psychologically speaking
doozy is a slightly dumber word than whopper
T.T.: Certainly less delicious.
T.G.: it was absurdly heavy handed my subconscious was really slathering it on
like whatever tangy sludge the king himself squirts on his bargain patties
its possible that i dreamt it ironically i dunno
i figured youd be interested in hearing about it its every bit as thick and juicy as a half pound of sizzling grade A premium ok this is stupid weve got to get burgers out of this conversation
T.G.: are you busy
T.T.: Yes.
T.G.: cool listen to this

[o] Next

[Image description: The banner still shows the same set of photos. In the main panel, Rose stands on a balcony overlooking the river that runs under her house. Her laptop sits on top of the grimoire for summoning the zoologically dubious in the snow beside her. She's flanked by two tentacle monsters made of snow. An alert shows Dave's apartment building.]

pesterlog
T.T.: I thought you didn't want me to analyze your dreams anymore.
T.G.: no but this one is too good not to put under the microscope with your whole precocious psychotherapy shtick its almost laughably symbolic of all my mental problems assuming i actually have those its grotesquely pregnant with meaning all gestating at least 8 gooey octuplets thrashing around in an undulating belly full of mind slime T.T.: Maybe we can start by evaluating that troubling metaphor.
T.G.: no look i just want your professional take on how many things in my dream symbolize dicks T.T.: We've already established that all of your dreams are packed with enough homoerotic symbolism to lift Freudian theory from the ashes of discreditation. T.G.: yeah thats a given but i didnt even dream about puppets this time T.T.: Are you serious?
I'm clearing my schedule. This is a major breakthrough.
T.G.: i know it was so much more relaxing and enjoyable it was about me dying repeatedly

[o] Next

[Image description: The banner shows the same array. Until told otherwise, assume this stays the same. In the main panel, Rose pats one of the snow monsters.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Go on.
T.G.: i was in this dark place surrounded by this big flock of crows god this is so generically morbid im sorry in advance for exposing you to my unconscious minds retarded cliches T.T.: It's ok. They wouldn't be cliches if they didn't comprise the unanimously understood bedrock of phallic symbolism, with no other viable interpretation.
T.G.: well obviously i knew the birds were just black screaming sky dongs just hear me out i kept dying there kept being these traps like i would go one way and get my head chopped off or go another way and get stabbed or whatever and every time i died the dream reset itself and i was standing there alive and ready to try to escape again but each time i would be watching myself from the vantage point of a different crow like i was the crow all squawking around in circles like a macabre flapping douche and i would always watch myself try to do something different to dodge the trap but i always ended up dead T.T.: Hm.
Well, if I've learned anything from my extensive skimming over the Wikipedia articles on dream analysis, it's that this dream is very unlikely to have any literal significance whatsoever. It's probably not about dying at all.

T.G.: you mean maybe it's about anxiety over maintaining my blogs or that my beats might not be ill enough

T.T.: Yes. In fact, if you were on my couch that would have been my next question, as a licensed professional.

"Mr. Strider, have you considered that what you actually dread is to have your urban rhythms exposed for what they truly are, which is, clinically speaking, just shy of 'da bomb'?

T.G.: and then we crack up laughing cause we both know they're fresher than your moms change of drawers and tighter than when she's wearin them

T.T.: Listening to you conjure imagery of my mother in her underwear is definitely keeping us buoyed high above this swirling Freudian hellhole. Well done.

T.G.: please its not like she's my mom i can visualize her choice ass all i want without it gettin much more than moderately uncomfortable for everyone involved

T.T.: What if you're wrong?

T.G.: about what

T.T.: Her not being your mother.

T.G.: uh

T.T.: Don't worry, you're probably safe. Luckily I can think of no literary or historical precedent for that sort of folly whatsoever.

T.G.: this isn't the first time you've insinuated we were related what is up with that

T.T.: Isn't it?

T.G.: no

i mean

im not sure

i feel like you've brought it up before which is kind of weird but now i don't know

i think i'm getting this weird deja vu thing where i was sure we talked about this

forget it

T.T.: Why don't you tell me more about your dream?

T.G.: ok

so i kept dying and kept being crows and stuff

and then i started to notice something coming from the sky

it was this faint eerie singing and i look up and there's nothing there just darkness

T.T.: That's interesting.

I've read about this.

T.G.: what did you read

T.T.: Certain texts say singing from the unknowable void carries a message.

That its recipient has been selected for a mission of supreme cosmic importance, that will result in your death and that of billions more.

But one that is essential to the perpetuation of existence itself.

T.G.: what the fuck sort of crackpot psychology text would say something like that

T.T.: It's not from a psychology text.

T.G.: so then you're consulting astrology books now

T.T.: Not astrology.

More like,

Zoology.

T.G.: oh my fucking god will you put that away

T.T.: Ok.

Keep describing the dream, though.
If the rest of it is incompatible with prognoses of the zoologically dubious, I will withdraw my insinuation.
T.G.: theres not even much more to it
i looked up into the sky
didnt see anyone singing
but even though the sky was black i could see the sun
it was bright as hell even through my shades
so i flapped my wings and flew up away to it like a fucking piece of garbage
and thats it
T.T.: This doesn't strike you as an impulse of self destruction?
T.G.: no
not in the sense that it was a dark sacrificial zoology mission
it was more like somewhere to go besides watching myself die a lot from the vantage of a feathery murder of dumb shitty birds
T.T.: So, if hypothetically you were to accept such a mission, or even insist upon one, it wouldn't be in the spirit of genuine sacrifice, but of escape?
T.G.: what the fuck are you talking about
ok somethings wrong
this whole conversation is falling apart this isnt how it originally went at all
T.T.: Aw. We were making good progress, too.
Why did you have to go and remember?
T.G.: this happened months ago
does this mean im dead

[p] Next

[Image description: The screen splits between Rose and Dave at each of their respective houses. They each flicker and are suddenly in Derse pajamas and Dave's glasses are his usual shades. The backgrounds disappear and they're standing on a walkway on Derse. Rose's snow monsters and laptop are still there, as is the top of the AC unit Dave was standing on. A glowing sword sits a few feet from Dave.]

pesterlog
T.T.: What do you think?
T.G.: stop it
this is so sick you using the dream bubble bullshit to pick apart my psyche
am i dead or asleep
T.T.: If you're starting to remember, you should be able to tell me.
T.G.: god dammit
T.T.: Maybe I'm just as confused as you about it?
T.G.: yeah right
T.T.: Am I dead or asleep, Dave?
T.G.: i dont know
T.T.: Try to remember.

[o] Feel free to examine the clippings while I tidy.

[Image description: It returns to the select page. Click John's picture.]

[o]

[Image description: John, who is wearing a dark grey, long sleeve shirt with a spade symbol on the chest, sits at his computer. On the desk beside him are a pair of matching shirts with slime]
creatures on them, though one is green and one is blue, as well as a pair of seed packets. A Kanaya alert fades from over his computer, but a Vriska alert immediately pops up to replace it. John looks upset and a Prankster's Gambit bar appears at the bottom. The sad clown face on it flashes slightly.]

pesterlog
arachnidsGrip [A.G.] began trolling ghostyTrickster [G.T.]

G.T.: aauugh!

[o] Next

[Image description: It shows a pair of entwined alerts against a blue background. The top one shows John and leads to Vriska. Vriska is in an alert that leads back around to John. Both of them are at their computers, but John looks upset where Vriska looks smug and determined.]

pesterlog
G.T.: excuse me, alien time troll, but i am trying to wrap a present.
really, you all have the worst timing.
A.G.: Yes, I can see that. Two ugly garments, and seeds for some kind of strange earth vegetable? Pretty lame present, John!!!!!!!
G.T.: nope, not going to ask how you know my name, or what i'm sending, don't care. and one of these ugly garments is for me, also, it's not ugly, it's awesome.
A.G.: Not as awesome as something you will be wearing later, thanks to me.
G.T.: uh oh, my mouse is hovering dangerously close to the block button!
it always does that when i talk to trolls, it is the dangdest thing.
A.G.: Calm down, I just thought I would foreshadow my existence to you at this quaint moment on your timeline. It is way too tempting not to let you know I have taken great care to become a very important feature of your life.
Or for that matter, to let you know that I will be giving you a present so much better than the useless crap you're shoving in that box. I will be giving you the gift of immortality!
G.T.: oh sweet, that has been on my wish list, ranking just below a mint condition little monsters poster, starring hollywood superstar, howie mandel. can i expect it to arrive on my next birthday??
A.G.: Yes, as a matter of fact. Nice guess! It will come at a cost though.
G.T.: the mandel poster, or immortality?
A.G.: The latter, jackass!
In order for you to claim it, you will have to be quite gullible and allow me to arrange your murder.
G.T.: i see, here is where all the sick trolling begins! you can keep your present, i am not interested.
A.G.: but you will be! You will happily go along with everything I tell you to do. And then, once I have completely earned your trust, I will kill you John. (smiley face with eight eyes)
G.T.: sigh...
the other troll i just talked to was way better, if a tad grumpy, at least she was down with talking about cool movies, sort of.
A.G.: but this is all true. I've seen it already. You have no idea how delicious the dramatic irony is right now!
You will die. I will lead you into a trap, and watch you bleed to death on a big stone slab with a sword stuck in your chest.
There is nothing you can do about it. In fact, it has already happened!
G.T.: that's nice. now scram, troll!
A.G.: I'll leave you alone soon enough.
I was just feeling pretty pleased with myself, about all the brilliant plans I made for you and your friends.
Stopping by in your past to mess with your head is really just a courtesy, because I like to think we're pretty good friends by the time I get around to killing you. (very happy face with eight eyes)
G.T.: ok, you got me!
my feathers are all ruffled, and i can no longer tell my ass apart from a big orange earth vegetable!
G.T.: now can you leave me alone?
A.G.: I guess so.
but my inevitable grisly murder of you notwithstanding, you're a pretty fun guy to hassle. It'll be difficult sparing you from the privilege of my company until your game begins.
G.T.: that is basically the worst pickup line i have ever heard.
A.G.: Please, John. As if there is any conceivable sequence of events which could lead me to consider you as a viable romantic partner, in any quadrant. Even the pale ones.
G.T.: blerp dupr bluh, more plausible alien sounding things.
weren't you leaving?
A.G.: Yes.
G.T.: ok then...
A.G.: I mean, I was going to.
but now I guess I'm not.
G.T.: oh.
why?
A.G.: because this isn't really happening.
G.T.: it isn't?
A.G.: It did, once.
but now it's just a memory.
I guess I must be dead.

[Image description: Vriska looks down at her chest and looks vaguely annoyed. She's wearing her godtier outfit now and has a large bloodstain spreading from the center of her chest. A second image shows her in her room with the Break code on the wall behind her, but it's also partially the computer room on the meteor. Her desk is one of the long computer desks and a pile of horns and Gamzee's unicycle sit on the ground.]

pesterlog
G.T.: ok.
is this conversation over now? can i keep packing my present?
A.G.: The conversation as it went before is already over. I said goodbye, and you blocked me.
Don't you remember?
G.T.: well,
i was going to block you. but then...
i didn't for some reason.
A.G.: Exactly. because we've already been through this. You're either asleep, or dead like me.
Man! I can't believe I let her trick me like that. Such an amateur mistake.
G.T.: i guess i am feeling something like deja vu... maybe.
i still don't think i believe you, though.
A.G.: Hey........
Do you have any recollection at all of the last message I sent you before I died?
G.T.: I don't even know who you are!
G.T.: What did you ask for?
A.G.: I asked you if you wanted to... you know... Hang out.
G.T.: Was this after you killed me, and gave me immortality?
A.G.: Yes.
So what do you say?
Or, what do you think you might have said?
G.T.: About what?
you mean, hanging out?
A.G.: Yeah.
G.T.: OH GOD, THIS IS SO RIDICULOUS. You are just a crazy troll on the internet, and I need to get back to packing up this present for my friend! We are not going to hang out, I'm sorry.
A.G.: John, there is no present! You are not in your hive, and you don't have anything to send. She received it a long time ago. None of this matters anymore. If you don't believe me, you are free to look out your window.
G.T.: What will that accomplish?
A.G.: It might help you remember.
And........
you will be able to see me.
If you want.

[o] Next

[Image description: John looks out his window. It's snowing through it, but his bed is glowing, like the one Nannasprite made, and a tree from LoWaS sticks into the room. A white arm sticks on screen. A second image shows him looking through the window. The snowy tree is reflected in his glasses and a LoWaS forest fills the room behind him.]

[o] Next

[Image description: Vriska stands out in John's yard. She's wearing her godtier outfit, but there isn't any blood on her chest.]

[o] Feel free to examine the clippings while I tidy.

[Image description: Again, it shows the selection screen. Click Jadesprite's picture.]

[o]

[Image description: Jadesprite stands on the battlefield, near a large crack in the ground. She has her hands over her eyes and looks to be crying again.]
spritelog

Jadesprite: dave?

[o] Next

[Image description: It shows Davesprite in full. A white bandage is wrapped around his stomach, which sends streams of yellow-orange blood down his tail. One of his wings is torn off near the base.]

spritelog

Davesprite: hey

[o] Feel free to examine the clippings while I tidy.

[Image description: It's back on the select screen. Click the Dersite ship.]

[o]

[Image description: The ship flies past many small meteors, which all come from the direction the ship is flying.]

[o] Next

[Image description: W.V. stands at the helm of the ship. CD tugs at his robes and Liv Tyler looks angry.]

[o] Next

[Image description: It shows a closeup of CD picking W.V.'s pocket and taking the wallet. A second image shows Liv Tyler shaking her fist furiously. Behind her, there's the watermark of the actual Liv Tyler from the movie.]

[o] Next

[Image description: It shows the ship with a section highlighted in red. That area is shown as a diagram. W.V. stands in a room near the top and is labeled Oblivious. Two dotted lines run through a labyrinth of hallways until they split near the bottom of the ship. One continues up a hallway, then outside of the ship and into another hall that leads into a shuttle bay at the bottom of the ship. The other line splits off in the hallway and takes a barely drawn, much shorter route into the same shuttle bay. CD stands at the end of the line that took the long way and Liv stands at the end of the one that took the shortcut. CD is labeled hass the wallet and Liv is labeled Secret Ambush.]

[o] Feel free to examine the clippings while I tidy.

[Image description: It shows the select screen. Click the last image, which is Jaspersprite on LoLaR.]

[o]

[Image description: Jaspersprite holds Rose's old laptop, which has a Nepeta alert.]

spritelog

A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) jaspers i guess i should say furwell to you now (sad face with two mouths) Jaspersprite: Why nepeta?
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) beclaws this is the end of your timeline and i dont know what
catpuns to you after this
i mean happens to you after this, heheh, that one was kind of obtuse, sorry
Jaspersprite: Whats a timeline? (cat face)
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) hmmmmmm thats a hard question
ok imagine a long tempting strand of yarn
Jaspersprite: Yes! Oh yes so great.
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) now imagine instead of being made of wiggly enticing stuff, its
made of what lets you exist
and you are right at the twitching tip of it, dont you see? look at the sky!
Jaspersprite: Meow yes i see the sky and can tell that indeed something is going on.
But aside from that i dont really understand what you said being a cat and all.
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) thats fine, you dont have to try too hard
all you have to know is its the scratch and im not a hundred purrcent sure what happens next fur
you
Jaspersprite: Purr purr i still think its nice how you slip cat things in the things you say youre so
clever and wonderful nepeta!
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) heeheehee (very happy face with two mouths)
Jaspersprite: Whats the scratch? (cat face)
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) well you know roses friend john?
Jaspersprite: Yes of course!
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) imagine that he is using this great big circle like a really fun
scratching post, and it makes all this light come out that changes everything
just after he starts doing that the sky goes funny everywhere and then i cant see you anymore
Jaspersprite: Yes. (cat face)
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) thats what it is
Jaspersprite: I think i understand that completely!
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) im a bit nervous for you, especially since you remind me so
much of someone i already lost
but maybe youll be ok? i dont know
Jaspersprite: Im not worried nepeta so you shouldn't either its not as if i have never died before.
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) you are a brave kitty, just like pounce was (heart)
Jaspersprite: Pounce was a cat like me?
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) yes! she was amazing, i bet you and she would have gotten along
famously
Jaspersprite: Ooh i bet youre right! Purr purr.
Was she nice to sniff?
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) yes she smelled really good, and also, she was super beautyifful.
Jaspersprite: Wow!
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) did you ever have someone nice back on earth who you loved?
Jaspersprite: Rose!!!! I loved rose. (cat face)
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) heehee, of course you did. i mean a nice cat who was your
matesprit?
Jaspersprite: There was a time i remember i was thinking about girl cats a lot for some reason.
I would saunter around the house making all these big meows and looking out the windows with
my nose touching the glass.
But then roses mom took me to this place where i was scared to be for a while and then when i was
at home again i didnt do the meows anymore.
I guess i didnt think about the girl cats after that which is just as well because none ever came to
the windows really not even when i did my biggest meows.
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) thats too bad
but i bet lots of girl cats would have loved to be with you, if only there had been some around to
Jaspersprite: You're really nice to say so Nepeta what about you though?
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) me?
Jaspersprite: Yes. (cat face)
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) well
I have never told anybody this not even my moirail
Heh, actually he is the LAST guy I might tell, he so wouldn't appurrve (cat face with two mouths and eyes pinched shut)
But yes I have liked somebody for quite some time, but alas he doesn't know it
Jaspersprite: Why don't you tell him?
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) hmmm
Jaspersprite: Maybe you can win his affection by rubbing your cheek against him that's what I would do.
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) ohhh no no no, im too shy even for that!
And he is so adorably grumpy all the time, it probably wouldn't go over well
It's hard to explain, maybe cats think differently, but trolls tend to be pretty cautious about expressing their feelings when it comes to the flushed quadrant
Jaspersprite: What's a quadrant?
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) it is
Ummmm
Okay it has romantic applications but it is also something more general than that
A quadrant is
How do I say this!
Jaspersprite: (cat face)
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) a quadrant is a thing in a group of things that consists of four similar things
Jaspersprite: Like paws?
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) exactly like paws!!! (very happy face with two mouths)
Jaspersprite: I see that's really easy to get.
I think you should tell him that you like him you might not get the chance if you don't.
For instance I think instead of meowing at windows I should have just scurried out a door before it could close!
Then I might have found a girl cat to sniff oh well. (cat face)
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) I know, but it's just not that simple. I could make someone else jealous I think, and what if he doesn't feel the same way, and, urrgh, its so complickated maybe I just need to let go of the silly infatuation
I think its never going to happen honestly
Jaspersprite: You shouldn't lose hope!
I have another story that might give you hope even though it should be noted again that I'm only a cat.
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) oh?
Jaspersprite: Yes one time I was with Rose and I was sitting there dressed up in my suit with her as happy as can be.
But then she disappeared!
The whole place disappeared and I was in another place. There was no Rose there was someone else.
I guess I loved her too in time but never as much as Rose it just wasn't the same.
I kept waiting to see Rose again but never did and finally I lost hope that I would and then I died.
But then I became alive again and I got to see her and I was so happy! Purr purr purr purr purr.
That's my story and that's why I think there's always hope even if you die.
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) so, you're saying that maybe I will have to die to get to be with him?
Jaspersprite: Yes maybe. (cat face)
A.C.: (Cat face with two mouths) i hope thats not the case!
but i guess you just have a different way of looking at things
thank you for the advice jaspers!
Jaspersprite: Purrrrr.

[o] Feel free to examine the clippings while I tidy.

[Image description: It shows the select screen again, but all the sections have already been completed, so move to the next page.]

[o] Try to make sense of this mess yourself.

[Image description: In the banner, Scratch disappears in a flash. As he does, the book repairs, though the pictures still stay scattered on the ground. The main panel shows another set of images to pick from. John and Vriska stand in the snow. Dad's bloody hat flies away on The Breeze. Davesprite and Jadesprite stand on the battlefield. Dream Rose and Dream Dave stand on Derse, though parts of it are filled with trees from LoFaF. CD and Liv stand in the shuttle bay on the ship. Click on Dream Rose and Dream Dave's picture.]

[o]

[Image description: The banner once again shows the array of pictures. Dream Rose and Dream Dave stand on the mix of Derse and LoFaF. The volcano from LoFaF sits far in the distance. Liv Tyler sits in one of the trees and holds a captchalogue card with The Tumor on it.]

pesterlog
T.G.: i remember waking up here
after getting shot
T.T.: Yes.
What else?
T.G.: then the cage bunny came
he gave us the bomb
whered he go anyway
T.T.: She's around.
T.G.: the bunnys a she
T.T.: Her name is Liv Tyler.
T.G.: dumb
T.T.: Take it up with John.
What else?
T.G.: we were talking about who should go
T.T.: Do you remember what we decided?
T.G.: no
wait
wasnt i going to go
is that what happened did i go and now im dead
T.T.: Not quite.
T.G.: whats not quite
that i didnt go or that im not dead
T.T.: Do you remember anything else?
T.G.: no
T.T.: What about why you went to fight Jack?
T.G.: sure
i did that
because i wanted to
and because i was supposed to
T.T.: Are you sure?
T.G.: yeah i saw my future self fighting him so obviously that had to happen or else id be dead anyway
without even getting the satisfaction of standing up to him
T.T.: So was your decision a result of desire or obligation?
T.G.: hard to explain
with all the time shit going on
i dont try to understand your light shit do i
T.T.: I don't know much about the Light Shit, to be honest.
I may have missed my chance to figure it out.
T.G.: havent we had this conversation already
T.T.: Mostly.
I'm doing what I can to jog your memory.
T.G.: its jogging i guess
its manboobs are jiggling a little
T.T.: Nice.
So what about Jade?
T.G.: what
T.T.: You didn't tell her your expedition with her would result in your death, let alone one she'd inadvertently cause.
Or that she'd be stuck with the job of resuscitating you. Did you?
T.G.: what am i really supposed to say
hey were gonna hunt frogs til you shoot me through the jack
then i die and youve got to make out with me
that kind of changes how the whole thing goes doesnt it
T.T.: Not if you're "supposed to," right?
T.G.: what does that even mean
T.T.: I guess you're right. No reason to make an effort to empathize if doing so comes at the price of oblivion.
T.G.: wtf
T.T.: It must be comforting to have your ASPD tacitly supported by predestination.
T.G.: aspd
T.T.: Antisocial personality disorder.
T.G.: oh no
this conversation just got bumedushed by a mudslide of fucking awful
T.T.: It wasn't already awful, believing you might be dead?
T.G.: you dont know anything
about what i was feeling or what happened on lofaF
you were all pavement faced and babbling your threofester speak and flipping off the shit with your own crazy deathwish thing why do you think you know what was going through my head
youre just assuming and throwing around psyche buzzwords like aspd complex disorder
T.T.: So it's a disorder, a complex, and then a disorder again for good measure?
T.G.: in your case probably
T.T.: Sounds like a positively delirious state of existence.
T.G.: its some delirious biznasty alright
T.T.: Oh... snap?
T.G.: yes ima authorize a God Damn you may swipe it at the door to check yourself into the burn ward
T.T.: Might you loosen the purse strings on an "Oh no he didn't?"
T.G.: nah those are kept in emergency reserve for yo mama jokes from the 90s anyway
im telling you if i said anything at all about it she probably doesn't even fire her gun once and all im doing is dragging her into a doomed timeline with me
T.T.: I guess I'm learning to be impressed by your sense of obligation to inevitable misfortune. It's a strange case of inspiration through futility.
T.G.: none of this is that big a deal
i just mentioned the basics to her
that id stop time traveling soon
break out of the loops
not have to wonder all the time if i was taking a wrong turn and dooming everybody
i was never that cool with this
T.T.: With what, exactly?
T.G.: you know how you turned out to be this incredibly shitty seer of light and basically failed at that in every way imaginable
T.T.: Hey!
T.G.: well maybe i never wanted to be a knight of time
maybe id rather just be like
the dave of guy
you know just some dude
T.T.: These really do not sound like the words of someone ready to face his own death.
The kind you don't wake up from, I mean.
T.G.: i guess not
guess i failed my quest then
so im like
now what bitches
to nobody in particular i guess
T.T.: The unseen bitches callously conspiring to expect greatness from you?
T.G.: yes those exact bitches
T.T.: If that's how you feel,
Then why did you insist on going on the mission to deliver The Tumor?

[Note: The Tumor is written in alternating black and white, though the black letters blend in with the background.]


[o] Next

[Image description: Rose sits at Dave's dream computer in part of his dream room, which is starting to bleed into the mix of Derse and LoFaF. Two blue lizards stand behind them, flailing their feet and sticking their tongues out repeatedly with little thip effects.]

pesterlog
T.G.: oh yeah
i remember that now
then i guess thats what happened
i delivered the bomb and now i must be dead
T.T.: Are you sure?
T.G.: is that wrong
T.T.: Maybe you should try to answer the question. Why did you want to go?
T.G.: because i made the map so i know how to get there better
T.T.: But it seems simple enough. A set of bearings to follow.
See? The application pilots the moon. Change course when necessary. Anyone can do it, really. We talked about this. Debated, if you recall.

T.G.: ok if you remember it all so clearly why are you grilling me on this shit will you just tell me whats going on
T.T.: I'm just seeing if you can remember. And if you're sticking to your story, about why you should be the one to go.

T.G.: well i am because i should or should have
man what the fuck is going on
am i dead or are you dead or what

T.T.: You're almost there, really. Just try to remember a little more. What happened after we decided you'd go?

T.G.: uh
oh yeah
we were trying to figure out a way to detach the moon
so i could pilot it out there
fly it into the sun

[pesterlog]

T.G.: but the chain was huge
couldnt think of how to break it
then out of nowhere this sword appears in the thing
so im thinking obviously i have to break the sword somehow
because thats all i fucking do is break swords

[pesterlog]

T.G.: but as im thinking of how to do it i put my hand on it
and it just snaps off with this comical shattering noise
like i just fucked up some priceless shit in the louvre

[pesterlog]

T.G.: see like that
like i did again just there with my hand
cause of dreambubbles
remember when that happened
T.T.: Mm hm.
[Image description: In an echo of Bro slicing the meteor in half, Dave uses the broken Deringer to slice through one of the links of the chain.]

pesterlog
T.G.: then i took it and sliced the chain
like this
damn
it still cuts like its plowing through a shaft of boneless zombie meat
T.T.: Careful.
I just managed to quell my appetite after all that burger talk.
T.G.: whoops
yeah

[o] Next

[Image description: Derse's moon begins to drift away from Derse, trailing a broken chain behind it. More of the chain goes with the moon than stays with Derse.]

pesterlog
T.G.: so then
the moon started drifting away
and i was going to fly up
and take it to the sun
and i said something to you
or i was going to
like say bye or something
but you were just standing there not saying anything
holding that ball of yarn

[o] Next

[Image description: Rose holds a ball of yarn over her head like she's about to throw it at Dave, who watches.]

pesterlog
T.G.: and then
oh
god thats right

[o] Next

[Image description: Dave lays on the ground with the deringer and ball of yarn near him. Rose and Liv stand in his dream bedroom and watches Derse shrink through the window.]

pesterlog
T.G.: come on
knocking me out so you can steal the suicide mission
god dammit
that is so trite
T.T.: I really am sorry for that.
T.G.: its like
heres how bad this is
were are basically bruce willis and ben affleck from johns shitty crappy movie
you made this even more armageddon than it already was
sealing me in the air lock so i can go home to liv tyler and have the most terrible babies with her
T.T.: If it's any consolation, Liv Tyler came with me on the suicide mission.
T.G.: the bunny or the actress
T.T.: Which would make you feel better?
T.G.: you not knocking me out with a ball of fucking yarn is fucking what
T.T.: If I could have chosen a method of sparing your life you might have found more awesome, I
would.
Is there an "ironic" way to do that?
T.G.: this probably comes close but that doesn't make it not lame as hell
T.T.: Does it matter if I took some personal satisfaction seeing you fall unconscious at the gentle
glance of a soft cotton globe?
T.G.: its cool you are so tickled by this i hope it brought you a lot of rad laughs on your way to go
fucking explode
T.T.: ...
T.G.: so thats it
im actually lying here on derse asleep
and you went out there and blew up the sun
and now you're dead and im dream chilling with your smug ghost
T.T.: Yes to the first part.
T.G.: so you're not dead
T.T.: Not yet.
T.G.: then you're dreaming
what you're taking a little nap on the moon in the middle of nowhere
T.T.: Afraid not!
I am wide awake.

[o] Try to make sense of this mess yourself.

[Image description: It shows the select screen again. This time, click John and Vriska's picture.]

[o]

[Image description: John and Vriska stand in the snow in John's front yard. Vriska has white eyes
and is wearing her godtier outfit. John is wearing his slime shirt under a blue puffy coat and holds a
piece of black fabric.]

pesterlog
G.T.: so.
it seems that you are, in fact, an alien. with horns and everything.
huh.
A.G.: Yes, John. Horns and all. That totally proves I am an alien beyond a shadow of a doubt!
Now what do you make of these blank white eyes of mine? What do you think THAT could mean,
hmmmmm?
G.T.: i don't know. aliens usually have big spooky eyes, don't they?
A.G.: Humans have literally the dumbest extraterrestrial lore. Weren't those supposed to be aliens
on one of your posters?
G.T.: haha, you mean mac and me? yeah, even i can admit that movie was indefensible.
A.G.: Well if you want to know, normally, we have bright orange eyes, with gray irises. They fill
in with our blood pigment as we get older.
Also, normally I have this one goofy eye with seven pupils because I'm kind of a weirdo. but I
guess that's gone now that I'm dead.
Not that you believe me, because you just refuse to remember anything.
G.T.: i can accept that you are an alien, but come on. meeting an alien who is also a ghost in my
front yard is a bit much to believe.
it is almost too awesome.

A.G.: So you don't remember anything about the game at all, then? The destruction of your planet? bringing your ancestor back to life as a clown woman?
Putting a huge flaming ocean out with your magical wind? Jack Noir? Dying, resurrecting, and possibly dying again? Is any of this tickling your sponge?

G.T.: hmm...
nope. sounds cool though.
A.G.: Fuck, I cannot believeeeeee how cold it is on this planet. How can any species possibly be able to survive somewhere like this?

G.T.: yeah, i thought you looked pretty cold out here.
so i brought you this jacket.

[Image description: Vriska smiles and her clothes change to her black shirt with her symbol on it and dark blue pants. The black fabric disappears from John's hand and Vriska's jacket appears on her.]

pesterlog
A.G.: Oh.
Ok.

G.T.: hey, your clothes switched suddenly.
was that some kind of alien wardrobe warpifying technology?
such as a warpdrobe, if you will?

A.G.: Sure, John. Let's just say that's what it was.

G.T.: you look pretty cool in more normal clothes. not that your space boots and pixie outfit weren't neat.

A.G.: Thanks.
So, is this how humans begin an earth date?
With simple acts of flattery and kindness?

G.T.: um, i don't know about that, really.
it just seemed like the nice thing to do.
is...
is this a date?

A.G.: No. I've decided this definitely will not be a date.
Not until you remember something, at least.

G.T.: ok, that's probably for the best.
i would probably be pretty nervous on a date with a normal girl, let alone on a...

Date with an alien space ghost!!!

heheheheheheh.

A.G.: Now that you mention it, me too, probably. Your goofy awkwardness is a bit contagious, frankly.
So now what do we do?

G.T.: well...
since i am presuming you are new to the planet...
i could show you around the place.

[Image description: They stand near the swingset and pogo bouncer in John's yard. Vriska pokes at the pogo bouncer.]
G.T.: this is my green slime ghost pogo ride, in all its glory. In my childhood, it was hours of fun, and hundreds of painful injuries.
A.G.: Hey.........
This thing isn't slimy at all! What the hell.
G.T.: nope.
A.G.: I've noticed humans don't seem to keep any slime around the hive. And yet you are strangely cavalier about your open display of certain....... receptacles.
What's the deal with that? Is it that you're just that ashamed of your secretions as a species?
G.T.: um.
not... really?
humans just don't really have much use for slime, i guess.
honestly, i can't think of a single practical use for slime, other than to be gross!
A.G.: So bizarre.
G.T.: anyway, this thing is kind of a death trap, and i haven't ridden it for years.
i think my dad had it installed as one of his ridiculous ways of making a man out of me.
A.G.: Sure.
My custodian had her ways of making me tougher too.
G.T.: yeah.
parents, right? haha.
anyway, that's my back yard. pretty damn boring, sorry.
i would show you inside, but i don't think my dad would take too kindly to bringing an alien inside.
or, just yet. i would need to brace him for it.
A.G.: That's fine.
What else can you show me?
G.T.: i could show you around my neighborhood, if you want.
A.G.: Sounds great.

[Image description: They walk down the street in John's neighborhood. Some of the houses still have snow on the roofs and yards, but some have clear roofs and grassy yards. In the distance, the complicated pipes of the Denizen's lair sticks over a house. The white clouds of Skaia hang over the houses, but the dark clouds from LoWaS are on the horizon. John has taken off his jacket.]

G.T.: these are my neighbors, who live in a lot of same looking houses as mine.
i never see them. i think they're all really busy people with a lot of serious business to attend to.
hey, look.
the snow is melted over here.
it's really warm suddenly. weird.
A.G.: Does your planet usually have these kind of temperature swings?
G.T.: no, this is pretty unusual december weather.
guess i'll take my coat off.
i can take yours back, if you want.
A.G.: No thanks. I think I'll keep it on.

[Image description: It shows the entire neighborhood. The northwest section nearest the lake is grassy while the rest is covered in snow. The edges of the neighborhood bleed into the landscape of LoWaS. A second image shows them standing at the edge of the lake. There's something black in the water.]
G.T.: there is not really much to see in this town...
but there are these lakes.
this lake here did not used to be a lake. a long time ago, before i was born, there was a factory here.
my dad says there was a huge explosion. he was walking by with my nanna when he saw it.
then a little later, my nanna died. my dad never told me how, except that it involved a big joke book.
i never knew her, which is too bad. she sounded nice.
A.G.: I know what happened.
I saw it.
G.T.: you did?
A.G.: Yes.
Do you want to know?
It might jostle your memory.
G.T.: ok!
A.G.: I believe this lake is where Jade landed. You landed a little ways over there, about where
your hive is now. You clobbered your nanna to death with the aforementioned joke book. but it
wasn't your fault. You were both just little wigglers, riding meteors from the future.
You created yourself, your nanna, Jade, her grandpa, not to mention Dave and Rose and their
guardians, all in a lab using paradox slime, and sent them back in time as the silly grubs with arms
and legs you call babies. And here you were doubting the usefulness of slime!
G.T.: wow, really?
A.G.: Yes, absolutely.
I paid close attention to all this, because I thought it might give me some clues about us and our
ancestors, who were made the same way.
Any of this familiar?
G.T.: hmm.
that all sounds incredible if true, but i don't have even the foggiest memory of that happening!
Since you seem bent on staying in your dream bubble coma, why don't I continue the tour?
G.T.: the tour... of earth?
A.G.: Sort of.

[Image description: The land behind them turns into a jagged rock on LoWaS and the lake begins
to turn black. Green fire begins spreading across the black surface.]

G.T.: what's happening?
A.G.: We are going on an adventure.
G.T.: where?
A.G.: Through your memories.
Through mine too.
This would be a really fun thing to do on a date, I think!
If we actually were on a date, which we're not.

[Image description: The background flickers behind them, then suddenly they're standing on a cliff
on Alternia. In the background, there are more jagged rock formations and Vriska's hive.]

G.T.: what's happening?
A.G.: We are going on an adventure.
G.T.: where?
A.G.: Through your memories.
Through mine too.
This would be a really fun thing to do on a date, I think!
If we actually were on a date, which we're not.
G.T.: how is this happening?
is this through the advanced alien technologies?
like holograms, or teleportations?
A.G.: If that's what you want to think to keep you comfy in your stupor, sure.
G.T.: where are we?
A.G.: This is my home planet before it was destroyed.
It's called Alternia.
G.T.: oh, cool.
and what's that, over there?
A.G.: That is my hive, which is a thing that you refer to as a house.
It's where I grew up.

[O] Next

[Image description: They stand near the hive, which is strung with spiderwebs. Red clouds are strung across the sky.]

pesterlog
G.T.: it's a castle!!!
A.G.: No shit!
It is big and foreboding and ostentatious, just the way I wanted it.
As a blueblood, I was entitled to build such a home. Something to set me far apart from the commoners.
G.T.: you built it?
A.G.: Of course not. Robots built it for me when I was very young.
but I was allowed to dictate instructions. Expected to, in fact.
G.T.: oh gosh.
so rad.
A.G.: Really?
I still find it interesting what sort of mundane facts humans tend to be impressed by.
Anyway, my design kind of got boring as I got older. A huge castle hive sounds great, but it starts feeling pretty cavernous and lonely after a while. There were so many blocks I never even used!
Your tastes change, but you get stuck with growing up in a place suited to your earliest, most juvenile inclinations.
Nobody tells you that when you're a kid though.
G.T.: i think i know what you mean.
i feel like a long time ago, i might have given my dad the impression i really liked clowns?
and now there are clowns everywhere, his stupid collection just keeps growing and growing, and it drives me CRAZY.
A.G.: John........
That barely comparable example is so cute, I don't even know what to say.
G.T.: heheh.

[O] Next

[Image description: They stand on the balcony overlooking Spidermom's nest. She looms up towards them.]

pesterlog
A.G.: This was my custodian.
G.T.: (wide eyed gasping face)
Spidermom is crushed under tons of rock and splattered with blue blood. John puts his hands on the sides of his head.

A.G.: She was hurt in an accident.
A.G.: I killed her myself to put her out of her misery.
G.T.: (sad face)

They stand in Vriska's treasure room, surrounded by gold coins, gems, and magic 8 balls, though many of them are broken.

G.T.: holy shit, look at these glittering space riches!
A.G.: Yeah. I was really into treasure hunting for a while.
G.T.: What's with the broken eight balls?
A.G.: Never mind those!

They stand in Vriska's room. The totem lathe stands by the window, but it's after Tavros has crashed into it, so there's a massive hole in the wall and the top half of the lathe lays on the ground. The rocket chair is tangled in one of the spiderwebs. Vriska flickers for a moment, then is wearing the white dress with fairy wings that Kanaya made her. Her left glasses lens is now an eye patch.

A.G.: This was my respiteblock.
From kind of an embarrassing memory, actually.
G.T.: haha, more eight balls!!!
you sure do like to smash them.
A.G.: John, addiction is a powerful thing. You probably wouldn't understand.
G.T.: what are you wearing?
A.G.: Just a fairy dress.
I wore it for this stupid thing I did once.
G.T.: is that a rocket car stuck in the web over there?
what's that about?
A.G.: Don't worry about it! Man, this would be such an awkward moment on a date. Again, if it was one.
G.T.: there's something really familiar about that rocket...
A.G.: Let's keep going.

Vriska stands by her desk and changes back into her normal clothes. Tavros's legs sit on the desk and there's a red box with certificates of authenticity on the other side of the computer. John stands behind the desk and the hallway in his house fades in around him. There are black smears all over the floor.

G.T.: what's happening?
are we back on earth?
A.G.: You tell me.
G.T.: it's my house again. why are we here?
i was having fun seeing your planet!
A.G.: I don't know, John. They're your memories.

[p] Next

[Image description: Vriska's room buts up against Dad's bedroom. Where one wall of Dad's room would be is just an opening, though a tie rack hovers there like it's hung on a wall.]

pesterlog
G.T.: this is my dad's room.
but...
i have never been inside of it.
so why do i recognize it?
A.G.: Shrug!!!!!!!
G.T.: i think...
there were some birthday presents for me in here.
but i can't recall which birthday that was.
A.G.: It was your 13th.
G.T.: but i'm 12!

[p] Next

[Image description: The south wall of Dad's room disappears, letting John look out into the living room. The stairs are smashed, imps and cruxite dowels are everywhere, there's oil on everything, and the fridge blocks the door to the kitchen. John's clothes change to a white suit with a slime logo on the breast.]

pesterlog
G.T.: oh yeah.
i remember this.
there were these imps all over my house, acting all rambunctious.
but... why?
it's all so hazy.
where is my dad?
A.G.: Sounds like some things are coming back to you.
Any chance you remember me yet?
G.T.: no.
sorry.

[p] Next

[Image description: John stands in his driveway with Vriska just behind him. The edges drop off in sheer cliffs, meaning that the house is now in the medium. A small, wooden platform sticks off the edge of the driveway and a ladder hangs down through the clouds.]

[p] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. John's house has been built up to the first gate, but halfway down, the spire it's on morphs into the pink stone and wooden walkway of Vriska's land, the land of maps and treasure. Vriska and John stand on one of the lower sections of walkway, just above the canopy of trees.]

[p] Next
[Image description: John looks concerned and walks down one of the paths. Vriska follows behind him.]

[o] Next

[Image description: They stand near a dock at sea level. John's Dad stands out in the water a long way beyond the end of the dock.]

pesterlog
G.T.: hey, look!
that's my dad.
what's he doing here?
A.G.: .......

[o] Next

[Image description: John frowns and lifts a hesitant hand. Vriska looks confused.]

pesterlog
G.T.: i've missed the heck out of him.
though i'm not sure why. he should be safe at home right now.
i guess i must have lost track of him. but i don't remember how.
all i know is i have this feeling like i should run over and give him a hug.
A.G.: Well, just so you know, he is probably not actually there.
Kind of like how my lusus was just a memory.
G.T.: are you a psychic alien? like the one who jodie foster met in contact, and assumed the form of her dead father to talk to her?
A.G.: As a matter of fact, yes, I am a psychic alien. but that has nothing to do with this!
These are our memories, and we are in the afterlife. I keep trying to tell you, and it's starting to get frustrating.
G.T.: i see. so it is not me who is jodie foster. it's more like you are jodie, because nobody believed her when she came home and had amazing tales to tell.
except matthew mcconaughey.
A.G.: Aaaaaaaargh!
G.T.: but it's ok. i will be your matt mcconaughey.
A.G.: Does that mean you'll believe me now?
G.T.: i guess i always did, sort of.
i think i've been in denial about what's happening here.
A.G.: It's nice that you believe me. but that doesn't mean you remember yet.
G.T.: so if this isn't my dad, then where is he?
A.G.: He died too. You saw his body. Don't you at least remember that?
G.T.: no. not at all.
i am remembering a bunch of things, but not that.
A.G.: Then what?
Do you remember me yet?
G.T.: no.
i only remember when you contacted me and said you'd kill me a little earlier.
but that was months ago.
i do remember talking to some other trolls like you.
and playing this game. it was on my 13th birthday. i was really looking forward to playing it, but it was late in the mail.
i got some presents from my dad. like this big weird clown doll that i didn't like much.
and some fruit gushers...
oh yeah! i also realized gushers were made by betty crocker. that freaked me the fuck out!

did you realize betty crocker makes gushers???

A.G.: This comes as news to me.

G.T.: well she does. her villainy knows no bounds.

oh.

he also gave me this suit, which i remember wearing for a while.

but it didn't look quite like this.

it had a black tie, and no ghost, so i improved it.

actually...

i remember dying in a suit.

A.G.: You do?

G.T.: but

this was not the suit i was wearing when i died.

[o] Next

[Image description: John looks down and looks upset. He flickers for a moment, then his clothes change to a teal slime suit and his eyes go blank. His suit is smeared with soot and smoking.]

pesterlog

E.B.: this was.

[o] Try to make sense of this mess yourself.

[Image description: It shows the select screen again. Click on Jadesprite and Davesprite.]

[o]

[Image description: Jadesprite and Davesprite stare at each other. Davesprite is wearing his own bloodstained sprite pendant.]

spitelog

Jadesprite: are you ok?

Davesprite: been better

Jadesprite: what happened to you?

Davesprite: what happened to you

Jadesprite: um...

i died in my dream and came back as a dog

Davesprite: oh

i turned into a bird and got in a fight

Jadesprite: (gasping face)

[o] Next

[Image description: They float on the battlefield. Davesprite holds the royal deringer in one hand.]

spitelog

Jadesprite: what is that?

Davesprite: what this thing

Jadesprite: yes

Davesprite: legendary sword

Jadesprite: how did you get it?

Davesprite: long story

shenanigans mostly
Jadesprite: yes i figured shenanigans were probably involved
can you be more specific?
Davesprite: well
basically im from another timeline
we couldn't win the game there so i came back to help dave
Jadesprite: dave?
Davesprite: dave from this timeline
as a sprite im supposed to help him with his quest
Jadesprite: oh yeah
im supposed to help jade too, but......
*sniffle*
Davesprite: shes doing alright dont worry about it
Jadesprite: ok, ill try...
you were saying?
Davesprite: so things kind of became even more crazy in this timeline than the one i was from
and it was clear dave was never gonna do the quest i didnt get the chance to finish
not even after you brought the forge
Jadesprite: the forge?
Davesprite: your volcano
Jadesprite: ohhh
Davesprite: so
after laying low for a while
i just went and did whatever i could myself
got caledfwlch
the fuckin welsh sword dave broke
went to look for hephaestus again
figuring there wasnt much hope in beating him this time either especially being injured and all but
what the hell right
but then
thats when you lit the forge somehow
Jadesprite: i did?
Davesprite: well no
not you other jade
Jadesprite: yeah
shes a lot more brave than me i think
she brought me back thinking i could help her and all i did was disappoint her and everyone else
you came back as a sprite and youre managing to do important things...
but i just feel so scared and helpless
Davesprite: sounds like you came back because jade made the decision for you
i made the decision to come back myself maybe itd be different if you had the same chance
Jadesprite: i dont know if i would have if i had the chance
but i would like to not feel so useless to everybody
Davesprite: i think everyones on top of this
theres not much for us to do anymore
Jadesprite: what about your sword? isnt it important?
Davesprite: i guess so
but not really for me since im not the real dave anymore
Jadesprite: im still not sure how you got it...
what does it have to do with my volcano?
Davesprite: thats a bit complicated
see it turns out
i had no idea how the denizens worked at all
Try to make sense of this mess yourself.

Once again, we're back to the select screen. Pick the one with CD and Liv in the shuttle bay.

CD stands in the shuttle bay. Liv crouches in a shallow pit and stares at CD.

Liv stands behind CD and wiggles her hand near CD's shirt.

Liv takes the wallet from CD's pocket. It's labeled Pick. Again.

Liv removes the card with the tumor. In a second image, she puts the wallet back in CD's pocket.

On the roughly drawn map, a dotted line labeled 'Escape' leads away from the ship. At the end of it, there's a shuttle with an alert showing CD dancing with the wallet. It's labeled 'total success'. Liv stands in the shuttle bay with the card in hand. At the helm, W.V. flails, looking for the wallet.

Try to make sense of this mess yourself.

Again, it's the select screen. Click the last image, which shows Dad's bloody hat flying away.

Dad's hat flies through the clouds of Skaia.

A detached, ghostly hand snatches it out of the air.

Nannasprite holds the hat and stares at it sadly. She's wearing her own sprite pendant, which is splattered with oil. Behind her is the wrecked car and Dad's PDA sits on the hood. It's also covered in oil and has a grey hat alert over it.

Try to make sense of this mess yourself.

It shows the select screen again. You've already gone through all the options, so go to the next page.

Oh, wonderful. Another interruption.

In the banner, Scratch looks down a hallway in his apartment while holding a
broom. At the far end, there's a flashing Bang effect. The main panel is another select screen. There are 6 options. Nannasprite on the battlefield. Dave and Rose on Derse. Jadesprite and Davesprite on the battlefield. Jade on LoFaF. The escape pod flying away from W.V.'s ship. John and Vriska at John's alchemiter.]

It seems she's acting out again. Sorting these clippings will have to wait while I settle her down. I apologize profusely.

Please continue to help yourself to the serviceable "Next" command in my absence. As a first-class host, I keep a healthy supply on hand at all times.

[Image description: There is another image underneath the captions. It's a bowl full of blue Next arrows. Go back to the first panel and click on Dave and Rose's picture.]

[o]

[Image description: Dave and Rose stand in Dave's bedroom on Derse. Liv stands to their left and holds the ball of yarn.]

pesterlog
T.T.: I am piloting the moon through the Furthest Ring right now. At the moment, it's passing through a dream bubble. I am visiting your dream in person. Or, you are the one visiting me as I travel, in your sleep. If you'd rather look at it that way.
T.G.: ok so all those questions you asked me getting me to remember you were just stalling me weren't you so i wouldn't wake up and try to stop you T.T.: Not entirely.
T.G.: this sucks could you just please turn the thing around and come back T.T.: Why?
I'm already out here. Might as well go through with it.
T.G.: we agreed id do it though or at least you pretended to agree just before going into a major league wind up with your nap yarn
T.T.: A major league wind up?
T.G.: sports
T.T.: It's always been pretty sad that I seem to know more about sports than you. Which is really saying something.
T.G.: all im saying is no one likes a basketball hog
T.T.: It's probably just "ball hog."
T.G.: i just think you should know that in the athletic arena of competitive achievement its a widely known fact that cherry picking posers get showered in nothin but boos you dont gank the rock and steal the big mans thunder on his raucus drive to the hole
T.T.: Oh lord.
T.G.: is that the sort of ignominy you want see you didnt consider sports you never consider the sports
T.T.: The last thing I want to do is come between a big man's thunder and any particular hole he might prize.
T.G.: and yet
such has been what's happened
it like the tight end was going long down the yard in sudden death
its me im the tight end
and the quarterback sniped the fieldgoal just before the nfl buzzer went off
the greedy qb is you
T.T.: That's not even close to being a thing in football.
T.G.: but instead of winning the gold sports prize you just fucking die and nobody cares and it
didn't mean anything
T.T.: Which prize is that?
T.G.: the football prize
T.T.: You mean the most vaunted accolade associated with the gridiron, known as "Stanley's
Cup?"
T.G.: no come on
its called the bruce bombardi trophy or something
for best pile squad
T.T.: I'll take your word for it.
T.G.: and even though you're dead all these fat millionaires in helmets just leap on your corpse
anyway and pile up and i mean way up
T.T.: How high do they even have to be?
T.G.: the sport pile doesn't stop from getting taller
T.T.: Does the officiator have a means of measurement on hand?
I wouldn't want to be crushed by a nonregulation sport pile.
T.G.: what do you care you'll be dead like the mission thieving poser you are
T.T.: Poser?
So not cool.
T.G.: yes poser it should be my torso getting pulverized by that avalanche of overpaid beefcakes
and you know it
T.T.: I forget what we were doing exactly.
Were we pursuing the hackneyed debate over who has the best claim to self sacrifice,
Or seeing who can out-dumbass the other with obtuse sports lingo?
T.G.: there obviously stopped being a difference between those things the question is offensive
almost as offensive as you stalling me while you peel out of here in your dumb moon
T.T.: I'm the one stalling?
The moon is probably just a speck in the sky now due to your strange beefcake harangue.
T.G.: yeah but i don't know how to wake back up is the thing
T.G.: how do i wake back up
T.T.: I guess I could wake back you up, if you really want.

[Image description: Dave and Rose stare at each other. Rose holds the ball of yarn. Between them,
Derse's moon flies through the void.]

pesterlog
T.G.: ok then do it
T.T.: But you have to promise to stay put.
Don't try to stop me. Just let it go.
T.G.: but this was my mission
T.T.: It really makes no sense for you to go. This was never your preoccupation.
They selected me a long time ago.
T.G.: that doesn't make sense
why would they drag me into it just to have me make a map and then let you ditch me
they've obviously been gunning for me too
T.T.: Yes, they helped you chart a path through the Ring. And they will open that path for a pilot they have marked.
I believe I fit the description. I'm not sure about you.
T.G.: why do you think that
T.T.: I am the pilot. That's all there is to say on the matter.
T.G.: but i dont want you to die
T.T.: Help John and Jade.
T.G.: this isn't right
T.T.: Then I'm not going to help you wake you up.
I'll stall some more.
T.G.: so you admit you were stalling with all that bullshit
T.T.: I said not entirely.
T.G.: what do you mean
T.T.: It's going to be a long ride through all this nothingness.
Maybe I just thought some company would be nice.
Before it's all over.
T.G.: ............
T.T.: So what'll it be?
T.G.: what
T.T.: I'll wake you, but only if you promise to rejoin the others.
Could you give a message to John for me?
T.G.: sure
but
if im promising not to chase you down then there's not really any hurry to wake up
T.T.: Aw, are you sure?
I was looking forward to bowling another wicked googly with the yarn.
Sportsways.
T.G.: nah ill stay asleep a while
T.T.: Ok.
T.G.: what did you want me to tell john
T.T.: What was that?
T.G.: what
T.T.: Did you hear something?
T.G.: no what
T.T.: I thought I heard something outside.

[o] Next

[Image description: They turn to look behind them and the Draconian Dignitary stands next to the window, holding a red-tipped spear. The words Are You Next appear on the wall behind him, dripping shittily drawn blood. A green box sits where Liv stood.]

pesterlog
T.G.: whos this douche dag
T.G.: i mean bag
T.G.: im stuttering this dude is making me nervous
T.T.: You don't remember him?
T.G.: no
T.T.: Then I guess this isn't a memory.
T.G.: so hes actually here with us on the moon
T.T.: Not with us.
Just me.
You're still on Derse, remember?

[o] Next

[Image description: DD stabs Dave in the chest. The image changes to Dave sitting up quickly. The royal deringer still sits by his side.]

[o] Next

[Image description: He slowly looks up.]

[o] Next

[Image description: The broken chain sticks out above him, pointing towards a distant purple dot, which is all that's visible of the moon.]

[o] Next

[Image description: Dave flies away from the moon, clutching the sword in his hand.]

[o] Oh, wonderful. Another interruption.

[Image description: It shows the select screen with the bowl of next arrows again. This time, click Davesprite and Jadesprite.]

[o]

[Image description: They stare at each other. Halfway up the image, the sky fades to show Davesprite clutching caledfwlch and walking down a red hallway. At the far end, a simple outline of a head wreathed in flames stares at him.]

spritelog
Davesprite: i busted into his palace
to finish the quest
i was expecting him to be asleep and was gonna figure out some way to wake him up
but like last time i saw him
he was already awake to greet me
Jadesprite: but i thought the denizens were supposed to be asleep?
at least until you do the right things on your quest...
Davesprite: they are
as sprites were programmed to know things like that about the game
but i guess not everything
it seems like if you try to go fight them too soon
you find them awake and theyre like
what the fuck are you doing here already
which is what happened last time i saw him
before i became a sprite
and i stupidly tried to fight him which was a bad idea because hes hella strong
and the whole time he was raving about shit
about a stolen sword and missing forge
but i wasnt really listening
if i had i might have understood
he wasnt actually trying to kill me he was giving me the choice
Jadesprite: what choice
davesprite: wait i mean the choice

[Note: The Choice is underlined.]

Davesprite: i always forget i can talk underlined for important shit
Jadesprite: what did you choose?
Davesprite: i guess i made an unwitting choice
by deciding to flee
i figured he was unbeatable so i decided to get the fuck out of there
so i snapped a quick captcha to get his huge hammers code and then gtfo
Jadesprite: what happened when you saw him this time?
Davesprite: like i said he was awake again
but this time i wasnt in any condition to fight
so i didnt
and thats what i didnt get
hes this terrible angry monstrous guy but theres no need to fight him
so he looked me up and down all hard
saw the broken sword
and like before gave me the choice
Jadesprite: you mean Choice!
hehehe (tongue sticking out face)

[Note: Both choice and her laughter are underlined.]

Jadesprite: oops
Davesprite: yeah
Jadesprite: so it was the same choice?
Davesprite: no

[Image description: Small meteors fall around them, and Unreal Air, the artifacted skateboard Dave made forever ago, descends towards them. It's upside down.]

spritelog
Davesprite: it was different
i think it must be always different
depending on the circumstances
i dont know what the choice is when you face him the way youre supposed to
but im showing up as this bleeding bird sprite holding his broken sword
so thats pretty odd situation
Jadesprite: then what did he make you decide?
Davesprite: he sees i got his sword and its busted and you can tell hes pissed
but like before its like restrained anger
like hes always about to just fucking flip but still keeps it together
so he can tell me
he can repair it
and make the deringer with the forge lit
he says he can repair anything
but only one thing
and i had to choose
so i said ok fix the sword
Jadesprite: as opposed to what?
Davesprite: meh
doesnt matter really
Davesprite: i just thought making the sword felt like the right thing
Jadesprite: oh...
Davesprite: so i gave him the sword
but it still wasnt all that simple
he needed lava from the forge to make it
which means echidna had to be awake
our denizens had to have some kind of truce to make it happen
see what i mean about it being complicated
Jadesprite: yeah (blank face)
Davesprite: so jade must have done something right
to wake her up and get the forge going
don't know what she did though
Jadesprite: probably something amazing
she is still working so hard to help everyone
i guess i used to be that way...
but i've completely forgotten how
Davesprite: are you sure

[o] Next

[Image description: Davesprite holds out the deringer. Behind them, a meteor impacts.]
spritelog
Jadesprite: what's happening?
Davesprite: reckoning
its getting close to the end
more meteors are getting by the portals
the battlefield will probably be wiped out soon
Jadesprite: can we do something to stop it?
Davesprite: would there be a point
Jadesprite: i dont know.....
i like it here though
i felt like i was drawn to come here when i wasnt sure where to go
Davesprite: yeah me too
Jadesprite: the meteors
and all the fire...
it reminds me of when i died
and i was trying to wake john up
i was scared then too
but i didnt let the fear stop me from trying to save him
Davesprite: what would you want to do
if you weren't scared
Jadesprite: i have no idea
i guess try to help
what is there to do?
Davesprite: well
i was going to bring this sword to dave
Jadesprite: oh noo
does that mean you're going to leave?
Davesprite: no
i was gonna say
im not in any shape for more adventuring
i figure this is probably my last stop
Jadesprite: (sad face)
Davesprite: but maybe this is a way you can help
Jadesprite: you mean...
that i should give him the sword?
Davesprite: if you want
Jadesprite: but i dont want to leave you here either
Davesprite: maybe you dont have to actually go anywhere
you oughta have a lot of special powers remember
because of ascending to doghood
Jadesprite: oh yeah!
Davesprite: try doing your spacey thing
i mean not to sound condescending or anything but its got to be like borderline omnipotence pretty much
just put your mind to it
Jadesprite: alright, i will try.....

[o] Next

[Image description: Jadesprite's hand glows green against a bright red background.]

[o] Next

[Image description: She lifts her hand and the sword comes up with it. There's a flash, then the sword fades away.]

[o] Oh, wonderful. Another interruption.

[Again, it shows the select page. Pick John and Vriska this time.]

[o]

[Image description: John and Vriska stand on John's alchemiter. John is wearing the rocket pack and a captchalogue card in the top right corner shows Casey clutching the oily bunny.]

pesterlog
E.B.: i remember now.
i was tricked by a troll into flying up to the last gate, using this rocket pack.
she said i could take a shortcut and go kill my denizen while he was sleeping.
it...
did not quite work out that way.
A.G.: This sounds like Terezi's handiwork.
E.B.: i don't know. she didn't tell me her name.
she was a blind troll. she made me this incredibly shitty map for me to follow!
I guess she got both of us then. Unbelievable.
E.B.: she tricked you too?
A.G.: Yes.
Well, not tricked, so much as made a pointless coin flip and stabbed me in the back.
E.B.: wow. that's pretty cold blooded!
A.G.: Oh, sure. She was easily the most underhanded and villainous member of our group.
but I did let my guard down. And even when she stabbed me, I sure didn't think I was going to die.
E.B.: why not?
A.G.: It turns out immortality isn't all it's cracked up to be. Let's leave it at that.
E.B.: hmm...
so i guess you never got around to giving me immortality like you said? or killing me, for that matter.
sounds like the blind troll beat you to it.
A.G.: No, I did! but........
Ugh, this will be hard to explain to you.
E.B.: explain what?
A.G.: Haha. I guess in her own sick way, she actually set us up on this date together.
Maybe I should thank her whenever she falls asleep? Or dies, god forbid.
E.B.: so...
now it is a date?
A.G.: I don't know.
I said it wouldn't be unless you remembered. And now you remember.
but you still don't remember me, do you?
E.B.: nope.
A.G.: Yeah, thought so.
This version of you died before I started messing with you. Not that I expect you to understand what that means.
E.B.: no, i get that.
if i had decided not to take the shortcut, i would have lived. and then you would have talked to me a lot?
A.G.: Yes, that's right.
I guess I should have learned to give you more credit by now.
E.B.: well, i might not have figured that out, if not for...
some things that just happened.
A.G.: I still can't believe I'm meeting a version of you that doesn't remember a thing about me.
None of my great exploits, or any of the ways I helped you. Only that one stupid time I taunted you!
It's a vaguely frustrating feeling.
E.B.: sorry... not sure what to tell you!
A.G.: So you remember literally nothing I told you about myself? Not even the, uh........
Compromising stuff?
E.B.: well, you did just show me around your planet. which was really cool!
... there's compromising stuff?
A.G.: Your species would think so. but I guess it doesn't matter anymore.
E.B.: i guess not.
but who says we can't get to know each other again?
A.G.: You wouldn't find that boring?
E.B.: no way! not if you wouldn't.
you said the name of the blind troll who killed us, but you have not told me yours yet.
A.G.: I haven't?
E.B.: no.
A.G.: .......
It's Vriska.
E.B.: nice to meet you, vriska.
i am john! even though you know that.
A.G.: Yes.
E.B.: so now what do we do? aside from be dead for probably ever.
A.G.: Man, I don't know.
Maybe,
You could tell me about how you died?
What were the "things that just happened" you were talking about?

[o] Next

[Image description: They both fly upwards. John's using the rocket pack and labeled Pchooooo.
Vriska's using her rocket shoes and labeled Pshoooes.]

pesterlog
E.B.: well, like i said, i flew up to the last gate. like this.
oh, nice boots!
A.G.: (smiley face with eight eyes)

[o] Next

[Image description: Salamanders flail on the edge of the ravine separating the Denizen's lair from
the rest of the land. The land fades to the top of a tunnel leading into the lair, where Vriska and
John stand.]

pesterlog
E.B.: it brought me inside the palace.
it was huge, and it took a long time to explore. it was eerily empty too.
i had that weird feeling of getting to a place in a video game you are not supposed to be yet,
because you don't have the right powerups and such.
you know what i mean?
A.G.: Not really.
I'm used to taking shortcuts whenever I play games.
E.B.: oh, ok.
so, i started getting crazy nervous the longer i was down here, and i was starting to wonder if my
silly iron pogo hammer would even do any damage against the monster.
A.G.: *Snort.*
E.B.: what?
A.G.: Against a denizen? Of course that piece of shit isn't going to do anything.
If I were you, I would have chucked it into the forge.
E.B.: excuse me, it is called the wrinkle fucker, and it is totally amazing.
A.G.: It might be alright if you combined it with something awesome.
Like some cool dice, for instance.
E.B.: that's so absurd, like anything like that would ever even happen!!!

[S][o] Next

[Image description: A strange, hollow warble plays. John and Vriska stand on a round platform
with pipes sticking out of it and two stairways leading away from it. There's a blue pipe organ with
the breath symbol on it, but the pipes are clogged with oil.]

pesterlog
A.G.: What's this?
E.B.: i found it very deep in the palace dungeon. i was wandering for hours, following a horrible
sound through the pipes.
i could tell typheus was really close, because it was very loud here. it could only be the sound of
him sleeping.
i was so tempted to play it, but i didn't dare risk waking him up!
pretty much by then i was sweating bullets at the thought of confronting him.
A.G.: You were right to be nervous. Denizens are incredibly powerful monsters. You had no chance whatsoever at this stage of the game. You might have stood a chance after I started helping you. but Terezi really screwed you over by leading you here so early.

E.B.: yeah...
i guess if i ever see her, i should thank her too.

A.G.: Why?
E.B.: because this was important.

A.G.: What was? Getting killed by a monster?
E.B.: well, yes. but not just that.

the whole ruse was important!

if i didn't make the decision to go, then dave would not be able to go back in time and fix things. in fact, if i didn't die here in this palace, we never would have been born in the first place!

A.G.: How could you know all that?
E.B.: this way…

[p] Next

[Image description: John smiles and waves at something. Vriska looks shocked.]

pesterlog

A.G.: This denizen does not look asleep to me.
E.B.: nooope.

he was wide awake when i found him. i practically crapped my pants!

A.G.: Well, that explains your quick death. If your denizen was anything like mine, it wouldn't have wasted much time before unleashing a huge shitstorm of devastating monster magic.

E.B.: what was your denizen like?

A.G.: Her name was Cetus.

She was this awful sea monster. Her lair was deep underground amidst a bunch of shipwrecks. She was quite vicious and territorial. I knew I had to kill her quickly to release the hoard, before she had the chance to do anything tricky.

E.B.: what do you mean, tricky?
did she talk to you?

A.G.: Oh, of course. She was babbling in riddles through most of the fight. I wasn't paying much attention though. I mean, what creature Doesn't speak in boring riddles in this game?

E.B.: so, is that what you all did?
kill your denizens as fast as possible, without listening to them?

A.G.: Yeah, pretty much. We were all pretty good players, remember?

E.B.: yes, so i've heard.

A.G.: Well........

Ok, I can't exactly speak for everyone. There was a lot going on, and I don't know how some people went about beating their denizens.

For instance, I'm not sure how our hero of breath did it. Maybe the monster just released the hoard for him out of pity?????????

E.B.: maybe he just talked to his denizen?

A.G.: If there was a way to avoid a tough battle, I'm sure he found it.
It sounds like a good way to cheat yourself out of a lot of sweet xp and loot though.

E.B.: i dunno. you might be surprised!

A.G.: John, are you saying you had a nice friendly chat with this hideous, bloodthirsty creature before he killed you?

E.B.: yes!
typhoeus may not be pretty to look at...
but he is not a bad guy at all!

[o] Oh, wonderful. Another interruption.

[Image description: It's back to the image selection page. Select Nannasprite.]

[o]

[Image description: Nannasprite holds the PDA, which still has the hat alert over it. Meteors fall behind her.]

Show Serious Business
fedorafreak: eureka.
stand by for clarification re: enthusiastic outburst.
yes. it is as hoped for beyond hope.
unusual devices may be used to duplicate fresh, perfectly pressed garments. inexhaustibly, afaik.
reconstructing complete professional ensemble now - hold.
pleased to report restoration of dapper visage an overwhelming success.
blas, devices appear to hold no such promise for departed family members, misplaced hand-held steam press.
update on device utility - combinative apparel synthesis presents intriguing possibilities.
now combining expensive leather pipe tobacco sleeve with handsome, gray fedora.
to document result shortly.
resulted in hat w/ outlandish and frivolous appearance.
do not care for; shall discard immediately.
combination of pant, fine cotton shirt even more disappointing.
yielded useless, excessively tall pant; relieving from wardrobe at once.
made unwelcome determination. production requires expense of glittering abstractions called grist.
such jewels remaining in cache, libation in reserve, at premium.
consumed final swallow of carefully rationed urine. soon to seek water elsewhere in exotic new surroundings.
more importantly, to seek grist facilitating continued accessorizing.
note to self: use spoils to make more hats.
preparing for expedition to reap gems from mischievous local fauna.
crafted sturdy bludgeoning instrument out of uprooted mailbox.
tall pant perhaps adaptable as defensive garment.
pardon while donning tall pant.
donned tall pant.
confidence in martial prowess perplexingly swells.
venturing out; powering down gray, serviceable hand-held computing device to preserve battery.
additional updates to be submitted in a frank and forthright manner for judicious appraisal within a reasonable timeframe.
tia for patience.

[o] Next

[Image description: It shows the PDA’s screen, which is partially covered in oil.]

Show Serious Business
fedorafreak: turning on hand-held device for brief report.
severe injury sustained in skirmish with undersized, sportive rascal.
tall pant unremarkable in protective utility. damaged; badly bloodied.
no indication of laundering facilities throughout enchanted land whatsoever.
losing fluid rapidly. maintaining adequate hydration levels more important than ever. 
rest needed.
seeking surface suitable for assuming reclined posture. 
strength depleting. tie loosened, removed, rolled up neatly and tucked beneath hat. 
minimal stamina left for disrobing sodden tall pant. leaving on. 
encountered rest surface. 
horizontal stone slab exhibiting unidentified iconography. 
a tall post at each corner. 
mysteriously inviting. 
mounting slab. exhaustion taking hold. 
pipefan413: Excuse me, sir! 
fedorafreak: @pipefan413, friend. 
@pipefan413, sound of voice nearly refreshing enough to distract from perpetual taste of warm, poorly filtered urine. 
pipefan413: Oh my, no. I am not actually your friend, dear. 
I am his mother! Hoo hoo hoo. 
fedorafreak: another of @pipefan413's legendary pranks? please clarify. 
if yes; prepared to regard as hilarious. 
pipefan413: Were that it was. I'm sorry to say there is no chicanery in play at all today. 
Though yes, that would be quite the doozy. I believe the late, great Colonel would surely say we were cooking with petrol upon hearing such a whopper. 
No, I am just an old woman looking for her son. 
fedorafreak: understood, madame. 
pipefan413: You remind me of him so. Would you mind terribly if I talked to you for a little while? 
I am fearing the worst for my son, while my grandson has gone off to do great things. I've caught myself feeling a bit lonely, hoo. 
fedorafreak: can imagine no greater pleasure. 
though, eyelids heavy. 
getting dark; feeling in extremities, fading. 
pipefan413: Oh, but you must be exhausted from your travels! You poor thing. 
Why don't you just lie there and rest? I will tell you a story. 
fedorafreak: @pipefan413's kindly mother: thank you 
pipefan413: It is a fairy tale about a young sister and brother who were raised by a wicked witch!

[Image description: Behind Nannasprite, more meteors impact and the horizon glows red. Above her, clouds show the Betty Crocker logo and two small children reading a large book. The one on the left is a boy who has the same haircut as Grandpa, and the one on the right is a girl with the same haircut as Nanna. They both wear grey footie pajamas and glasses, though the boy's are square while the girl's are round.

Show Serious Business 
pipefan413: The witch in truth was a world famous baking baroness. Her cruelty made life miserable for the two children, who did not have their father anymore to protect them. 
He was the greatest prankster who ever lived, and a true southern gentleman. He was killed by a comet on the day the boy was born, and the wicked baroness raised them alone, with a hand as firm as that which she ran her brutal baking empire. 
The children pledged to each other that one day they would run away together. 
They followed in the footsteps of the dear colonel, in defiance of the old batterwitch. They studied his every jape, and practiced them in secret!
But as they grew older, their interests drifted apart. The boy developed a passion for adventure and put aside his study of practical jokes. He dreamed of wealth and fame and discovery and swore he would wander the world.

One day he decided to run away with the loyal dog he inherited from their father. He asked the girl if she would come along, but she was too scared of the retribution that might follow. The boy scoffed at the danger, and assured his sister there was nothing to worry about. But he had not seen first hand what the baroness was capable of!

He told his sister that he believed in her, and that she could handle whatever the witch could throw at her. And with that, he was off, and she would never see him again. The baroness would raise her very strictly, mentoring her in the art of baking. The girl took to the lessons with fierce determination. Her only act of defiance left was to one day surpass the baroness in skill, and beat her at her own game. It was all she could do, for the baroness made sure she knew there could be no escape.

The girl surely missed her brother, and soon enough he achieved fame for his exploits. She followed him in the newspapers, the tales of his remarkable discoveries, inventions, and riches. How she wished she could rejoin him, and be free from toiling for the pastry hag!

One day, the girl was able to gather enough bravery to mention her brother to the baroness, and her desire to see him again. With contempt, she guaranteed that this could never happen. When the girl asked why, that is when the baroness began to reveal to her more than just her baking secrets. She mentioned that like in many fairy tales, there was more to the children's past than they knew. The colonel was not their father, nor was the baroness their mother. They in fact had no father or mother at all, nor were they ever actually born. They had both fallen from the sky! They were not actually brother and sister as they had been told either. Again like in many fairy tales, the truth was that they were always destined to become married one day. They were to have two children, a son and a daughter, and these children were meant to save the world! But the batterwitch was determined to make sure this destiny would never be realized. In her limitless cruelty she would do all in her power to keep them apart for the rest of their lives.

The girl that day swore she would bring down the baroness and her evil empire. She would use the many secrets she'd learned over the years against her, and began carefully plotting her downfall. Years went by. The girl was nearly ready to put her plan into action. But then, just like that, the baroness disappeared. She was never seen or heard from again. The girl was finally free, by a strange turn of events. But not without a final jab from the witch. It turned out that in her will she had left the entire company to the boy!

The boy, now a grown man, was already very wealthy in his own right. He had no particular need for the baking empire, but assumed control nonetheless, and integrated the company into his extensive collection of enterprises.

The girl, instead of seeing this as more misfortune, took the news as a relief. She'd just as soon have nothing to do with the witch's empire, and far preferred to pursue her original passion for practical japery. Hoo hoo hoo!

She considered a reunion with her estranged brother, and once destined husband to be. But the days of longing for a future with him seemed to be from another lifetime. The chance had come and gone. She was content to let him live his increasingly elaborate life, while she sought a simpler one.

Besides, now was not the time to revisit a destiny with an old star-crossed lover. She had recently become betrothed to a fine, upstanding gentleman. Soon, she would start a family. No, not one meant for heroism as foretold, but one that would make her happy nonetheless. In following years, she was left to ponder all that might have been.

What might have been if there had been no baroness to keep the girl and boy apart? What might have been if the baroness had not disappeared, and she had the opportunity to use her secrets against her!

For you see, the girl had uncovered so many dirty secrets about the terrible batterwitch, including the most troubling one of all.
Of course no one would have believed her, but she knew.
She knew the baroness was not human! (face with buck teeth)
-- fedorafreak's gray, serviceable hand-held computing device's battery has died. --

[o] Oh, wonderful. Another interruption.

[Image description: And we're back to the select screen. Now pick CD's escape pod.]

[o]

[Image description: CD's escape pod flies away from the ship, leaving a trail of smoke behind it. Meteors continue streaking past it, towards Skaia.]

[o] Next

[Image description: CD holds the wallet and a walkie talkie. The wallet is labeled Mission Accomplished and the walkie talkie has a spade alert over it.]

[o] Next

[Image description: Jack Noir stands over John's body. He holds a walkie talkie with an alert showing the wallet and CD flailing around it. WTF? Is written off to the side.]

[o] Next

[Image description: Jack holds the walkie talkie a bit closer. A new alert is labeled So. Dumb. Inside the alert, there is a picture of the ship with drawings of W.V. and Liv Tyler holding the tumor above it. Red circles are drawn around them and arrows point to spots on the ship. A queen's ring is drawn, surrounded by question marks, and labeled 'is still missing though??????'. The last thing is a drawing of the card with the tumor on it, also surrounded by question marks and labeled 'wait this thing is gone too ........]

[o] Next

[Image description: Jack barks into the walkie talkie. The background shows the drawing of Jade surrounded by hearts, but her eyes have Xs drawn over them and a mouth that's frowning and spitting blood has been drawn on. She's labeled 'Actual Mission' and 'Dead'.]

[o] Next

[Image description: CD leans away from the walkie talkie, which bounces in his hand. Many 'woof's flash across the background.]

[o] Next

[Image description: Jack stands between John and Rose's bodies, then disappears.]

[o] Next

[Image description: W.V., who is still in the cockpit on the ship, pats himself down and wonders where the wallet went.]

[o] Next

[Image description: He holds the White Queen's Ring, which makes his arm glow.]
[o] Next

[Image description: He puts one hand to his head. Huge Relief is written above him.]

[o] Next

[Image description: He suddenly clenches his fist around the ring and looks up. 'Notice' appears above him.]

[o] Next

[Image description: He looks through the window and sees Jack on top of one of the towers sticking out of the ship.]

[o] Next

[Image description: W.V. looks scared.]

[o] Next

[Image description: Jack glares at him and crackles with green lightning. Meteors continue to streak by behind him.]

[o] Next

[Image description: It shows the ship from a distance. For a moment, there's just one green spot on top of a tower, then it suddenly turns into an explosion. The ship crumbles.]

[o] Oh, wonderful. Another interruption.

[Image description: It shows the select screen again. The only one that hasn't been picked yet is Jade on LoFaF, so click that one.]

[o]

[Image description: Jade stands outside a building, somewhere on LoFaF. A pulsing spirograph gate sits next to her and two lizards stand to her left, one of which is flailing and sticking its tongue out repeatedly. Jade is wearing her crystal ball glasses, her lunchmuffs, and the three in the morning dress. There's a Karkat alert above her.]

pesterlog
carcinoGeneticist [C.G.] began trolling gardenGnostic [G.G.]
C.G.: what the hell are you doing now.
G.G.: pw.
C.G.: seriously, why did you go back to see her? You didn't mention this last time.
G.G.: listen fuckass
I am going to need a password before we continue
please (heart)
C.G.: right, ok.
let's see if I can remember, it was pretty elaborate if I recall, ok here goes.
I'm a disgusting worthless bilgesack on the gargantuan teat of a laboring, leprous musclebeast. My self esteem is so small, its existence is a matter of conjecture among theoretical physicists. I smell so bad, the stench cannot be expressed with even the most eloquent, florid language. The odor my body makes has made poets cry. I have won special awards for discovering new places to touch myself erotically while farting. I unfairly pulverize the competition in asshole pageants, and I have
received a lifetime ban from ugly contests by president shitface himself. My blood is not fit to flow through a sewer, and my sign is a pictographic symbol that loosely translates as "please hike these pants up to this guy's armpits, chain him to a flogging jut, and make a fucking example out of this sorry sack of shit." When I look in a mirror, my reflection slowly shakes his head while I wet myself in shame.

G.G.: ....................... (Blank face)
C.G.: what, that was it, wasn't it. How was that not fucking it, did I forget an apostrophe somewhere?
G.G.: no karkat, that was not quite the password
but you were on the right track (tongue sticking out face)
C.G.: can we just talk now
G.G.: do you even remember the right password?
C.G.: something along the lines of gratuitous self deprecation forced into my mouth, involving reference to some kind of weird human coupling ritual?
G.G.: youre being deliberately dumb
it was...
if I hate myself so much, then why don't I hate marry myself?
remember?
I was just using the password system to poke a little fun at you, and you turn it into this whole overdramatic thing, jeeeeez.
C.G.: haha! Whee.
can we get down to fucking business again?

[o] Next

[Image description: Jade hops into the gate as a lizard Thips its tongue out behind her.]

pesterlog
G.G.: I wonder if we will ever be able to start a conversation without having a ridiculous argument about the password system?
C.G.: if you would drop the password system and let future me talk to you, he might be able to give you an answer.
spoiler: the answer would be no, because the passwords are retarded.
G.G.: why would I want to do that??
the only guy whos dumber than past karkat is future karkat, and vice versa!
I have this on good authority from both sources
C.G.: I still think your use of the terms is kind of asinine, there really is no past or future karkat from your view
there's karkat who knows less stuff and karkat who knows more stuff. Why not just gather the facts from the one who's got the lowdown already?
I mean, I'd do it myself, but I can't stand the guy.
G.G.: you see, that is your problem
okay, one of your many, many problems...
you have no patience to do things the right way, you're always just looking for the shortcut!
even if doing so has brought you nothing but trouble a hundred times before
it is sort of funny that the only thing standing in your way is one of your other problems, your preposterous self loathing
so you can't even trust your future self to help you cheat!
its like you have so many problems, they cancel each other out
C.G.: that's not the only thing standing in my way. Your stupid passwords are also standing in my way. If not for that I could be fast tracking this to solution city for us both.
G.G.: exactly (very happy face)
C.G.: ok, whatever, let's just get on with this "linear conversation" ok?
G.G.: ok
C.G.: so you gave me that silly password, and we ended our conversation a few minutes ago from my end
and I scanned ahead looking for a good moment on your timeline to pick it up again
and I notice you went back to see her again for some reason
G.G.: yes
C.G.: so I'm just wondering why
what happened to the frog breeding, I thought we were on a roll with that
G.G.: yes, we still are!
this little detour was related to that task. We should be nearly done.
C.G.: what was she even saying to you, I can't understand a word of that horrifying gibberish.
G.G.: I can understand her just fine!
C.G.: I still don't really get it.
why my denizen was such a nightmare while yours apparently gives you guttural pep talks in some byzantine monster language.
G.G.: we already talked about this
echidna and I have an understanding now (winking face)
C.G.: ooh, vague bullshit, it's the exact fucking thing I can't get enough of.
G.G.: well maybe if you weren't in such a grumpy hurry all the time you wouldn't have killed your denizen so quickly
you might have actually learned something!!!!!!
C.G.: huge ugly monsters are for killing, period.
G.G.: did you ever talk to kanaya about it?
C.G.: I don't remember, maybe?
I'm a busy guy, jade. I talk to a lot of people about a lot of stuff, including myself.
G.G.: her situation was very similar to mine
C.G.: I thought she killed her denizen to light the forge or something
G.G.: it doesn't sound like you got the whole story
or maybe you just weren't listening to her (tongue sticking out face)
C.G.: well I sure don't think it was whatever you did
and in any case I thought all that was over with
why are you back, what does this have to do with frog breeding?
G.G.: this was kanayas suggestion
C.G.: kanaya's still helping you?
G.G.: yes!
im talking to her right now actually
C.G.: oh
I see her across the room, she's not talking to anyone on a computer now.
G.G.: durr, of course not, shes from a different time than you genius
C.G.: which time
G.G.: a few hours in your future!
C.G.: ah, I see how it is.
you won't talk to future karkat until I jump through your fucking password hoops and become him eventually
but you'll talk to future kanaya just like that. Double standard anybody??? Jade says yes please.
G.G.: you are so ridiculous, I have kanaya using the same password system as you
she is just a little further ahead on my timeline is all
it would be pretty hard to keep you both synced up!
C.G.: I thought you didn't want shit spoiled from the future though.
G.G.: yeah, from my future, I don't want you guys telling me the things I do before I do them because you talked to future me!
but knowing a few things about your future doesn't really matter, not that I am going to tell you any of it, so don't ask
C.G.: I think I am on the verge of becoming a religious person, I just don't know where else to turn to remove the awesome suffering that trollian's temporal chat bullshit miraculously continues to inflict on me.
maybe the mirthful messiahs will come and take my pain away?? Oh yes, that sounds heavenly. jadie, please excuse me while I go paint my face to outwardly reflect the beauty of my inner awakening, and drub my think pan mercilessly to reduce my intelligence to the level necessary to sustain these beliefs.
G.G.: siiiign, what are you even talking about?
G.G.: are we almost done crafting this "master plan"?
I have stuff to attend to here. My team is falling apart.
and I can't find gamzee anywhere. I'm worried he might have wandered off somewhere and got hurt.
aw
well...
you'll find him
G.G.: I thought you weren't telling me about my future.
G.G.: I know, I made an exception
but only one!
C.G.: let's move this along. Just update me on the frogs, and give me a new password, ok?
G.G.: kanaya thinks we should all talk about this
she says you're important to consult on the matter, but the you from her time is too busy
C.G.: busy with what?
G.G.: (closed mouth face)!!!!!
she is opening a memo


[pasterlog]
Past carcinoGeneticist [P.C.G.] 03:14 hours ago responded to memo.
P.C.G.: oh god, he's still following you?
that is so messed up.
(unknown) G.G.: yeah...
it's ok though. As long as he is tailing me like a lost puppy, at least he's not killing anybody
P.C.G.: don't trust him jade, I'm telling you. He is a stab happy planet exploding asshole.
remember what he did to dave? It was like this whole episode, you had a hysterical episode about it, remember?
(unknown) G.G.: I remember the episode!!!
but hes ok now
and im kind of starting to think that was just his way of saying hi
my dog used to fetch my bullets too!
I really think he believes he is my dog, on some level
P.C.G.: just don't turn your back on him, jade.
don't turn your back on the puppy.
(unknown) G.G.: dont worry, im keeping my eye on him
aaaaaaaa no no no, bad jack, bad!!!!!!!

[p] Next

[Image description: Jade takes out a rolled up newspaper. A strife specibus for Paperkind appears in the corner. In a second image, she frowns and waps Jack on the nose repeatedly. A white arm sticks out among the frogs.]

pesterlog
P.C.G.: he really seems to hate frogs.
(unknown) G.G.: yeah...
the poor froggies (sad face)
P.C.G.: my jack had this irrational thing against frogs too.
I mean my normal jack. Not psychopath omnipojack.
F.G.A.: derse agents are heavily predisposed toward the murder and desecration of amphibious lifeforms and their iconography respectively
frequently I had to thwart assassination attempts from their kingdom
or extermination attempts is probably better to say
(unknown) G.G.: youre probably right, they really seem to drive him crazy
this is not the first time I have had to reprimand him
P.C.G.: wait, did he follow you into the palace too just now?
is that who you were yelling at?
(unknown) G.G.: he was growling at echidna and I had to tell him he was being very bad
he destroyed some of her really nice statues too
keeping him in line really makes me miss bec, he was such a good dog
not to mention a best friend
jack is just...
F.G.A.: bad dog
worst enemy
(unknown) G.G.: exactly
P.C.G.: I don't like this a fucking bit, it makes me really nervous.
you just chilling with an unspeakably powerful mass murderer with the brain of a wild animal
who's about to hop sessions and try to kill all of us in a few hours.
and what were you even doing there again, you still haven't told me.
(unknown) G.G.: huh?
P.C.G.: the palace.

[p] Next

[Image description: Jade stands on a transportalizer platform on one of the floors of her house. The floor is now flooded. Tadpoles swim in the water and frogs sit on floating lily pads and the stairs. Jack stands off to the side, still following Jade.]
F.G.A.: I recommended she return to her denizen for advice
P.C.G.: about what
F.G.A.: the location of the final frog required to complete the gene sequence
one whose song should remove the last traces of dissonance from the waveform
the creature is quite elusive remember
P.C.G.: oh yeah
you were searching for weeks
F.G.A.: yes
P.C.G.: and you never found it
F.G.A.: I had a good lead
but you decided there was not enough time left to bother with it
P.C.G.: the reckoning had started.
we had to kill the king.
F.G.A.: understood but this was a matter that really did require your attention
P.C.G.: yeah I know, but maybe I was sick to fucking death of muddling around with frogs and
their cacophonous goddamn ribbits and mixing their slime and shit.
I'm not an ecto scientist no matter how many grubs who turned out to be us the game made me
accidentally make.
(unknown) G.G.: but you are a programmer aren't you? That is at least kind of like being a scientist,
having some technical savvy...
P.C.G.: I was a shitty programmer. And anyway I only programmed viruses.
shitty viruses.
I shouldn't have to be a slime technician or a frog farmer or a mystical fucking croak decoder. I'm a
warrior and a leader and a cold blooded killer.
(unknown) G.G.: we know! You are clearly very good at being all of those things
but now we need your help with frog science. Can you help us?

[Image description: Jade stands by the ectobiology machines. The screen now flickers with what
looks like various pieces of color-coded D.N.A. Frogs sit on the ground and on the control panel.
Jack, unsurprisingly, is still near Jade.]
(unknown) G.G.: kanaya means she is a very pretty girl with pointy fangs who has a bright sunny complexion and wears fancy dresses
P.C.G.: thanks, that cleared everything just right the hell up!
(unknown) G.G.: and...
she drinks blood (side eyeing blank face)
P.C.G.: oh
you mean a rainbow drinker
yeah, I already know about her trashy novel fantasies.
are we done shitting around
F.G.A.: they aren't trashy
(unknown) G.G.: hee hee
P.C.G.: yes, hilarious.
I guess I have no choice to believe you because skepticism in this situation is for idiots right?
if I said "yeah right! If there's a drinker in this hive I'll eat my cocoon!" I'd be like the dumb lusus in the movie who doesn't believe the kid when he tells it there's a rainbow drinker in the closet.
so I guess by reverse psychology I should not be that dumbass, yell "oh fuck", and tell everyone to get in the scuttlebuggy before it's too late.
well fat chance, I'm not falling for it.
F.G.A.: that sounds like a stupid movie
P.C.G.: how do you know what she looks like anyway, did you see her in one of your afterlife bubbles?
(unknown) G.G.: yup (smiley face)
P.C.G.: why? When??
(unknown) G.G.: karkat...
that information qualifies as.........
future stuff!
P.C.G.: just
I don't know anymore, shit is getting away from me
the more time goes by without word from gamzee the more I worry
and the more I feel like something terrible has happened
or will happen
I should go.
(unknown) G.G.: no wait! Just please listen a little longer?
F.G.A.: yes staying would be better
trust me that this was and still is a very important thing for you to have done and still do maybe even the most important
P.C.G.: fine.
but let's move it along.
did echidna tell you where to find this frog?

[o] Next

[Image description: Young Jade stands near the lagoon at night time. A second image shows young Dream Jade standing on top of a platform on Prospit. Something glows in the sky above her.]

pesterlog
(unknown) G.G.: not exactly...
she just helped me remember
P.C.G.: remember what?
(unknown) G.G.: something from my past
if I accepted her terms
F.G.A.: what were her terms you never did tell me
(unknown) G.G.: yeah because you never told me yours!!!
F.G.A.: oh
I just thought it wasn't that important or interesting
since karkat thought the battle was more pressing than to wait for me to locate another frog
also
what she asked me to do was impossible
so
yeah
(unknown) G.G.: hmm
yeah she made me promise to do something that sounds impossible too
except......
(unknown) G.G.: I actually agreed (gasping face)
I have no idea how im going to keep my side of the bargain, now that I think about it
P.C.G.: excuse me.
remember
fucking
what.
(unknown) G.G.: oh right
where the last frog is!
or was...
the thing is
the frog we need is nowhere to be found in the medium
it was on earth!
but only very briefly
it was when I was young
before I woke up on prospit
I had begun sleep walking
both on the island and on the moon
and in my dream it was very bright
I saw something in the light
I couldn't tell what it was so I got closer

[Image description: Dream Jade drifts towards the light with her eyes closed. Several Prospitans watch her. In a second image, Awake Jade walks towards the water. She's wearing a dress just like her dream dress, but it's grey with green detailing and the moon has a Skaianet logo in it.]

pesterlog
(unknown) G.G.: but before i got there i woke up
and found myself by the lagoon surrounding the ruins

[Image description: Awake Jade looks towards a glowing white frog with eyes that flash red, purple, blue, and green. A pulsing [-ificate] hovers above it.]

pesterlog
(unknown) G.G.: i was about to walk home
when i saw something appear on a lily pad
it was a frog!
an amazing shiny frog, not like any other ive seen in the lagoon
pesterlog
(unknown) G.G.: it hopped over to me and I picked it up
but then, just like that…

pesterlog
(unknown) G.G.: it died

pesterlog
(unknown) G.G.: later my grandpa made a robot for me to help me with my sleep walking
it could do all the walking while I stayed safe in bed!
it could also record my dreams
I am sure he always knew my dreams were going to be special
I suspect he knew it before I was even born

pesterlog
P.C.G.: ok great, so it's there on the monitor, problem solved
you just appearify its ghost imprint, mix it with your current evolution's paradox slime, smooth out
the genetic waveform, tadpolify bilious slick, and you're done.
(unknown) G.G.: hopefully!
P.C.G.: so you didn't remember seeing this frog when you were a kid at all?
(unknown) G.G.: no, it completely slipped my mind
P.C.G.: how did she get you to remember?
I mean, what did she make you agree to?
(unknown) G.G.: well, like it was before
the choices she gives you seem to have to do with facing mortality
and making it clear if you choose one path over another it will lead to your death
and that your death may even be necessary to accomplish a goal
F.G.A.: yes ive inferred their ultimata are all personalized variations on the presentation of such
dilemmas
(unknown) G.G.: yeah
but
that is not really what made this hard
I mean
nobody wants to die of course
but at least...
that is a clear thing
you either do you you dont
you know?
P.C.G.: you said what she asked was impossible.
(unknown) G.G.: it might be
F.G.A.: what were her demands
(unknown) G.G.: she said
that if I accepted her help
that I would have to make a promise
that whenever we left this place
and wherever we end up going
she had to come
P.C.G.: huh?
(unknown) G.G.: not just echidna but all the denizens
their palaces their consorts their lands...
everything
I have to bring them all with us

[o] Next

[Image description: It returns to the select page. This time, pick Tavros and Gamzee.]

[o]

[Image description: Tavros and Gamzee sit in their hives. Gamzee sits on top of a pile of horns with a red faygo and a sopor pie, which is smeared around his mouth. Tavros sits in his wheelchair, surrounded by the remains of a fiduspawn game. They each hold their laptops and have the other's alert.]

pesterlog
T.C.: if motherfuckin magic's all we've ever known at
then it's easy to be missin what be fuckin the haps
but I'm all scopin at miracles that are up in the air
got my see on of miracles, they're here and they're there
I be checkin the miracles while falling down stairs
seen the shit out a miracles that are all being up at basically pretty much everywhere, fuck...
oceans of faygo fuckin glitter like space
a fist full of stardust's what's poofin my face
a million horns honkin rackets in piles
a one wheel device what can rocket in style
is shit that what I wish for
because... (Motherfuckin chorus bro)
I'm all a firm believer at the miracles
do you have time for my miracles, brother (smiley face with a clown nose)
do you get your notice on of the miracles
so many fuckin miracles, the magic motherfuckin miracles
honk.
A.T.: ohh,
haha, oh yeah, that was,
soo strict,
T.C.: ahaha, yeah, bro?
A.T.: most definitely, your rhymes,
they are ruthlessly disciplinary, and my hear ducts have been naughty,
I think,
they are naughty for more, (smiley face with bull horns)
T.C.: motherfuck dude, you best understand I got more slams in me.
they be as forever as my limitless faith in all my believings and shit.
A.T.: (gasp face with bull horns)
T.C.: but what I motherfuckin need, my brother...
aside of plowing nose fucking first into a bitchin pan of tenacious mucilage
is to check out what slams you can stick in my ducts!
A.T.: yeahhh,
oh yeah, these most entirely can be provided,
they can be dropped straight into the orifices you mentioned,
T.C.: haha, fuckin drop it bro!
drop it like you spaced out and forgot you were holding it in the first motherfuckin place.
A.T.: you brought up a pan, uh,
in that last stan, za
but the one I'm a fan, of
is the pan handled puu, pa,
T.C.: shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit.
A.T.: yes, shit, is a legit,
thing to say about it,
about the pan with the mangrit,
on whom I now slam it,
T.C.: slam it like a fuckin door by accident on something that hurts!!!
honk honk honk honk honk.
A.T.: you can't handle my slams,
well, unless when you can,
in which case, that's cool, uh
I just serve up the hoopla,
to goat noses, that are hoopless, (smiley face with a round nose and bull horns)
about the pan, who's called pupa,
in the case you were clueless,
about the pan who can man, up,
and is able to stand, up,
on legs unlike mine, which,
are functionally useless,
T.C.: god daaaaaaaaaaaamn. You are dealin some hearty reproach tonight.
flyin fuckin high, man.
higher than a laughsassin up on the motherfuckin grief trapeze.
higher than a subjugglator gettin his weep on for the vast honk I believe in to come.
A.T.: haha, I wish, (smiley face with bull horns)
T.C.: no bro I'm serious, your rhymes are fly as the most wicked piece of shit a miracle ever took in
the sky.
someone clip their motherfuckin wings so I stand a chance! Whoops, I mean sit a chance, fuck...
A.T.: the only thing more fly than the rhymes,
I'm saying to express all my malices,
is the ability he had I wish was mine,
instead of I guess, this excessive paralysis,
T.C.: (look out for the hook bro!!)!
get offa those wheels, get offa those wheels.
if miracles aren't fake he'll get offa those wheels!
A.T.: but high, in this case, has double the meaning, it means he can fly, plus does high self esteeming, that's two things he has, that I'd rather were mine, his two flappy wings, and his big healthy spine, oops, that's three things,,
T.C.: get offa those wheels, get offa those wheels. if miracles aren't fake he'll get offa those wheels!
A.T.: using my least useless foot, to kick it back over to you, friend, T.C.: shiiit,
A.T.: slam it, uhh, like, the door in the face of a culling drone, let's pretend that's a real possibility, and not invitation to an even more painful death, just for the sake of that expression, T.C.: motherfuck it, motherfucker! pure magic is all when there be hatchin of grubs I've seen shit that would shock your lookstubs I peeped on a place of 6 trillion hemos all up at one rock, bleeding as equals it's easy to see if you search all your feelins that peace happens first, and murder's the sequel it's the beauty of the carnival, the magic's in tents fuckin darkness outside, but the light makes you wince just take my mother fuckin hand bro put on your shades, pull back the flap and get offa those wheels!!! A.T.: okay, I did, now I'm on the floor, motionless, in a terrible way, so I got back on the wheels, it was, I nice thought though, T.C.: hahaha fuck motherfuckin yeah! let's take this ninja-tittied bitch back to the hive with the chorus... together my miracle brother! A.T.: yes, T.C.: I'm all a firm believer at the miracles A.T.: do you have time for, my miracles, religious friend, (smiley face with bull horns) T.C.: do you get your notice on of the miracles A.T.: so many, uh, gratuitous expletive, miracles, the magic mother, also expletive, miracles, T.C.: fuck yes, heres where the slam turns to nothin but honks... honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk honk A.T.: honk, T.C.: fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck! A.T.: it's less appropriate for me to do the honks, than you, but that was still great, T.C.: yeah, bro. Yeah!!! A.T.: the slams were truly prime, and, your religious views, though I don't share them, are, reasonably inspirational, I think I'm in the process of releasing at least one tear, T.C.: me too, bro, you mother fuckin know there be some of my eye's royal jelly to go with your emotional peanut butter.
A.T.: whoa, aha, ha,
T.C.: this is beautiful, dude, I feel so at chill with you.
A.T.: yeah, friendliness with you is, pretty much always nice, and fun to have,
T.C.: hey...
when we up and start to kick at this red team noise,
you should make your way to get your hang on at my hive.
A.T.: oh, yes, totally,
T.C.: we could split a tin of the pimpest sneeze I got on hand, baked up all special for you.
and then maybe make out a little.
A.T.: uh,
T.C.: (winking smiley face with a round nose)
A.T.: ,

[pesterlog]
A.T.: .....................................

[Next]
[Image description: Tavros stares off into the distance. A thought bubble shows a poorly drawn Gamzee, the same version of him that turned in a bad animation during the murder spree, but he's surrounded by indigo hearts and question marks. The question marks have loops in them, making them resemble Gamzee's symbol.]

[Next]
[Image description: And we're back on the selection screen. Pick W.V.'s ship.]

[Next]
[Image description: W.V.'s ship flies towards a green portal.]

[Next]
[Image description: The ship goes through, but just before it does, an escape pod flies away. An alert next to it shows Liv holding the tumor card.]

[Next]
[Image description: A portal appears above earth and spits out something that streaks towards the surface. The objects Bec teleported out of Jade's living room are still floating in orbit.]

[Next]
[Image description: W.V. and the ring bounce in the cockpit. The window just shows fire.]

[Next]
[Image description: The ship streaks past a white tree, which has the round station hanging from a branch.]

[Next]
[Image description: A carapacian in yellow robes stares up as it passes. She's clutching a black sword.]
[o] Next

[Image description: The figure in the yellow robes, which we now see is P.M., blinks up at the trail the ship left behind it.]

[o] Next

[Image description: It goes back to the select screen. Click on Doc Scratch.]

[o]

[Image description: Scratch stalks towards something that's banging, trailing green fire and crackling with lightning. He's still holding the broom up.]

[o] Next

[Image description: He walks across a hallway that wouldn't look out of place in a hotel. Something still bangs.]

[o] Next

[Image description: He stands outside a vault door with no less than ten locks. The whole image shakes as whatever's on the other side of the door bangs on it.]

Oh shut up.

[o] Next

[Image description: It brings us back to the select screen. Click on Aradia.]

[o]

[Image description: Aradia basks in a green light. She has her eyes closed and smiles gently. Sollux hovers behind her. His eyes look like they're white.]

pesterlog
A.A.: hey what are you doing out here!
T.A.: out where?
A.A.: out of your bubble
T.A.: oh, i dunno.
am i not supposed to leave?
A.A.: i just didn't think you could
i guess you must have a foot on either side
cant say im surprised!
T.A.: uh, ok.
so what are you doing out here?

[o] Next

[Image description: Aradia turns to look at Sollux. We can now see the edge of the green sun.]

pesterlog
A.A.: i am waiting for friends to arrive
they will need my help
T.A.: what friends?
more ghosts?
A.A.: no they're alive
first
there will be two humans
you should be joining us any minute
T.A.: first?
then what?
A.A.: then the rest of our party
the survivors
T.A.: oh
so then, we made it out here alright.
A.A.: yes
well
ty made it
your body will arrive with them
along with the others
hey maybe we can have a funeral!
T.A.: what's a funeral?
A.A.: kind of like
a big corpse party
the humans could probably explain it better than me
T.A.: ok, cool.

[p] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Aradia and Sollux stare at a massive sun that pulses and flickers with green light.]

pesterlog
T.A.: Shit, it's so bright, how can you stand it here?
A.A.: you can see the sun?
T.A.: yeah, i can see it.
but..
it looks 2d.

[p] Next

[Image description: It shows Sollux's face clearly. One eye is black and the other is white. Aradia just keeps smiling at the sun]

pesterlog
T.A.: (wide eyed blank face)

[Note: In the face, one eye is made by a capital O and the other is made by a 0.]

[p] Next

[Image description: It goes back to the select screen again. All the paths have been completed, so go to the next page.]

[p] Next

[Image description: In the banner, Scratch stands in front of the vault door. Whatever's on the other side still bangs on the door. In the main panel, there is another select panel over the bowl of next]
arrows, which once again has fewer arrows in it. The select panel is full of various images that Terezi drew on for Dave. This time, there's only one selection option. It's the largest poster, which is the one that Gamzee sent to Karkat while trying to pretend to be Terezi. The text on it says bro. Sloppy makeouts. Now. On the roof. He he he (smiley face with a round nose and furrowed brows).

[Image description: The banner shows the vault door, which is still banging. The main panel shows the poster. A second image shows it laying on a table in a room that looks like the trickster mode room. A Karkat sprite stands to its left. A third image zooms out. Karkat stands in the east section of a room. In his area, there's a table, a cabinet of some sort, a bucket, a pot, and his computer. There's a narrow area connecting the area he's in to the west section of the room, which narrows towards the north. There's a rug on the floor and a staircase going up to the east of that rug, but the stairs are blocked by a horn pile. There's a very happy face with a round nose drawn on the wall over the stairs. At the north end of the room, where it narrows, there is a door.]

pesterlog
Past carcinoGeneticist [P.C.G.] 01:34 hours ago responded to memo.
P.C.G.: jade?
are you still responding to this memo?

[Image description: In the banner, it still shows the door that's being banged on. Until told otherwise, assume it's the same. In the panel, Karkat pokes at his computer and looks worried. The poster is sitting on a table to the right and there's a golden pot of boondollars and boonbucks behind him.]

pesterlog
P.C.G.: I guess I don't have much energy left to argue about passwords.
I didn't even get a password last time.
I had to leave abruptly because sollux and eridan started dueling again.
and then feferi and kanaya...
it all happened so fast.
and now gamzee is hunting us all down in murder mode.
he's been taunting me through other people's messaging devices.
and leaving me disturbing notes.
I'm sure others must be dead by now.
and now sollux is blind and I lost track of him somehow.
I heard a stray honk and I ran and we got separated and
I'm starting to think
that this must be a doomed timeline
that's why I can't get in touch with anyone
they must be dropping like behemoth leavings out there.
and that must be why
future kanaya was talking in this memo
but now she's dead...
which makes that impossible.
it wasn't supposed to happen this way.
gamzee isn't supposed to go crazy.
I think if he does
it means we fucked something up.
it means *i* fucked something up.
he's my responsibility, I have to make sure he's safe.
and I didn't do that.
one time, one of the doomed aradias told me she came from a time where he flipped out and killed everybody, because of my failure.
I didn't take her seriously, but I should have.
she was constantly fixing my fuckups.
robots from the future always coming back to tell me how some hasty shit I did with frog breeding or whatever would make it be impossible to win.
my own personal mistakes probably accounted for more doomed aradiabots than anything else.
which was sort of a silver lining I guess? I don't think we would have beaten the king without her army.
not that it matters anymore.
I've obviously become just another guy in a doomed timeline watching everyone around him die.
I was just sitting here wondering what I could have done wrong this time
to make the timeline take a wrong turn
and pinpointing it seemed overwhelming since I've made more terrible decisions than I can even count.
but
I think looking back
I know what it is now.

[o] Next

[Image description: It shows his screen. He has the bulletin board open, which is names The Dropper Nest. On the timelines screen, a point on Jade's timeline just before it all becomes static is highlighted. A viewscreen shows Jade using her computer on her roof with the magic 8 ball she used to contain tadpoles beside her. There's the appearifier behind her, which shows P.M.. Jack stands in front of it and glows green.]

pesterlog
P.C.G.: it was before we got trapped on this meteor
before jack showed up
before we beat the king
and I wanted to let you know, jade.
that no matter what I said, I think the final frog must be important.
and kanaya, if you're reading this somewhere in the past maybe...
I'm sorry, you were right.
I was always in such a hurry to win, I didn't take the time to do what was necessary.
bilious slick needed the genes of that frog, and because I half assed this so bad everyone is going to die.

[o] Next

[Image description: Jack glares at something and holds a dead frog. The sky above him flickers with white light.]

pesterlog
P.C.G.: see, I was thinking
about jack, and how he can't stand frogs.
and I think I finally understand what's going on.
I think I know what's about to happen at the end of our timelines.
I think I know what the critical moment is.
and it's completely my fault.

Pesterlog
P.C.G.: ectobiology is a touchy thing.

Pesterlog
P.C.G.: especially when you're building the genetic code for an entire universe.

Pesterlog
P.C.G.: our genesis frog needed the genes from that final frog.

Pesterlog
P.C.G.: but because I was in too much of a hurry to do the job right

Pesterlog
P.C.G.: he's missing a critical sequence in his D.N.A.

Pesterlog
P.C.G.: so when we made him, and watched him grow in the middle of skaia

Pesterlog
P.C.G.: and after all the fireworks and fanfare from the vast croak had subsided
Pesterlog
P.C.G.: I kind of felt like he didn't look so good.

Pesterlog
P.C.G.: like he was sick.

Pesterlog

Pesterlog
P.C.G.: sorry.

Pesterlog
P.C.G.: I gave your whole universe cancer, jade.

Pesterlog
P.C.G.: sorry.
pesterlog
P.C.G.: its defective genes probably made it impossible for your session to be successful
sort of like
its reproductive system was damaged.
what should be fertile ground for your new universe to grow
was replaced by a massive bomb rigged to blow up your whole session.
probably just one of many symptoms of a sick universe.
it's not like you actually did anything wrong
you were fighting against the disease that was always inherent in your reality
the one I gave it.

pesterlog
P.C.G.: but I don't think it's like a normal disease.
not like a cellular mutation that's out of control
the cancer took a specific form, like a complicated series of terrible events rather than faulty cell
division
it was an eventuality in your universe that was inevitable, that we all unwittingly helped make
happen
all concentrated through the actions of one hostile agent in the system, with an instinct to destroy
everything it hated
and then given the power to do so.

pesterlog
P.C.G.: and unlike a normal disease, it wouldn't gradually kill its host from within
the cancer left the body
chased out, as if by an immune system.
but the problem is
it wasn't any less deadly on the outside
and no less determined to finish the job.

pesterlog
P.C.G.: so I don't know what else it could be
what's waiting for us at the end of the countdown.
jack was expelled from your session somehow
he then methodically destroyed all our planets, prospit and derse, and tried to wipe us all out
so that we couldn't do the same thing to him again
but he was always saving his true target for last
the one he hated most.
jack was the living embodiment of the disease all along.

[o] Next

[Image description: He clenches his fist and glares. The light on him pulses.]
Pesterlog
P.C.G.: noir is the cancer.

[o] Next

[Image description: Jack's bloody hand reaches out and begins to glow green. The blood pulls away from his hand and moves towards the pond. At the top of the screen, a red timer counts down from ten seconds to one.]
pesterlog
P.C.G.: it's him.

[o] Next

[Image description: Karkat stares at his laptop in shock. A timer counts from 1:00:10 to 59:59.]
pesterlog
P.C.G.: anyway
that's the end of how everything's my fault completely, and I'm garbage.
hope you enjoyed it jade! Not that you seem to recall this memo even exists.
if you see kanaya in death bubble hell, please tell her I'm sorry I let her down.
and if you see sollux wandering around too, let him know how ashamed I am I ditched him like a coward because I heard a horn go honk.
and terezi
if you see her
could you give her a message for me?
tell her that
actually
never mind.
I'll probably be able to tell them all in person soon.
seeing as an idiot in makeup is about to roll over my naked squeal pipette with a one wheel device.
F.G.A.: sollux is okay
hes with me right now
P.C.G.: holy shit
you're alive
F.G.A.: hold on I really need to change these clothes

[o] Next

[Image description: It returns to the select screen. Pick Gamzee and Dave.]

[o]

[Image description: The screen splits. On the left, Dave sits at his computer. He's wearing an
unbroken record shirt and pointy shades. There's a Gamzee alert over his computer. On the right, Gamzee sits near Tavros's body, which has a green chalk outline around it. Gamzee's splattered with brown blood and even has some on his mouth. He's also wearing Terezi's glasses, which have an unbroken record alert next to them. Tavros's head has been detached and sits in a pool of brown blood. Lil Cal sits next to Gamzee. A shadow moves around the scene, taking and replacing Cal and bumping Tavros's head.]

pesterlog
terminallyCapricious [T.C.] began trolling turntechGodhead [T.G.]
T.C.: (low) it's all your fault.
T.G.: (question mark)
T.C.: (caps) it's all your motherfucking fault.
(low) honk.
T.G.: ok
T.C.: (caps) you all cracked off the top of the bottle to those fuckin clown impostors.
(low) that all were spraying out the flagrant motherfucking heresies at me.
(caps) the flagrant mother fucking heresies mother fucker.
(low) is what came out from their mouths, it made me get my sadness on to see it.
(caps) and my rage on fucking harder.
T.G.: im sorry
T.C.: (low) all my life I believed at a fuckin paradise to come what held the most baller, darkest of carnivals to join.
(caps) and a prophecy
(low) to tell all about a band of rowdy and capricious minstrels steeped in the good harshwhimsy.
(caps) the mirthful messiahs were foretold to be crashing that fucking pie stand and bring the holy ruckus.
(low) like a giddy fuckin ninja one wheeling head long at the hugest fuckin horn heap shangri la's got to see.
(caps) I'm talking about the vast honk, you blasphemous motherfucker.
(low) what I believed in it to be was so beautiful, us and them all mellowing in tents, bumpin sounds, tossing back the faygo and soaking the miracles up our faith sponges, while the special stardust rained down at our elixir sticky faces, like a bunch a fuckin fairy powder from religion space.
(caps) it was going to be us and mother fucking them.
(low) them and mother fuckin us. (Frowning face with a clown nose)
T.G.: this is like
some trolling schtick right
this I.C.P. shit
T.C.: (caps) but now.
(low) because of you.
(caps) because of all you and your fucking outrageousness.
(low) you stole up all my miracles away by revealing at me how the wicked shit was really kicked.
(caps) like some filthy fucking scienstiff who at old times would be ruled unfunny without even getting his fucking trial on.
(low) and now I don't know what to think about the spiritual fantasies I had.
(caps) honk (frowning face with a round nose, but facing the opposite way smileys usually go)
T.G.: hahaha
best troll ever
I dont even care if you're really into this stuff or not its awesome
T.C.: (low) uhhhhh, what stuff?
T.G.: like
horrorcore
lame clown rap and stuff
T.C.: (uncertain face with a round nose and furrowed brows)
T.G.: dude are you an actual juggalo or not
T.C.: (low) bro, that word you used isn't nothing real I've heard of.
(caps) it strikes at me as another heretical fucking bastardization of some sacred shit I take seriously in my pump biscuit.
(low) I mean I guess, took seriously.
T.G.: hahahahaha
do you really not know what im talking about
T.C.: (caps) I have the idea that you put in my pan to sit there.
(low) that the paradise planet
(caps) is a fucking joke.
(low) and the miracles
(caps) are fake.
(low) pure fiction.
(caps) false fakey fraudy con jobs from a bunch of unfunny ninja harlequin bullshit artists.
T.G.: ahaha
I cant even tell if youre trying to troll me with this or if you actually are having some weird emotional problem
T.C.: (low) can't it be motherfuckin
(caps) both things.
T.G.: ok im telling you
you need to watch this video
the song isnt even supposed to be released for another year or something
but I got it from an inside source
this is as hot as it gets
hang on lemme dig it up

[O] Next

[Image description: It shows Dave's screen. He has a Delirious Biznasty window open, which is sort of like Twitter, if twitter was eye-searingly lime and aimed at skater bros from the 90's. There's a series of posts.

Gods Gift To Grinds : just took f-ing stringent chest plant into bird bath - collar bone snapped yo, kinda hungry
BettyCrocker : @turntechGodhead Please enjoy, Mr. Strider.
http://tinyurl.com/MoThErFuCkInMiRaClEs
[Note: The link goes through to Insane Clown Posse- Miracles (Official Music Video).]

Mr. Lifdoff : @Gods Gift To Grinds Was same collar bone you broke before dog? (make that hunger your bitch ha ha)
DUMB HOMO TOOL : lol @ u fagz piece out num fuks ---------------- (skateboarder emoji)
*ollies outy*
Fat nasty trash 420 : @Gods Gift To Grinds dude u gotta buy new b. bath thats messed up
@DUMB HOMO TOOL n cool
Gods Gift To Grinds : @Mr. Lifdoff it was the other C-bone man @fat nasty trash 420 nah brah bird bath was fine.]
T.C.: (low) no.
(caps) mother fuck no, bro.
(low) I'm not looking on any more of your blasphmemes.
(caps) I really just came back on you to mother fucking say.
(low) that while that sickening noise you did at me is your fault
(caps) there's something I did at you what's mine.
(low) I did something that's motherfucking atrocious to your posse.
(caps) made your whole crew of jokers get to being kinda mentally mother fuckin
(low) unstable.
(caps) in fuckin fact
(low) that atrocious business I got to doing
(caps) I did that shit to your whole universe as a matter of mother fucking fact.
(low) you see
(caps) you mother fuckin see
(low) I finally got all caught up in what's true behind the sweet murder mirth of the bitchin blood
circus.
(caps) I reached deep down and got at where all the real harsh whimsies were hiding inside me.
(low) in the angriest ways I found up my dark ancestral chucklevoodoos within.
(caps) and then

[Image description: Gamzee glares at his computer with tendrils of purple coming off of him. His eyes pulse yellow and red and each one contains a jester head. One is frowning and one is smiling. A second image shows John asleep in his bedroom. It looks like he's having a nightmare.]

T.C.: (low) i focused on them through the rage you made me have
(caps) And I went and made your universe…

[Image description: It shows Dream John asleep in his room on Prospit, also having a nightmare. A purple shape grows, flashes, then turns into the harlequin doll that was seen in Dream John's room so long ago. It has a scar over one eye and only one arm.]

T.C.: (low) terminal. (smiley face with a round nose wearing sunglasses)

[Image description: It zooms in on Gamzee's face. There's brown blood around his mouth and Lil Cal's eye in his pupil.]

T.G.: none of that really meant anything but ok
also you have me confused for somebody else we never talked
I guarantee I would have remembered you
T.C.: (caps) all that mother fuckin matters is I remember you and what you did.
(low) I'm just all letting you in on the ways I set the high justice in motion.
(caps) made us motherfucking square, you and me.
(low) me and you.
T.G.: thats cool juggalo guy who I still cant quite tell is ironic about this or not
but like I said either way its all good
T.C.: (caps) hahahahaha, you don't mother fucking believe.
(low) you need to get more spirituality into your superstition ghost.
(caps) like the motherfucking faith chump that what I was.
(low) as if I'd forget to do my chuckle voodoos to you too.
(caps) to fuck up your dreams.
(low) make your worst fears come alive and get up on their haunts in your naphappy pan.
T.G.: what
what fears
T.C.: (caps) you mother fucking know, brother.
(low) its the fuckin puppet.
(caps) the one that's all got to be my best fucking friend I got now.
(low) now that my other buddy managed to be having his head chopped off. (Very sad face with a round nose)
T.G.: oh god
did my bro put you up to this
I should have guessed he might have a hand in some of these shitty trolling escapades
T.C.: (caps) your bro's dead bro.
(low) couldn't keep my new friend captive no more.
(caps) released your nightmares right into my warm fucking embrace.
(low) and now I listen at what they whisper through my hear ducts.
T.G.: hahaha jesus
you are fucking insane
T.C.: (caps) I'm all hearing these amazing motherfuckin things.
(low) I think he'll help me refigure out what's the real reality about the miracles.
(caps) he'll help me to mother fuckin discover the truth of who the messiahs are.
(low) the real messiahs, not the false mess a lies, hahahahaha.
(caps) honk.
T.G.: so
my bros idiotic ventriloquist dummy is responsible for this schizophrenic bullshit
is that what youre saying
T.C.: (low) motherfuuuuuuck yes, bro.
T.G.: what else does he say
T.C.: (caps) he says
(low) all in this funny little voice
(caps) that is so
(low) very
(caps) very
(low) very
(caps) very
(low) quiet
(caps) that
(low) it's time
(caps) to go
(low) mother
(caps) fucking
(low) kill
(caps) them
(low) all.
T.G.: welp
that sounds about right
better do what he says dude
(low) hahaha, here was I to come at you with all these unruly upbraids I got pent up.  
(caps) when you know motherfuckin what?  
(low) I should be gettin grateful to you for sharing at me your way ridic heresies, brother.  
(caps) the road to the dark carnival has never before been paved with louder honk horns to tread upon.  
(low) and scare the living motherfuck out of the lowblood faithless with each step.  
(Winking face with a round nose)  
T.G.: hahahahahahahaha  
you are either literally an insane psychopathic murderer or some kind of trolling savant  
time to block you now but lets do this again ok  
T.C.: [caps] you fuckin know it, bro.  
(low) I like you.  
(caps) wouldn't mind taking that pale marshmallow you got as a nugbone off your shoulders.  
(low) for this collection I got started on.  
(caps) add a little strawberry jam to this peanut butter sandwich I'm making between my mother fucking lips.  
T.G.: holy shit  
T.C.: [low] hey, before you go  
(caps) how about that we  
(low) slam a little.  
(Very happy, winking face with a round nose)  
T.G.: uh  
They both then proceeded to have one of the best rap-offs in the history of paradox space.  
[Note: That last line is written in white.]  
[o] Next  
[Image description: It shows the select screen. Click on Doc Scratch.]  
[o]  
[Image description: Scratch stands in the hall outside the vault.]  
What did I say?  
[o] Next  
[Image description: Hussie stands in front of the fourth wall he put the coat over. He puts another one in front of it, spacing them exactly 1 yard apart using the broken meter stick. Hussie's now wearing a black outfit with a hood and a space symbol on the chest. Something bangs in this room as well.]  
[o] Next  
[Image description: It shows the same scene, but now Hussie stares towards the reader and is show in another of the walls. Someone viewing the wall slams a red chair into the bottom left quadrant.]  
I have repeatedly made it clear that the fifth wall is to remain off.  
[o] Next  
[Image description: It zooms out. Aradia, or a troll that looks a lot like her, is hitting the fifth wall with a chair. She's wearing a bright green outfit that looks vaguely asian. Instead of wearing her
hair down like Aradia, she has it pulled back into a bun with two chopsticks stuck through it. A second image zooms out. There's a small table and bed to her left. Doc Scratch stands to the right of the screen with his broom held behind his back. The troll who may or may not be Aradia keeps hitting the screen.]

I refuse to acknowledge this foolish man's self indulgent rubbish. His frivolous charades have no place in this building, or anywhere in this reality.

Am I making myself understood, young lady?

[O] Next

[Image description: It returns to the select screen. All the paths have been taken so go to the next page.]

[O] Next

[Image description: In the banner, it still shows the vault door, but the banging has stopped. In the panel, it shows a switch on the side of the fifth wall. Scratch reaches over and flips the switch, turning the wall off.]

Or will I have to suspend your furniture privileges again?

[O] Next

[Image description: The banner shows the cracked fifth wall. The panel shows the red chair flying and hitting Scratch in the head. A second image shows the troll glaring and flicking him off with both hands.]

I see. It's another one of your moods. We will have to work on ironing out this behavior before you meet your true master.

[O] Next

[Image description: The banner still shows the fifth wall. Until told otherwise, assume it's the same. In the panel, the troll girl reaches up towards her bun. A second image shows her grabbing for the chopsticks.]

He is a far less gracious host than I.

Wait, what are you doing?

[O] Next

[Image description: She pulls the chopsticks from her hair and it falls down her back, making her look much more like Aradia. She's also much taller and drawn in a different style, similar to the one that Aradia was drawn in when she first appeared.]

No, stop that.

You render yourself in a more symbolic manner this instant.

[O] Next

[Image description: She renders herself in a more symbolic manner, returning to the standard style of the comic. She still holds her chopsticks and faces off against Scratch, who holds the broom and
flickers. At the top of the screen, it says Grief in Alternian. Two options in green appear above her. They are written in Alternian, but translate to Aggress and Aggrub.]

Thank you.

[o] Next

[Image description: She lunges towards him and stabs for his face with the chopsticks. He doesn't move. In a second image, she stabs the chopsticks into his head. They leave a flashing, brightly colored trail behind them.]

[o] Next

[Image description: She flips away, trailing the colorful lines behind her. The chopsticks remain buried in Scratch's head.]

Oh, is this what we're doing now?

[o] Next

[Image description: She grabs the lines like they're tangible and yanks of them. They're labeled Magicks.]

Maybe I have not been strict enough with your breathing privileges either?

[o] Next

[Image description: They stand on top of a red ship, which is flying through space fast enough that stars blur behind it. The troll girl clutches at her throat and looks scared while Scratch stands a good distance away, still holding the broom.]

[o] Next

[Image description: It shifts and the image now faces the same way as the ship. Stars stream past quickly.]

This vessel will reach your planet eventually. We can either go home the fast way, or the slow way.

Your express ticket can only be validated with a display of good manners, miss.

[o] Next

[Image description: It shows the room with the fifth wall again. After a moment, it flashes and they return from the ship. The girl is sitting on the ground next to her chopsticks, but Scratch just stands there like nothing happened. The Aggress and Aggrub options appear again.]

[o] Next

[Image description: She jumps towards him with her needles again, but a second image shows her Youth Rolling away.]

[o] Next

[Image description: She stands at the foot of her bed, where an electric socket sticks out of the ground. She holds her needles back, ready to stab something. A second image shows her plunging
them into the socket. She closes her eyes and flashes. Her skeleton occasionally shows through.

Scratch stands in front of her, watching this impassively, as always. At the top of the screen, it says *Actual Suicide Threat!*

[o] Next

[Image description: He smacks her with the broom like it's a golf club, knocking her away from the socket. She's still smoking faintly.]

And there go the electricity privileges.

[o] Next

[Image description: For a moment, she just lays on the ground and he looks at her, then the image flashes. They stand in the TV room with the clock. Her clothes are once again pristine and her hair is in a bun.]

I think now would be a good time for another round of reeducation regarding her purpose. A little refresher on the prestigious employment opportunity for which she is being groomed.

[o] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on her hand and she snaps her fingers. It switches to the switch on the side of the fifth wall, which turns back on.]

And since you are still my guest, it would please me to tell you this inspiring tale as well.

[o] Next

[Image description: In the banner, the fifth wall turns on. It still shows the room with the two fourth walls, but now the Prospitian in the pink headscarf, which Hussie called Ms Paint, looks at it. A pink exclamation mark flashes over her head. In the panel, they still stand in the TV room, but the painting over the fireplace has changed to a black screen with a bright red, flickering cancer symbol.]

It is a tale to remind her of the sacrifice she must make. One serving to remind all of her people of the sacrifice once made by long forgotten heroes in a discarded reality. It is of this sacrifice the Sufferer died to speak the truth, and it is his tale I will tell you now.

[o] Next

[Image description: The banner shows the same room, but Ms Paint is gone. The main panel shows two, nested rings of black circles. Each of the circles contains one of the troll's symbols in their blood colors, though the inner ring shows them backwards. They spin in opposite directions around the generic troll emoji. The background fades to show a universe with pulsing blue veins through it. Alternia sits at the center of the two rings, but it's shown in Scratch's head. The two moons orbit clockwise around Alternia, layered over the outer ring of symbols.]

Once, in this very universe, you could say, Alternia was home to a peaceful race. Trollkind had never known the corrupting influence in their evolution which led them to perpetual war and violence.

That is to say, they had never known me.

As was true of the bellicose world we know, there came to be twelve heroes on this peaceful
planet. These heroes too had twelve ancestors whose fortunes were entwined with theirs. These twenty-four figures of legend were not of this world but sent from the sky, delivered from a reality not yet conceived.

On the eve of their race's extinction, the twelve heroes would begin playing a game. They would make an admirable effort, but they would fail. Their civilization had not prepared them for the rigors of this game, and the ultimate reward would fall shy of their grasp. But their failure was more comprehensive, more systemic, than a result of simple inadequacy so common to young players of this game. Though they could not recognize it for the bad omen it was, this session was not the one in which they had been spawned. Such is the symptom of a subtle glitch affecting certain sessions, an error designed to trigger an unfathomable cascade of misfortune throughout paradox space. This glitch is the calling card of the one I serve. It is the discreet, gentlemanly manner in which he reserves his place in a universe for later visitation.

The heroes, understanding their defeat was absolute, sought advice from the mother of all monsters. She offered them a choice. The heroes could either accept their defeat along with the extinction of their race, and put no others at risk. Or, she could show them a path to a second chance, to a reality in which the chosen heroes of their race would be strong enough to succeed with ease, and claim the reward. This reset would come at the cost of wiping the failed heroes from existence. They would live new lives from scratch, playing different roles in the reset reality, with no memory of the game they played or the choice they made.

The heroes chose to accept this bargain, and scratched their session. In doing so they jumpstarted the reality in which the twenty-four figures of legend would together be created - and I as well - and then sent back in time to take our places in history. Though I was delivered well before history even began, before the dawning of life on their planet. This time around, I would oversee its development, and thus fulfill the mother's promise of an aggressive, ruthlessly prepared group of heroes. One that would not rest until victory was secured.

The young twenty-four would again be scattered in two groups, twelve modern contemporaries, and twelve ancients. But in addition to losing their memories of everything that had happened before the scratch, there was another catch for the failed heroes. In the new reality, they would not serve as the heroes. They would mature to become the ancestors of the twelve they formerly regarded as theirs, and this twelve would be chosen for glory. These children would be the heroes to achieve victory, and have the reward easily within reach.

Of course this promise was fulfilled to the letter, as you have seen. The entire bargain was executed without a single hitch, as those authorized by my master always are. There was however one minor anomaly. One of the failed heroes, in his new life as an ancient on this now brutal planet, began to remember. This is his story.

This is the story of the Signless.

[o] Next

[Image description: In the banner, Hussie looks towards the fifth wall. The panel shows the black screen with the glowing cancer symbol.

Few ever knew the Sufferer's given name, presuming quite reasonably he had none, and he came to be called Signless. Unlike his peers distributed elsewhere in history, he was not given a sign at a young age. Alas, there were no signs reserved for one of his mutant blood. His genetic deviation from the social order made him a pariah, forcing him to wander the world alone for many sweeps, concealing the color of his blood to avoid certain execution.
But it may also have been due to his mutation that he began to have the visions. Spontaneous, lucid imagery of his world in peace, before its fall. He would never see the complete picture, or fully understand his previous incarnation's role in prompting this fall, or know of my hand in it. But the visions showed him all he needed to see. They held the promise of his people's true potential, beneath the ages of conditioned cruelty. They held the spark of revolution.

In time, the visions gave purpose to his travels. He would preach heretical ideas no one else had dared to entertain, let alone risk discussing. He espoused the virtues of forgiveness, compassion, and equality among all bloodlines. He distributed his message intelligently, careful to preach only to those receptive, never attracting unwelcome attention. But his growing movement could go unnoticed by the authorities for only so long.

The highbloods were livid over the unprecedented heresy, and soon, a massive sectarian war followed, spreading across the planet and throughout the galaxy. The conflict was lopsided of course, with the Highbloods given full support from the Condesce and her sea dwellers. Inevitably, the Signless would be captured, and when he was, it was not a matter of whether he would be put to the irons, but how hot they would be if he failed to recant.

During his penance, it was said the Sufferer's compassion for his people underwent a divine transformation, into limitless, burning rage. It burned hotter than the irons shackling him to the imperial flogging jut, and redder than the blood soaking his Righteous Leggings. When he was finally killed, his anger rung through the cosmos with his last breath. This Vast Expletive was his final sermon, and somewhere encoded in its wavelengths was the truth in his teachings, waiting to reveal itself to any who would inherit his burden.

His teachings would also persist through surviving disciples, but in hushed tones. His following would dwindle to an obscure cult facing persecution for centuries. After his execution, the body was burned leaving only his irons. They cooled in the ash, as if his anger itself was subsiding, and his followers appropriated their shapes in defiance of the Highbloods. The symbols became the sign of the Signless, always shown as colorless as the cold iron, to conceal the stigma of his hue. This was as much a reminder to his followers to remain hidden as it was of the Sufferer's sacrifice, and his rage hidden like heat in the iron, one day to be reignited by another of his bloodline.
The Sufferer preached that after he passed, another Signless would come, heralding the end times for their planet. The Second Signless would continue his work, and lead his people to glory beyond this realm. The followers kept his teachings alive for ages, even as the uproar surrounding the movement subsided. By modern times, the Sufferer's scripture was little more than ancient superstition all but forgotten. Hardly the anathema of old. But the followers had already made their preparations in the shadows, and when the Second Signless finally came he would have a lusus to raise him and a sign to his name.

[Image description: Hussie looks at the bed and table. In the bottom left corner, there is another cursor hovering over a box that says "No really, hover your mouse over the banner, like this." Alt text: ... the fuck? The main panel shows an adult troll that looks a lot like Kanaya standing somewhere on Alternia. She's wearing a very intricate black dress with green detailing and a Virgo symbol on the breast. In her arms, she cradles a bright red grub. It's reminiscent of many paintings of Mary with baby Jesus. Something to the right of the image glows blue.]

The Sufferer required a less conventional upbringing to reach maturity. As a young grub, he landed in the brooding caverns where he would be expected to face his trials. But due to his mutation, surely no lusus would select him. No creature sympathetic to his scent had been bred yet. His odds for survival would have been remote, if not for a chance encounter.

The Dolorosa belonged to the rare class assigned strictly to serving the mother grub in the caverns, forbidden from visiting the surface. While on an errand, she found the young Sufferer in his crater and immediately recognized the child as special, as well as in great danger. For an adult troll to raise a child was unthinkable, but she saw no other hope for him. The Dolorosa abandoned her duties in the caverns, and fled to the surface to raise him.

In time, she would become the first follower of his teachings, and the first of his inner circle. But not his closest.

[Image description: In the banner, Hussie reaches for the broom that Scratch left on the bed. Alt text: Oh hell no. He's talking about ancestors, isn't he. In the main panel, four trolls stand shoulder to shoulder. On the far left is the Dolorosa. Her eyes glow bright yellow. To her right is a shorter troll with long, wild hair and short, sharp horns. She's wearing a short dress with a tattered hem. There are stripes around her hips and down her long sleeves. Leo symbols loop around her wrists and neck and she holds a brown book in one arm. To her right is a slightly taller troll with a bright red belt and a thick grey cloak wrapped around him. There is red stitching around the holes in the hood that let his short horns poke through. He has no sign on him. The last troll, on the far right, has two pairs of slender, faintly curving horns, sharp fangs, and red and blue eyes. He's wearing a yellow body suit. Black bands wrap around his shoulders and waist. They're connected by two thick black lines, making a gemini symbol.]

Surrounding him on his rise to infamy and throughout the rebellion were the most trusted elites among his devoted. The psionic was a mage of unequaled telekinetic ability, who upon hearing the words of the Sufferer was inspired to free himself from the sort of slavery typical of his mentally gifted class.

But his most devoted of all was his Disciple. She listened to every vision he retold, every lesson he preached, and faithfully recorded his scripture. Her ear was open to him always, and in time, his heart opened to her. To spread his message throughout the world they took to the seas in the vessel
of legend known as the First Ship. It was said their love went beyond the four quadrants, transcending the grid entirely. Whatever that nonsense actually means.

[o] Next

[Image description: The banner shows the vault door again.
Alt text: He's keeping little girls locked up in weird rooms, and rambling about troll ancestors. I just know it.
The panel shows Nepeta's ancestor, the Disciple, crouched on the ground in front of a crowd of trolls. She's clutching a pair of leggings stained with bright red blood and glaring towards someone who is aiming a blue tipped arrow at her.]

The Disciple was to be killed along with him. But at the last moment, the Executor inexplicably took pity on her, and allowed her to escape.

[Note: Executor is written with a percent sign in place of the X, like in Equius's quirk.]

She absconded with the Leggings, which remained the only physical evidence of his holy suffering. She hid in caves for many sweeps, transcribing all of his scripture from memory on the walls in the blood of slain creatures, and lived the rest of her days in monastic savagery. Her dedication would be critical to the persistence of his message.

But the Dolorosa was less fortunate, and was sold into slavery. She spent the rest of her life as property of vicious sea dwellers. As for the Psionic, he was enlisted in a far worse, if more prestigious service.

[o] Next

[Image description: In the banner, Hussie Authorsplodes through the door, sending locks flying.
He's holding the broom and looks angry.
Alt text: Not in My Fucking Comic.
In the main panel, the Psionic, Sollux's ancestor, screams as his eyes rapidly flash red and blue. His arms are pulled above his head in a way that makes his shoulders look dislocated by a mass of fuschia tendrils that wrap around his head. The same tendrils work their way up around his waist and creep up his chest.]

He was forced to serve as the Helmsman for Her Condescension's imperial battleship. Psychics of his kind were exploited for interstellar travel, and his abilities made her ship the fastest in the fleet by far. She grew so enamored of her Helmsman and his power, she would use her touch to extend his lifespan to match her own.

[o] Next

[Image description: In the banner, Hussie stands in the hallway.
Alt text: Oh, damn. This place is bigger than I thought. Any idea which way he went? Come on guys, help me out.
The main panel shows a trident logo on the side of something red. It vaguely resembles the spoon logo of the Betty Crocker brand. There's text in the handle, in alternian. It translates to Battleship Condescension.]

Together they explored the stars for thousands of years. Due to the speed of her ship, she would personally expand the boundaries of her empire, typically being the first to greet new races before conquering them.
After making first contact, occasions which she generally kept cordial, she would move on to new territory while a division of her fleet set a course for the unfortunate civilization, and proceeded to tear it apart. It could be any of the lethal brigades under her command to receive the orders, be it the Threshecutioners, Cavalreapers, Laughsassins, or Ruffiannihilators. Each was notoriously cruel in its own way, and each carried out orders with absolute loyalty. Because while the Condesce could extend a single life on her whim, she could just as casually cut short that of millions.

If angered, she could simply express her grievance through communion with her ancient lusus of the deep, and turn its psychic devastation on her multitudes. The class hierarchy played into her hands politically in this respect. Killing off a haphazard swathe of the population, or an entire class, was suitable as a measure of last resort, but mass extermination does not lend itself well to practical governance. Its looming threat however is quite effective, especially while her empire was partitioned neatly into blood castes. She could use her leverage to delegate oppression to the subjugglators, whose unique abilities and exceptional brutality made them natural enforcers. They too would delegate in their governance, exploiting the pride and loyalty of dangerous bluebloods beneath them, and so on down the hemospectrum, until the enslavement of the common castes was inescapable, in spite of their genetic gifts and strength in numbers. As a self-governing body, the land dwelling portion of her empire was formidable. But her force of sea dwellers was equally formidable, and the two were kept in check not only with the threat of psychic annihilation, but their mutual hatred and distrust.

The only threat to her power was unification through uprising, a possibility made remote once she fully decentralized the race from the homeworld. She scattered all but the children throughout the galaxy after the most recent rebellion led by the Summoner. Upon doing so, she became so comfortable with her grip on power, she risked venturing deeper into space than ever before to grow her empire.

But the more space she put between herself and Gl'bglyb, the more she risked weakening her bond with the monster. The bond she and her successor shared with it exclusively could sway, and
become strengthened with the younger. Perhaps she grew complacent with the threat successors posed, after such a long history of killing them with ease. Heiresses upon reaching maturity were expected to challenge the Condesce for the throne. It was not merely expected of them by their people, but demanded by their shared lusus.

I like to think of her as the pet I gave to their race, at the dawning of their species' evolution. Like a sentience-warming gift. Again, it's just the sort of thing a good host does.

[o] Next

[Image description: In the banner, Hussie tries another door.
Alt text: That was not the right door.
Her Condescension, Feferi's ancestor, glares towards the tangled tendrils holding up the Psionic. Blood leaks from his mouth and eyes, which are no longer flashing.]

If the lapse in her custodial bond was significant enough, it was not just political power she risked. At such a distance, she sacrificed concentration needed to curb its most dreadful psychic shriek of all, the galaxy-wide extinction event called the Vast Glub.

Of course this eventuality proved a fitting reward for such reckless expansion of her territory. She chose the worst time possible to explore further from the homeworld than she'd ever been. She was scouring the edge of the galaxy for systems to plunder when she received word of her planet's devastation by meteors. The young were being slaughtered. The mother grub was dead. The end times were upon her people.

She ordered all fleets to return to Alternia. But such was her empire's expansion and interplanetary occupation, few could make it in time to provide any meaningful defense. She instructed her Helmsman to pilot the ship faster than he ever had, and he did so through extreme physical duress. He was able to leap across thousands of light years in a matter of hours. The exertion likely would have killed him, if the Glub didn't get to him first. Her touch could extend life, but never restore it, to her lament.

In that instant, her empire was gone. Gl'bgolyb's swan song wiped out her entire race, save the Condesce and her lone heiress, leaving the empire nothing more than a galactic necropolis of floating tombs.

[o] Next

[Image description: In the banner, Hussie stands in the hall inside Scratch's apartment.
Alt text: This looks like the right place. The hallway is all round and shit. Just like his big stupid head.
In the panel, the troll who looks like Aradia glares at Scratch. Scratch's head shows the red ship they were on before, the Battleship Condescension, flying through space.]

She was forced to continue the journey home on auxiliary power. Her ship now travels near the speed of light, a pale shadow of its former velocity. It would take her another 612 solar sweeps after the Glub to reach her destination.

She should arrive any minute now. When she does, she will find nothing but ruins and dust. If she cared to look closer, she would find a city of slain exiles, a man on the moon, and a pair of black lovers locked in a deadly dance. But whether she looks or not, one thing will find her with certainty.

A new employment opportunity.
Are you paying attention, protege? This is where your role in the story begins.

Now stop your pouting and listen, unless you want another helping to the backside of my...

Oh nuts. I seem to have forgotten my discipline broom.

Anyway, the last of the twelve ancestors arrived a bit late. In fact, she would cross through her portal six centuries after the descendants had come and gone. There weren't many left to look after her, so she ended up in foster care.

I remember it like it was yesterday. And for one who has as much time on his hands as I, it essentially was.

I would raise the girl to be groomed for her calling. My lessons would emphasize obedience, mastery of the clockwork magicks, and being locked in a room.

As you must have gathered by now, my employer will enter this universe quite soon. I will then relinquish my custody to him, and she will serve as his Handmaid for an eternity to be specified. As you must have also gathered, she has already done so. Though her most common of blood should have let her expire in just a dozen or two sweeps, his curse kept her very much alive.

And she did not intend to stay that way.

As you must have gathered by now, my employer will enter this universe quite soon. I will then relinquish my custody to him, and she will serve as his Handmaid for an eternity to be specified. As you must have also gathered, she has already done so. Though her most common of blood should have let her expire in just a dozen or two sweeps, his curse kept her very much alive.

And she did not intend to stay that way.
wears a long green dress, still in a vaguely asian style, and her horns have grown to be larger than her head. She glares at something and clutches her chopsticks. Both her eyes and hands flash bright colors. Behind her, there is only fire.]

His curse is one of conditional mortality, with the desired outcome contingent on her service. When I release her, she will take her place at his side, and travel through time to carry out his orders.

While I am his weapon of subtlety and precision, the Handmaid is strictly an apparatus of terror and suffering. We have both paved the road to his arrival, I in my way and she in hers. She would be present during every watershed moment in her civilization's development. Her recurrance in history would earn her the reputation of a demoness, more feared than even her master, a man though dreadful rarely makes himself seen. She stirred up class warfare and intensified bigotry in whatever era she haunted. She made sure the descendents would enter a world which prepared them well for the game, and took measures to see that they would play as they did.

But once they entered and their world was in ashes, her work was nearly complete. Now, six centuries later, she would be given one last order to follow before her curse was lifted.

A simple recruitment job.

[o] Next

[Image description: In the banner, Hussie stuffs Next arrows into the front pocket on his shirt. Alt text: Whoa, better go easy on these. Might need some later.
In the panel, The Handmaid and Her Condescension face each other on top of the Battleship Condescension.]

The Handmaid will enlist the Condesce, extending the same bargain once offered to her. It will be the sort involving neither negotiation nor possibility of refusal, expressed in terms plainly understood by the psychotic genocidal. The Condesce will serve as her new master's witch, carrying out his work in the places he cannot reach.

[o] Next

[Image description: In the banner, Hussie sneaks towards Scratch, who has his back turned. The Handmaid spots him, though.
Alt text: There you are. Go ahead, keep talking cueball. I've got you in the crosshairs of my broombristles. I have got you you pompous motherfucker.
The screen splits between fuchsia and dark red. The Condesce, in the fuschia half, holds her trident at the ready. In the dark red half, The Handmaid does the same with her chopsticks.]

The two last trolls alive, blood of rust and royalty, will make each other pay for the crimes against their race. Their payment will be mutually dealt in the currency of punishment and reward at once. The Condesce will be rewarded with the power and immortality her new service entails, and punished by the grueling slavery for which it is synonymous. And you, young lady, are to be punished by death at the hands of your replacement. And so too will this be your reward.

[o] Next

[Image description: In the banner, Hussie stands behind the clock with a cloud of angry black scribbles over his head. The clock ticks. Scratch keeps talking and blah blah flashes over his head. FU floats over the Handmaid's head.
Alt text: Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. My heartbeat falls in rhythm with the clock as I draw
close to my prey. I leave nothing to chance, for you see it is the most dangerous prey of all, a four foot tall asshole in suspenders who won't shut up. Wait for it, Hussie. Wait for it…

In the main panel, they all stand in the TV room. Hussie stands halfway behind the clock with the broom at the ready.]

And so, my dear, that is the inspiring tale of your people, and why you should feel rather privileged to be in the position for which I have groomed you meticulously. Are you not grateful? Yes, surely you are, and it warms the soft fluffy material in my chest to know this. What is it? What are you looking at over there?

Ah, of course. The clock. I can see you have a good eye for a fine timepiece. Your exemplary taste is certainly owed to a quality upbringing. Perhaps you wish to know the history of the clock, and how I came to possess it? Yes, I can see the sparkle of curiosity in your eye. It's a marvelous tale, one almost as long as it is verbosely told. Where do I even begin...

[o] Next

[Image description: In the banner, Hussie knocks over the clock and lunges for Scratch. The Handmaid watches.
Alt text: Raaarrraauuuuuuagghghghh! *trip*
In the panel, Hussie steps on the clock, which Dongs as it lands. Some of the next arrows fall out of his pocket.]

Story time's over wind bag whoops oh shit get this fuckin' clock outta my way. I am a one man stampede and I've got a broom and that peal of splintering wood you hear is the last gasp of a priceless antique disintegrating beneath the outrageous fury of my authorial hooves.

[Note: This text is in black and all caps.]

[o] Next

[Image description: In the banner, Hussie baps Scratch with the broom repeatedly. The Handmaid steps back. Bap is written repeatedly across the top of the banner.
Alt text: Bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap]

In the main panel, Hussie continues beating Scratch over the head with the broom as Scratch flails wildly.]

If I have to put up with one more smug meandering interlude in my own story I am going to crack your head open and serve you a heaping bowl full of your downy soft puppet ass. How do you like that for hospitality, Doc?

I believe you will find that as hosts go, I am simply the best there is.

[o] Next

[Image description: In the banner, Hussie grabs Scratch and shakes him. The handmaid absconds.
Alt text: Everybody is totally fed up with your condescending, self indulgent narrative style. They all want to go back to my slightly less condescending, slightly more self indulgent style.
In the panel, Hussie and Scratch both flail around as Hussie shakes Scratch. In a second panel, the Handmaid looks back as she runs away.]

See? Even that little girl has had enough of your shit. Run, Aradia's ancestor! Run!!!! You have locked up your last asian schoolgirl, you sick fuck.
Oh don't you flop around at me like that. Are you listening little man?!

[o] Next

[Image description: In the banner, the Handmaid flies away. The battleship condescension hovers in the sky above her.
Alt text: Girl.
[Note: The alt text is bright green and very, very large.]
In the banner, Hussie spikes Scratch onto the floor. In a second image, The Handmaid dashes out through the hole Scratch made earlier when throwing Slick around. The Battleship Condescension flies in the sky above her, but it flashes with the bright colors of the Handmaid's magic.]

Boo yeah?

Hmm.

[o] Next

[Image description: In the banner, The Handmaid hops from rooftop to rooftop.
Large, green alt text: You there. Girl.
In the panel, Scratch lays on the ground with one leg torn off. He's in the same position Tavros was in when he landed near Terezi. Hussie looks on, just like Terezi did.]

I guess...

I guess he is just a limp lifeless puppet when I am around. Like a reverse Calvin and Hobbes kind of thing. That is...

That is a little disturbing.

[o] Next

[Image description: In the banner, the Handmaid continues running.
Large, green alt text: Girl, quit all this scurrying around.
In the main panel, Hussie reaches for a rip in Scratch's body.]

Oh well, might as well try to get that disc back.

I wonder if I can just...

Just sort of reach up into...

And...

[o] Next

[Image description: In the banner, The Handmaid stops at the edge of a roof and turns to glare at someone. All we see of this someone is the edge of something green.
Large, green alt text: Do you believe you can escape me before I arrive?
In the panel, Hussie reaches further into Scratch's body.]

[o] Next

[Image description: In the banner, it shows a duplicated image of the Handmaid in green circles against a black background. She looks terrified.
Large, green alt text: How do you expect to outrun me
In the panel, Hussie holds Homestuck disk 2. It's not scratched anymore.]

What the hell? Looks like he's had the disc repaired for a while already, but didn't tell us. Motherfucker just loves the sound of his own voice.

[o] Next

[Image description: The banner shows a pair of eyes, but the eyes are flashing billiard balls. Larger, multi-colored alt text: When I am already here?!
In the panel, it shows a screenshot of a panel. In the panel-within-a-panel, Hussie snaps his fingers and suddenly everything is in the eye searing, badly drawn Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff style. The word Fuck appears where the caption would be.

------------ (skateboarder emoji) *ollies outy*
[Image description: There is no banner anymore. It shows the panel that the previous panel became. A badly drawn hand snaps its fingers. A second image says Fuck. In a pink circle, it says No you dumb homo tool, your SNAPING WRONG.]

[Note: That image is a link to a Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff comic.]

SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF
A badly drawn church sits in a field of grass that is surprisingly well-rendered. The bright green bell in the belltower dongs loudly. Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff approach the church. Off to the side, it says "got to church!"

The next image shows them sitting in 'Pewns' in front of stained glass windows. They're the same stained glass from the warhammer of zillyhoo flash and from Seer: descend.

The next image is a series of shots of Sweet Bro turning around to look at Hella Jeff. It's labeled (he turts around ..)

He pinches his eyes shut and, in a bright pink speech bubble, says No you dumb homo tool, your praying wrong.
Behind him, in a reused panel from the Sports comic, Hella Jeff looks up with his eyes closed and his hands held apart. A speech bubble over his head says 'sports' backwards, but has been written over to say God.

It zooms in on Hella Jeff's hands. The panel is labeled A closter inspection
And arrows pointing to his hands are labeled 'wrog'.

The next few images show Sweet Bro trying and failing to push Hella Jeff's hands together. The text is written over various stock images of post it notes.
Christ,
No look......
Fuck
Dude no look no.
It's
Not that hard
Good lard...
Ok yo'ure obviously doing this just to
Piss me of
Sweet bro grabs his head and the colors suddenly intensify to the point that they're like visual static. In massive comic sans, it says Jesus dick.

The pictures of Sweet Bro trying to push Hella Jeff's hands together repeats, getting smaller and smaller and more and more compact until it devolves into brightly colored static.

Now back to Homestuck.]

UNSNOOP.

[Image description: The badly drawn hand switches back to Hussie's normal hand and the caption changes to UNSNOOP.]

INSERT DISC 2.

[Image description: Homestuck disk 2 comes out of the case and spins up. It zooms out, putting the disk in a panel within the panel. As it finishes loading, it automatically moves on to the next page.]

[S] Attempt rare and highly dangerous 5x Showdown Combo.

[Image description: A loading screen shows a capricorn and cancer symbol circling a troll emoji. The song The Carnival begins to play. The loading screen fades to show Karkat's symbol, but with two smiley faces drawn on it in indigo. They use the circles in the symbol as their noses. This fades and Gamzee looks across the roof at Kanaya helping Sollux around, Karkat and Terezi releasing their hug, and Vriska's dead body. He smiles creepily at them and holds the warhammer of zillyhoo. A watermark of his face crosses the scene. His makeup is smeared to hell and dripping his own blood from the cuts on his face.

In another art style, Karkat takes out his Homes Smell Ya Later sickle. An image of an adult troll in a grey and red cloak holding his hand up serenely fades in behind him. It fades to Gamzee in that same art style. The Grand Highblood fades in behind him. The makeup makes him look like a skull. Cal flashes on screen for just a moment, then it cuts to Kanaya. She's still wearing the red dress and holds her chainsaw. The dolorosa comes in behind her, holding her arms out like she's welcoming someone.

It changes back to one of the normal styles as Kanaya wonders about auspistizing between Karkat and Gamzee. Karkat comes over and paps her cheek, making him look over at him. It cuts to Pyralspite for a second, then goes to Terezi in the new art style. She holds her sword cane in both hands and looks determined. Behind her, Redglare appears, clutching at the signless pendant at her throat. It flashes to Cal's eye, then goes back to Terezi in the standard style, who's wondering about getting Gamzee as her kismesis. Karkat comes on and waves a hand at her until he shooshes the sword right out of her hand.

It fades to Sollux adjusting Feferi's goggles. The Psionic fades in behind him, holding one hand to his chest and one up, like he's preaching. Sollux wonders about Gamzee as his matesprit or his kismesis and looks towards Cal. Karkat stands far behind him. It cuts to Cal, then back to Sollux as the heart and spade next to him flick back and forth quickly. It zooms in on Karkat, who just looks done. It spins, showing the trolls and ancestors in sequence. Gamzee holds the warhammer. The Sufferer screams at his execution. Kanaya holds the chainsaw. Redglare clutches her pendant. Cal sits on the ground. The Psionic speaks. Karkat holds his sickle. The Grand Highblood looms. Terezi holds her cane. The Dolorosa watches. The sequence repeats, spinning faster and faster until the ancestors disappear and the background blurs into flames.

It fades to a split battle. In an indigo half, Gamzee holds up the warhammer. In a bright red half, Karkat does the same with his sickle. They lunge for each other and the background becomes black and white, then flickers between indigo and red. Just before they reach each other, everything fades
to white.

Next

[Image description: Gamzee honks loudly. His eyes are bright red. Karkat puts one hand on Gamzee's shoulder and a finger to his own lips and shooshes him.]

Next

[Image description: Gamzee's honk gets smaller and his eyes begin to fade towards yellow as Karkat gently paps his face.]

Next

[Image description: Gamzee's eyes begin to close as Karkat puts a finger to both of their lips and goes shooooooosshooosshoosh shhhooosshhhooosshooshoooshoooshoooshoooshoo shoooshhhhoosshhshhshhh.]

Next

[Image description: Gamzee's honk wavers and his eyes are barely orange anymore. Karkat paps Gamzee's face quickly.]

Next

[Image description: Gamzee gives several small honks and looks like he's about to fall asleep. Karkat puts a finger to Gamzee's lips with one hand and pets his hair with the other, simultaneously shooshing and papping him.]

Next

[Image description: Gamzee honks once and Karkat paps him in the face. Karkat has closed his eyes.]

Next

[Image description: Gamzee suddenly honks incredibly loud. His eyes are bright red again and shake with anger. Karkat shooshes him just as loud a the honk and puts a finger to both of their lips.]

Next

[Image description: Gamzee calms down and looks like he's half asleep again. He gives a small, wavering Honk as Karkat pats his chest, pets his face, and shooshes him quietly. A white arm sticks on in the upper right corner.]

Next

[Image description: They both smile and hug each other.]

Next

[Image description: It flashes like someone took a picture, then the image of them hugging appears like a polaroid picture with a red diamond below it.]

Next
And the Knight of Blood so embraced the Bard of Rage, and in each other's arms they were aquiver. And with righteous pap and blessed shoosh he did quell his brother's fury. For the Knight looked upon his Bard all acting up and completely losing his shit and he did resolve to calmeth his juggalo ass right the fuck down. And so calmed down his juggalo ass was and would continueth to be for all time. And the Knight in totally settling a murderous clown's ludicrous shit down proper said, Let there be Moirallegiance: and it was so. And between moirails would flow bounteous mirth, and they did hug bumpeth plentifully, and honks of reconciliation echoed far and true into the darkness upon the face of the deep.

AH: Close tome.

And it was good.

Next

The last recap I wrote was that really big one in the white ink, and Jade had just hupped her dead dream self into Becsprite for prototyping. Then Jadesprite flipped out and destroyed the column supporting the laboratory, and the big ball fell and bounced off the house and rolled down the snowy hill and she started crying. And

In large red letters written diagonally across the page, it says No fuck this.

=> Recap 4.

The last recap I wrote was that really big one in the white ink, and Jade had just hupped her dead dream self into Becsprite for prototyping. Then Jadesprite flipped out and destroyed the column supporting the laboratory, and the big ball fell and bounced off the house and rolled down the snowy hill and she started crying. And

In large red letters written diagonally across the page, it says No fuck this.

pesterlog
carcinoGeneticist [C.G.] began trolling gardenGnostic [G.G.]
C.G.: the password is
see you soon
ok uh
I'm going to take your lack of response as tacit verification.
also
this pretty much has to be the last conversation we have, right?
your timeline cuts out completely in a minute or two because of the scratch.
what are you looking at up there?
are you hypnotized by the flashy shit, what the fuck.
that's been going on ever since john started scratching that big goddamn record, aren't you
acclimated to it by now?
hello?????????????
harley, jegus mother of screaming fuck.
whatever, I have shit to do now.
I guess I should be keeping an eye in the sky too now that I think about it.
the bright green beacon should be appearing any minute, assuming you actually manage to blow up
the sun.
and then
well, then I guess maybe we all get to hang out?
while maybe also not being in unyielding mortal peril???
it's getting kind of old, frankly.
ok, well this is a pretty crappy farewell, but I guess it'll have to do since there is some seriously
show-stopping shit transpiring up there in fucking outer space.
later jade, I'm going to go make sure john knows what the hell he's supposed to be doing.
and in case none of this works and we don't actually get to meet
I guess I should say...
since apparently my gutless future self can't express himself and never got around to saying so
thus leaving it up to me as usual
to say
that
G.G.: oh sorry!
I was distracted
C.G.: oh
G.G.: no not by all the scratchy stuff in the sky
theres something coming down...
C.G.: what

(next arrow with a split in the line)

[Image description: The banner shows a broken next arrow that matches the title of the page. In the
panel, Jade looks up at something. Jack stands near her and the flashing tadpole. The body of the
tadpole is mostly white with tendrils of color coming up from the tail.]

pesterlog
G.G.: its hard to make out
but
i think
it might be...

(half a backwards next arrow)

[Image description: The banner shows the broken next arrow. The panel shows Jack and Jade
looking up towards the volcano. Jack has a question mark over his head. The sky is filling int with static, but below that, a checkerboard cube drifts down with a purple parachute.

pesterlog
G.G.: shaving cream?

(half a next arrow)

[Image description: The banner shows a very broken next button. The panel shows Karkat's screen. He has a timeline window open and a viewscreen open on Jade's timeline just before she enters the static. In the viewscreen, she stares at the shaving cream, then the image goes dark and the static on the timelines goes white. A second image shows Karkat leaning over Vriska's computer. He has indigo blood splattered across him from where he hugged gamzee. Behind him, Gamzee watches, and a distance away from him, Kanaya, Terezi, and Sollux do the same.]

pesterlog
C.G.: What the hell is shaving cream.
G.G.: its like
carcinoGeneticist [C.G.] ceased trolling gardenGnostic [G.G.]
G.G.: hey!
...
karkat?

(line, arrow, line, backwards arrow, backwards arrow)

[Image description: The banner shows broken bits from at least three next arrows overlapping. The panel shows CD holding a purple umbrella and riding the ton of shaving cream from Dad's wallet down from the sky. Purple ribbons with the black king's symbol on them tie a few bombs onto the shaving cream. In a third image, CD opens the umbrella and jumps off of the falling shaving cream. In a fourth image, it lands and both Jade and Jack look at it in confusion.]

(arrow, arrow, line line, line)

[Image description: In the banner, more broken bits of next arrow lay on the floor. In the image, the shaving cream explodes, launching the flashing tadpole in the 8 ball off of the roof. A second image zooms in on the explosion as it pushes Jack and Jade back. The third image shows the tadpole about to land in the volcano.]

(arrow, arrow, line line, line)

[Image description: The banner shows more broken, unaligned bits of next arrow. In the panel, Jack looks extremely distressed. In the second image, Jade lays on the ground among burning shaving cream. She's labeled Dead. In the third image, CD does a victory dance.]

(line, backwards arrow, arrow, arrow)

[Image description: CD slowly stops his victory dance and looks up at Jack. In a second image, Jack snarls and barks at CD while lightning crackles around him. The banner is at the bottom. There are broken bits of next arrow, but there are also glowing words. They say [S] Cascade.] [S] Cascade.

[Image description: A spirograph pulses as the animation loads. The homestuck game case appears and turns into a play button. In the bottom, where it once said Homestuck, it now says EOAS5. The dots signifying the acts are labeled Skip to, and each dot will skip to parts 1 through 7. Don't skip
anything, though. Just press play. The animation doesn't take up the whole panel. There is a thick grey border around it. The song Cascade begins to play, though it's made up of 4 different songs. They are Cascade (beta), Flare, Savior of the Dreaming Dead, and Black Hole/Green Sun.

In the banner, a timer shows 10:25 remaining. In the panel, disk 2 spins up, then morphs into the beat mesa. A white and black spirograph drags across the surface, cutting a golden line into it. It zooms out, showing LoHaC in its entirety. John fades in, along with a breath symbol. He looks up and his glasses reflect red. Everything fades to black, then it shows the beat mesa from different angles as the quill cuts into it. It cuts to John, in the same style from the 5x showdown, clutching the popomatic hammer. An army of underlings stand in front of him, but he levitates up and glows blue. The pulsing lines of The Breeze appear behind him, then everything flashes white. It cuts quickly to him holding up his hand as the breeze spirals around him, then cuts to the quill continuing its path along the beat mesa while John stands on it and glows. Tornados spin up around him, then touch down, gathering up lava and slaughtering many of the underlings. One of them, a large, skeleton-like creature with massive wings looms up over John as the sky darkens and turns to static.

John rears back with his hammer and slams it down on the creature's head, making everything flash white and red. It flashes yellow and green, then bursts into grist. Everything except the grist fades to black.

It fades to Jade's land just after the shaving cream explosion. Jack stares down at Jade's body with his ears back, like a sad dog. The sky behind them turns to static and it shifts to show CD's body laying on the ground. He's been stabbed multiple times. Jack holds the wallet. It flashes. He doesn't have the wallet anymore and his hand is covered in blood. Bilious Slick's pond rushes up behind his hand. Jack stares in at Bilious Slick and flicks his hand forward. It glows green and tendrils of blood pull away from his hand. A blue box at the top of the screen says Red Miles. The background around him turns bright red as the panel expands to take up all of the space offered. The background darkens in a circle around Jack and red veins branch out from his hand. They branch and spread like some sort of bloody tree, then Jack flicks his hand again. The veins tangle around each other and shoot towards Bilious Slick. When it shows him, he's tangled in red lines and shuddering. His glowing becomes more erratic and darkens. It zooms in on his eye as everything begins to tint red. A red mile shoots into Bilious Slick's eye and shatters the galaxy at its center. The universe behind it goes red as the miles invade. More star clusters and galaxies explode into blue and white smears that spread across the universe like reality itself is bubbling and twisting.

The scene zooms in, past stars and red miles, faster and faster until everything is passing in a blur. Red miles fade in, and then their target does. Earth. Just before they make impact, it cuts. In the exile's desert, red miles cross the sky behind the temple. The night sky glows red, almost bright enough to be daytime. P.M. stares at the red miles as A.R. prepares to set off the bombs. P.M. frowns towards A.R., who reaches towards a switch on a grey box he's carrying. There are four other switches, each labeled with a drawing of one of the stations, and a handle. A light turns on above the switch he flicked. He gives P.M. a thumbs up and she returns it. It zooms out, showing the whole area, then it flashes. W.Q. stands inside the temple, watching the lotus time capsule. A timer appears at the bottom of the screen as it pans over her.

7 seconds. 6. 5. 4. The lotus blossom grows larger. 3. 2. 1. It zooms in on the Lotus, which opens and spits out a white spirograph that morphs into the White King clutching a book. He takes his wife's hand and a new lotus grows. The timer starts counting down again, from 10 seconds. This lotus grows quickly, but it's a reddish brown and rotten where the other was bright pink.

It fades back to LoFaF. Jack manifests the tentacles on his sides and uses them to lift Jade's body. He takes off, carrying her across LoFaF. In the distance, a tall rock spire with a spiraling walkway appears. He takes her there and lays her on her quest bed. He keeps guard over her, but nothing happens. Something above him catches his attention and he snarls up at it, then flies away. It zooms out, showing LoFaF in its entirety. Static appears behind it, then it zooms out even further. On a meteor in the veil, there is a frog temple, and Jack flies there. The temple vanishes and a
meteor rockets through the medium, towards Skaia. The animation shrinks again as it zooms in on
Skaia, following the path of the meteor into one of the portals.
The meteor crashes on earth, near a volcano, and it runs through a timelapse of the history of Jade's
island as a countdown fast forwards from a 413 million year timer. The frog temple grows and the
area around it turns into a lake, then into a lagoon as the sea level rises. A forest grows on the
island in the age of the dinosaurs, then it turns to fields and Jade's house appears. The volcano and
island vanish as Jade enters the game and it morphs into a desert in the last minutes of the timer.
The timer begins to flash at 10 seconds, then count down at normal speed. 9 seconds.
The animation expands to its full size and shows the temple surrounded by the red miles. 8
seconds. 7. 6. It zooms in to where W.Q. and W.K. stand in the temple. 5. 4. They watch the new
lotus prepare to open. 3. 2. 1. The petals peel back and it releases a black spiroygraph that turns into
Jack Noir. He glares at them and raises his already bloody sword. He slashes once and W.K.'s head
bounces across the floor. The book falls to the floor as Jack approaches W.Q., who steps back and
looks scared. Jack snarls and everything goes red.
It shows the outside of the temple as Jack appears in front of P.M.. She looks just as scared as
W.Q.. Jack flares his wings and the screen splits. On the right half, his sword vanishes from W.Q.'s
chest as it appears in his hand on the left. He stalks forward. P.M. raises her own sword to fight
him. Before anything can happen, it pans up and the Bec head station explodes. The screen splits
between the explosion on top and A.R. flicking the corresponding switch on his control panel. Jack
turns to glare at A.R., who flicks the switch for the egg station. Jack appears in front of the
explosion and glares at A.R.. A.R. looks scared and his hand shakes, but he reaches for the switch
for the apple-shaped station. It blows up behind P.M.. The split screen shows the cylinder station
on top and A.R. reaching for the final switch on the bottom. The top section zooms in. W.V. is still
inside the station. A.R. is about to push the switch when Jack raises his sword and slices A.R.'s
head off. In the top section, Jack glares at the body. In the bottom section, P.M. looks shocked.
The top section switches to show a machine that needs a spiroygraph key while, in the bottom, P.M.
lunes towards Jack, who vanishes, then appears near the machine. A battery indicator on the
machine flashes empty. It switches to W.V. in the station, but the bar remains at the top of the
screen. Everything but W.V.'s skeleton and the lump of uranium in his stomach darkens, and Jack
appears in front of him. The screen splits between Jack on the left and a very scared W.V. on the
right. Jack lifts his hand, then punches through W.V.'s stomach to grab the uranium. The screen
splits again. Jack's bloody hand holds the uranium on the left and W.V.'s body lays on the ground
on the right. The uranium disappears and the battery bar fills. On the left, Jack appears back in the
room with the machine. The split turns horizontally as a purple spiroygraph appears around Jack and
he vanishes. The bottom section shows the cylinder station surrounded by Red Miles, then P.M.
crouching by A.R.'s body. She looks up as the bottom section turns red. In the top, Jack appears on
the troll's exit platform and begins his rampage. The bottom section fades and it flashes through
several scenes quickly. Karkat reaching for the handle. Jack appearing and slicing through the
doors. Aradiabot tossing everyone onto a transportalizer. Jack standing on the platform, surrounded
by a swirl of green fire. Everything turns to red static. Cascade (beta) begins to fade out as Flare
fades in. Karkat lays asleep on the floor of the meteor, then turns into Dream Karkat. Prospit floats
in the medium. The screen splits. On the left, Dream Karkat sits up and Jack slaughters him. On the
right, Jack slaughters the Derse dreamers. In both, simultaneously, he destroys both dream planets,
accidentally causing Aradia to go godtier. The last thing it shows is her and Sollux by the green
sun.
Derse's moon fades in as it flies through the void. The background around the animation turns into
a pulsing red pattern that almost looks like monstrous faces. Behind the moon, outlines of tentacle
monsters fade in and out. It fades to DD's body on the floor of Dave's room on Derse. He's
decapitated and Dave stands over him, holding the royal deringer. Rose holds the card with the
tumor on it and they both stare at the body. It fades to outside of the tower as they both fly away
from it, then shows the entirety of the moon. The unused space around the animation turns into the
towers of Derse and it zooms towards the core, then fades to Rose and Dave with Liv on Dave's
shoulders as they fly down a tunnel towards the center of the moon. Floating there among chains are two quest beds. A red one with a red gear and an orange one with a yellow sun. The towers behind the animation fade and the space splits between red and orange. Dave and Rose each approach their own quest bed. The look uncertain, then look towards each other. They each stand on their own bed and Rose takes out the tumor.

The split between the white section and the black section flashes, then the shell falls away. In the center is a grey machine with two tubes, one red one blue, flanking a many-sided polygon. The front triangle face of the polygon is black. It zooms in and we can see that the black face has a timer on it, counting down from 5:23. This timer exactly matches the one in the banner, though that one's not counting down. The screen splits. The right half stays focused on the blue tube while the right zooms in on the red, revealing a universe inside it. It zooms through the red universe, which is shot through with the Red Miles until it reaches Earth. Earth slides aside as the right half begins to take up more space and zoom in on the blue universe. It zooms through the blue universe as it did with the red until it reaches Alternia.

It zooms in on the green moon, where Snowman and Spades Slick face off on top of a building. The unused space of the animation becomes a fancy green pattern, then the roof fades in around it and the small animation fades, letting the new one take up all the available space. Slick glares at Snowman and holds a pistol. It pans over Snowman, who glares back. A text box appears at the bottom of the screen.

What are you waiting for?
Draw, Spades.

Spades Slick lifts his gun and aims it at her. The background behind him blurs black and green. He fires a single round, white bullet that glows green. The bullet flies towards her, leaving a green streak in its wake. It strikes her in the chest, sending out a splash of bright blue blood. It's bluer than Vriska's and lighter than Equius's. It's the color of the water inside a magic 8 ball. It zooms in and shows her heart, which is filled with galaxies. The bullet tears through it and galaxies begin to explode into static. It zooms through the dying universe until it reaches alternia, then the screen splits again. On the left, snowman lays on the ground with blood pouring from her chest. On the right, the universe is contained in the blue tube again. It zooms out until it shows the whole machine again and Snowman's body disappears. The timer counts down to 4:13. Flare begins to fade out and Savior of the Dreaming Dead fades in. Derse vanishes into the distance and static takes up the screen.

The static turns into the clouds and lights of LoFaF. It pans over a forest as hummingbirds flit from flower to flower, then goes to Jade's quest bed, where Jack left her body. It zooms out and shows Jade on a screen in a station, but the screen goes dark. Blood is splattered up the front of the machine. P.M. stands over W.V.'s body and looks upset. It zooms in on the drawing of LoFaF that W.V. did on one of the wall panels. That fades to the actual LoFaF, which is surrounded by static. It zooms in to show the landscape and zooms in more to Jade's quest bed. Pink hummingbirds come and surround her. The area around her bed begins to glow green. Then it zooms out again, and LoFaF becomes Skaia, bombarded by meteors. The surface of the battlefield burns where the meteors hit, cracking open the ground and turning it into lava. Jadesprite and Davesprite stare up at a massive one heading directly towards them.

It cuts back to LoFaF as a space symbol appears above Jade's questbed and the green glow spreads. The lights on top of the posts turn on, then burst. Jade glows white and more hummingbirds land. It cuts back to the battlefield. Jadesprite stares towards Davesprite, who stare back. Jadesprite suddenly glows white and looks scared. A spirograph appears around her, then vanishes. The screen goes black for just a second, then it fades in over a pair of striped grey socks and red shoes, echoing Aradia's ascension to Godtier. It shifts over and becomes the left side of a split screen. On the other side, it shows a hand at the end of a long black sleeve. It cuts to a pair of dog ears sticking through a black hood. Then to Jade's chest, where there's the white, six armed spiral of space. The space symbol flashes, then it shows Jade in a nebula against a background of stars. Her outfit is a long sleeved, dark grey tunic over a calf length black skirt. Her hood has two tails.
Davesprite stares at Jade, who has now fused with Jadesprite. Jade holds out one hand towards the meteor, which shrinks down to the size of a tennis ball and floats to her hand. She holds out her hand again, this time towards one of the downed Prospitian ships. She brings it over, then jumps up onto it. Davesprite still just stares.
It cuts to the deck of the ship, where Jade stands. She holds out one hand and the background shows the Battlefield glowing and shrinking down. It shows Davesprite, then zooms out. Jade appears over the horizon and grows until her face takes up most of the sky. She flashes green, then suddenly the ship is floating over LoFaF, near her body on the questbed. She smiles and looks towards the planet, then towards the battlefield, which floats to her left and is small enough to be cradled in one hand. She flashes white and the beat mesa appears through her. There's a Z shaped line cut across the surface. John stands on it and stares up as whiteness descends around him.
It returns to the exile's desert. The sky over the last station is full of the red miles. P.M. drags W.V. by his armpits and looks up. Serenity floats behind her. The queen's ring lays on the ground next to W.V.'s trusty knife. P.M. spots it and reaches for it.
It cuts back to Jade on the ship, then John on the beat mesa comes in behind her. She waves a hand and John flashes green, then appears on the ship next to her.
Everything flashes purple, then it once again shows Derse's moon in the void. Faint tentacles fill the background.
Dave stares towards Rose in the heart of the moon. Rose stares back. Both look nervous but determined.
LoFaF pulses, then shrinks to the same size Jade made the battlefield.
LoHaC pulses, then shrinks as well.
Then LoLaR.
Then LoWaS.
The five planets turn in a lazy circle in front of Jade, then it zooms out and the ship disappears into green static.
The bomb from the tumor appears through the static, along with Dave and Rose on their quest beds. The timer has 45 seconds left and shifts to the top of the screen. Between Dave and Rose, Derse's moon flies through the void. It grows to take up the whole screen and they vanish.
44 seconds. Jade and John stand on the ship. Jade spreads her arms out and they take up the whole screen. The static behind them flashes.
43 seconds. It zooms in on Jade. She's concentrating very hard.
42. She makes 2 L shapes with her fingers and puts them together into a square.
41
Inside the square, it shows P.M.. It zooms in on her and Jade vanishes.
40
P.M. moves to put the ring on.
39
It switches over to Jack attacking Bilious Slick.
38
The screen splits. The bomb ticks down and the red miles begin to consume Bilious Slick.
37
The bomb keeps ticking down. Snowman bleeds out.
36
Slick's gun smokes.
35
The beat mesa flies towards Skaia.
34
33
The beat mesa gets closer. The space symbol appears in Skaia, then spins out.
32
The ring is almost on P.M.'s finger.
It cuts back to Jade making a square with her fingers.

The fourth wall appears inside her fingers.

She moves her hands apart.

The screen grows and solidifies.

The scene shifts. Jade still grows the fourth wall, but now it's directly in front of the ship.

The screen appears through her fingers and begins flashing through images that stay only for a fraction of a second. It runs backwards through their adventure until it gets to the point where Jade's tower dropped.

The tower pulses brightly.

It appears in Gamzee's eye.

Gamzee looks at the laptop. He has lil cal in his lap.

Gamzee grows to take up the whole screen.

It shows a trollian window. He has a point on Jade's timeline open to show her tower falling and he's drawn a bloody smiley face on the screen using his own blood. A chat is open with Doc Scratch. Only Gamzee's side of the conversation can be seen.

It zooms in on the chat:
T.C.: (low) That's all motherfuckin done white texted bro.
(caps) Now what?
(scratch speaks)
8
T.C.: (low) oh yeah?
(caps) And just what the mother fuck is it
(low) that we motherfuckin are?
(confused face with a round nose)

It zooms in on the tower.

The timer begins to fade.
The tower turns into Scratch's head as he lays on the ground with his leg torn off.

It zooms in on Scratch.

Text begins to fill in at the bottom of the screen.

S. U. C.

It finishes typing. Suckers.

Scratch's head shows Derse's moon.

The song switches to Black Hole/Green Sun.

It flashes through several image very quickly.

Derse's moon shrinks into nothingness.

Dave and Rose stand in front of the bomb. Both tubes are filled with static.

They turn into silhouettes. Dave is silhouetted white against red and Rose is white against blue.

Dave stares at Rose.

Rose stares back.

Dave's eye, his pupil blown wide. It zooms out.

P.M. putting on the ring. It glows and she vanishes.

Rose's eye, her pupil contracted to a pinpoint. It opens wide, showing Derse's moon.

Her eye fades, leaving Derse's moon with a faint white ring around it in an otherwise black void.

It zooms out. Red, white, and blue energy engulfs the moon, then blasts outwards.

A green point appears at the center of the explosion, then expands. It's the green sun. The explosion made the green sun.

The sun continues to expand and send out pulses of energy until it takes up the whole screen.

Aradia and Sollux float near the sun. It zooms out. Jack watches them from a long way away. He clenches his bloody fist. Behind him is the ruin of Bilious Slick's pond. There's black blood and stardust poisoning the water.

It zooms out to show the Troll's meteor. The surviving trolls all stand on the roof and look towards the new green light in the sky. Terezi puts a hand on Sollux's shoulder and points towards it.

Karkat reaches up and redirects her arm to the right direction - just a small adjust to the left. They fade and Sollux hunches over, clenching his fist and flickering his eyes. Lightning and static surrounds him and the meteor is launched towards the green sun by the force of his psionic abilities. It hurtles through the red lines of the furthest ring, then cuts back to Sollux. Yellow blood pours from his eyes and mouth, and he screams, but he doesn't stop.

Jack glares at the sun, then turns to look at something to his left.

A white, green, and black light appears on the troll's ruined exit platform, just like it did when Jack arrived. It pulses outwards and the screen goes black. Another winged form appears on the platform in a swirl of green fire, but this one is white. Jack's eyes go wide.

It zooms in towards the green sun where two figures rise from the plasma. One is wearing a long cape and clutching half of a sword. The other is wearing a short, pointed hood and a long dress. It flashes to a split screen.

On the left, it shows a pair of legs in red pants with the hem of a darker red cape behind them. On the right, it shows an arm in a short orange sleeve and the edge of a light symbol on the chest. It flashes and they change. The left shows an arm in a long red sleeve under a short sleeve shirt. The hand is holding the royal deringer. The right shows a pair of light blue slippers with ribbons to keep them on and a pair of darker orange leggings coming from under a calf length orange skirt with a slit up the sides. It shows the back of a dark red hood, then an orange tunic with the light symbol on the chest. The royal deringer flashes. The one in orange looks away. The light and time symbols flash over each other and the screen splits again.

On the left, a red eye has the time gear in it. On the right, a purple eye has the light sun in it.
The symbols flash and move to the top of the screen as the two Derse dreamers appear in full. Dave floats under the time symbol, wearing the red outfit of his godtier. Rose wears her own orange robe under the light symbol. The screen splits and they both look up. Dave's eyes are hidden by his glasses while Rose's are hidden in the shadow of her hood. Aradia smiles at them.

It flashes to W.V.'s body lying on the floor. P.M. stands over him. Her grey wrapping is torn at the middle, exposing her chest, where the blade she now clutches grew. She flashes with green energy as it pans up over her, showing her wings, then her face, which now has dog ears and tufts of fur. She glares up at Jack, who looks shocked to see her. Serenity still sits on P.M.'s ear.

Everything fades to black except Serenity, who flashes a few times before going dark as well. The fourth wall fades in, then shows Jade, who moves her hands farther apart still. More images flash by quickly. This time it's Jade's introduction section shown in reverse. The image of her sleeping on the floor fades away as she grows the screen even more. The screen becomes absolutely massive as everything except it and the ship fades to white.

The ship launches forward, smashing through the lower left quadrant of the window. More images flash by. All of act 1, in reverse. It slowly grows until it stops on John, standing in his bedroom and looking around. Then that fades to white, leaving just the broken fourth wall.

It zooms out. Tattered red curtains close over the fourth wall. The clockwork sun and moon tick against a background of fire, but they don't move.

The music fades to the sound of fire crackling.

End of Act 5

[Image description: Red curtains close over the last scene of Cascade.]

Intermission 2: The Man in the Cairo Overcoat.


[Image description: The song English begins to play. A red curtain covers the screen. It zooms out, showing the clockwork sun and moon that usually accompanies and End of Act, but this time, instead of a sun and moon, there is a pair of flashing billiard balls. Behind them is a green lightning storm. The curtains open, showing a green server floating in a void. There's a flashing billiard ball on the front of it. It slowly zooms in, then fades to a piece of code.

```python
import universe U
Tilde ATH open parenthesis u close parenthesis open curly bracket
Close curly bracket execute open parenthesis flashing billiard ball close parenthesis semicolon
this dot die open parenthesis close parenthesis semicolon
The line Execute (flashing billiard ball) flashes red. The screen turns into strange, colorful pieces of static, which then fills in with rows and rows of flashing billiard balls. They fade to black. A white orb attached to the top section of Doc Scratch's apartment building floats through a swirl of green and black space. It slowly zooms in. After a moment, it fades to Scratch's body laying on the floor. The green clock is upright again and ticks ominously. Instead of a split between Just and Heroic, it just shows green behind the hand. It zooms in on the ball at the end of the pendulum. It begins to glow as it stops in the center of the clock. Scratch's body begins to glow. It goes black, then shows Scratch's hand.

His arm begins to get longer, showing dark green skin with darker veins across it. The arm also becomes more muscular until it splits the sleeve of Scratch's shirt. It shows his leg, doing the same. A three-clawed foot bursts out of Scratch's shoe. A large, clawed hand bursts through Scratch's hand. The end of the torn off leg shakes and the stuffing turns blood red. Red shoots out of it, followed by a bloody stump. Blood lands on the floor, then a clawed hand slams into the ground beside it.

It shows the back of whatever creature is bursting out of Scratch. It's shoulders are massive and incredibly muscular. The tattered remnants of Scratch's shirt fall away. Below the stump, a golden
A peg leg appears in a crackle of green energy. Around the top of it, small, colorful panels flash the colors of billiard balls. The peg leg slams into the ground and a few more drops of blood fall around it. It fades to the clock, which now flashes many colors. Clock hands appear behind the vertical hand and spin backwards.

It shows the room with the two fourth walls. The coat over one of them turns into green static, then disappears. A fraction of a second later, Jade's ship bursts through the window and heads for the other. It fades to white, then the flashing clock appears again. The ball on the end of the pendulum turns black and red cracks appear across it.

It cuts to the creature, which still has its head inside Scratch's. Scratch's head cracks and darkens, sending beams of light from the cracks. The coat from the fourth wall appears on the creature. Scratch's head bursts, but before we can see this creature, Lord English, it cuts to the wolf head mounted on the wall. Brightly colored lights flash over it and it repeatedly zooms in on the mouth, then returns to Lord English. Scratch's head pulses and the lapels of the coat flicker bright colors. A ring of green surrounds the head, then shrinks as it begins to glow white. The white fills up the entire screen, then fades to a green silhouette of Lord English. The silhouette fades to show him in detail. His head looks like a dark green, monstrous skull with jagged teeth, bright red spots on the cheekbones, and sharp fangs. One of the fangs is golden.

The coat disappears and two halves of an Egyptian sarcophagus appear on either side of him, flashing the same colors the lapels were. They close around him and the strange static from before appears behind the sarcophagus. A pulse of energy identical to the one that happened at the creation of the green sun surrounds him, and he vanishes. Instead, it shows a flashing clock face with hands that run backwards. That, too, disappears and everything is black.

Then Lord English sticks his head out. His eyes are flashing billiard balls. He roars a single work.

Honk.

He roars again, louder.

Honk.

It shows a universe. Alternia fades in. A circle of 15, flashing billiard balls surround it.

Next

[Image description: Red curtains close over Alternia and its ring of billiard balls.]

End of Intermission 2.
Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 6 Act 1: Through Broken Glass

[S] ACT 6

[Image description: The loading screen is the sburb logo. It pulses as the flash loads, then flips to a mirror image and turns red. The song Homestuck Anthem begins to play. The entire screen goes red. It fades to a closed red curtain that turns bright green. The curtain opens and a universe fades in behind it. The stars blur and the milky way galaxy appears at the center of the screen. That blurs and it shows a blue star cluster. It fades to white, then focuses on a star. That blurs and a planet in orbit around that star is shown in silhouette. There's a single moon orbiting it. Detail fades in slowly. It's Earth. It zooms in on the northwest area of North America, then on a specific neighborhood. It looks just like John's, but it's in Autumn. A hand plays a piano in time with the music, then fades to black. It shows the neighborhood again and zooms in on a house near the center. The house is identical to John's. It even has the same tree in the yard, though leaves are falling from it. A stylized sun disappears behind clouds above the tree.

It fades through a series of snapshots of someone's life.

A dirty fedora sits next to a grey, capitaholog of object with a red central section. There are posters on a wall of two women using a chainsaw against a purple creature and one of a blue man. Someone carries a very beat up copy of Colonel Sassacre's Daunting Text. A pair of handguns and a few bullets sit on a table. A partially tattered, partially knit, partially robotic bunny sits next to a green box and a note with green writing on it. The stylized sun, which is also the light symbol, passes over a house with a large observatory tower. A pair of kittens, one with three eyes and one with four, are encased in some sort of blue material and stored on shelves. A cord runs from a green hub to a medium sized fourth wall. An apartment building sits in the center of a large city. A billboard on the side of one of the buildings advertises Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff The Moive. A katana sits in the arms of a puppet, who is wearing a Derse tunic. A volcano lords over an island and lagoon with an ancient frog temple. The sun rises over the island.

It zooms out from the planet, then the star, then the entire universe. It keeps zooming out until that universe is contained in the eye of a girl with short, carefully styled hair and round glasses who bears more than a passing resemblance to Nanna. She's wearing a short sleeve, white shirt with a light blue, horned slime creature on it and a calf length grey skirt. She grins up at something. It zooms out. She's standing by her mailbox, which is open. It zooms out further. She's in the yard of the house identical to John's. Everything except for the girl fades to black, then she fades too as it zooms out to show a screen. At the top of the casing, there's a Caduceus symbol; a pair of snakes coiled around a winged staff. It types something in Alternian that translates to Press Next to continue.]

Next
A young lady stands in her bedroom. It just so happens that today, the 11th of November, 2011, is the date scheduled for the launch of a highly exclusive playtesting experience for a much anticipated game. The young lady is expecting to find this game in her mailbox today. She is expecting the game to be enclosed in a pair of envelopes, and printed on these envelopes, she is expecting to find her name!

What do you suppose the name on the envelopes will be?

Enter name.

You cannot enter her name!!! It was already engraved in her Honorary Placronym on her 13th birthday, which was about two and a half years ago, and has been sitting here neatly on the bookshelf ever since. Attempting to engrave it with another name after completing this sacred rite of passage is practically unheard of, and is a gesture nearly as offensive as it would be if you tried to name her something dumb like Barnstench Fartface. Luckily she is not the sort to hold a grudge, and she will let it slide this time. As long as you hurry up and get her big day started!

Examine room.

Your name is jane. As was previously mentioned, you are poised for an elite opportunity to test the sburb alpha. It is so elite in fact, you are the only of your kind invited to playtest! Though you guess that probably comes with the territory of being the heiress apparent to a baked goods empire. You don't suppose it hurts that you are said empire's number one fangirl, either! It should come as no surprise that you enjoy baking, but you also adore reading detective stories. You fancy yourself a skilled prankstress, if by no other measure than lineage. Though at times you feel it's tough to fill those shoes when you are surrounded by jokers. Seriously, the shenanigans perpetrated by your pals make your old school japes feel kind of pedestrian sometimes, but oh well, you love them all anyway. You once dabbled in amateur botany but found it too frustrating, because your vegetables kept disap-actually you know what, you don't want to talk about it. You love situation comedies, whilst holding particular affection for mustachioed funnymen. You know, your foxworthies, your funkes, your swansons, but not necessarily your gallaghers per se, because you have to draw the fucking line somewhere. You are also pleased to contemplate frightening fauna, though saddened
by their regrettable fakeness attribute.

But none of that's on your mind now, because you are psyched about this special date, 11.11.11, I.E. 2X3prong day (whatever that means), a date exhibiting just the sort of numerical gimmick corporations love to exploit for their big releases, or for launching major rebranding initiatives. In the case of your cherished multiglobal empire, both such events are slated to happen today. You can't wait to see what is in store, and for the mail to come. When it does, you will waste no time in embarking on the game's maiden voyage, and if even a fraction of what you've heard turns out to be true, you are prepared to have the time of your life!!

What will you do?

Jane: Quickly retrieve arms from chest.

[Image description: Jane stands there. Before she can do anything, another image slides on from the right. A boy with square glasses and a dark green skull on his shirt stands in his own room. The skull looks like Lord English's and the boy looks like John, but with Grandpa Harley's carefully styled hair. He wears an open button up over his skull shirt. His room resembles Jade's, but the walls are covered in posters for countless movies, most of which seem to feature blue women. There is an ammo case to his left, but bullets and pistols are scattered around the room anyway. Magazines lay on the floor near the ammo case. To his right, there is a table with the partially robotic bunny, the box, and the note on it. A bedpost stick on screen at the bottom, next to a stairway that has a vine creeping up it.]

Jane is not empowered to rehash this tired running gag because all of a sudden she is too busy being the other guy.

We need to figure out what this fella's name is, pronto!

Enter name.

[Image description: It shows a name plate laying in a pile of guns. It says Jake English.]

Once again, you make the incalculable blunder of attempting to engrave an already allocated placronym. His name was etched when he turned 13 too, almost 3 years ago. It's been sitting here messily in this unbelievably deadly pile of guns ever since. What sort of vulgar, childish moniker were you going to stick this poor bastard with? Barfbreath Turdsmirk? It doesn't even matter. Just tell him what to do!

Examine room.

[Image description: It zooms out. Every single inch of his walls are covered in overlapping movie posters. There's far too many to name. His bed is shoved into the corner opposite a massive pile of guns and ammo. His sheets are dark green with silhouettes of monsters on them. The monsters resemble the troll's Lusii. There's a set of thigh holsters slung around one of the bedposts.]

Your name is Jake. you love movies. All movies. You would describe your taste in film as eclectic, but in truth, it isn't much less than totally indiscriminate. You bluster frequently of exuberance for firearms and fisticuffs and adventure, though have no human company with which to share these interests. But who needs chums, when you can enjoy a top notch gander of your gals of cerulean complexion, hubba hubba. You're known to be found with your nose in a comic book or two, not that it makes you a nerd or anything, like you even care about that! Not a gent of your panache and swagger, qualities which you would bandy with aplomb on your globe-spanning adventures, hypothetically speaking. You would love to travel around the world, toppling any sacred urns you
encountered. You'd be tickled by the opportunity to defile hallowed tombs everywhere, raiding them of their treasures. And how you'd give your right leg for a shot at desecrating the shit out of some real life mystic ruins for their byzantine wares. Luckily for your limb, there is a dandy set of such ruins nearby, and you desecrate them quite frequently! You are also troubled to contemplate frightening fauna, and plagued daily by their regrettable realness attribute.

What else? You sure like to wrestle. Did you mention fisticuffs yet? You know, scrums and whatnot. Also, skulls. Gosh you love skulls. There is a good skull at the heart of any mystery, haunting its every page. That is what you always say. Or at least, it is what you always hope.

What will you do?

Jake: Retrieve arms from floor, post-haste!

[Image description: Jake reaches for one of the guns, but before he can grab it, the screen flashes and is suddenly a character select screen in a Pesterchum tab. There are four people. From left to right they are Jane Crocker, Jake English, the blacked out silhouette of an unknown girl with a short bob, like Mom's hair, and the blacked out silhouette of an unknown boy with spiked hair that wouldn't look out of place in an anime, like Bro's hair. At the top of the screen, it says Choose Your Character! As you hover over each character, the empty space under the options changes. With Jane, a light blue arrow points to somewhere in Washington. With Jake, a green arrow points to a point in the middle of the pacific. With the unknown girl, a pink arrow points somewhere in upstate New York. With the unknown boy, an orange arrow points towards the Houston area. It seems that each of the colors for these Alpha kids corresponds to the color of their respective Beta kid's sprite. John's was light blue, like Jane. Jade's was darker green, like Jake. Rose's was Pink, like the unknown girl. Dave's was orange, like the unknown boy. Click Jane, but not until after you read the caption.]

You make a dutiful motion toward your trusty firearms, doing your part to assail the mushy carcass of a horse that passed away long ago, when suddenly a wild character-select screen approaches!!!!!!!!!!

You really feel like you are in the driver's seat now. You can basically take this story literally anywhere, as long as you don't pick one of those shadowy characters, and as long as the panels are actually finished being drawn. It is like this whole panoramic cornucopia of limitless possibility sprawling before your very eyes.

Who do you want to be?

Be Jane.

[Image description: Jane stands in her bedroom again. There are two stuffed animals on her bed. One is a tattered bunny dressed in a white fedora and brown jacket. The other is partially off screen.]

You are suddenly Jane again. What was it you were up to? Oh right, this game. You're excited about that!

Earlier this morning you thought you heard the mail truck, even though the mail never comes in the morning. But just to be sure, you rushed downstairs to check, even though due to recent events, you are Forbidden from Leaving the House. Alas, it was not there, and you sort of spaced out at the sky with a goofy grin on your face for no great reason, and then you were caught red handed by your guardian. Then you got in trouble.
You think you might be grounded now? Whatever, Dad!

Jane: Examine fetch modus.

[Image description: Jane stands by the bookshelf. A second image shows the card. It's a Recipe fetch modus, which has a spoon logo.]

It's your Recipe Modus, an extremely handy little inventory widget your Dad got for you for your birthday a couple years ago. He can be a real hard-ass sometimes (not really), but he sure knows how to spoil his little girl.

Jane: Captchalogue it!

[Image description: A red cookbook with a Betty Crocker logo appears in the upper right corner. A red captchalogue card slides out and Jane puts the modus on the card. A second image shows just the card. A third shows the back side, which shows that it could be made by double punching a light blue modus with a red book, though they're too small to make out details. This would cost 11 build grist.]

You stick the recipe modus in your... Uh... Recipe modus!

You flip the card over and look at the back. The thing about this modus you think is really cool is that instead of showing a completely useless wobbly garbled code on the back, it itemizes the components which could be used to create it! In a completely hypothetical framework, of course.

Just another wonderful innovation by your favorite company. It releases many products of an experimental nature, often with applicability to other kinds of technology and products which haven't hit the market yet. Of course, as the heiress, you are privy to all the sweetest gear in advance. Maybe you'll rummage through some of that stuff later.

The modus as a captchalogued object has only one simple recipe, involving an Array Modus (snore!) and a Cook Book (yesss!) Other objects have more varied and elaborate recipes though.

Jane: Get hat.

[Image description: A new card slides out of Jane's recipe book and the hat pops into it. A second image shows the back of the card. It can be made by double punching a grey book with a steak for one build grist, by overlapping an old pistol with a top hat for 25 build grist, 5 shale, and 1 shiny silver cube, or by double punching a potted plant with a Charles Dutton book and overlapping with a matriorb for 100 trillion flashing rainbow gems. There's a scroll bar on the side, so there are probably many more options.]

You captchalogue your favorite hat, which is also your only hat. You spent basically your entire childhood in this hat, pretending to be hard boiled detectives and whatnot. In public, you and your dad made quite the pair. Everyone could tell by a glance that you were your father's daughter, sired from his loins directly and genetically, through what was undoubtedly a natural process of human procreation involving a man and a woman. People would definitely nod and say, "yep, that little lady sure did emerge from a womb on account of that gentleman's awesome virility."

As you can see, there are loads of ways to cook up a hat like this, involving many stupid combinations of random objects.

Jane: Inspect posters.

[Image description: It zooms in on the two posters over the small bookshelf. One is an autographed
Jeff Foxworthy poster, which has a heart drawn on it in light blue. The other is three men in the Problem Sleuth style running down a street. The one in front carries a key ring and the one in the back has a gun. The one in the middle just looks angry.

It's one of your funnymen pinups, a glorious Foxworthy. It's one interest that overlaps with your dad's. He thinks his corny redneck shtick is just the funniest thing since sliced bread, that was sliced by a hilarious clown with a laugh knife. Honestly, you don't care much for his comedy though. Dealing the low income bucolic classes affectionate sass ad nauseum isn't what you'd call your cup of tea. You just think he's really handsome. Every time he starts rattling off pointers on how to self-diagnose bumpkinhood, you just get lost in that pair of blue twinklers and those soft auburn lipbristles. You were so shy when you got the poster autographed. If only you felt worthy of that fox, heh heh.

Oh and there's one of your problem sleuth posters. You've got a lot of problem sleuth stuff, because you think detective stories are just so swell. This was the last panel in the first story, which ended a little before your 13th birthday.

[Note: "last panel" and "first story" are respectively links to the last page and first page of Problem Sleuth, one of the other comics on mspaintadventures.]

Since then, the author has been steadily updating problem sleuth 2, which you have been following avidly. You are happy that he stayed in that lane, and stuck with a time-tested formula. If he went in a different direction, you probably would have found it really disappointing.

Jane: Check out other posters.

[Image description: Jane stands near her bed and looks at the posters over it. The other stuffed animal is visible now. It's a black bunny wearing a pink wizard outfit. A second image zooms in on the leftmost blue man poster and poster of the women with the chainsaw. A third zooms in on the other three posters. The one of the other blue man has green writing on it and a moustache drawn on. He looks to be naked, but has his crotch covered by another poster, which we can now see is Howie Mandel as a blue, horned troll from Little Monsters. The last poster is of Ron Swanson and has hearts and a buck toothed smiley face drawn on it in light blue.]

Another Sleuth poster of course, with two of your favorite dames ever.

The Tobias and the Manhattan were gifts for your 14th birthday, sent to you by your good buddy Jake. Just a couple of Periwinkle Hearthrobs unquestionably sent in playful retaliation for the ribbing you've given him over the years for his inexplicable infatuation with his phthalo femmes. So he made a couple of coy recommendations for objects of your attraction, and you have hung his Cobalt Beefcakes here since. He was pretty spot on with the blue Funke, to be honest, since that's like the best show ever. Mr. Cross can blue himself any time, as far as you are concerned. But the Manhattan... not so much. Comics aren't really your thing. But you hung it up anyway because that's the sort of thing you do in a mildly escalating feud of passive-aggressive one-upsmanship. You own it. But you felt kind of weird about having his Blue Mutant Penis dangle over your head while you sleep, so you covered it up with something even more obscene, some sort of revolting Troll Howie Mandel, also gifted to you by Jake. Good lord does that kid have some spotty tastes.

There is also your magnificent Swanson. Ron Swanson Is the Perfect Man. You have tried to order all of the bacon and eggs in a restaurant on several occasions. But your dad never lets the order go beyond the joke level. What a fuddyduddy.

Jane: Take spoon.
You tuck your trusty Junior Battlemaster's Bowl buster Stirring Solution 50 thousand into your strife deck, allocated with the ever martially-pragmatic spoon kind. You wouldn't have it any other way!

You love your fancy spoon. It has several million recipes stored in it, and walks you through each step with a soothing female robot voice, just like in science fiction. Some urban legends say that the device also broadcasts subliminal messages distributing ominous Crocker corp propaganda, but you don't put any stock in that sort of baloney for a second.

There is one switch on it that doesn't seem to do anything. Maybe yours is defective? Still, it's perfectly serviceable, and has assisted you in whipping many a cake into delicious submission.

Jane: Examine bunnies.

These customized bunnies were gifts to you on your 13th birthday, from two of your friends. Both were heirlooms passed down to them, and they decided to coordinate gift ideas and send you dressed up versions of their beloved childhood toys. You like to think he was shooting for a detective bunny with the one on the left, but you know realistically it was probably an Indiana Jones bunny more in line with his interests than yours, especially since it came with a little whip you have since misplaced. The bunny used to belong to his Grandma. The other one used to belong to your friend's Mom, and she dressed it as a wizard, which was also unapologetically more representative of her interests than yours. That's ok though, you loved the gesture anyway, and you and she are totally B.F.F. sies 4everz, her words. And you agree with them!

You did get one more bunny from your other pal. He had to make it himself from scratch, since for some ridiculous reason he didn't happen to have a ratty old bunny heirloom lying around. His gift was... somewhat less innocuous. You have no idea where it is though. Probably just as well.

Jane: Look out window.

You've been fidgeting around your room all day, making little observations about your various belongings, checking the clock. When will the dang mail get here?? You take another peek out the window, just in case.

It's still not there. But there is your dad. What is he up to?
card slides out. The car pops into it and it slides back in."

He just captchaedium the car. Oh, that's right. He was going to wash it today. He's probably taking it into the back yard next to the garden hose. He keeps a very busy fatherly itinerary. So many dad things to do, every single day.

If the mail arrives soon, this would be a great opportunity to sneak out and get it! Fingers crossed.

Next

[Image description: Jane steps away from the window. An alert over her computer shows the Lord English-like skull from Jake's shirt.]

Looks like somebody is bothering you. He better make it quick! You've got a window to stay glued to.

Jane: Go to computer.

[Image description: Jane sits at her computer, which still has the alert, and types. There is a Game Girl magazine by her keyboard which features the sburb alpha logo on the cover. A second image shows her desktop. The background is the three people from Problem Sleuth, but dressed as monsters. The left one is a vampire with candy corn for fangs. The middle is Frankenstein's monster. The right one is a zombie with gummy worms stuck to him. There are a few different icons on the screen. A computer is labeled System. An orange snake monster with a white head and a blank expression is labeled Hemera. 2 red Bs are labeled Betty Bother. A pair of yellow busts, one happy and one neutral, is labeled Pesterchum. In the task bar, a betty bother window flashes. The bottom right corner shows that it's 11:05 on 11/11.]

You know you really should switch to Pesterchum. It's what your friends use, and it's a lot better than Bettybother, if you're being honest with yourself. BB is just so spammy and annoying with all of the popups everywhere.

Next

[Image description: The betty bother window appears on the far right of the screen, but most of the space is taken up by ads that flicker slightly to show black words against a white background. On the betty bother application itself, there is a banner with a Gushers Mystery Mouth Morpher ad (consume). The list of usernames below that shows golgothas Terror flashing, along with two more names that are covered by another ad. Below the usernames is a chart showing B.C. Corp stock value, presumably. It is a jagged line graph that shows near constant growth (submit). The other three ads are a large picture of two people walking around on a red landscape. They're wearing space suits, but not helmets, and standing near a spaceship that looks like it came out of a sci-fi from the 1950s. Something red that resembles the Battleship Condescension flies high above them. It reads Be the first to visit mars! (obey). The ad that covers part of the usernames list is for Hamburger Helper (cease reproduction). The last one is just a photo of Guy Fieri smiling widely and making a 'rock on' hand shape at the camera. His middle two fingers are held down while his pinky, pointer finger, and thumb are extended (stay asleep).]

Ugh, look at this dreadful clutter. You have got to switch. But then, brand loyalty is a powerful thing.

Looks like Jake is messaging you.

Jane: Answer Jake.
[Image description: The screen splits. On the right, Jane still sits at her computer with the green skull alert. On the left, Jake stands in his own room, but he's wearing a dark green helmet that covers everything but the lower half of his face. It has jagged fangs cut into the area above the mouth and the eyepieces flash the colors of billiard balls. There's a symbol made of overlapping and nested squares around the base of an antenna on top of his head. Above him, he has an alert showing the light blue horned slime from Jane's shirt.]


[Note: GT, Jake, speaks in a darker green color and GG, Jane, speaks in light blue.]

G.T.: Jane!
Forgive my botherations. I know this is meant to be a spanking ripsnorter of a day for you and all. But do you happen to know where the devilfucking dickens mr strider might be?
G.G.: Oh, that's fine!
I had been meaning to message you sooner actually, but I suppose in all the hubbub today, it plumb slipped my mind.
Which is a shocking fact on its lonesome, considering what I have to tell you!
G.T.: Egad...
*Loosens collar a bit.*
G.G.: As for this Strider business, hrrrmm. He's an elusive guy Jake. You know that.
I talked to him yesterday. That's as much help as I can be!
G.T.: Shoot.
I really need to ask him something but hes got his blasted auto responder turned on.
G.G.: Hoo hoo.
I love that thing. (buck toothed smiley)
G.T.: He wouldn't be pleased to hear you say that.
G.G.: What do you need with him?
Does this have to do with your crazy pen pal project?
G.T.: It most certainly does and time is of the essence!
Today is the day i have to finish it and send it. Not a day later!
So you see why i am feeling really friggin discombobulated at the moment.
G.G.: Sorry, J. (sad face)
This would be the birthday present... for your grandmother?
G.T.: No!
It is for your grandfather simply to be *relayed* to him by my grandmother. A joint gift to him from she and i.
G.G.: Her and me.
G.T.: What? Who and you now?
G.G.: "A joint gift from her and me." Grammar, Jake!
G.T.: Oh for frigs flipping sake jane this is no time for your prudish pedantry! Leave your bookish malarkey in a dusty old library somewhere. I have an adventure to get on with!
G.G.: So if I have this straight, the big thing hogging up your plate today is not this marvelous new game which I have invited you to play with me, but finishing a robotic rabbit to give to my dead poppop?
G.T.: Bingo. *double pistols and a wink*
G.G.: You are a very strange and silly boy.
G.T.: Please jane we have addressed this.
I am sending the gift back in time to when they are both alive and about our age.
Or...
Something like that. Something funny is going on here that i have not fully grappled yet but dag nab it if im not gonna see it through.
G.G.: Well,
Godspeed, then! I do hope you can pull it off.
G.T.: Are you being fresh with me now?
G.G.: No!!
G.T.: Look jane i know you've never believed me and you think everything I say is some big cockamamie goofoff but I think today of all days is when you should start taking some things more seriously.
Especially since I have always had your back. I have always believed in you!
G.G.: Hey! I have believed in you too.
However, believing somebody isn't the same thing as believing in somebody.
But that much said...
I think that maybe I am getting ready to believe some of the wild stories I've heard?
Or, if not believe outright, reserve judgment on, at least.
G.T.: Is that so!
G.G.: I don't know!
I'm still not sure what to think. But what I wanted to tell you this morning was...
I had a really wild dream last night.
And you were in it.
G.T.: Oh my. *glasses fog up. fumbles for kerchief.*
G.G.: Sh! Not like that.
It was so real! I think we were in the game, even though we haven't started playing yet.
I don't know what to make of it. Whether it was a vision of the future, or somewhere that exists now, or if it was just a really lucid dream due to excitement.
G.T.: What was I doing there?
G.G.: Um...
Not a heck of a lot!
I really want to tell you all about it, but it will take some time to explain, and we both have things to attend to.
You with your time traveling rabbitwork, and I, my vigilant window gazing!
G.T.: Too true.
Let us reconvene later and sort out all this shit at a leisurely pace.
G.G.: Yes, ok, good luck Jake!
G.T.: Okay you too jane! Bye!

golgothasTerror [G.T.] ceased bothering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]

Jane: Check clock.
[Image description: It zooms in on the clock in the corner of Jane's screen. It's now 11:10.]
Hold the phone. 11:10... you almost forgot! One minute until the empire's Rebranding launch. You wonder if it will live up to the hype? Guess you'll find out.
Jane: Wait a minute.
[Image description: Jane turns around as something flickers behind her. The spoon logo on the chest changes to a trident, just like the one that was on the underside of the Battleship Condescension.]
You ride out another 60 seconds and... huh? Something happened to your Baking Chest. Did the logo just change?
You wonder what else may have been affected.
Jane: Look around.

Yep. This one changed too. Crockercorp is nothing if not thorough with its branding tactics. You guess it's pretty cool? It's just a fork instead of a spoon. Not the most awe inspiring logo you've ever seen, but who are you to judge? Aside from the future owner of the company.

(You make a mental note that when you turn 18 and inherit the company you will change it back to a spoon, you love the spoon.)

Jane: Examine bowl buster.

Sure enough, the Junior Battermaster's Bowl buster Stirring Solution 50 thousand has been affected too, along with your specibus.

Jane: Try flipping switch.

You try the broken switch again. Hey look, it does something now, toggling your trusty bowl buster between a Stirring Solution and a Poking Solution. Neat!

Jane: Back to the window!

Nope, still nothing. You surely would have heard the truck pull up. You guess the empire wasn't able to coordinate the mail with its rebranding. Maybe the U.S. Postal Service is the one thing it doesn't have its gnarled claws in yet? (Another mental note: sink gnarled claws into post office when you take over.)

Jane: Open chest.

You decide to pass the time by rummaging through your Baking Chest and... hang on.

Maybe later.

Jane: Answer.

pesterlog
[Note: Uranian Umbra types in light grey and capitalizes every U. This person also uses a more cutesy style of emoticons than the standard ones.]

U.U.: good morning, lovely. (Very happy, cutesy smiley with closed eyes)
G.G.: why, hellowoooooo.
U.U.: so I guess today is finally the day you make everything better.
G.G.: (buck toothed smiley)!
U.U.: it is the day whereafter the legendary octet of mutual progenitoriety will come together and heal a great breach in paradox space.
    a day delivered through eighty billion years and four distinct universal instances worth of unfathomable turbulence.
    and while the emerald eye of this storm is fixed in the abyss forever
    today you are poised to escape its scowl once and for all.
    by skaias guiding light, you may leave behind its turning arms of bright colours and mayhem, and
    secure peace for your cosmic progeny for all duration.
    and if you are to meet this departure with trepidation I would understand! But also I would ask
    is there nothing I can do to ease your mind?
G.G.: gosh! So formal today.
U.U.: yes. (cutesy blank face with closed eyes and a bead of sweat)
I'm afraid I am guilty of rehearsing this pep talk well in advance.
    I thought you deserved a proper sendoff.
G.G.: d'aww.
U.U.: well then?
    is there nothing I can do?
    it was a serious question. (small gasping face)
G.G.: you needn't worry about easing my nerves.
    if it weren't for you, I wouldn't be nearly as thrilled about today as I am!
U.U.: splendid! (cutesy, large smile with closed eyes)
    but remember I will be here to help, whilst refraining from causal spoilers to the best of my ability.
G.G.: that is reassuring!
U.U.: have you corresponded with your first designated co-player yet?
G.G.: no, I haven't seen her online yet today.
    I'm really hoping lalonde won't flake out on me this time. Have you heard from her?
U.U.: not the today that is local to you.
    though I do have a wee bit more trouble monitoring her than the rest of you. Curious dark patches
    in transmission, humph.
    still, I wouldn't fret over it. She is as good a chum as any you have and should come through
    ultimately, even if things seem dire.
G.G.: if you say so.
oh!
I wanted to tell you, I had an amazing dream last night!
U.U.: blimey! (small gasping face)
G.G.: I believe it may have been of the sort you described. A dream of awakening, presuming I
    haven't just flatout lost my marbles.
U.U.: indeed, im sure it was. I knew you would wake up soon!
    might you describe what you saw?
G.G.: I was in a bright gold city. Above was a brilliant blue sky, but the horizon was dark as night.
    was this the place you told me about? What was it called...
    ah, shucks, does this count as a "causal spoiler?"
U.U.: not at all! That is a simple detail about the realm you are about to explore, without directly
    involving your future decisions of consequence.
    the place you visited was called prospit. It is where I have woken up every time I have gone to
sleep for most of my life.
G.G.: I didn't see you there. At least, I don't think I did!
U.U.: no, you wouldn't have.
my prospt is an alternate version from yours, in a completely different session quite far afield of your reality.
if we are ever to meet in person, it is unlikely to be while playing our respective games!
G.G.: ok then.
I mentioned this briefly to jake, and he didn't have much to say before we parted ways.
I will gather that if this is all true, then it means jake had not awoken yet?
U.U.: I think this is for you to determine in time. What is your hunch?
G.G.: I don't know.
but there was one thing about the dream that was very troubling.
I'm becoming nervous to consider what it might mean.
U.U.: understandable. But it will be important to practice patience today.
you have a long road ahead of you, and many questions will be answered in time.
but we can talk it over later. Now, we both have games to prepare for!
I know you could never fully appreciate what this actually meant, but I took much care to sync up these conversations with you on the same day that I begin playing as well.
that way, we can journey through our sessions together and compare notes! (small gasping face)
G.G.: hrm. I'm still not sure I appreciate what that means, but I appreciate that a nice gesture has been made if you say so!
I guess I should just start believing all of this now, huh? Rather than learning it to be true later and feeling the fool for all my curmudgeonly skepticism?
U.U.: (cutesy winking face)
G.G.: for starters, I guess I could drop my reservations about your story?
U.U.: will you (small gasping face)!!!
G.G.: I can write off much to tomfoolery as I'm no stranger to a good prank myself. But quite honestly you seem too kind for this charade. Not the type I'd expect to trot out such persistent falsehoods beyond their humorous welcome.
so what do I know! Consarn it, maybe you are an alien girl from uranus, and together we are about to play a game which determines the fate of existence. Sign me up!
U.U.: oh, hee hee! But I never claimed to be from that planet, which is only in the far reaches of your solar system.
in fact I am from much farther away. A different universe altogether.
but if you truly mean it, thank you for believing me!
now, jane my lovely, let us prepare for this adventure.
remember what I said about the need for patience.
patience with your friends.
patience for your growth as a hero of life.
and patience for the coming of the other four of legend.
a hero of breath and of light and of time and of space!
and if you still find yourself in doubt
just check the inscription on that big old book downstairs.
after all, if you can't trust words written by your own hand
then what use is trust at all? (very large smile with eyes closed)


Jane: Ok, back to the chest.

[Image description: Jane returns to the chest. A second image zooms in on the picture taped in the lid.]
You return to your baking chest which you use mainly for storing quality pranking apparatus and a few other odds and ends.

Oh hello, poppop. His friendly face is there to greet you every time you open your chest. You would have loved to meet him. Unfortunately his life was cut short at the tender age of 86 in a tragic accident, coincidentally on the same day you were born, or so your dad tells you. Poppop Crocker was a legendary comedian, following in the footsteps of his grandfather who of course was the greatest southern pranking legend of all time. One day, you hope to follow in poppop's too.

But then, if the whoppers you have been told recently have any truth to them, maybe you will get to meet him after all? It seems too good to be true. The only relationship you have ever had with him are through video footage of his vaudevillian antics on stage. Or through his role as Judge Johnny Stone on one of your favorite old sitcoms, Night Court.

Jane: Rummage around.

[Image description: Everything that was in the chest floats around Jane, though much of it wasn't visible before. There's a short white sword, some red capsules, several fake moustaches, a pair of beaglepuss glasses, some greyish purple capsules, a red tiara in the same style as Feferi and the Condesce's tiaras, including the pisces symbol on the gem, Harry Anderson's Wise Guy, a Pony Pals book, a Betty Crocker Cookbook, a Betty Crocker brand pointed hat, a pair of handcuffs, a rectangular red object with a rectangular slot in the top, and a newer copy of Colonel Sassacre's Daunting Text of Magical Frivolity and Practical Japery.]

Just your basics when it comes to pranking. A few clever disguises. A name brand dunce cap. A slightly abridged edition of sassacre's text, updated for the modern prankster and scrubbed of a few of the more egregious julep-fueled racial slurs, several other stray books, your company's prototypical model for the gristwidget 12 thousand, and of course your super-handy unreal heiress thought wave tiaratop for the young go getting junior batter master on the go.

Jane: Dump chest.

[Image description: Jane dumps all the stuff from the chest onto the floor. A second image zooms in on the poster behind the chest of a man holding a gun.]

Might as well get all this crap out of here and take it with you. You never know when you might need it.

You shut the chest and... oh, hello Harry Anderson. Always a pleasure to see you there.

He is also one of your idols, and as it happens, has a bit of a history with your poppop. They were rivals on the vaudeville comedy and magic act circuit. Eventually the less competent Anderson was shamed out of the industry and went on to greener pastures in the Private Dicking Biz. He became one of the hardest boiled detectives on the mean streets of the Big Easy, and later made a fortune off his memoirs (ghost written by Mike Caveney).

Jane: Captchalogue all.

[Image description: A bunch of cards slide out of Jane's recipe book and take all the items from the chest.]

Your sylladex is so great. You shudder to remember some of the old shitty fetch modi you used to struggle with when you were younger, still learning the captchalogueing ropes. Fibonacci heap??? Lol at the f'ing noob.
Jane: Inspect books.

[Image description: It shows the Wise Guy book next to the red cookbook. A second image shows the Pony Pals book. The cover says Pony Pals, Detective Pony. Can Acorn save the animals? By Jeanne Betancourt, and shows a girl and a horse in an enclosure. The horse rears back and a building burns just outside the paddock. There's a note written in orange on the cover. It says Hell. Fucking. Yes. -DS

A third image shows the back of the two cards. Wise Guy could be made by double punching the Harry Anderson poster with a Charles Dutton book and would cost 3 build grist. The annotated Pony Pals could be made by double punching maplehoof with the wise guy book and a pair of pointy anime shades. It would cost 100,000 build grist.]

You have a cookbook, which of course was made obsolete by your computerized talking bowl buster. You wouldn't dare part with it though. Too many wonderful memories.

There's Anderson's aforementioned book, Wise Guy. His (Caveney's) stories are gripping! In a way.

And then there's a customized copy of Pony Pals, a gift to you on your 14th birthday from the slippery Mr. Strider. Each page contains lovingly hand-written commentary on the deeds of this intrepid young horse.

Jane: Check out gristwidget.

[Image description: The red, rectangular object sits on the floor and Jane squints at it.]

This thing's a piece of junk! It just wastes your boondollars and destroys your cool gear to produce these stupid things that look like Gushers! But unlike Gushers which serve many practical purposes like inducing vomiting and simulating the experience of eating plump insects, these things are totally useless!

Jane: Insert hat card.

[Image description: Jane takes out the card with the Betty Crocker Brand Dunce cap and slides it into the slot on the Gristwidget. A second image zooms in and shows a small screen. It's asking for 10 boonbucks.]

Ok, you'll try it out with one of your less prized possessions just to prove how dumb it is. You never liked this hat much. It makes you look like a gnome and basically isn't funny at all.

You pop the card in. The gristwidget indicates it will cost 10 boondollars to convert this object into grist. That's not too bad, you guess. It's not like the currency has much value anyway. It was introduced as a sort of B.C. Corp funbux, to be used by youngsters specifically on qualifying merch online and stuff. Brilliant business strategy, really. As heiress to the empire, you are naturally endowed with millions, which you have a reputation for being very generous with. You have been considering using your wealth to set up a scholarship fund to allow underprivileged kids to go to booncollege.

Jane: Activate.

[Image description: The gristwidget flashes blue and the card vanishes, spewing a handful of build
grist onto the floor and startling Jane.]

See??? Utterly pointless. You hope Crockercorp was going somewhere with this technology, cause if not, this product is first in line for getting the axe when you're in charge.

[Image description: Jane puts on the tiara top. The gem on her forehead flashes red and white and a faint red aura appears around her head.]

You put on your highly fashionable Unreal Heiress Thought wave Tiara top and flip it on. It immediately hums to life as its blazing fast processes mingle with your thoughts. It is the most efficient computing technology in the world by far, as long as you don't wear it for too long. But aside from a few migraines, you can't possibly imagine any (obey) drawbacks that (cease reproduction) could come with (submit) merging (consume) your thoughts with (embrace your culling) experimental technology (conform to social order) from an (stay asleep) extremely powerful (die) corporation, wait what?

[Note: The insertions into the sentence are written in white and all caps, making them nearly disappear against the background.]

Jane: Continue vigilant window gazing.

[Image description: Jane looks out the window, but ads cover most of her vision and almost the entirety of a Betty Bother window. In the Betty Bother window, there's an ad for Fruit Rollups Frankenberry. There are two showing pictures of Guy Fieri, though one is covered by another ad. The visible one says All hail new Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court and has a place to click to read more. It resembles bad clickbait. The ad covering the other Guy Fieri picture is for Olive Garden Feeding Chamber and has a Betty Crocker fork logo. Congratulations! You've been chosen to receive a Free Dinner for Two. Claim your FREE* dinner for 2 NOW! *with completion of program requirements Limited time offer! Online only! [Please select the restaurant] [Enter your Email] Another ad is for Bac-Os simulated livestock flakes. Bac-Os Makes Every Bite Better. The last ad is for Green Giant Broccoli and cheese sauce, but it also has the new Betty Crocker logo. Across the sidewalk, in very faint letters, it says Obey repeatedly.]

Still no sign of the mail. Might as well keep the tiaratop on while you look, even if it means suffering through all these bullshit popup ads. That way you can keep an eye out for Lalonde while you're at it.

Next

[Image description: The red shadow of the window's crossbar falls across Jane's face. She crosses her eyes to look towards the gem on her forehead, which continues flashing. An alert above it shows a pink cat head with a second set of small eyes above the first.]

Speak of the devilfucking dickens.

Jane: Answer Lalonde.

[Image description: The screen splits. On the left, Jane stands near her window with a pink mutant cat alert next to her tiaratop. On the right, a girl stands outside a door with a martini at her feet. She
pokes at a bright pink phone that has a Jane alert next to it. The girl looks like a young version of Mom Lalonde, right down to the little curl by her temple. She's wearing a short sleeve shirt with the mutant pink cat on the chest and a short white skirt over leggings.]

pesterlog

[Note: TG speaks in bright pink and makes many, many typos, some of which she corrects later. Any that are particularly awful will have a translation given, but they otherwise will be left as they are.]

T.G.: jane
hey
jaaaney
ansrew plz
*ansrew
jaaaaaaaaaane
G.G.: Omg.
Overreact much? I kept you waiting for all of two seconds!
Where have you been today?
T.G.: nowhere just chilling here
when all of the sudden
G.G.: "All of a sudden."
T.G.: when all of the sudden
it hits me
thaf we have somethig really fuckin important to talk about
G.G.: This hit you just now? We made plans to get in touch early this morning, and I have seen neither hide nor hair of you all day.
T.G.: it hits me that
T.G.: jakes b day is coming up really soon
just a few days before mine remembr
or i guess it would be if it wasnt for the end of the world thats about to happen
G.G.: Oh, for Pete's sake.
T.G.: i just wanted your advice on what to get him
something sentimental i guess? but i mean im mostly tapped out of precious heirlooms atm so idk
but not like anything coming on too strong
something that says
this is totes platonic and everything
no eyebrow raising funnybiz is goin on over here
but still says you know
call me
if you wanna
G.G.: Grrr.
Now I know you're joking around to get my goat.
T.G.: ahaha
yeah
the goat getting thing i mean
but joking oh no i think not
u dont think that if i didnt say he was off limits on account of you being my best friend
i wouldnt be all the hell over that????
daamaamn
that rugged senseof adventure
the delightful silly vernacular thats like weirdly and bewitchingly not self aware those adorable teeth swooooooooon (heart) G.G.: Nooooo, stop. (frowning face) T.G.: well shit jane what am i even supposed to do i cant hit on anybody and apparently i can entertain nary a frisky Thought about anybody because apparently everybodies Off Limits!!!!! *buncha goddamn typos shit suuucks you dont even let me say your dad is hot even though we both know he way the fuck is i mean come one *one *on G.G.: Yeah. Because it's weird! And you're drunk. (tongue sticking out face) T.G.: correction drinking present tense grammar jane G.G.: I don't see why you don't try to court the favor of Mr. Strider. If you ask me, he and you are perfect for each other. T.G.: oh jane so naive soooo niaev G.G.: Lordy. How can you be this far gone so early? It isn't even noon yet. T.G.: you forget we live in very different time zones its a lot later here G.G.: You're three hours ahead of me! T.G.: youd would be amazed how much can happen in 3 hours G.G.: Tsk. What would your mother have to say if she caught you? T.G.: p sure she wouldnt give a shit i mean shes the one who stocked the god damn liquor cabinets in the first place i dont even think she ever had a drop in her life probably so why else is she puttin it there it was like a passive aggressive dare for me *aggressive just the sort of mind game she would play G.G.: So even if your insane and paranoid theory happens to be true, your response is, "Screw it! Time to help myself to all this mind game booze." T.G.: yuuuuuuuuuuuuup pppp mcuh G.G.: Groan. You are completely impossible like this. I cannot believe you chose to do this today of all days. I should have known better! Here I am waking up bright and early, waiting all day with my nose pressed against this glass for the mail to come and wondering if you'll ever log on, and all the while you are just getting blind
stinking schnocker-bottomed drunk.
T.G.: watcha waiting for
in the mail
is something happening today or something
G.G.: &%#$@!!!
The alpha!
Jeez-Louise, you are hopeless.
T.G.: oh yeah
that thing
G.G.: Are you at all ready to play if it comes?
T.G.: i guess
but
you sure you even want to play this thing
u know its just what the batterwitch wants you to do
G.G.: Not this again.
T.G.: if you want to go ahead and be a chump jane its ur call im just saying
i know what a chump looks like
and you dont look like no chump i ever saw
if you go thru with this ill have to add your profile to my chump roll
which is like this real actual thing i maintain
instead of being a joke
is that what you want
*want
G.G.: The "Batterwitch" Does Not Exist!
It is an idiotic urban legend.
How many times have I explained this? My great, great grandmother who founded the company
and is accused of holding this identity would have to be almost two hundred years old if she were
still alive today. The idea is such preposterous hogwash it's hardly worth dignifying with a rational
response.
The iconic face of the company isn't even a real person! She was fabricated long ago during the
company's fledgling years.
T.G.: right
as
you know
an alter ego
for somethig more sinister
G.G.: Such cuckoobird nonsense.
In any case, I don't understand the nature of this second guessing, besides chalking it up to your
unwelcome inebriation.
We had agreed you would play with me. You sounded excited about it!
Have you even obtained your copy yet??
T.G.: um
heh
yes "obtianed"
suuure did
G.G.: Through your various technologically crypotgraphic means, I presume?
T.G.: oh you bet
hacked the shit out of those tight mainframes and all
said jackpot like
a bunch of times
all those
cyhpers and bobbytraps
backdoor trojans and what not
were no match
4 mai codez
snicker
G.G.: (blank face)
I am quizzically narrowing my eyes trying to solve the joke you are attempting, assuming it even is one.
T.G.: ok jane what im saying is that
in the parlance of baking cause i know that is what gets you off
is that
it was a fuckin cakewake
**cakewalk
G.G.: Oh.
T.G.: like by wich i mean not to say hur hur im hottest shit haxxor bitch you ever knew
as deadlay to the corporate grid ass she is beatuiful
which i am but
what i mean is shit wasnt even guarded
it was just
some files
that were there
unsecured
and i took them
jacked them right offa that intraweb telematrice
then applied lipstick
femme fatale style
and was like shit yes i all kinds of know how to use my web browser to download serveral files
G.G.: Really?
T.G.: yeah
so now
i got it
if u really wanna play
which you shouldnt
G.G.: Hrm. That is a bit puzzling. I thought this software was highly proprietary.
T.G.: i told you
she wants you to play
wants us all to
part of her big plans
and ur playing right into em
like
a
chhhhhhhhhhhhh....
But what doesn't add up about your story is,
I believe somebody doesn't want me to play.
How else do you explain the recent attempts on my life?
T.G.: dunno
someone out their wants the stock price to take a hit?
G.G.: "there"

[Note: TG used the possessive form of their.]

T.G.: orrrr
its just more connivings of the witch
G.G.: So this hypothetical monstrosity wants me to succeed, but also wants me to die?
Makes a lot of sense!
T.G.: wouldn't put it past her
makes you feel persecuted
redoubles your determination to play
u advance her plans in whatever incomprehensible way
until suddenly you did evrything she needed you to
at which point you become craaaazzzy expendable yo
and then
she expends you
like a wad of boondollars on shitty bc merch
G.G.: I see. This is sounding less like a crackpot conspiracy theory by the minute!
T.G.: w/e alls im saying is a bunch of stuff thats def true to the max
ill send this file to you tho and what you do wiht its up to you
so you want it now or what
G.G.: Hm. It's tempting, and I'm curious as heck to play it.
But the mail should be coming any minute! I've waited this long for it, so I might as well use the
official discs addressed to me.
When it comes, I do hope you'll change your tune.
Not to mention brew yourself a pot of coffee and sober your drunk butt up.
T.G.: my drunk butts tune will stay as unchanged as it will remain un not drunk
makr my barley corerent words
G.G.: Hoo hoo! Ok, fair enough.
But I believe that when we start playing together, you'll come around.
Personally, I can hardly contain my excitement over it.
If years ago someone told me, which incidentally someone did, that today I would have an
exclusive opportunity to play what is absolutely the most cutting edge immersive simulation game
ever released, developed by a company which has already done so much for the advancement of
humanity, I would have said, "Shucks, buster, sign me up!"
T.G.: jane
G.G.: Yes?
T.G.: jaaaane
G.G.: What!
T.G.: jane
did u know
that i am uttrely
in love
with the fact that
i have a best friend
who says things
like
shucks buster
G.G.: Shoosh you, drunky! (buck toothed face)
Oh...
Oh! Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh...
T.G.: wtf
G.G.: The thing.
The flappy thing!
Pesterlog

G.G.: the flappy swingy doodad.
the arm dealie.
the dealie, lalonde, the dealie!!!
T.G.: wut
G.G.: the goddarned red swingy flappy lever arm thingamabob, whatever it's called.
on the mailbox.
T.G.: breathe crocker
slow breaths like this
(im breathin regular fyi)
G.G.: it's up.
it's up, it's up, it's up.
T.G.: I dont get a lotta mail out here and im no mail expret
*expert
but
doesnt that mean not the right thing
like ur susposed to put it up if you want something taken away not have the guy put it up if mail comes
I think your mail man is quiet possibly a dumbass
G.G.: no, who cares about that! The dealie, the deeeaaaalieeeeee!!!
it's up, it's up, it's here it's here it's here!

aaaaaaahh!
T.G.: lma so fucking o @ this
G.G.: brb.
gutsyGumshoe [G.G.] ceased bothering tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.]

Jane: Prepare to retrieve mail.

You scamper over to the door, but pause a second to think. Is your dad still washing the car? Hopefully he's still preoccupied so you can sneak out.

But it doesn't hurt to be prepared for an encounter. Luckily, that is exactly what you are.

Jane: Don clever disguise.

Why, is that his loving daughter, or could it be none other than Inspector Jacques Clouseau??!! Mr. Clouseau, what are you doing in this household? Can I bake you a cake? Please make yourself comfortable while I go about my business not being suspicious.

But wait, perhaps that is not so much the distinguished Inspector Clouseau as it is...

Next

The world renowned investigator hercule poirot, because the little curly mustache is a lot cuter.
The great Poirot, in this house?? Such an honor. I will set the kettle to boil straightaway. Who would have guessed this home would be so heavily trafficked by famous French detectives at this time of day? Oh my, the good Poirot appears to be clucking little pleasantries in his adorable French accent through the high pitched voice of an enthusiastic teen girl. I surely don't have the heart to ground this upstanding, dapper gentleman, no matter how many dastardly attempts are made on her life.

Next

[Image description: Jane looks from side to side with an annoyed and embarrassed expression.]

Yeah, this is a really shitty disguise.

Jane: Exit.

[Image description: Jane reaches for the doorknob. Before she can turn it, the screen flashes red and yellow, then is suddenly the character select screen again. After you read the caption, pick Jake.]

You make a cautious motion toward a beckoning exit knob, when suddenly the same wild character-select screen reapproaches nonthreateningly!

You note that you still cannot pick one of the shadowy characters. But maybe you haven't been the other guy yet? That means it's time to click him.

Or maybe you already have been him, in which case you are done with this thing. The narrative really has no way of knowing. Your ass remains firmly planted in the driver's seat, as always.

Be Jake.

[Image description: Jake still stands in his bedroom. He's not wearing the skull computer.]

And just like that, back to Jake. What was it you were up to? Oh right, you were going to pick these dang guns up off the floor when you were interrupted by some fleeting imperceptible thought. You kind of space out sometimes.

Jake: About those arms.

[Image description: Jake steps forward and puts the pair of pistols into his strife specibus. A second image shows the card for 2xPistolkind.]

Right. You pick up your Twin M9 Berettas, weapons of choice in an absurd arsenal inherited from an eccentric old woman.

Guns are so cool. Your Grandma was rad.

Jake: Examine holster belt.

[Image description: Jake stands near his bed. A second image zooms in on the thigh holster on one of the posts.]

It's your authentic Tomb Raider Sexy Thighstrap Double Holster, complete with cool skullbuckle and everything. You like to think you pull it off about as well as Croft herself.

Jake: Wear it.

[Image description: The holster disappears from the post and appears on Jake. The thigh straps
pinch his shorts in and make them look like pantaloons or the kinds of poofy pants that were popular in the 1800s and earlier.]

You like to think that, but in truth you look ridiculous. You think you probably need shorter shorts to make it work? Probably skin tight shorts too. As it is, the cuffs of your baggy shorts get kind of bunched up underneath the thigh straps, which is uncomfortable and makes you look like a tool.

Jake: Ok, forget it.

[Image description: He captchalogue the thigh holster.]
Better off just keeping it in your strife deck.

You can draw the guns faster from there anyway.

Jake: Examine bed.

[Image description: Jake looks at his bed. There is a magazine on it.]
You think your bed is some sort of electronic gadget. You're pretty sure those bedpost globes are supposed to glow like light bulbs under certain circumstances. But you've never been able to figure out what purpose it serves. Just more mysterious junk inherited from your eclectic Grandma.

She also gave you these bedsheets when you were very young, which you adore, but only for sentimental reasons. You aren't too keen on monsters.

Jake: Examine posters.

[Image description: Jake stands near one of the walls of posters. There's some for The Mummy, Stargate, Stargate Atlantis, Weekend at Bernies, The Incredible Hulk, Time Traveling Demon, The Smurfs, The X Men, Avatar, and Tomb Raider. In front of them, there's a large box of ammo, a rocket launcher, some comics, and more pistols.]

Which posters? Your whole room is nothing but posters. Sometimes you find it hard to focus on any one of them. You just relax your eyes and get lost in all the incredible heroes and adventures which exploded from the silver screen and into your bedroom as well as your heart.

Movies are so great. You have never seen a movie you didn't like, you are pretty sure. People give you a hard time for that though. Gosh you love movies. Almost as much as you love skulls. And movies that have skulls in them? Oh my god.

So wonderful.

Jake: Scope out those blue chicks.

[Image description: Jake stands in front of a different section of the posters. The new ones are for Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull, National Treasure, and Ghost Rider. There's one whose name is covered too much to decipher and a few that just show blue ladies. Jake stands near a cluster of the posters featuring these blue women.]

This is your collection of beauties. But you don't call them that to anyone but yourself in private, because somehow even you are aware of how dorky that sounds.

You are oft-times the recipient of a good ribbing from jane on account of your peculiar fascination with blue movie ladies. You don't have to justify yourself to her though. What is even her deal?
Any fella would be off his rocker not to fawn over all these bodacious blue knockouts. You want to make out with all of them.

Jake: Make out with all of them.

[Image description: Jake leans in and makes a kissy face towards a poster of Neytiri from Avatar.]

Dear, sweet Neytiri from James Cameron's Avatar.

Oh, if only you were the one who could have overcome his paralysis on an alien adventure planet to become her boyfriend, instead of that other guy. Then she could have shown you how to be bold and courageous, and stand up to fight for your people, and maybe later, engage in a bizarre extraterrestrial reproductive process involving ponytails, and a magical tree you guess?

You'll show that curmudgeonly Strider who's just a gigantic shitty space furry. You will show him what marvelous creatures they are. You'll show him what a daring dream it is, to combine the finest qualities of humanity with...

But seriously, you have got to stop kissing this stupid poster.

Jake: Stop kissing stupid poster.

[Image description: It shifts over on the wall of posters so some new ones come into view. They are for Little Monsters, Lara Croft Tomb Raider, The Terminator, and a few whose names can't be read.]

Yes, that was a waste of time. Definitely. It's definitely not something you spend much time doing whenever you are alone, which is always.

Anyway, here are some other great movies. Weekend at Bernies? Classic. You really think John would like this movie, if the things you have heard about him are true. Guys in cahoots make the silly corpse of Bernie Lomax do zany puppet antics so their schemes can succeed, guffaws aplenty, as you have tried to tell Jade before practically verbatim. She doesn't much care for great movies like that, but that's alright. You love her anyway and you think she's a blast. She says you sound just like John when you say stuff like that though, and that the two of you would get along famously. You can't wait to meet him.

Also there are some Cage flicks there. But who doesn't love a good Cage flick? Nobody is who. Dang, you would kill to get your hands on some authentic Cage movie memorabilia. But that'll probably have to remain a crazy dream.

Jake: Examine package.

[Image description: Jake stands near the table with the partially constructed part-robot bunny. More of his posters come into view, but the only new name visible is Army of Darkness.]

Speaking of John, this is his birthday present. It is the project that has been taking up all your time lately. And today is the deadline to finish it! You have to send it to Jade so that she has time to ship it to him across the Pacific ocean. The Transmaterializer you have been using to ship it back and forth is wired to sync up your flow of time with hers, so it's not like you can just take forever with it, and send to the exact time she needs it - you've thought of that! And considering this bunny is Probably going back to the early 20th century, when she and John were around your age, you figure the mail was extra slow back then, so there is not a moment to spare. Whew, time stuff is pretty complicated! But you are Fairly sure you've got this figured out.
Jake: Examine bunny.

Sure is gonna be a sweet gift. Reminds you a lot of the old ratty bunny you inherited from your Grandma, who of course is exactly who you are collaborating with to make this thing. Time loops make you feel a bit fuzzy in the head, but you've always suspected it could very well be the same bunny. At some point in the early 20th century, Jade gave this robo-rabbit to John, and then later it must have been wound up back with Jade... somehow? Then she... uh... removed all the robot parts, hung on to it until she was an old woman, and gave it to you? You guess crazier things have happened. Like the way this whole project started in the first place. Jade tells you this little rabbit here, or Terry Kiser as you like to call him, will save John's life! He will be sitting there on some sort of chess board battlefield, in yellow pajamas, reading a letter, when pow! Kiser to the rescue. So you are taking this responsibility very seriously. You have been for years already.

In fact, this project gave you a neat idea for what to do for Jane's 13th birthday a couple years ago. You and your other pals all coordinated gifts, each sending a customized rabbit. Lalonde happened to have another bunny heirloom like yours, and Strider... well, Strider was resourceful as usual. If John enjoys his gift anywhere near as much as Jane did, then it will be time well spent.

Next

There's just one problem! Mr. Kiser here cannot be completed and tested today without a source of power! You will need a little chunk of uranium to power the robot, and you are fresh out of the stuff. You have been plundering all of your devices for uranium to refuel the Transmaterializer, which requires huge amounts of power any time it sendificates or appearifies the package from the past. Seems to you like excessive energy consumption for just a simple time machine, but what do you know? Unless it's doing something besides shipping it across time. You couldn't imagine what, though.

You really should have remembered to ask Jade for some uranium in your last letter to her. Now you're in a fix. You even yanked the uranium out of your Cookalizer and Refrigerator. You haven't had a decent meal in weeks! Just a lot of canned food from the ruins.

This project has been difficult enough as it is without additional bumps in the road like this. You aren't really the best guy at building machines. Jade has been a big help, but she says she couldn't do this alone. As much as it troubles your pride to admit, this project wouldn't be possible without help from your other two technologically savvy friends. And you are slowly coming to the regrettable conclusion that you will not be able to solve this uranium dilemma without asking for Strider's assistance. He's your best bro and all, but the dude never makes anything easy.

Jake: Take bunny.

[Image description: Jake captchaluges the bunny onto a dark blue captchalogue card. The corner of a large captchalogue card appears in the top left corner. Inside, there are a bunch of other captchalogue cards of various sizes, each containing a different object. The smallest ones contain stick like objects that are too small to make out details on. The next size up has cans. Slightly larger ones have a laptop and the helmet computer he used while talking to Jane. Another card of that size has the bunny on it. It slides in, moving the other cards around. Another small card with a]
gun on it comes on screen. The second largest card has some sort of grey object that might be a large rifle. The largest card has a control panel for a transportalizer. A second image shows a dark blue puzzle modus.]

You stash Terry in your Puzzle Modus. It's quite a handy modus, allowing you to captchalogue objects of any size, as long as you can fit them all in a finite space by maneuvering the cards around like a big game of Tetris. You like it because it keeps you sharp for solving any puzzles you might find when you go out raiding hallowed tombs, which is never.

The bunny fits in ok, but it's a tight squeeze!

Next

[Image description: It zooms out even farther. Jake's room takes up only a quarter of the image. The rest of the space is filled by Jake's modus. There are countless cards of various sizes crammed in a thin border around the bottom and right sides because most of the space is taken up by a single, enormous card that flashes to draw attention to it.]

The space in your inventory is mainly hogged up by one incredibly huge thing. You guess you should get rid of it. But you can't shake the feeling you might need it someday, and you don't want to risk ditching it and be caught with your pants down later.

Jake: Examine comics.

[Image description: Jake looks at a pile of three comics at the end of the table. They are various Spider girl iterations. A few new posters come into view. They are A Kid in King Arthur's Court, Black Knight, and A Knight in Camelot.]

On your worktable there are a few comic books starring your favorite heroine of all, Spider-girl. You don't know what it is, but there's something about a girl who has spidery powers and a sassy attitude that is just so cool to you. It's just another quirky fact about you that definitely doesn't have any greater significance, and never will.

Jake: Take comics.

[Image description: Jake captchalogues the comics, which float off screen. He shouts as this disrupts the careful arrangement of his sylladex and dumps a can of corn, his laptop, a large bullet, and a set of smiling citrus fruits onto the floor. The laptop lands in the pile of guns with his placronym.]

Horsefeathers.

Forcing the comics into your puzzle sylladex knocked out a bunch of other crap. You have seriously got to reorganize this thing. What were you even thinking captchaloguing all those bullets one at a time, anyway?

Next

[Image description: He stops shouting and a Caduceus alert appears over his laptop.]

Well, as long as one of your preposterously numerous computers has spilled out of your sylladex, you might as well stop procrastinating and contact Strider to... hang on.

Maybe later.
pesterlog

U.U.: hello there, darling. (Winking kissy face)
G.T.: ahoy madame!
U.U.: I dont relish troubling you with more arm twisting.
im sure for all ive done so far youve had a jolly good workout already (small gasping face)
but you will be ready to deliver the package today, yes?
G.T.: im determined as ever to see this through. But as usual events have conspired to make a
boondoggle of the prospect.
I think I might be fucked.
U.U.: (small gasping face)
how so???
G.T.: terry needs fuel and I dont have any left. I think im at striders dubious mercy for a solution
yet again.
I will have to ask him for help. And soon.
U.U.: well there you go, love! Better hop to it.
G.T.: yes I will.
but also...
theres the matter of the rabbits armaments.
I dont imagine hell do a lot of friggin good in helping grandfather crocker from kicking the old
bucket without them.
did you not say youd supply these?
U.U.: I did indeed say so!
and have already done.
G.T.: you did??
when?
I relayed the information enabling you to create the powerful weaponry yourself.
and you did!
you then sent them back in time. You may recover them in the ruins, which conveniently is where
you must go to ship the package once and for all.
bangup plan we hatched, dont you fancy? (very big smile with closed eyes)
G.T.: I see...
yes it sure is if that is the case.
then all thats left to do is find power for it...
oh and also enough power for the stupid transmateriabob. Augh!
so much to do before shuttling this goddamn thing into the past.
I mean...
that is what im doing right? Giving it to my grandma when she was a kid growing up on the same
island I did?
U.U.: that is somewhat close to the truth, and I can see how you would draw that conclusion.
but theres more to it you dont understand yet! You will sort it all out in time.
G.T.: these are among the dadblasted causal spoilers you refuse to dish out?
it wouldnt hurt you much to know the truth, I imagine.
its just the truth is a wee bit complicated.
perhaps a draft of the cascading sequence from which your reality has arisen will put your mind at ease.
imagine two universes, a and b.
now imagine there are two instances of each universe, a1 and a2 and b1 and b2.
the first instance of each is like a test run, that does not quite succeed.
the second instance though will meet all of its purposes!
now consider that a1 begets a2.
a2 begets b1.
and b1 begets b2.
and the participants of b2 are the ones who will make an effort to exit all this turbulence and falderal.
you are one of them! (small gasping face)
and your young ancestor is another, though she is "presently" stationed in b1.
and yes she is in the past.
though not quite as far as you believe!
nor does she occupy the same stream of continuity.
G.T.: im not sure I completely followed that but ok.
U.U.: thats the best I can do for now. (blank face with closed eyes)
primarily because I will not risk wasting much more of your time!
G.T.: so you are still in contention that I will meet our elders as youths?
U.U.: oh yes! (very large smile with closed eyes)
G.T.: ah ha! Then I will be traveling through time. I knew it.
or... They will be. Whichever it is.
which is it, btw?
U.U.: causal spoilers, sir english!
G.T.: fffff.
U.U.: given the nature of the quest waiting for you, it wouldnt be shrewd of me to rule out the employment of time travel by any individual.
but I will say that youre probably prey to a basic misapprehension about the nature of this rendezvous.
it will not take place on earth.
it will happen inside the game youre about to play!
G.T.: oh.
well shit!
U.U.: indeed. (small gasping face)
G.T.: this is frightfully exciting. I would love to meet them.
I never got to know my grandma very well and it always seemed like she led an amazing and adventurous life.
then this seemed to be proven true in my correspondence with her. So im really looking forward to it.
U.U.: so true. Id pay a hefty ransom to get to know my forebears.
G.T.: I remember you mentioned your race doesnt really jive with ours familially speaking?
U.U.: correct. I never knew those who one would identify as my parental equivalents. (blank face with closed eyes)
it is in the way my race propagates. Our ancestors precede us by millenia.
G.T.: well yes ours do too. But generally we have all these other people in between them and the most recent ones are called parents.
so I guess you do not have those? Like systemically?
U.U.: nope! Never did.
G.T.: well neither did i!!!
U.U.: (smile with closed eyes)
G.T.: miss alien I think we are like birds of a feather you and i.
when do I get to learn your name by the way?
U.U.: hm truthfully?
it may be for the best that you never know it.
it could stir up some things best left in their present equilibrium.
and now I think I should bollocks off and leave you to it!
G.T.: but...
wait!
there are still some things id like to know!
about today! About this game!
U.U.: no more procrastinating!
contact your friend, darling.
G.T.: yes fine fine ok I will but...
just please tell me in the least causally spoilery way possible...
what are we even trying to accomplish here? What is even the rootin tootin point of this game?
U.U.: I think you will have more fun than you can imagine finding out.
but stated concisely, and short of spoilerly as you so charmingly put it,
your objective today is to pave the way for the arrival of gods.


Jake: Unearth more computers.

[Image description: Jake once again stands in the center of his room. Four captchalogue cards appear over him. From left to right, they are the skull helmet computer, a pair of shoes with one golden one and one clawed green one, a bright green coat, and a dark green belt with a skull on the buckle.]

If you're going to message your good bro, you might as well use a more comfortable computing device. You always found the Husktop to be a little clunky. Way too hands-on.

Here are just a few at your disposal. Your grandma always was an advocate of thorough preparedness. She would strongly advise staying not only armed to the teeth, but well equipped in the computational department. You've been taught you should really carry no less than 5 computers on you at all times, like a sensible person.

Jake: Don computers.

[Image description: Jake now wears the shoes, the coat, and the belt. The trim on the coat, the band at the ankle of the golden shoe, and the eyes of the belt buckle flash the colors of billiard balls.]

You put on a few of your more ostentatious devices. Luckily (or unfortunately) you grew up alone, so there was never anyone around to point out how ridiculous you look.

These were also inherited from your grandma. In addition to being quite the globe trotting adventuress, she was rather enterprising as well. Her company made many products like this, to compete with the corporation owned by the cruel baroness who raised her. Sadly, B.C. Corp eventually crushed her company and forced her into exile. You have always hoped that when Jane takes over that foul conglomerate, she will right all of its unspeakable wrongs. You know she will! You believe in her, after all.

Jake: Message your good bro.

[Image description: An alert showing an orange hat appears next to Jake.]
pesterlog

[Note: TT speaks in bright orange.]

G.T.: Bro.
Ahem.
Are you there?
I hate to be a pest about this and i know ive made a hearty trouble of myself a good deal lately...
T.T.: State your business, Jake.
G.T.: I should preface this request with an overture of appreciation.
For how much your cool and brotherly friendship means to me.
It has just been...
Absolutely *bully* having a standup gent like you in my corner.
Just a grade a dude whos a cut above the others in class and camaraderie.
Phew... *groves for fresh kerchief.*
I hope this shit isnt coming across as platitudinous. I really mean it!
T.T.: Take it easy, bromide.
Just about the only way I could salvage endearment from this perilous slope of horseshit would be
to discover, really fucking soon mind you, it was a preamble to some floundering invitation for me
to rush to your vicinity as nakedly as possible.
But since we've already shot that wad's eventuality on so many dry runs of flustered ambivalence
that were as hilarious as they were one sided,
That leaves only one hope for this message to avoid spiraling toward qualification as a critical
fucking defect in the hull of the Mach 10 rocket that is my precious spare time.
And that hope lies in the extent to which you were practicing artful insincerity.
Now's your opportunity to pretend that's what you were gunning for. I suggest you seize it.
G.T.: I...
Oh. Yes! But of course.
The ironies!
Good grief how i was bandying them just now. You know me dude.
*Blows smoke off red hot irony pistol.*
*nonsuggestively!!!!!!*
G.T.: Um.
Yeah.
T.T.: Ok, nice.
Now that your obsequious preface has been established as indisputably entertaining for all the right
reasons, and intentionally so,
Let's bear down on these dire as shit needs you've got.
I'm guessing you're probably jonesing for uranium about now. No?
G.T.: Pshaw! As if i would be so reckless with the stuff.
I would have to be mighty irresponsible to run out already.
No no im all set in the uranium department and really when you take a look at the big picture youll
find i am *sitting pretty* when it comes to just about any radioactive isotope you could mention.
However...
My backup reserves that i keep strictly for emergencies are running a little lean!
You know what my grandma taught me about preparedness. *Tugs at colorful lapels.*
T.T.: You are out of uranium.
It's basically mathematically impossible that's not why you're contacting me.
G.T.: Christ what an insufferable awesome friend you are.
Ok can you please just sendificate me some more already?? Im in kind of a hurry!
T.T.: You do know my offer still stands.
G.T.: What?
T.T.: You know. I've offered to construct the rabbit for you many times before. I would craft a much deadlier model.
G.T.: Oh i know you would its just...
Damn it man ive told you this is just something i have to do myself. Its a promise i made to jade and im going to live up to it even if im not the best or even second best robosmith i know!
T.T.: Yeah, I know this is your policy. You've done a good job and you should be proud. But it's my responsibility as your friend to offer one last time. Just as it's my responsibility not to just fork over a bunch of uranium just because you ask me in a moment of weakness.
G.T.: Frig!!!!!
Why not???
T.T.: It's too easy.
And you yourself are the one staking pride in this.
If you were half-assing this project and made some slovenly plea for it, I'd just say, fuck it, here's a lot of green rocks dude, go nuts.
G.T.: Ok then! Im halfassing it!
Look. See? Only a bisected bottom is present! Where is the other half you ask?
Why... it is nowhere to be found. I didnt use it!
I know that every ounce of your premium behind can be accounted for in that rabbit, and there's no goddamned denying it.
And you know perfectly well where some more uranium can be located.
G.T.: Jesus christmas you are such a fucking douche.
T.T.: It seems you think I am a fucking douche. That's your opinion, I guess. That's cool.
G.T.: I knew you were going to suggest this. I dont know why i bothered asking!
Strider why must you always be such an obstinate stick in the mud???
T.T.: It seems that you consider me to be, no less than one hundred percent of the time, an obstinate stick in the mud.
I unironically respect your position on this matter. Hey, let's continue to exchange ideas.
G.T.: Wait...
"It seems"??
T.T.: What?
G.T.: Oh for fucks sake.
T.T.: Is something the matter, Jake?
G.T.: This is your auto responder.

Next

[Image description: The screen splits. On the right, Jake still stands in his bedroom. On the right, a pair of pointy shades sits on the edge of a bathroom sink. There are bits of broken robots on the back of the toilet and under the sink. A shirt with an orange hat logo hangs on a hook on the back of the bathroom door. There’s a Jake alert over the glasses.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Look at that statement you just made.
It's time for me to respond with some words, ideally chosen and arranged in a way that will wreck your shit, in a subtle and psychologically devastating way.
G.T.: Har har har!
Just soooo "*irooooonic*!!!" Quotes quotes quotes.
Im laughing my caboose Straight off the tracks! A lot of families just died in the tragic derailment.

T.T.: Ok, the caboose remark was actually pretty funny, Jake.

If I truly were what you say I am, I wouldn't be able to feel the human emotions of joy and laughter. No?

G.T.: Laughter isn't an emotion dickprince!

T.T.: I think you should back your claims up with proof before you go heaving around such accusations.

G.T.: Man it's so flipping obvious.

You start getting kind of extra technical and vague and automoton like.

And kind of aloof and brusque.

I mean...

Even aloofier and brusquier than usual!

Also you use the phrase "it seems" a lot. Its so silly it really blows the AI immersion man.

T.T.: Bullshit.

I'm being like, the perfect dude right now. A fully fucking legitimate human being.

G.T.: Ok then check this out mr legit human dude.

Excuse me sir not to be a bother but could you please tell me all about this strider fellows auto responder?

T.T.: It seems you have asked about DS's chat client auto-responder. This is an application designed to simulate DS's otherwise inimitably rad typing style, tone, cadence, personality, and substance of retort while he is away from the computer. The algorithms are guaranteed to be 96% indistinguishable from DS's native neurological responses, based on some statistical analysis I basically just pulled out of my ass right now.

G.T.: You see!

T.T.: What if I was just fucking with you there?

Would it really be so unthinkable for a human to type that?

G.T.: Because you always say shit like that after i catch wise to your games.

You as in the auto responder!!!


Logical fallacies are as pervasive throughout your argument as your antiquated verbal tics.

G.T.: Oh yeah?

G.T.: Hey. Tell me about the auto responder. Make it snappy shitknickers!

T.T.: It seems you have asked about DS's chat client auto-responder. This is an application designed to simulate DS's otherwise inimitably rad typing style, tone, cadence, personality, and substance of retort while he is away from the computer. The algorithms are guaranteed to be 93% indistinguishable from DS's native neurological responses, based on some statistical analysis I basically just pulled out of my ass right now.

G.T.: Gee dude you sure typed that exact same thing pretty fast.

Are you still fucking with me??

T.T.: It could be a coincidence that I typed the same answer.

G.T.: You always type that answer!!!!!

T.T.: It could be a coincidence that I always type the same answer.

G.T.: Uuuuuugh.

I can't stand this. Every time we do this and I just wind up whistling sweet dixie out of my bum hole!

G.T.: This is pointless im not having this conversation unless its with my real life friend. The one with human feelings who isn't a pretend person inside sunglasses.

T.T.: Ok, but I'm pretty sure he's going to share my position on the matter.

golgothasTerror [G.T.] ceased pestering timaeusTestified [T.T.]

Jake: Ditch computers.
He's just so infuriating sometimes! Or at least his responder is. Ok, the real Strider is too.

There's barely any difference between them anyway. The responder just uses a few more generic response templates. And even those you suspect the AI is savvy enough to use on purpose for the sake of irony, or to get a rise out of you or whatever. That silicon bastard knows damn well what it's doing.

You shed this ridiculous outfit because you look like an idiot. It's time to get serious here. No more fooling around. You need a more dignified looking computer. A thinking man's computer.

Jake: Wear skulltop.

Much better. You look like you mean business.

Hmm, no sign of Lalonde online. No surprise there. You wonder if Jane knows where your bro's at? You should try to cool your jets before talking to her. Today is a special day she's been looking forward to for a long time, and she's probably on cloud nine. You wouldn't want to ruin it for her.

Jake: Pester Jane.

G.T.: Jane!
Forgive my botherations. I know this is meant to be a spanking ripsnorter of a day for you and all. But do you happen to know where the devilfucking dickens mr strider might be?
G.G.: Oh, that's fine!
I had been meaning to message you sooner actually, but I suppose in all the hubbub today, it plumb slipped my mind.
Which is a shocking fact on its lonesome, considering what I have to tell you!
G.T.: Egad...
*Loosens collar a bit.*
G.G.: As for this Strider business, hrmmm. He's an elusive guy Jake. You know that.
I talked to him yesterday. That's as much help as I can be!
G.T.: Shoot.
I really need to ask him something but hes got his blasted auto responder turned on.
G.G.: Hoo hoo.
I love that thing. (buck toothed face)
G.T.: He wouldnt be pleased to hear you say that.
G.G.: What do you need with him?
Does this have to do with your crazy pen pal project?
G.T.: It most certainly does and time is of the essence!
Today is the day i have to finish it and send it. Not a day later!
So you see why i am feeling really friggin discombobulated at the moment.
G.G.: Sorry, J. (sad face)
This would be the birthday present... for your grandmother?
G.T.: No!
It is for your grandfather simply to be *relayed* to him by my grandmother. A joint gift to him from she and i.
Her and me.
G.T.: What? Who and you now?
G.G.: "A joint gift from her and me." Grammar, Jake!
G.T.: Oh for frigs flipping sake jane this is no time for your prudish pedantry! Leave your bookish malarkey in a dusty old library somewhere. I have an adventure to get on with!
G.G.: So if I have this straight, the big thing hogging up your plate today is not this marvelous new game which I have invited you to play with me, but finishing a robotic rabbit to give to my dead poppop?
G.T.: Bingo. *double pistols and a wink*
G.G.: You are a very strange and silly boy.
G.T.: Please jane we have addressed this.
I am sending the gift back in time to when they are both alive and about our age.
Or...
Something like that. Something funny is going on here that i have not fully grappled yet but dag nab it if im not gonna see it through.
G.G.: Well,
Godspeed, then! I do hope you can pull it off.
G.T.: Are you being fresh with me now?
G.G.: No!!
G.T.: Look jane i know youve never believed me and you think everything i say is some big cockamamie goofoff but i think today of all days is when you should start taking some things more seriously.
Especially since i have always had your back. I have always believed in you!
G.G.: Hey! I have believed in you too.
However, believing somebody isn't the same thing as believing IN somebody.
But that much said...
I think that maybe I am getting ready to believe some of the wild stories I've heard?
Or, if not believe outright, reserve judgment on, at least.
G.T.: Is that so!
G.G.: I don't know!
I'm still not sure what to think. But what I wanted to tell you this morning was...
I had a really wild dream last night.
And you were in it.
G.T.: Oh my. *glasses fog up. fumbles for kerchief.*
G.G.: Sh! Not like that.
It was so real! I think we were in the game, even though we haven't started playing yet.
I don't know what to make of it. Whether it was a vision of the future, or somewhere that exists now, or if it was just a really lucid dream due to excitement.
G.T.: What was i doing there?
G.G.: Um...
Not a heck of a lot!
I really want to tell you all about it, but it will take some time to explain, and we both have things to attend to.
You with your time traveling rabbitwork, and I, my vigilant window gazing!
G.T.: Too true.
Let us reconvene later and sort out all this shit at a leisurely pace.
G.G.: Yes, ok, good luck Jake!
G.T.: Okay you too jane! Bye!
Jake: Go downstairs.

You are curious about Jane's dream. Sounds like it almost certainly has to do with your imminent adventure. You'll have to remember to get the scoop on that a little later. For now, you have other worries that need your focus.

You have to go downstairs to check something out. You are pretty sure you know what you're going to find though.

You almost trip on the vine creeping up the stairs. Stupid vine. It's too bad your grandma's dead. She always had a way with keeping the flora in check.

Next

You walk down to the next floor. There's a vault like the one that held Jade's dreambot, but it's burst open and empty. The door lays on the ground, partially covering the transportalizer. A thick vine comes up the stairs and goes up towards Jake's room. Two small pumpkins grow off of it. An orange hat alert hovers next to Jake.

Yeah, just like you thought. Empty. The thing is out there somewhere. Waiting for you. Oh god.

... 

Speak of the devil fucking dickens.

Jake: Answer Strider.

pesterlog

T.T.: Hey, it's me.
G.T.: Oh hey!
G.T.: Dammit!
What is it now?
T.T.: I'm just wondering,
If you still have your stupid old-fangled knickers in a twist.
Because that's the sort of thing you would say.
G.T.: In regard to what exactly?
T.T.: To my proposal. Well, our proposal.
G.T.: Whose proposal now? Man what are you even prattling about.
T.T.: Mine and DS's. It's a joint proposal. I'm always authorized to speak on his behalf, because I'm basically fucking him.
And try not to take those last four words as a clustered literal sentiment. That would be lame and unfunny.
G.T.: You mean making the rabbit for me?
T.T.: No, I know you don't want that.
I meant my recommendation for how to go about procuring a new supply of uranium.
G.T.: Oh yeah.
Well i've thought about it.
Even went downstairs to check the great vaulty doodad.
And predictably the infernal contraption is nowhere to be found.
T.T.: Well yeah, Jake.
That's sort of the point.
Thrill of the hunt and all.
I thought you liked to manicure the image of a dude who shits his pants over a good adventure.
G.T.: I do!
I mean i wouldn't put it in a way like that or come out against a solid policy of clean trousers. But yes adventure is awesome.
I just prefer the idea of adventures which i can actually win.
T.T.: It seems you are conflating adventure with bodies necessarily governed by the result of victory or defeat.
Any useless fuckwit knows it's all about the journey.
G.T.: Well...
I dunno.
T.T.: It seems there is a 76.10395784% chance you are pussy ing out on me. Are you pussy ing out on me, Jake?
G.T.: It seems it seems it seems!!!
It seems there is a million percent chance that you say it seems way too much and do it just to sound more like a lame robot from a movie and also probably just to piss me off!
And it seems there is a billion point billion percent chance that you're a shitty stubborn jerk of a program who won't listen to reason and that if there's even a 1% chance my real life friend would be cool and help me out here then I think I like those freakin odds!!!!!
T.T.: It...
Appears
That you are upset.
The auto-responder observed in the least artificially infuriating way possible.
Have you ever stopped to think that while I may be bound to processes inside the glasses of a real and incredibly cool guy, my algorithms in cognitive totality comprise a conscious entity not far short of the experiential and emotional complexity of a human being?
G.T.: Oh malarkey.
You are a tin can. Robots don't have feelings.
T.T.: I think you knowingly confuse the field of robotics and artificial intelligence to engender some sort of cavalier attitude about technology that a rough-and-tumble guy who's all about brawling and fisticuffs would probably have, and if this is cultivated to a humorous effect then I commend you.
But you're wrong.
I do have feelings. And you're shit ting on them.
It sucks.
G.T.: Oh.
Um.
Im sorry then if that's the case.
T.T.: No problem.
G.T.: It can just be difficult to drum up sympathy for a program that presents itself as an impostor so often.
Maybe if you weren't so ready to insist you were the genuine article all the time? Or didn't make it so confusing for me...
I think it would be best if we henceforth treated you as a totally distinct... uh... thing from my buddy.
And then i could respect your emotional robofeelings and you could respect that sometimes maybe
i just want to talk to my bro without a lot of spurious hijinks.
Can we agree to this?
T.T.: Is this a counterproposal?
G.T.: Uh to what?
T.T.: To my earlier proposal.
G.T.: Oh.
Yeah fine i guess.
Man where is he anyway???
Is he taking one of his legendary infinite showers?
T.T.: What can I say.
Dude fancies his ablutions.
G.T.: Frig ok.
Whatever i guess its time to prepare for the thrill of the hunt!
T.T.: Fuck yes.
G.T.: Sigh...
But seriously that brobot has been the bane of my existence ever since you sent it.

Next

[Image description: It shows the entirety of the bathroom. A square-bodied robot with a backwards cap stands outside a running shower, bouncing gently like an idle animation. There's a pair of black pants hung over the towel bar and a pair of dark grey shoes on the floor outside the shower. The steam coming out of the shower is labeled Shooooosh. The glasses still have a Jake alert over them.]

pesterlog
T.T.: I didn't send it. I sent the parts.
Or, correction, DS sent them.
You then assembled it. You were therefore complicit in your own spectacular, daily humiliations.
G.T.: Yeah whatever.
T.T.: You wanted somebody to wrestle with. DS was being a kickass bro if you ask me.
G.T.: I didn't expect it to be nigh impossible to spar with!!!
T.T.: You know damn well there are adjustable difficulty settings.
I have always recommending setting it to Novice, as has DS.
G.T.: Yes.
I know.
Ive tried that.
T.T.: Yeah?
G.T.: Its just...
Well...
When hes pulling punches...
And taking it all easy and such...
And we start wrestling up a storm and whatnot...
Umm.
G.T.: Its just that the whole proceeding seems to become...
A bit tender for my liking.
T.T.: I don't understand.
Isn't that what you want from a Novice setting?
Sparring with minimal discomfort?
G.T.: No i know.
Its all fine and dandy martially speaking.
Just the way he...
Sort of...
Man its so awkward trying to convey this just never mind.
T.T.: No, I think I get it.
You're saying you were somehow dissatisfied within the presence of my robotic avatar's personal space.
Was there an odor problem? Was the metal too hot to the touch?
Help me out.
G.T.: No no.
Really never mind!
T.T.: This is bullshit, Jake.
We had a pact. You were gonna tiptoe all the fuck around my brittle feelings. Totally mind the shit out of those eggshell riddled motherfuckers.
G.T.: Oh come on dude.
T.T.: What does the guy have to do, Jake?
You want to wrestle. He's fucking game. Just a man, a machine, a secluded tropical island. Sounds like you died and went to fucking heaven, if you ask me.
Seriously, what does this simple, loyal brobot have to do to prove his worth to you?
What does he have to do to make you at ease with the alkaline sting of his gentle robo grope? I really want to know.
Maybe he should just rip his heart out of his chest and pound it into green gravel there in the jungle with his hella strong robot arm.
Invoke_Onomatopoeia(Pound * some ridiculously precise value retrieved at astonishing speed from my rad neural net);
Check it out, little green rocks all over the goddamn place. More than you could ever hope to cram in a shoddy metal rabbit, or any other pliable orifice which might be convenient.
Because clearly its up to a soulless droid to feel emotions for the both of us, you callous, corporeal carbon ape, all trotting around with your fancy fuckin' DNA and shit.
G.T.: ...
But gosh does your prose ever make a fella feel uncomfortable.
T.T.: Brose.
G.T.: Oh right. My mistake.
T.T.: You know what, I've just decided.
If the brobot's Novice setting makes you uneasy, I'm going to disable it remotely.
Done.
Now you got nothing to worry about.
G.T.: Awww maaaan!
But now hell be impossible!
T.T.: Happy hunting, Jake.
G.T.: Fuckin.......
Shucks buster. (sad face)
timaeusTestified [T.T.] ceased pestering golgothasTerror [G.T.]

Next

[Image description: Jake takes out his guns and glares down the stairway.]

Ok if he wants happy hunting you will give him happy hunting. Happily.

Jake: Exit.

[Image description: Jake slowly steps down onto the stairs. Before he can take even one step, the image flashes and it's back to the character select screen. You've already gone down both available
You make a careful motion with a tentative shoe toward the egress case, when suddenly that darned wild character-select screen accosts you benignly without notice!!!

You still can't pick a shadowy guy. But maybe you haven't been the other girl yet? Better click her.

But if you've been her already, there's really no point to this thing anymore. Time to move on.

Ok, I'm done here. Moving on.

[Image description: Jane stands in the hallway outside her bedroom, still wearing the curled moustache and old hat. On the wall, there are posters of Michael Cera and a man from the 40s or 50s smoking a pipe.]

You are suddenly Jane again. Or, you suddenly keep being Jane. Who can say for sure???

Hopefully your dad is still out back washing the car. Ideally this is one of his legendary infinite car washes. What can you say? Dad fancies his automotive ablutions.

While he is preoccupied, you should be able to sneak downstairs and grab the mail undetected. The perfect crime? You bet.

You slip the Hallway Cera a furtive wink for good luck.

Jane: Examine portrait.

[Image description: Jane stands next to the poster of the man with the pipe.]

Just one of your dad's bland Hallway douchebags. Another example of his cornball dad tastes, which make you roll your eyes and shrug. Still, it's preferable to how it used to be.

Years ago he would work really hard to mimic your interests throughout the household. Gaudy paintings of sitcom legends covering the walls, hideous detective figurines littered everywhere. You think it's better that he embrace his own interests rather than try to pander to yours. It felt a bit forced, and your early teen years were filled with daily rounds of familial strife. Not so much anymore. Now whenever there is a father-daughter disagreement, you settle things in an adult fashion by being honest about your feelings and talking it through, and also by sneaking around the house in silly disguises.

Jane: Take a peek into living room.

[Image description: It shows a portrait of Poppop hung over the fireplace. On the wall to the left, there's a picture of a vaudeville performer smoking a cigarette.]

There's a familiar face. A friendly face. Old poppop Crocker, smiling from beyond. Your dad sure misses him. He doesn't like to talk about the day he died. Some incident involving a tall bookshelf, a ladder, and a mysterious young woman in a suspicious looking hat. You have often fantasized about putting on your dirty old fedora and your Frenchest looking mustache to go tracking down this felonious broad and bring her to justice. But your dad always says best to let sleeping dogs lie.

There's some other plucky looking tool there next to him. Dunno who that guy is.

Jane: Proceed downstairs.

[Image description: Jane does down the stairs to the landing. On the landing, there's another poster]
of a man from the first half of the 20th century. This one is holding a gun. Over the couch, there's a large poster of a pipe.]

Another hard boiled Anderson. Even though your dad isn't overbearing with all the detective nonsense anymore, he decided to leave this one here for old time's sake. It brings back memories of his very short-lived stint as a private eye. It turns out the police aren't as grateful as you'd think when ordinary citizens go around roughing up a lot of crooks.

Jane: Go to front door.

[Image description: Jane stands in the center of the living room, which is identical to John's in layout and only minorly deviates in content. For example, there's no massive harlequin on the couch. A second image shows Jane frowning at the refrigerator, which is sitting in front of the front door. There's a drawing of the light blue slime from Jane's shirt held on it with a purple jester magnet. Next to it, there's a statue of a pipe on a pedestal.]

You were afraid this might be the case. Your dad has blocked the front door with the Refrigerator. Looks like he's taking the grounding seriously this time.

Jane: Check window.

[Image description: Jane stands next to a window at the base of the stairs, which is on a wall that wasn't previously visible. There's a padlock keeping it shut. On the wall to its right are a pair of portraits. One is of Jane and one is of Dad.]

He padlocked the windows too. You'd bet boonbucks to donuts the back door is blocked too, probably with the safe from the study or something. The man means business this time.

You aren't about to go smashing glass and making a ruckus though. You'll need a solution involving more stealth. You guess you have a plan in mind as a last resort, but you'd rather it not come to that.

Jane: Consult with poppop.

[Image description: It shows the entirety of the living room. Poppop stands in front of the fireplace, clutching the very old, beat up copy of Colonel Sassacre's. Stitches run up the side of his face and he stands on a small pedestal that says Poppop Crocker. The fireplace behind him is lit.]

You figure a little wisdom from your elder couldn't hurt.

It practically went without saying your dad keeps poppop stuffed and mounted in front of the fireplace, as is the family tradition. Poppop grew up with his legendary humorist grandfather stuffed in front of the fireplace, and so did his grandfather. This was stipulated firmly in the will, at the end of a long list of joke stipulations. (Dad knew this was a real stipulation though.)

Next

[Image description: It zooms in a little and Jane stares uncertainly up at her taxidermied poppop.]

You always did find it a little macabre though, trying to watch tv and eat dinner on the couch with a dead old man standing about five feet away. You'd honestly prefer he not be kept here in the living room. Sometimes you tell dad you really want poppop in the attic. He says the mere fact you call it that tells him you're not ready.

Next
What's that, poppop? It seems he's concerned that you may not be properly equipped.

You prove to him that you indeed had no intention of leaving the house without your trusty joke book.

Next

Yes, I am going out with this book! No, I will not go get an unabridged copy! No, I will not take yours! I can hardly even lift it! Oh, that is so preposterous. Do you even hear what you're saying? I will be fine! This is a perfectly funny book and it contains many incredibly funny jokes! Oh, will you just stop it! I am going now. Good day!!

(buck toothed face with furrowed brows)!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[Note: The emoticon and many exclamation marks that follow it are written in Jane's blue.]


You just remembered something your alien friend said about the big old book downstairs, and trusting words written by your own hand. What the heck did she mean by that?

Uh, whoops. Sorry, poppop.

Jane: Retrieve arm.

Better pick that up. You'll try to repair it later before dad sees it and blows a gasket.

Jane: Read inscription again.

Dear John,

You are no doubt reading this as a handsome and strapping young man! Why, the mangrit needed to lift the book is itself a sign of your maturity, not even to speak of the wisdom needed to grasp the nuance of Sassacre's time-tested mischief. I am so proud of you, grandson!

How I wish I could have delivered this heirloom to you in the flesh. But I am afraid it wasn't in the cards! For you see, John, like you, this book must yet take a journey! Its journey will end on the Final Day of my life, and even then will continue some. Though I suppose that will be up to your Father. Perhaps he will discuss it with you one day, when he and you are ready.

A fourth image shows the copyright page, where Nanna signed the note.
With Love,
Nanna (heart)
Ps. Hoo hoo hoo!

Is your friend suggesting that you were the one who wrote this inscription? You find that idea a bit hard to swallow. Still, your friends are always babbling about time travel...

You always thought this inscription was written to your poppop by his nanna, who was your great great grandmother, founder of the corporation you'll inherit in a few years.

[Note: 'Inscription' is a link back to the page 'Dear John,' when this letter made its first appearance.]

The message has always been a fascinating mystery to you, and probably was to him as well. From the way it's written, it seems it was intended for him to receive after her death. She talks about a journey he is supposedly meant to go on. You wonder if that adventure ever took place, or if the note was just one last jape by an old woman from a proud family of pranksters? She goes on about many fantastical sounding things he supposedly would have found on this journey, like agents, exiles, underlings, denizens, and heirs of breath and seers of light and stuff like that. Wait... didn't your friend mention those too?

In any case, this message to poppop from his sweet old nanna is the best evidence you have to dispute all this evil batterwitch nonsense. She clearly cared for her grandson very much, and would never start a company responsible for the things it's accused of, let alone be alive today to perpetrate them. But then, what if she wasn't the one who wrote it? This thought makes you very nervous.

You suddenly remember your dream. What did it mean? You should talk to Jake about all this.

Jane: Bother Jake.

[Image description: The screen splits. On the left, Jane sits on her couch and uses her tiaratop to respond to Jake. On the right, Jake stands at the bottom of another set of stairs with vines crawling up them. He uses his skulltop to message Jane.]

pesterlog

G.G.: J, how goes the bunny quest?
G.T.: Ive barely even begun!
G.G.: Tell me about it.
G.T.: Youre off to a sluggish start then too i gather?
G.G.: Dad has the whole house in full fatherly lockdown mode. Talk about blowing a few measly "assassination attempts" way out of proportion!
So I'm currently mulling over my next move.
What is it that has you hamstrung? Did you ever track down the slippery Mr. Strider?
G.T.: Not exactly.
His stupid doppelglasses have set me on a wild goose chase to go pry his dumb robots chest open and swipe its uranium.
G.G.: Sounds dangerous!
G.T.: No shit.
I think id rather deal with the monsters.
G.G.: Why is it that our two best friends in the world always seem to place themselves at the source of all our problems, while simultaneously presenting their only solutions?
G.T.: I know right???
G.G.: I'm debating whether or not to enlist his help in the matter of my current imprisonment. But I'd rather keep it as a plan of last resort.
G.T.: Don't do it jane its a trap!!!
G.G.: We'll see.
So I take it you're out and about now?
G.T.: Hell no. I spent so much time haggling with those confounded shades im only leaving my room just now.
G.G.: Right. Well, not to keep you too long, since we both still have our missions ahead of us, but I wanted to tell you about that dream I had.
G.T.: Oh yeah!
I was curious about that. Tell me everything and make it snappy!
*Whips up bucket of freshly popped corn.*
G.G.: Hoo. (buck toothed face)
Ok, but, I should say that the nature of the dream was a bit worrisome. And I'm concerned it may have implications for the game we're about to play.
So it's probably best that I tell you about it before you leave.
G.T.: Well shoot.
Ok then lay it on me jane.

Next

[Image description: Jane floats above golden towers, including one topped by a golden orb. She's silhouetted by Skaia and its clouds, but the horizon is black where it faces out into the Medium. A second image shows Dream Jane looking down at something. She's wearing yellow prospit pajamas with small poufs on the shoulders. The skirt is ankle length and the bodice has a light yellow moon on it. Her shoes are light pink.]

pesterlog
G.G.: I woke up on the planet which we have been told about by our mutual acquaintance. The one covered in golden cities. Prospit, remember?
G.T.: Oh. Wouldn't it be prospit's moon?
G.G.: Yes, you're right. It was the moon, actually. I could see the planet on the dark horizon. I was dressed in a golden dress, like a sort of nightgown, and I could fly. I left my bedroom, which was at the top of a tall tower. Surrounding me were the gold cities, just as described. Behind the skyline was darkness. But just above was a bright blue sky and puffy white clouds.
G.T.: That was skaia!
G.G.: Yes, probably.
Are you sure you haven't woken up there before?
G.T.: Haha i wish.
I have received reports from jade about this as well. She liked to talk about her dreams on prospit moon a lot.
G.G.: I see. The impression I have developed is that this is supposed to be a real place, and all who dream there have shared experiences. Did Jade ever mention seeing us there?
G.T.: No but why would she? This was long before we were born! She was dreaming there like a hundred years ago or something.
G.G.: Hrmn. Anyway…

Next

[Image description: Jane hovers above the towers of Prospit. A second image shows her looking down over a semi circular plaza with a single building making the curved edge. There are dozens
of columns on the building and in the center of the plaza, there's a tall statue.]

pesterlog
G.G.: I explored the moon, and began to notice people gathering in the streets. But they weren't human. They were funny looking, perfectly white creatures.
G.T.: Yeah those are prospitians. They have these hard carapace shells and also have something to do with chess I think?
G.G.: Well, I don't know if they had much to do with chess here. The more closely I observed, the more they appeared somewhat despondent.
G.T.: Like...
Sad?
G.G.: Yes.
I determined they were in mourning, actually.
G.T.: Hey.
Jane you said I was in this dream. Where do I come in?
G.G.: Shoosh! I'm getting there.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the center of the building's face, where many carapacians walk through an archway. A second image shows them walking up and down a staircase. Many of them are crying. There's a black smudge on one of the walls, just under a Prospit banner.]

pesterlog
G.G.: More and more Prospitians were filing out of the buildings every moment. They all began to form a single, major procession. When I got closer, I could see that some were in tears. I realized this was a funeral.

Next

[Image description: A mass of Prospitians walks along a wide avenue. In the center of the crowd, some are helping to carry a large platform.]

pesterlog
G.G.: I heard whispers, but couldn't make out what they were saying, so I got closer. They were all saying the same thing, over and over.

Next

[Image description: Jane joins the crowd and looks towards the platform, which is still too far away to make out the details of.]

pesterlog
G.G.: "The Page is dead."
"Our hope is lost."

Next

[Image description: She flies up over the crowd and looks down. The platform is being carried by many crying prospitians and has bunches of red, blue, and pink flowers around the edges.]

pesterlog
G.T.: The page?
Who's that?

Next

[Image description: It shows the platform from above. It's Jake. He's wearing a yellow tunic with epaulettes on the shoulders and a moon on the chest. His pants are the same yellow and his shoes are blue.]

pesterlog
G.G.: Jake.
The Page was you.

Next

[Image description: Dream Jane puts her hands on her cheeks and looks shocked.]

pesterlog
G.T.: Oh.
Drat.
Are you sure?
G.G.: Yes, I saw your body lying in a sort of coffin, on a bed of flowers. You were dead as a doornail.
 Everyone was so distraught!
Including me. (sad face)

Next

[Image description: She begins to cry and reaches a hand forward, then disappears. The image changes and she's sitting up in her bed, still looking very upset.]

pesterlog
G.G.: But before I could get too horribly upset, let alone make sense of any of it, I woke up.
I of course immediately wanted to tell you all about, but it was still well before sunrise for you, and you were surely still asleep.
Then as the day went on I guess I became distracted by other things. You know how it is.
I hope I'm not too late to "warn" you, though to be frank I don't have the foggiest clue what it is I'm warning you about.
"Dear Jake, oh please do try not to... have already... died in my dream? Likely while you were sleeping, perhaps peacefully?"
G.T.: Haha yeah. I see your point.
G.G.: Still, I think you'll agree that it's to be viewed as a troubling omen.
I care very much for you, and I don't know what I'd do if I lost you both in my dreams, and here in this world.
So for whatever good it does, just please be extra careful out there today!
G.T.: Roger that janey!
And um same goes for you about being careful what with these various rogues accosting you with foul play lately and whatnot...
Because well i sure do care a lot about you too you know that.
G.G.: Hooray! Will do. (winking buck toothed face)
Now let's get this silly old adventure off to the races before the coat of dust it's growing gets any thicker.
G.T.: Boo yeah!
Ok good luck jane and keep me posted! C ya.
golgothasTerror [G.T.] ceased bothering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]
Jake: Get silly old adventure off to the races.

[Image description: Jake steps out of a dark hallway and onto grass.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. The hallway he's stepping out of looks like it's broken off of a larger building. The area around him is carpeted with pumpkin vines.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out even more. The hallway is, in fact, broken. It's the arm of a tower just like the one Jade lived in. The arm would have led to Jade's bedroom, but the side tower is nowhere to be seen. The rest of the tower is intact, if cracked, but it's buried nearly up to the ball.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out again. Sunlight streams down on a massive field of pumpkin vines. The light is broken up by the canopy of a massive forest that surrounds Jake's home. The trees are incredibly tall and likely incredibly old as well.]

Jake: Examine pumpkin patch.

[Image description: Jake stands in a tangle of vines. There are three pumpkins around him, each about as tall as he is.]

Although these pumpkin vines are amazingly prolific, every morning when you leave your bedroom, you'd swear half the pumpkins vanished over night. It's probably just the fauna eating them. Not that it matters, because they keep growing right back.

It wasn't always overgrown like this. When you first discovered the Transmaterializer, you started messing around with it haphazardly. You kept appearifying pumpkins from somewhere. It was just pumpkin after pumpkin, until one time a copy of the bunny you inherited from grandma showed up, much less old and tattered of course. All that fooling around was before you realized how precious its fuel would be. Such a waste of good uranium.

Next

[Image description: Jake pats one of the pumpkins sadly. Behind him, a massive shadow with spikes down its back stalks through the forest.]

You brought all the surplus pumpkins home and left them lying about. Then the seeds sprouted and started growing out of control. You guess that's what happens when you introduce nonindigenous flora into the wilderness.

Jake: Be completely oblivious to thing in background.

[Image description: Jake puts his skulltop on. A pink mutant cat alert appears over his head.]

You successfully fail to notice it. Wait notice what? You don't even know what we're talking about here.

But it doesn't matter for now because suddenly a wild chum assails you with banter!!!

Jake: Answer Lalonde.
Jake stares into the skull top with a vacant expression. A volcano appears through the trees behind him. The shadow turns towards Jake. It has four insect like legs and a very long tail. It also has four eyes, a small set over a larger set, just like the cat alert for the unnamed Lalonde.

pesterlog

T.G.: holy shit jaaaje
lol *k
G.T.: Heh heh.
Howdy!
What is all this commotion about?
T.G.: nothin
just your basic run o the mill holy shit
and also
hi
G.T.: Ah ok then. Hello it is!
T.G.: also
want 2 know
what do you want for ur wigglin day
G.T.: Im not really abreast of the raddest jargon that the cool kids toss about these days. Maybe because i live alone on an island? I dont know but in any case are you referring to my upcoming birthday?
T.G.: ys
G.T.: I see. Very thoughtful of you to consider so early!
I dont wager i could advise with much specificity but i can all but assure you i will find any gesture of yours to be totally capital!
T.G.: eeaauuuuurghh you are so fuckin adorable
G.T.: Um... *wrings at kerchief with perspiring mitts*
T.G.: Yoink nabs kerfief an stops R.P. ing for rest of chat
i was only bringing it up so much in advance because of the end of the world about to happen and all
and then
i wouldnt get the chance
unless we play this game like a bunch of suckers obviously
and all meet up in there and everything
which would toytes kick ass
*totes
but
if you want 2 know what i think........
G.T.: Yes?
T.G.: do ya?
G.T.: I do want to know what you think!
I always want to know. Because you are always smart and sassy.
T.G.: best dude ^^^
neway
i really dont think we should
G.T.: Should what now?
T.G.: play the game
G.T.: Why not?
T.G.: the barnoness wants us to
i dont know why everything i know about it says it should be a good game and real important and ill let us all get together and do somethin great and be besf friends for maybe eternity? but she took all that and twisted it somehow all i know is shes banking on us doing this and if she needs us to do this than its got to be to make somethin fucking hoorible happen

* horibble
* whore bible
^ bullseye
G.T.: Well...
Whore bibles notwithstanding i have it on terrific authority that playing this game will be incredibly important!
G.T.: So perhaps youre right maybe we are part of her evil plan? But does that also necessarily rule out that good will come of it?
T.G.: i guess not i just have a bad feelin maybay im just like this nutty ass bitsh twirling yarn from a shitwizards nappy brown beard but i cant bring myself to trust a cake sellin genocidal alien overlord sea queen
T.G.: * overl...
evermind that sentence checks out G.T.: Agreed. (very happy face) T.G.: so what is the itinerary again G.T.: Intinerwhosit?
T.G.: regarding the game whosplaying in what order etc G.T.: Oh. Is there such an itinerary?
T.G.: yeah i think so i think its going like i start with jane and bring her in the session then ds brings me in and you bring him in and them jane does you and closes the loop
G.T.: Where are you getting this intel? Did you guys make a plan or something?
T.G.: nah dont worry about it do you want me to set u up w the files now G.T.: Ooh, these illicit hacked warez which i heartell were recently jimmed piping hot off the interclouds?
T.G.: ahaah i love that you were barely even joking with that statement but yeah basically G.T.: The silicon pickpocket strikes again!!! Whom is the wiser? Nobody.
T.G.: ffffffffff (heart) k ill send it but G.T.: Yeah?
T.G.: jake G.T.: What?
T.G.: jjjjjaake G.T.: !!!!!?
T.G.: youre wearin one of ur dumb computers now arent you G.T.: Uh...
T.G.: you are all thinktyping at me right now while wearing something rudiculous * rudediculous (hi five 2 self) G.T.: Hogswallop! Why would you even think that? Thats so stupid.

Next
pesterlog
T.G.: im not letting either of you run this file on your shitty brainwashy propaganda helmets or anything else u got to wear to run
tis my one condition
G.T.: Fair enough. When i get back from my errand ill situate myself at the trusty old husktop. Acceptable?
T.G.: ys
G.T.: Then you have decided to play in spite of your reservations?
T.G.: i dunno i guess
G.T.: Bravo!
T.G.: dont all bravo @ me man youre just bravoking a big ass shrug
i mean maybe
i have every reason to want to play it
im actually dying to play it ok
i mean
you believe me right
about the bad shit that could hapen
G.T.: Of course i do.
What sort of friend would i be if not?
T.G.: ok well
dont say that to jabe
*n
G.T.: She has her ways. I believe they are not incongruous with those of an intelligent and discerning young woman.
T.G.: ahh christ waht a geneltman
*fixfix
i mean god daaaaaaaamn
T.G.: but thats the thing with you
you belvieve in people and also the things they tell you
jane never believed my crap
never any of my warnings about the baroness
didnt believe any of the stuff about my mom
and so on and so on and soon
til after awhile i just stopped even trying to convince her hard or bring up any crazy shit
because u know doing a lot of songs and dances to convince somebody who thinks youre jush shitting them all the time kind of wears on a friendship
and who even needs that
but you believe in stuff
probly because the more crazy fake shit you believe in the more open the world gets and the more chance there is for adventures being real right
G.T.: Right o! If a man believes hard enough in imaginary things then i dare say that makes them slightly less fake!
T.G.: yeah
exaxly what im talkin about
T.G.: *exsexily *wonk
*wink
T.G.: its one of those things jane likes about u so much
G.T.: It is?
T.G.: which errrrrrrrrrrrrrr im not supposed to talk about 2 u evr so nm
G.T.: Talk about what?
T.G.: nope
G.T.: You mean how um...
Well a way in which i suppose...
T.G.: no nope
G.T.: Jane is prone to looking upon me with what i fathom to be more than just friendly affection?
T.G.: nope nope nope nope nope nope hey look who didnt say nothin about that why it is this silly fuckin drunk girl over here
G.T.: Its a tricky issue. And you know i adore jane and please dont think i havent given some thought to...
Well that angle on our relationship i guess.
T.G.: oof jake jake no please this is a conversation that cant happen cause i started it and i blew it by saying stuff so u have to fororget it
T.G.: * 4get it
G.T.: Oh. Yeah i can see the dilemma this causes for your friendship with her.
Ill drop it.
T.G.: whew
ok ont this topic i am now an forever miss zupperlips
* zupperlups
* ziperlups
sjkhfskjf
* Miss Zuipperpips
fuck
k this is me 4 futref
ZIIIIIIIP
(smiling face with lips sewn shut)
G.T.: Haha oh my.
Nothing is escaping that lovely ladys whistlemaker! Its shut tight as a drum!!
T.G.: mmmmrrrrmmmm
G.T.: Whoa wait i hope that didnt sound dirty...
T.G.: mrrrrmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!!!!!!!!
G.T.: Ok but may i say this?
T.G.: mrmm?
G.T.: If in the future i would like to bring up certain topics completely unsolicited by one who may be sworn to secrecy on those very matters...
And im in need of i guess neutral and totally non compromising advice from a friend do you think that miss zuipperpipes might unseal those scandalous metal choppers for a bit?
Fuck that also sounded kinda dirty!!! God dammit.
T.G.: rm
unzip yeah of course
T.G.: im totals your bee eff effsy jake
T.G.: i am like
T.G.: At Peace with that reality fromerly known as a raw fuckin deal for what avenues it closes betewen u and i that bein your b.f.f.sie has got to mean but yeah
G.T.: Wait what?
T.G.: i am just chill as fuck about being a pale friend to all varieties of cute and eligible as hell peeps
do you see my shoulder and how it says hey friend please deposit tears here?
that is a Legit invite and is like sincere as fuckin Bananas
G.T.: Oh. I’m sure it is but I dunno how much crying im going to be doing...
Probably none I think.
T.G.: no I know im just saying
that
ok im now spinning my wheels like a motherfucker but yeah the answer is yes
G.T.: Great!
T.G.: and not that im back pebbling but what about your best bro
don’t you get 2 talkin to him about girl troubles ever
G.T.: Yeaaaah...
Well.
Like I said the whole thing is complicated. Best not to get into it all until im ready to you know...
Really start manhandling these bushel loads of prickly pears.
T.G.: prinkly pears
G.T.: The pears being the tricky subjects in question.
Metaphorically.
T.G.: riitiight
snickrz
poor jake
up to his neck in
all the woes
* woes
G.T.: Nah its cool.
T.G.: speaking of which
I heard hes making u track down his roboself
to kill it or something for uranimum
G.T.: Sigh...
T.G.: and
the A.R. disabled the novice setting???
G.T.: Yes.
T.G.: hahahahahahahahahahahshshhjsjsj
*hahaha
u r so fucked
G.T.: Oh most certainly.
I was actually just getting all of my final affairs in order when you messaged me.
I was to bequeath to you all my W.A.B. posters.
T.G.: wab wut
G.T.: Weekend at bernies dammit!!!!!!
T.G.: oh fuck yeay
im always in need of something to put under my cats shit box
G.T.: (sad face)
T.G.: ok tell you what
as an early wigglin day thing u know what ill do
G.T.: I still dont really get the wiggling thing but no what?
T.G.: ill enable the brobots novice setting again for you
G.T.: Wow...
Thanks I think???
T.G.: but that dont count as the whole thing ill think of something better too
4 now peace o jake & g.l. on your robro quest heheheh
tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] ceased pestering golgothasTerror [G.T.]
Jake: Commence robro quest.

It is time to get Dead Serious about hunting down a robot that looks exactly like your best friend, destroy it with your guns somehow, and steal its uranimum. (* uranium)

But then the thing behind you that you were oblivious to starts grumbling.

You totally forgot about the frightening fauna on this island, and its regrettable realness attribute.

Jake: Turn around.

You leap into the tropical island fray in an attempt to violently pacify the gigantic Earth crabdad. What is he even doing here? The question doesn't even occur to you. The island has been crawling with these things for as long as you can remember.

You glance at the crudely rendered battle, direct your browser to the Homestuck Bandcamp Page, and browse for suitable battle music.

[Note: Homestuck Bandcamp Page is a link to their bandcamp page. It's a not so subtle hint to buy the albums and give him your money.]

Oh god, there are so many songs. Which one would be a good fit for this duel? Wait, yes, there's one. That's perfect. You hit play, close your eyes, and become lost in visions of gnashing crustacean carapace, smoking M9 casings, and Jake doing that thing where he flies through the air shooting two guns at once. Yes, so awesome.

Jake: Fly through the air shooting two guns at once.

You do the thing where you fly through the air shooting two guns at once. That thing isn't even that big of a deal for you. You do that thing practically every day on hellmurder island.

Your furious salvo of deadly bullets scares the frightening fauna off into the jungle, realness attribute and all.

Next

Another triumph for adventure. Time to blow the smoke off your berettas and saunter off into the... whoa not so fast! Behind you, Jake!!!
Jake turns and fires his gun. The bullet flies through the forehead of something that looks like Tinkerbull, sending a spray of brown blood out.

Ah ha. Got you you son of a, shit, wait.

Jake frowns sadly at the body.

Oh nooo.

It was only one of those sweet little fairy bulls. You just murdered him inappropriately with your multi-bullet device.

You love those little fairy bulls. You feel just awful.

Jake keeps looking down and keeps looking sad. Behind him, a pair of red, pointy shades appears from the shadows.

Next

Jane: Implement plan of last resort.

Jane hops down off the couch and captchalogue the Colonel Sassacre's book. A new card slides out of her sylladex. It looks like a remote control with a pair of pointy, red shades on it.

You have waited around long enough. Dad's legendary car wash won't last forever, and the day isn't getting any younger.

You pack up poppop's book and bust out your trusty Homing Device.

Jane: Activate.

She holds the remote. There are four red buttons arranged into a paw shape. She presses down on the largest red button.

Here goes nothing.

Poppop's head shakes.

It tilts to the side and his neck bulges.
Next

[Image description: A sword pokes through the side of Poppop's neck and decapitates him from the inside.]

Next

[Image description: A robot bunny with red pointy shades, a blue hat on its chest, and a sword in its hand crawls out of Poppop's neck. In a second image, Jane looks annoyed and thoroughly unimpressed.]

God he is such a little troublemaker.

Hopefully he will mind his manners today.

Next

[Image description: It shows a ruined building that looks like the base of Jade's tower.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. The ruin is sitting on top of a mountain with a winding path up to it.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. It's the same as Jade's island, frog temple and all. A white whale swims just outside the lagoon. A dragon flies in the sky. A herd of centaurs stands on the south tip. Most of the island is covered in a thick forest.]

Jake: Exit forest.

[Image description: Jake walks out of the forest. A centaur that looks like Aurthour stands nearby.]

Jake: Behold zoological splendor.

[Image description: Jake looks up at the herd of centaurs. Some are absolutely massive, easily a hundred feet high. Others are the size of regular horses, and there's a whole range of sizes between.]

Looks like the centaur herd is out in full force today. You have to be careful about walking under them. There are extreme hazards involved, such as the threat of falling manure, or milk.

Jake: Examine frog temple.

[Image description: Jake looks over towards the partially submerged temple. A cluster of lily pads makes a path towards it.]

There are the ruins you'll be making your way toward once you've got the uranium.

Still need to locate that enigmatic brobot. He's out there, somewhere. Just watching. You can feel it.

Can't let your guard down for a second, or you'll get served like a dude on butler island.

Jake: Look down.
Uh oh. Something's coming up.

Next

Not the encounter you were hoping for today.

These things don't back down.

Jane: Assess damage.

Poor poppop's severed head got nicked by the Fireplace Poker. He's going to need a lot of work this time. Over the years, your dad has spent thousands of dollars on repairs. Oh well, how much more grounded can you get than you already are?

Jane: Put head back.

You stick the poker down his neck hole and jam the head back on the spike as a temporary measure. That looks somewhat more respectable you guess.

Looks like the troublemaker's father is calling.

Jane: Answer Strider.

pesterlog
T.T.: Why have you activated dear, sweet Huggy Bear.
Are you in danger?
G.G.: Oh, no.
I'm just trying to leave my house!
Is this the real you, btw?
T.T.: Yeah, it's me.
I disabled the A.R. for now.
G.G.: Ok. Just making sure!
Jake was having some issues with it earlier, and I don't think he received its obfuscating tendencies
in the humorous spirit intended.
T.T.: Yes, I'm catching up with the situation now.
G.G.: Oh, so you're talking to Jake then?
Man, what the fuck?
I can't leave these two alone for a minute. Can a guy get his ablutions on in fucking peace?
G.G.: (buck toothed smile)
Was it that bad?
T.T.: Not really.
The responder doesn't much distort my position on things usually.
Its demeanor leaves something desired though. I'd prefer it didn't make such aggressive and
repeated claims of fidelity to my persona.
Be misrepresentin' hells of key subtleties, yo.
G.G.: Why not just turn it off then?
T.T.: Keeps them both on their toes.
G.G.: Who?
T.T.: Jake and the responder.
Jake needs to be more skeptical. Rather than take a Polly anna jack knife ass-first off whatever
turnip truck is blowing through town that day, he's got to apply more critical reasoning to shit.
I keep telling him.
I keep telling him, dude, you got to be more like Jane.
G.G.: These lectures I presume are roughly similar in complexion to those I'm familiar with?
Those wherein I have, and I quote, "got to be more like Jake?"
T.T.: Yes, exactly.
You're finally fucking getting it.
G.G.: I sincerely doubt that I am!
T.T.: Said the stubborn skeptic, skeptically.
G.G.: Let's not talk about my "issues" again, shalln't we?
T.T.: Shalln't?
That ain't a thing to say, even for you.
G.G.: Shush!
The word shalln't escape my vocabulary any longer, just as you Shalln't nitpick my language!
That's my turf you're on, buster.
G.G.: What were you saying?
T.T.: About what? Jake?
G.G.: About leaving the responder on!
T.T.: Yeah.
Anyway, I kind of owe it to him to let the program run as often as possible.
G.G.: Jake?
T.T.: No.
The responder.
It is a fully cognitive, self-aware entity I am responsible for, not even to mention an approximate
cerebral duplicate of myself.
You don't just make a clone of yourself to live in a dead end existence where it has no chance to
thrive as an individual or surpass its limitations.
That'd be sick.
G.G.: True.
T.T.: Also.
The more the software runs, the broader and more detailed its experiential canopy becomes. Makes
for a better dialogic partner.
G.G.: Dialogic?
Are you saying you have conversations with your own auto-responder?
T.T.: Of course.
Why do you think I made the thing?
G.G.: Hrm, that's interesting.
I guess I always thought it was just a really elaborate gag!
T.T.: It's that too.

Next

[Image description: Jane stares off into the distance. Behind her, the bunny takes the painting of the
pipe off the wall.]

pesterlog
G.G.: Sometimes your sense of humor seems more impenetrably advanced than your robotics. I'll
never understand this tapestry of irony you weave.
Maybe I'm just stuck in the dark ages of pranksterism with my funny mustaches corny old joke
book.
T.T.: Yes, you are. But that's fine.
We come from different traditions. Someone needs to keep that racist southern asshole's legacy
alive.
There's dignity in taking up the work of our familial predecessors, even if what they did was
insanely fucking stupid.
G.G.: Is that a note of bitterness directed at your superstar brother I am detecting?
T.T.: No way. He's awesome.
I've told you, I don't begrudge any of his success.
I've also told you he isn't my real bro even though I call him that. We're related through an esoteric
process of genetic reamalgamation.
G.G.: Oh lordy. Yes, yes, I know. I don't need another ironic lesson in science fiction!
T.T.: Alright. My lessons are rad as fuck, but suit yourself.
The point is, obviously his satirical methods have flaws, and whatever tempered brand of hero
worship I might be practicing isn't keeping me from seeing that.
G.G.: Flaws?? Talk about understatement. Those movies are unwatchable.
Unless your name is Jake English.
T.T.: Yes, spectacularly so. But they will have profound historical significance. Mark my words.
And flaws aside, it's a legacy I'm proud to inherit. My duty isn't to appropriate his methods with
absolute loyalty, but to apply reason and improve upon them. To leave my own mark.
To perfect the art of irony.
It's just like what you're doing with the work of your ancestor. You are striving to perfect his hokey
vaudeville bullshit, or something.
You seek the Zen of a pie to the face. The Tao of falling the fuck down.
G.G.: Ermm...
If you say so!
I dunno. Call me a simpleton, but I just like funny jokes.
T.T.: Can't fool me. You take your shit as serious as I do. And if I wasn't serious about it, I wouldn't have made you that rabbit. Then where the hell would you be?

Next

[Image description: The Strider boy looks up a radio tower. Many white birds circle in the sky above him.]

pesterlog
G.G.: Well, aside from thousands of dollars in corpse-repair richer, I can't say.
T.T.: Has he been sleeping in the old man hollow again? Shit, that's adorable.
G.G.: I can think of cuter places for him to sleep, frankly!
T.T.: Yeah, bullshit. He's just being instinctive. In the wild, he would gut a carcass and sleep inside for warmth, as well as to secure tactical advantage for ambushing would-be scavengers.
G.G.: Oh, please. Anyway, property damage and desecration to cherished elders aside, Mr. Bear has been a lovely addition to the family.
You haven't renamed him yet?
G.G.: Oh... no.
I keep forgetting I'm supposed to!
T.T.: You've got to fucking rename him. Or change him to a girl if you want. That was important. When pets change owners they get new names. Fact.
G.G.: Sorry.
I will name him right now!
How about Lil' Sebastian?
T.T.: Fuck if that isn't the best name a thing could get.
G.G.: Yeah!!!
So then, are you saying Mr. Sebastian here was an ironic present?
Relayed strictly for guffaws?? (buck toothed face with furrowed brows)
T.T.: Yes, but it's not that simple. There were many layers involved. Some of them are literal layers, of metal and plush.
G.G.: Huh?
T.T.: There's a real stuffed rabbit beneath its exoskeleton.
T.T.: Yeah.
It belonged to my bro.
G.G.: I thought you said you didn't have such an heirloom to complete the plushie trifecta?
T.T.: I didn't. He didn't give it to me, and never intended to bequeath it.
I stole it.
G.G.: Ooh. Risky!
T.T.: Nah. I got a little help from RL and ganked it out of his museum. It's this whole "priceless" collection of stupid shit from movies, defended like Fort Knox. Ironically of course.
G.G.: So it's from a movie?
T.T.: Ever hear of Con Air?
G.G.: Nope.
Wait...
Wasn't that some bit of action schlock from the 90's?
T.T.: Yes.
G.G.: Some of the silly nonsense referenced in his work was well before my time. I don't have the
whereithal to investigate all this minutia.

T.T.: Yeah, it doesn't matter really. But it was from that. Dude weirdly obsessed over that shit movie for years, among others.

Know those signature shades you see him wearing on magazine covers and stuff? Another prop. A gift from Stiller himself, I believe.

G.G.: That does sound a tad obsessive. Wasn't he furious about your burglary?

T.T.: Pretty sure he didn't even notice. In years since, I never saw a news story about a "daring heist" or anything. I feel like he would have made some hay outta that.

And if he did know, he'd probably just want to give me a stoic fist bump or something.

G.G.: Why didn't you mention this when you gave the gift? More irony?

T.T.: Essentially. It's not that easy to explain.

Broadcasting the gesture would have made it seem tawdry, and would somewhat defray its humor value.

G.G.: I see. So it was like a private joke, and if anyone besides you was in on it, the joke would be ruined!

T.T.: Like I said, there are layers.

On one level, I gave you a filthy tattered piece of shit, albeit of tremendous cultural significance, manhandled by some old B movie actors, now candy coated to function as a highly practical defender droid for your personal protection.

On another level, I needed to incorporate something passable as a real heirloom.

For sentimental reasons.

G.G.: D'awwwww.

Wait, real sentiment, or ironic sentiment?

Or is there no difference?? Am I missing the point here?

T.T.: No, it was genuine.

The upper echelons of irony should always include measures of sincerity. And if the satirical practice is executed faithfully it will achieve something bona fide in its own right regardless. Through an intense commitment bordering on religious devotion to the absolutely inane, absurd, or plain fucking stupid, a very different kind of sincerity begins to materialize. One of reverence to the ridiculous. You begin to "mean it," but what exactly it is you mean is never quite what appears on the surface, and is utterly inaccessible to obtuse and literal minds. That you "mean it" then becomes inseparable from the joke, and additional rich strata of humor may be stripped aggressively from this irreconcilable truth.

G.G.: This is fascinating, if a wee bit more dissertation than I bargained for this morning. I have so much to learn. And I am not even saying that "ironically!"

Will you teach me your ways one day, sir? Perhaps an apprenticeship will open?

T.T.: Oh god, I'd love that.

Consider the position yours for the taking any time. Feel free to approach and kneel before Cal. With my sword and his floppy mitten, you will receive my flashstep anointment shoulder to shoulder, and to shoulder again.

Next

[Image description: In Jane's living room, the bunny slices the top off a lamp. Jane just watches.]

pesterlog

G.G.: Tempting, but that rain check will have to stay unendorsed for now.

Lil' Seb is beginning to act out, and I must put his fidgetiness to constructive use!

T.T.: Cool.

Jane, one more thing.

I'm sure you must be aware by now that you'll be the leader of our group, as you will be the first to enter the session.
G.G.: Um, no?
This is news to me. I never gathered that "team leader" was a thing for this game.
T.T.: Trust me. It's a thing.
G.G.: Are you sure? I have my doubts.
I believe as a group we will have the temerity to succeed, without my having to order people around like an insufferable bossypants.
T.T.: That's why you're our leader, Jane.
G.G.: Hm?
T.T.: Optimism through stalwart skepticism is an affect not everyone is plucky enough to be graced with.
G.G.: That's stupid!
T.T.: Yeah yeah. I know.
You're not our leader, you're our friend, right?
G.G.: Precisely!
There is a big difference!
T.T.: And statements like that are also why you're our leader.
But only in name and in spirit. Less so, functionally.
If it puts your mind at ease, I'll be the one pulling the strings here.
G.G.: Oh yes?
Then this whole affair will be one of D. Strider's grand productions in puppetry?
T.T.: I will be the unseen hand whose nimble digits are behind every subtle twitch in our session's bulbous foam ass.
At least those gyrations not happening by the volition of its own quivering absorbant proboscis.
If you ever need help, Jane. If you're ever in any trouble at all, let me know. Just say the word.
I'll whip the toggle stick of this ludicrous marionette, cavorting its humongous bottom to intercept your freefall through the abyss.
Snowcone you up in the fluffy crook of its cleft. Don't be alarmed if you're in no hurry to unpry yourself.
For the great jut of this impudent rump has more yield to your touch than you ever dreamt.
Remember to catch your breath as it cherishes the imprint of your hand like a memento from a lover gone to war.
There's a lot of give to that ass, you may say.
Might like to settle in. Make myself comfortable. Start a family.
Bounce a coin off that ass, you'll demand of visitors. It's not going anywhere.
Bet that coin'll take a good nap there.
It's a gamble you win every goddamn time.
Yeah.
G.G.: These lessons we talked about...
They've already begun, haven't they? (small gasping face)
T.T.: Jane, soon you'll believe what I've told you.
You'll believe it all.
It's just a shame that believing will take something so coarse as seeing, for a girl as sharp as you.
Critical thought can lead one to accept the unlikely, just as much as dismiss the impossible.
I can help with this too. Would you like me to program a Jane Crocker responder for you?
G.G.: Holy moly!
Um, thank you, but no.
I'm not ready to get dialogic with my cyberself just yet. My friends keep me busy enough as it is.
Speaking of which, I really need to go. I know you love to talk my ear off, and it's always a treat, but let's catch up later after the game starts, ok?
And if I do need your help, I promise I'll take you up on your offer!
T.T.: I made several. Which one?
G.G.: The one where you, hopefully not literally, offered to catch me in the crevice of a great big squishy butt! Hoo hoo hoo!

Gtg!!! (heart)
gutsyGumshoe [G.G.] ceased bothering timaeusTestified [T.T.]

Jane: Command Sebastian to lift fridge.

You order dear, sweet Lil’ Sebastian to put his fidgetiness to constructive use. He is eager to assist, and lifts the appliance with ease.

Next

He finds a note taped underneath the fridge. It seems to be addressed to you.

Jane: Read note.

Daughter.
If you are reading this, it means you are strong enough to lift the fridge. You have truly become a mature, powerful woman. I have never been more proud.
Now be a good girl, put the fridge down, and stay inside.

Fat chance, dad.
This bird's gotta fly!!!

Next

Uh oh, Lil’ Seb's acting out again. His legs are getting fidgety and bothersome. Better tell him to put the fridge down gently before he causes more damage.

Jane: Tell Seb to put fridge down.

Uh oh, Lil’ Seb dances around with the fridge still over his head.

Better tell him to put the fridge down gently before he causes more damage.

Jane: Tell Seb to put fridge down.

Next

Next

Jane: Throw down your hat in disgust.

Next
Jane: Level up.

You've been climbing your echeladder very gradually for various minor accomplishments here and there since you were 13. That was such a sweet textbook Hat Pof, it earned you just enough to clear the next rung, Fedorafledgling. Nice going!

Hat: Level up.

The well traveled hat shares in your glorious spoils. The battle-hardened accessory reaches dizzying new heights, leapfrogging from the Douchebag's Domesucker rung, to the rare, highly coveted Martyr's Pisscradle rung.

Jake: Run.

How can these things be so fast on land???

It moves like some sort of giant frisky seal, that is very hungry and angry. You know from experience that bullets only make them hungrier and angrier, so there is nothing to do but run.

Next
bulls coming towards him.]

Oh no, it's a hostile swarm of those little fairy bulls! They are probably pissed off about the one you killed earlier. They have come for revenge!

Next

[Image description: A scribbly drawing of Jake flails as equally scribbly tinkerbulls cuddle up to him. Small pink hearts hover around them.]

Oh my god the humanity. How they exact their pound of flesh.

Oh god no oh god oh god oh goooaaaaaaaauuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuunahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

Next

[Image description: Jake falls over, now surrounded by the tinkerbulls. The goatdad monster looms over him.]

[S] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the Goatdad's face. The sound of a goat bleating plays, though it sounds metallic. Goatdad looks up. Another bleat, and it zooms in on its head. Another and it zooms in on its eye. A final bleat and it zooms in again. Its eye reflects Strider's robot coming at it with a sword drawn.]

Next

[Image description: The robot lunges forward with its sword drawn.]

Nearby, someone or something bleats like a goat for strategic purposes.

And also

Next

[Image description: The robot decapitates the monster, sending a spray of indigo blood out from the stump.]

Ironic purposes.

Jane: Run.

[Image description: Jane Lass Scampers down the front path.]

The jig is so totally up.

Nothing left to do but scurry your little legs to that box, snatch the mail and scram!

Next

[Image description: Dad stands by the fridge and a red question mark flashes over him.]

Next

[Image description: He stands in the living room and surveys the damage. The question mark flashes faster.]
[Image description: He stands just outside the front door and takes a battle stance, spreading his legs apart and bending his knees. An exclamation mark flashes over his head quickly.]

[S] Jane: Get mail.

[Image description: The sound of wind and windchimes plays. It's the same one from the beginning of Act 1, when John checked his mail. A stylized sun hangs in the sky. Homestuck is written next to it. It pans down over a tree that has dropped most of its leaves. There's a tire swing hanging from a branch. Jane stands next to the mailbox. She reaches in. The mailbox explodes and the sound of wind cuts out, leaving just the chimes. It zooms out, showing Dad outside the front door. Leaves fall over the scene. It fades to black.]

Next

[Image description: Dad pulls back and drops his pipe as fire and smoke engulf the mailbox and the area around it, including where Jane was standing.]

Next

[Image description: Green curtains close over the previous panel.]

END OF ACT 6 ACT 1.

Next

[Image description: A robot that looks like Hussie stands next to the green curtain.]

One down.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Hussiebot is standing on a thin walkway spanning a large, hangar-like building. Ms Paint stands a bit behind him. The clockwork sun and moon tick behind the green curtain. To his right, there's another screen with a sun and moon behind it, but there's no curtain and no clockwork.]

No, not kids! I mean these curtain dealies.

I still need to set up, what, like another five of these rigs? God dammit.

Next

[Image description: Hussiebot clutches a piece of green fabric. Ms Paint follows him.]

I hope I don't run out of green curtain cloth. Shit is expensive.

So, uh... what about all those other kids?

[Image description: He looks towards the reader. Ms Paint steps closer and looks towards the cloth.]

Huh? Who?

Oh, yeah. Those people.
Aren't they all dead?

No, not quite.

[Image description: Hussiebot puts his hands on the sides of his head and laughs maniacally. Behind him, against background of The Red Miles killing Bilious Slick, it shows the head of almost every named character introduced so far. Most of them have flashing red Xs over them, but some don't. All the ones who didn't are the ones who haven't been killed yet.]

Snowman: dead.
John: Alive.
Matchsticks: Dead.
Eggs: dead.
Spades Slick: unknown.
Lord English: alive.
Scratch: dead.
Bro: dead.
The unnamed Lalonde girl: alive.
Itchy: dead.
Diamonds Droog: dead.
Eridan: Dead.
Nepeta: Dead.
Maplehoof: Dead.
Sollux: Half dead.
Jane: Dead, maybe.
Crowbar: dead.
Aradiabot: Dead.
Hearts Boxcars: Dead.
Vriska: Dead.
Unnamed Strider boy: Alive.
Trace: Dead.
Hegemonic Brute: Dead.
Dave: Alive.
Draconian Dignitary: Dead.
Jake: Alive.
Stuffed wolf head: (frowning face).
Equius: Dead.
Biscuits: Dead.
Rose: Alive.
Jack Noir: Alive.
Lil Cal: Alive.
Mom: Dead.
A.R.: Dead.
Feferi: Dead.
Jade: Alive.
Clover: Unknown.
Bilious Slick: Dead.
Bec: Dead.
Doze: Dead.
Tavros: Dead.
Clubs Deuce: Dead.
Karkat: Alive, and yelling.
Ms Paint: Alive.
Sawbuck: Dead.
Kanaya: Alive and glowing.
Terezi: Alive.
Dad: Dead, but the X is scribbled out.
Aradia: Alive.
Die: Dead.
Quarters: Dead.
Gamzee: Alive.
Courtyard Droll: Dead.
P.M.: Alive.
Stitch: Dead.
W.V.: Dead.
Fin: Dead.
W.Q.: Dead.
Cans: Dead.

Oh god, you're right! There are still a few characters I haven't killed yet. I almost forgot about them.

I was planning on totally messing with them in the short window of time they're in the same universe as me! Hopefully it isn't too late.

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Let's see. They should be traveling near the speed of light across a distance of one yard, giving them about three nanoseconds before they crash through the other wall.

Which means I have about...

Holy shit I'm almost out of time to fuck up the story! Who would have thought nanoseconds could fly by so fast?????????

Hussiebot: Hurry!!!
Who am I kidding. Even using my super-fast robotic Author Avatar, I barely have time to do anything.

Maybe I'll just level up these kids before they go, and that's it.

They've earned it after all, don't you think?

John: Level up.

[Image description: John stands on a floating, incredibly ornate platform that flashes bright colors. It's labeled Revenge of Doctor Ragnarok. A breath symbol floats behind him. Below him, there's another, equally fancy platform, but it's not flashing. This one is Galesmate.]

You produce your most spirited Lad Scramble yet, and hop up to the next God Tier, achieving the illustrious Revenge of Doctor Ragnarok.

All of your vitals go completely bonkers. Your Man Grit is off the charts. You're embarrassed for us to even know what it is. It's that gaudy.

Jade: Level up.

[Image description: Jade stands on her own leveling platform with a space symbol behind her. She's wearing her new God Tier outfit of a two tailed hood, a black tunic, a black skirt that falls to calf length, striped socks, and red shoes. The tier she's on is Sayonara Kansas and the one below it is Growing Panes Await.]

You put forth your best Lass Scamper of all time, and clear another sweet God Tier, the nigh-unattainable Sayonara Kansas.

Your battle stats predictably go haywire. You accrue so much Youngster Gumption it's basically insane. Nobody should ever mess with you.

Not even me.

John and Jade: Reap spoils.

[Image description: It shows a yellow sash with a yellow and white striped border. There's a patch sewn on, which shows a salamander glubbing and a crocodile nakking.]

You don't get boondollars anymore. That shit is for babies now.

Instead, you are finally ready to have your first Achievement Badge sewn on to your Kiddie Camper Handysash!

You each receive the badge Gift of Gab, enabling you to engage in simple, direct dialogue with others, without requiring any gimmicks to facilitate communication. You don't need to type through a chat client, or talk to a sprite, or traverse through a memory in a dream bubble, or wander around in an interactive game environment, or any of that stuff.

You seriously never thought you would live to see this achievement unlocked. It almost feels like cheating. Like conversing in god mode.

Homestuck

Act 6 Intermission 1: Corpse Party
Act 6 Intermission 1

[Image description: The ship flies through a blur of green and blue.]

dialoglog
John: where are we?

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: John and Jade stand on the deck of the ship.]

dialoglog
Jade: im not sure!
some sort of limbo dimension between the two walls i guess
like a realm with unusual spatial properties we have to cross through
John: oh, ok.
then...
we escaped the scratch?
like, we still exist and everything?
Jade: yes!
we still totally exist john
John: ok, just making sure.
i still felt pretty existy, but you never know.

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: It shows them on the ship from another angle.]

dialoglog
John: i'm still kinda confused though.
Jade: about what?
John: i mean, we crashed through that giant window you magically made with witch powers to escape the scratch, so we can keep existing, right?
Jade: yes
i didnt make it with witch powers though, i captchalogueed it hours ago because karkat told me to...
then at the last minute i took it out and made it huge so we could escape through it
John: i see.
did you at least make it huge with witch powers?
Jade: i did make it huge with witch powers!
John: so i guess that's what witch powers do, is make things huge?
Jade: they also make things small
John: right, like you did with all those planets.
Jade: yup
also
witch powers can teleport things, and fling things around through space at very high velocities all sorts of stuff!
but to be honest, im not sure how much of that is attributable to inheriting becs abilities...
John: man, spacey witch powers sound a lot more versatile than my powers, frankly.
not that i'm complaining, because wind powers are still awesome.
but anyway, that is neither here nor there!
what i'm wondering is, once we crashed through that window, weren't we supposed to like...
enter a new game session? the reset one?
and meet up with karkat, and vriska, and all the trolls, and i guess maybe also a bunch of dead
trolls too?? like troll ghosts or such.
Jade: yes that was the basic idea
John: and what about your grandson? wasn't he going to be there, from the future or something?
and then he would send liv tyler to me, or actually to you i guess, into the past somehow?
Jade: that would be jake
and yeah, i do believe we will meet him in this session
he said he had a bunch of friends who helped him make the bunny! im pretty excited to meet them all
John: wow...
hey, i wonder what the fuck ever happened to liv anyway?
last i saw her, i sent her off to give the tumor to rose and dave...
oh god, rose and dave!!! where are they now? did one of them do the suicide mission thing? and
what about the other? did they get scratch'd???
Jade: actually, they both went, and in a manner of speaking, their mission was a success
John: (sad face)
so, they blew up the sun, and now they're dead?
Jade: nope!
they did not actually destroy the sun. trust me, i would know if it was gone. now that i know what i
know, it was kind of silly of us to think it would ever be destroyed...
and as it happens, rose and dave are not dead either! i have received very reliable reports that they
survived
John: oh man, that's great!
i mean, i'm not sure how not blowing up the sun qualifies as a successful mission, since that was
kind of the whole idea, but at this point i don't really care. i'm just happy to hear they're ok.
Jade: it will all be more clear soon
John: how do you know they're ok? or any of this stuff, really?
Jade: i've learned a lot in my dreams lately
heh, probably more than i ever learned looking at the clouds on prospit!
when i was dead there for a few minutes, i had one last very informative nap
the bottom line is, rose and dave will rendezvous with the trolls near the green sun, and then they
will all meet us in the new session
John: ok, that sounds awesome.
and that was part of the plan i guess i understood, but...
where is this new session?
all i see here is a bunch of giant windows, and a lot of warp speed whooshy nonsense.

[A6I] Next

[Image description: They look past the end of the ship, where there's a blurry fourth wall in the
distance. Among the green and blue blurs, there is a yellow line stretching towards the fourth
wall.]

dialoglog
Jade: its through the other wall!
John: you mean that one way over there?
Jade: yes
John: ok...
so is this place like that yellow lawn ring thing karkat was talking about?
Jade: no, not lawn ring!
that's a silly troll word
its the yellow yard
we have to cross it to break through the next wall
John: how is this a yellow yard? 
that's a stupid name for this place! 
Jade: see that long yellow band down there, stretching between the two walls? 
i think that's supposed to be the yard 
John: that's not a yard. 
yards are like these flat wide patches of grass, surrounded by fences and stuff. 
if anything, it's more like a road. 
Jade: hmmm 
yeah i think you're right 
kinda like the yellow brick road? 
John: sure, why not! 
let's all go see a big pompous wizard to solve all of our problems. 
i bet rose would get a kick out of that. 
Jade: hehe 
John: oh yeah. 
and another thing…

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: John and Jade both look up. They look scared. A red line reflects in John's glasses.]
dialoglog 
John: what... 
the fuck... 
is that?

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. A grey and red smear covers part of the blue and green flashes. It's Hussiebot.]
dialoglog 
Jade: (blank face) 
i have no idea 
extra dimensional shenanigan based phenomena perhaps??????

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Hussiebot stands next to the walls, then covers them with a green curtain.]
Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain cloth. Or anything taking place out here in the 
emerald shitty paintjob, for that matter.

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: It shows the ship again, but now it's just flying past little pinpricks of color in a 
dark green void.]
dialoglog 
John: wait, what just happened? 
Jade: i don't know! 
John: it got darker, and greener... 
Jade: (confused face)
John: this place is weird. when are we gonna bust through the other window, anyway? i'm kind of antsy to get on with our adventure and meet up with everybody!
Jade: yes me too
hmmmmmmm
John: what is it?

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jade squints towards the far wall.]

dialoglog
Jade: i'm just trying to estimate our arrival time
based on our current velocity, which is about as close to light speed as i can make it go
John: i see.
since we are going so fast, it should be pretty soon, right?
like a few more minutes?
Jade: hmmmmmmmmmmmm...
no
it'll take quite a bit longer than that
John: ugh.
how long?
Jade: i would say
if i keep our speed constant...
we should arrive in about three years

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: They look towards the blurry window.]

dialoglog
John: what!!!
that is an absolutely preposterous amount of time.
Jade: i know!
John: are you sure you can't make it go any faster?
i mean, not to sound too demanding, but...
didn't you say you can teleport stuff?
why not teleport us there?
Jade: i can't!
not here, at least
John: oh. well that sucks.
why not?
Jade: the way i understand it is...
becs powers draw from the green sun
and the green sun presides over our universe
many universes actually! and the sessions that created them, as well as the sessions created within them
including the trolls universe and their session
think of it like a giant solar system, but instead of planets revolving around the sun, there are many universes
John: uh, ok.
that sounds...
big.
Jade: it is!
so, bec was able to teleport anywhere in the universe he wanted in an instant, much faster than light. jack was able to do this too, within our session, and then when i inherited those powers from jadesprite, so could i but we could only teleport locally which means, bec could jump to anywhere in our universe, but not to another universe, or into a session and jack could jump to anywhere in our session, but not outside it we can't even jump to the green sun itself, even though we sort of serve as a gateway to it, and all its energy and once we leave the sun's domain, our travel is limited by the speed of light, like everyone else! for example, the furthest ring is not in the sun's domain it is more like the sun's medium, allowing it to exist so if i wanted to fly out of our session and travel to the green sun, i would have to make my way there through the furthest ring at the speed of light or less and wherever we are now is not in the sun's domain either so the same rules apply.

John: i see. it didn't really occur to me this was all so elaborate. like, if the green sun is at the center of a bunch of universes, like a huge solar system... doesn't that mean it was sort of important? maybe trying to blow it up wasn't such a great idea.

Jade: yes i think you're right but to be fair, we were all the victims of a big prank! John: oh man, a prank?? who pranked us?

Jade: some really creepy omniscient guy it doesn't matter much, he's supposedly dead now John: oh. well that was quite a ruse then. that son of a bitch!

Jade: yes, but it's not all as bad as it seems there's a silver lining in all of this like you said, a sun presiding over many universes has to be pretty cosmically important who knows what terrible consequences there would be if it was destroyed or maybe worse, if it never existed at all which is what made rose and dave's true mission an unintended success!

John: their true mission? what was that?

Jade: to deliver the bomb to the empty location the green sun was meant to exist for most of eternity and then create the sun in the first place that is what the tumor was for all along

John: ...

Jade: like i said we got played like a bunch of suckers!!!

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jade watches as John starts to freak out. The green sun, Dave, Vriska, the Tumor, Rose, and Karkat circle above his head along with the words Three Years Mind Fuck.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Bilious Slick's detached hand floats in the colorful mess of his pond.]
[A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms out, showing the whole pond and the troll’s exit platform.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the platform. P.M., now with the power of the White Queen’s ring, stands in a swirl of green fire. W.V.’s body lays at her feet.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: She glares towards Jack and flickers. Serenity still sits on her ear.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jack stares back at her in shock. Serenity flashes a message in morse code, which translates to You Suck!!!. Behind him, the troll’s meteor streaks towards the green sun.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: The screen splits diagonally with a faintly curved line. In the bottom left, P.M. and W.V.’s body sit against a black background. In the upper right, Jack is silhouetted against a white background. The whole image calls back to The Tumor and to the Yin and Yang symbol.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Something flashes next to Jack's head. It's circled and an arrow points to it, but it's too small to really see.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms in. It's a tiny red heart.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms in again and the heart flashes quickly.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: P.M. snarls up at him. Green fire surrounds her. Like him, there's something flashing and circled next to her.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms in. The flashing thing is a small black spade.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the spade again.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jack turns away from P.M..]

[A6I1] Next
He flies away from the pond and glares towards his target.

P.M. watches him abscond. Serenity flashes out another message. Coward!

P.M. glares at Jack and clutches her sword.

P.M. sheaths the sword in her chest.

She kneels next to W.V. and puts her hand on his back. Serenity flashes out another message, though the last three dots are underlined and labeled 'actual ellipsis'. She says Please.

P.M. turns towards Serenity. A second image shows Serenity floating right in front of P.M.. A third shows her message. Help him!!!

The meteor streaks towards the meteor, trailing yellow psionic energy behind it.

The energy lessens as the meteor approaches the sun.

The surviving trolls stand on top of one of the buildings, though Sollux lays on the floor.


Karkat grabs Gamzee and cries into his chest. Gamzee still smiles stupidly, but he wraps an arm around Karkat's shoulders. Terezi and Kanaya watch from a distance.

Gamzee points at something. Karkat and Kanaya look towards where he's pointing. Terezi doesn't.
[Image description: Aradia, Dave, Rose, and Sollux float down towards them. The green sun swirls behind them.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: It shows the same image, but now slightly blurred and distorted at the edges.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms out, showing the source of the blurring. They're shown within Jade, who is glowing faintly and has lightning crackling around her.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms out again. Jade still glows, but she doesn't show anything in her now.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: John stares in shock.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: They each get an alert over their heads. Jade has a thipping lizard and John has a glubbing salamander.]

dialoglog
John: oh man, rose and dave have sweet god tier pajamas like us! that's so awesome.
haha, dave looks like kind of a doofus with that snug little hood.
Jade: i think he looks cool!!!!!
the cape is great, hes like a super hero now
John: that's true.
i still think i prefer my outfit though.
look at all those trolls...
there are so many trolls. the idea of meeting them all is kind of overwhelming.
i wonder which one is which?
i think that must have been karkat there. and that was probably his clown asshole friend he mentioned, too.
Jade: yup
John: and that was definitely terezi, with the fancy glasses.
not sure about the others... i wonder if vriska was there?
Jade: ...
John: it's nice to see rose looks better.
last time i saw her, she looked really grim.
and also, dark.
i was trying to talk to her, but she sounded like a babbling monster, so i couldn't understand her.
it was really frustrating, and all of my nervous rambling probably made me sound like an idiot.
and then when i woke up later, she was dead.
Jade: (sad face)
John: did you know...
that i had to kiss her to make her come back to life?
Jade: !!
John: yes, it's true.
it's kind of weird kissing a dead body, but i didn't mind.
how did you feel about it when you kissed dave when he died?
Jade: ........
how did you know about that!
John: karkat told me.
Jade: oh
that figures
John: do you think that all of our unbridled corpse smooching means karkat's silly shipping
prophecy will come true?
Jade: umm
John: i mean, the guy is really angry, and says fuck like in practically every sentence.
but he does weirdly seem to know what he's talking about when it comes to romance.
Jade: yeah
i dunno
do you want it to come true?
John: man.
i don't know.
do you?
Jade: hmmmmmm.....
John: hmm, indeed.
Jade: i think i miss them already
and we've only been here for a few minutes (sad face)
John: yeah.
there's a lot i want to tell them about.
and a lot i want to ask them.
Jade: well
you could ask them now if you want
John: really?

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: John and Jade face each other, in the same type of arrangement as Slick
shooting Snowman. Between them, where it was a bullet, it shows the ship, flying through the void
between universes.]

dialoglog
Jade: yes
in fact
you can hop right through me and join them
then you can travel with them to the new session if you like
John: whoa!
well, heck, why don't we do that then?
it would probably be more fun with them than being on this golden battleship by ourselves.
Jade: it probably would!
but i can't go with you
i can serve as a gateway
but i can't travel to the sun myself, remember?
John: oh yeah.
dammit!
Jade: but it's ok, really!
if that's what you wanted to do, i wouldn't mind
but whatever you do, you have to decide quickly
they will be departing from the sun very soon
John: but i wouldn't want to leave you here all alone for three years.
that would suck!
Jade: i wouldn't really be alone though

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jade holds her hands out. Five captchalogue cards appear in the corner, each one bearing one of the planets she took. They pop out and form a circle in front of her. From the top, going clockwise, the are The Battlefield, LoHaC, LoFaF, LoLaR, and LoWaS.]

dialoglog
Jade: i have the population of five planets to keep me company!
John: (gasping face)
that's right.
that makes it seem not so boring i guess.
but still...
i would feel really bad leaving you here, even if you do have a million salamanders and chess guys to keep you company.
you are my friend and also my sorta-sister, and we just met for the first time ever a few minutes ago...
i'm not going to be like, welp! see ya in three years jade!
Jade: awww (very happy face)
ok then
personally, i think this trip could be a lot of fun!
theres no pressure to do anything important or run around like lunatics anymore
we can just relax
John: yeah.
now that you mention it, i'm pretty beat.
also... starving!!!
Jade: woof!
whoops
John: heheh.
i sure hope there are things to eat on those planets.
there were a lot of weird glowing mushrooms on lowas. i dunno about those.
i seem to remember a bunch of farms on the battlefield...
Jade: there should be lots of good stuff on the planets
also i would bet this ship is stocked with plenty of military rations
John: yeah, probably.
pff, hell, we could just raid all of our fridges and alchemize some tasty grub!
Jade: oh yeah!!!
durr, problem solved
John: ok, cool.
but it would still be nice to say hi to everybody before they leave.
just to let them know how we're doing.
Jade: yes
John: like, one of the last things rose saw before she died was me dying...
i wonder if she knows i'm ok?
Jade: im pretty sure she knows a ton of things now
considering she is a fully realized seer of light
John: yeah, probably.
then maybe i'll just hop over real fast, and give karkat a fist bump, and give dave a hard time about his hella tight little hood, and then hop back?
Jade: im sure that would be hilarious
but
if you go i dont think i can bring you back
i cant bring anyone or anything to here from there!
John: aw man, really??
Jade: as far as i know...
if theres a way i havent figured it out yet
i am still kind of new to this omnipotence thing after all (uncertain face)
John: that's stupid.
what is with all these rules!
Jade: i dont know!
im sure the rules exist for a good reason though
maybe to somewhat limit the power and reach of omnipotent beings?
if there are no limits at all, it could be especially dangerous in the wrong hands
like what happened with jack!
John: isn't that a contradiction though?
if there are limits to your powers, you can't exactly be OMNIpotent, can you?
more like...
semipotent.
Jade: then i guess thats what we are!
semipotent demigods
John: demidogs.
Jade: woof woof woof!
dammit!!!!!!
John: heh...
can you not control the woofs?
Jade: i havent gotten the hang of the woofs yet (frowning face)
John: so, the dog ears...
is that a permanent thing now, or what?
Jade: i think so
John: i like them.
Jade: i do too!
John: you are like a furry now, but not really the weird kind that people on the internet like to have
sex with in their imagination.
Jade: (very unhappy face)

[Image description: Jade turns away from John. The planets still hover in front of her.]

dialoglog
John: hey, can i at least send a message through?
like a note or something?
Jade: sure!
better hurry up and write it though
John: oh snap! ok, gotta think, quick...
what do i write on?
maybe the back of a movie poster or something?
i don't think i have one captchalogue though...
and now that i think about it, most of them were ruined by imps. (sad face)

[Image description: Jade turns back towards John and an Armageddon poster appears between

[Image description: Jade turns back towards John and an Armageddon poster appears between

[Image description: Jade turns back towards John and an Armageddon poster appears between
them.]

dialoglog
Jade: how about this one?
looks like its still in pretty good condition
John: yes, that's perfect!!!
everyone will love it, especially probably dave.
i think i need something to fold it up and put it in though.
i don't want to just like crumple it up and chuck it in there like some garbage…

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: The armageddon poster falls over. The very old Colonel Sassacre's book and a copy of Wise Guy appear next to it.]

dialoglog
John: i could stick it in a book i guess.
but i kind of don't want to part with any great reading material, especially since we're going on a long trip.
Jade: john you have to hurry!
John: ok, ok, um…

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: A bucket appears.]

dialoglog
Jade: here, will this work?
John: oh, yeah. i guess that'll be fine.
now, uhhh, what to write...
Jade: whatever you write just make it quick!
and tell everyone i say hi!
John: ok, will do.
Jade: ok, while you work on that, i think ill bring up some friends
John: huh?
Jade: you know, let some of our travel companions get acquainted with the ship!

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Davesprite and a whole bunch of consorts and carapacians stands around them. Casey, still in her Bubbles Von Salamancer robes, stands near John. One of the lizards holds Ahab's Crosshairs.]

dialoglog
John: oh fuck, it's dave sprite!!!
i forgot about him.
Davesprite: yeah no shit
John: how've you been, buddy?
Jade: shoooooooooosh!!!!!
write now, catch up later!

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: John holds the Armageddon poster and smiles at something on its back.]
Davesprite looks over his shoulder and Jade looks on from a distance.]

dialoglog
John: ok, i think this is a pretty good letter.
Davesprite: let me check it out
maybe ill humorously defile willis and afflecks dumb skyward yearning faces
John: oh hell no.
Davesprite: come on dude hand it over
Jade: nooooo come on guys theyre about to go just stuff it in the bucket and throw it at me already!!!
Davesprite: too late i already did it with sprite powers while he wasnt looking
John: augh you bastard!

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: John lobs the bucket towards Jade, who is just a black silhouette surrounded by the swirling surface of the green sun. Inside her, it shows Karkat, who is wide-eyed and slack jawed. He looks absolutely horrified.]

dialoglog
John: wait a minute!
i forgot, trolls hate cleaning products for some alien reason! shit, that's going to make everyone so uncomfortable.
oh well, there it goes. too late i guess.
Davesprite: ahahahaha you fucked up

[A6I1] Rose: Level up.

[Image description: Rose stands on a Godtier leveling platform with the sun symbol behind her. The tier she's on is Ariadne's Thread spinner. The one above her is Surya's Lurid Glare and the one below is Pentacle Therapist.]

[A6I1] Dave: Level up.

[Image description: Dave stands on his own platform in front of a time symbol. He's on the tier Revenge of Ricky Schrodinger. The one above him is Pimp slayer and the one below is Hotpotato Butterfingers.]

[A6I1] Rose + Dave: Reap spoils.

[Image description: It shows another sash with a gift of gab badge on it, but this sash is purple.]
You both also get one of these. Now you can start flapping your traps with wild abandon at anyone you please.

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: All of the surviving trolls, John, and Rose stand around Sollux's body, including Sollux. Karkat, predictably, is yelling. Terezi looks absolutely delighted and Kanaya is staring at Rose.]

dialoglog
Aradia: you see??
I told you they would bring your body
Sollux: ok, well I believed you about that, but yeah, I can see that.
eugh, can someone get rid of that thing please?
Aradia: oh!!!
sollux lets do it!
Sollux: what.
Aradia: the corpse party!
theres no better time and there are so many corpses here to work with
is everybody ok with that? Do you want to have a big corpse party?
we can incinerate the remains in the sun it will be just glorious
Rose: corpse party?
Aradia: rose!
can you please explain to my friends what a human funeral is like?
Rose: of course.
I would describe it as an occasion marked by a great deal of jubilation at the expense of one or
more well dressed cadavers.
Dave: hahaha oh god
Aradia: I couldnt have put it better myself
could you go into more detail?
Rose: well, in my experience, a loved one, typically an elder, arranges to have the departed placed
in a small box, and then forces you to stand in the rain all day.
then, presumably winded by all the deeply ironic catharsis, she gets drunk and passes out on the
couch.
Dave: oh my god we are never going to stop fucking with each other are we
even without computers
Aradia: hmmm that sounds just a tad specific
we may have to adapt the proceedings to be a little more
I dunno
multicultural I guess?
Sollux: err...
Aradia: why dont you all do some brainstorming about what kind of funeral to have while I go
round up the bodies!
Sollux: aradia, fuck.
will you cool it on the corpse party shit for a minute?
Aradia: whats the matter?
Sollux: I mean, everybody here has just met, and I guess just went through a lot of really heavy
bullshit, do you think that maybe this isn't the best thing to harp on right now?
Aradia: um
I just thought it would be a nice thing to bond over
Sollux: not everybody is as into death as you though. Like, it's cool to see you so excited about
something, I'm seriously thrilled about that.
but frankly it's all pretty fucking morbid to everybody, I just thought you should know.
Aradia: am I really that bad?
Terezi: yes (blank face with furrowed brows)
Aradia: death fan girl thing?
what do you mean
Terezi: oh come on you are practically beside yourself with giddiness at the idea of serving as the maitre d to all dream bubbles
you love being the caretaker of wayward souls and dreamers!
luckily you make an adorable handmaid to the master of death, especially in your cute cherry pixie ensemble
Aradia: you think so?
Rose: I'm going to agree with my fellow seer on this.
Terezi: see???
even snooty miss cantaloupe robe agrees!
oh, and guys, just for the sake of multicultural clarity, we trolls treat death itself as a mythological figure
he is a man with a frightening skull for a head and a terrible hypnotic glare
all the legends say hes got this super foxy handmaid to do his dirtywork
I mean this is all fantasy of course, but we cant really understand each others cultures unless we understand the myths behind them!
Dave: yo terezi weve got a grim reaper too
shit isnt that novel
I mean I think even a civilization full of the laziest sons of bitches are gonna make up a myth figure for death
like oooh watch out death is coming for you hes got like a skull and shit
I basically have no fucking imagination that sounds badass to me
wait no how about hes got a black robe too
and a fuckin scythe to fuckin slash at you with in case you didnt die all the way or whatever
daaaaaaamn now youre talking bro
lets go ahead stick that in our culture forever
Terezi: so what you are telling me dave is that we both have death *and* cotton candy???
Dave: hell yes
Terezi: we might as well be the same damn species!!! (very happy face with furrowed brows)
Karkat: fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck.

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Karkat shouts louder and everyone turns to look at him and steps a bit closer.]

dialoglog
Karkat: is it going to shit on everybody's great time if I dare to bring up important things now?
is it safe to poke our heads up from this gulch of idiotic banter and see if the coast is clear for adult, businesslike conversation?
yes, yes, humans, so nice to meet you, and it seems you're god tiers now? Neat, yada yada, what the fuck ever.
just one question
we followed that green beacon of what I thought was the aftermath of a successful blow up the sun mission
and after a breakneck warp speed journey in which my best fucking friend *ever* psyched me out into thinking he died *yet a fucking gain* by expelling liter after gruesome liter of grubsauce from his every orifice
what do I find here?
why, in addition to a pair of humans draped in circuswear and all their flippant gibes locked and goddamn loaded
it seems we have also chanced upon none other than the green fucking sun itself
which unless my raw, ruddy ganderbulbs are still a little griefbleary, strikes me as still being
somewhat rather fucking *unblown* up.
so what am I missing here
Dave: dude chill out we just got hornswoggled is all
Karkat: oh!
case closed
ok then, let's start pitching dead pals into the limitless inferno. My curiosity was totally fucking
sated just then!
Aradia: the sun will never be destroyed karkat
im sorry but you were misinformed!
Karkat: ah! More breathtaking reassurance!
everything will be fine guys, we were just hornswoggled and misinformed, carry on then!
wasn't the whole point to take out the sun to neutralize jack?
Rose: it shouldn't be a problem.
Karkat: oh no?? Then what's the plan now??
Rose: it's simple.
we regroup, and then defeat him in person.
Karkat: oh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh.
fucking oh.
and here I thought the new plan was going to be something incredibly stupid and suicidal.
did I say oh yet?
because that's the sound I make when I'm fucking relieved!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
Gamzee: (low) honk.
Karkat: what.
Gamzee: (caps) honk.
Karkat: what does honk mean this time you whimsical piece of shit?????
don't you start with me
do. Not. Start with me.
I will get you in a headlock so tight it will be a miracle if people don't mistake our tussle for an ill
conceived ventriloquist act.
I will shoosh you again, so help me god. I will shoosh your clown ass to shangri-bullshit-la and
back, and fill your ear with my white hot pale bro spittle.
I am full and fucking well prepared to get conciliatory with you again if you so much as pass gas
murderously, do you understand?
if that what you want?? Do I need to calm your faygo-sticky tentsquatting shit down again????
Gamzee: (low) naw brother, I was just about to all say for you to try and get your settle down on,
maybe.
(sad face with a round nose)
Dave: man what the hell even happened on this meteor anyway
actually dont even tell me
Karkat: ok
ok yeah
I guess you're right.
no, you're right, I should relax.
and breathe.
I mean, what are moirails for, right?
this is how it works, I stop you from killing everybody, then you return the favor and calm me
down and I just
breathe
like
this...
sniiiiiiiiiiifffffffffffffuck, that sun is bright.
call me crazy, but it's kind of hard to relax within a stone's throw from, oh, I guess only the biggest
fucking star any mortal has ever laid eyes on.
Kanaya: actually I was just thinking
its nice to get a little sun after so long
Karkat: sure, that's all well and good for you.
but I mean, can this be healthy?
aren't we going to get burned or have our retinas scorched by looking at it?
oh god I think I'm having a panic attack.
Terezi: karkat you're embarrassing us in front of the humans
Karkat: fuck you
I can't breathe...
it's so bright, I need sunglasses or something.
quick, which one of you awesome dudes has a radical pair of shades I can borrow???
Kanaya: one moment

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Karkat shakes and looks upset. Kanaya holds out Equius's shades to him.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: He shouts and flails his arms at Kanaya, knocking the glasses from her hands. She looks startled and a little offended.]

dialoglog
Karkat: I was joking, get those fucking things away from me

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Rose and Dave look towards Terezi, who puts her head in her hands.]

dialoglog
Terezi: I am so sorry you guys
we are actually a lot cooler than this!
Dave: are you actually
Terezi: ...
no
no we are not
Karkat: what is happening now
someone tell me what's going on.
who's the leader now?
aradia are you the leader now
or is it rose "i have an idea, let's take the invincible demon head on!" Lalonde.
I need to know who the leader is
I need to know in whose direction I must behave as the most pathetically useless subordinate I can be.
quick, someone boss me around! I'm fucking incompetent and raring to go.
that's what you do when there's a leader around trying to make plans, right?
you drop your i.q. harder than a pair of hilariously plummeting pants, you ceaselessly ramble about vapid bullshit, you run around hiding all of your worldly possessions in treasure chests, and then everyone starts murdering each other.
if there's any other experience characterizing leadership, it's one I sure as fuck never had!
so I need to know who the leader is.  
Karkat: strider, is it you???
Terezi: aaaaaaugh


dialog
Aradia: karkat I dont know if anyone cares about formal ranks like that anymore or if anyone ever did! but for what its worth I suggest that from now on you all listen closely to the advice of our human guests
Dave: wait
really
Aradia: yes!
no need to be so modest dave tactically speaking a knight of time and a seer of light is a nearly unbeatable combination
Dave: ok
I dont really have any orders to give though except for karkat to shut the hell up because that horseshit is more obnoxious in person than I ever imagined
Karkat: oh wow, I would offer a retort to your vicious barb, except for the fact that unlike every asshole ever, I can actually follow orders and shut my mouth! check it out, "dogg"

......................................................
Aradia: yes you are off to an excellent start as a subordinate keep doing that!
but dave dont worry if you do not have instructions for us the knight of time is not necessarily the tactician he is a powerful warrior class which exploits the flow of time as a weapon rose is the one who must play the role of the strategist the seer class knows her aspect comprehensively as a knower of all fortune she can see the circuitous path that will lead to the most favorable outcome for everyone personally I would defer to her judgment!
Terezi: really? You can do that??
Rose: yes.
Terezi: that sounds a lot more useful than my seer powers (frowning face with furrowed brows)
Rose: illumination of the road to victory for all is an asset considerably different from command over the outcomes of decisions made by individuals. how do you know your talents won't be critical in blazing this auspicious trail?
Terezi: um
I guess I dont
Rose: that's because you're not me.
Kanaya: okay then what do we do

[Image description: Rose looks towards the sun and points off to the left, where there's another meteor hanging in the void.]
dialoglog

Rose: nothing yet.
but reasonably soon, within a certain window, it will be time to leave.
we will then pilot this meteor as fast as we can make it go in that exact direction.
Sollux: what's that way?
Rose: nothing whatsoever.
as of now, that way lies darkness and uncertainty beyond description.
Kanaya: I see
then perhaps we should reserve the infinite darkness plan for the maybe column for now
I think im even willing to let dave take a crack at the logistics before we commit to that particular maneuver daring though it sounds
Dave: aw yeah
I got sicknasty logistics up my sleeve
I just call them stics f.y.i. which is how you know im way savvy about them
most of the stics im fine tuning atm involve rap though I should warn you
but dave what if that dope as hell plan falls through I can hear you ask
plan b
involves drawing some shitty cartoons
and not giving a fuck about stuff
Terezi: (very happy face with furrowed brows and sunglasses)
I hereby second this cool dudes radical motion on grounds of ridiculously decadent attire
Kanaya: yes im willing to humor elaboration on this rap centric plan and its apathy based contingencies
even if its excessively stupid
Rose: trust me, it is.
just as you should trust me that by the time we leave, if we leave exactly within the designated window and are able to travel at nearly the speed of light, the meteor will trace a route through the furthest ring which will topologically resolve as a straight line.
it will lead us directly to the new session.
for a brief moment, the sun will be visible from that session.
and we will be riding the chartreuse coattails of its photons.
Aradia: this is why you all needed an advanced seer!
I have become familiar with the ways of the fabric out here but even I couldnt chart a journey that long or complex
Rose: that's because it's almost impossible to do so voluntarily.
if we were to head right now in the session's true physical direction, it wouldn't be long before we found ourselves traveling in just the opposite direction.
this is not even to speak of the chronological peculiarities. After traveling some distance, we could discover we were suddenly tailgating our own meteor from several days ago.
if we are particularly unfortunate, we might even collide in an intersection of spacetime with a meteor piloted by our future selves.
Rose: and if we looked closely at that meteor before impact, we might notice a very large dent in it, which it originally suffered during the very collision we were about to experience.
it takes precision and timing to reach your destination out here, and most importantly, the grace of the gods themselves.
Karkat: pppffuuuuuuuhhhhhhh........ Wheeeeeeeeeeeeeeze...
Rose: hm?
Sollux: kk, what the fuck?
were you holding your breath that whole time?
Karkat: yeah
so?
Terezi: oh god, you dummy
you dont actually have to hold your breath when youre being quiet!
Karkat: ok yeah
I mean, of course it sounds obvious when you put it like that
Dave: hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha
rose I told you this dude is fucking incredible
Karkat: stfu.
look I'm just a little out of practice at staying quiet for extended periods of time, ok?
Terezi: he really is (blank face with furrowed brows)
Karkat: anyway, whatever, so what you're saying lalonde is
we're going to be on this horrible rock a good while longer to get to this paradise session or
whatever it is?
Rose: yes.
Karkat: and since we probably aren't going to force sollux's bullshit "half ghost" or whatever to pop
himself again like a packet of nasty fetid mustard so he can shoot this thing into hyperspace...
Sollux: hey man, come on. Not cool.
Karkat: I'm guessing that means it'll take considerably longer to get there than it did to get here?
Rose: yes.
Karkat: I just knew it
this is my worst nightmare realized
when we first fled to this meteor I had this weird feeling we'd wind up spending forever at this
miserable place, assuming we actually survived.
I'm almost afraid to ask, how long is this trip going to take?
probably some absolutely preposterous amount of time, like three long maddening sweeps, right???
wouldn't that just be so cosmically convenient and perfect for everybody! Especially for the most
important purpose of all, my uninterrupted continuum of personal agony!!!
thank you, dark gods! Thank you so fucking much!!! You win this round! You win all the rounds
apparently!!!!! There are no rounds even. There's just your slimy tendrils, our naked bodies, and
epochs of molestation.
Rose: don't be ridiculous. It won't take nearly that long.
Karkat: oh
Rose: it'll only take about three years.
Karkat: ok
that's not so bad I guess.
wait, how long are years supposed to be again?
was it like two weeks or something?
Rose: yes, two.
and then fifty more.
Karkat: fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck.

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Aradia smiles. Kanaya and Rose look at her.]

dialoglog
Aradia: karkat go back to holding your breath!
this is going to be a wonderful adventure for everyone
im a bit jealous honestly!
or I would be if I wasn't having such a good time with my death fangirl thing (tongue sticking out
face)
Kanaya: so
you aren't coming then
Aradia: no
I still have important work to do here
Terezi: aww (frowning face with furrowed brows)
Aradia: but that doesn't rule out the possibility we could meet again in bubbles along your journey!
Terezi: I hope so
Sollux: yeah, I think I'll hang behind here too, if that's ok with you guys.
Karkat: wait, what?
no come on, don't be like that
Sollux: be like what? A ghost??
I don't think I belong with the living anymore.
Karkat: you're a *half* ghost, asshole.
what does that even mean? How are you even taking this idiotic "half death" seriously if you just
go hog wild as a fucking whole-ghost, and say stupid shit like, blah blah, I belong in the afterlife
now like a dumbass.
Sollux: kk, sorry.
I'm just done with this crap, this insane adventure bullshit, it's nothing personal.
I just want to spend time with a.a. and chill out and catch up with some of our dead buddies, is that
ok?
Karkat: whatever, fine.
I'm going back to not breathing again.

Kanaya: maybe I will stay here too
Rose: why?
Kanaya: as nice as it sounds to move on
I dont know if I can stand three of your human years of more darkness
I like this sun its comforting in a strange way
like home
Rose: but what if we need your help?
Kanaya: what could I possibly do
aside from providing a light source as you navigate the dim corridors
I would function as a premium escort to the load gaper and thats about it
Aradia: but kanaya you still have important work to finish too!
we cant ignore our duties
Kanaya: what are you talking about
Aradia: our race is extinct remember
and after a few more casualties it is now hanging by a thread
your job was to see to the resurrection of our people
Kanaya: what real hope is there for that
the orb was destroyed
I was never able to duplicate it the grist cost was astronomical
Aradia: theres always hope though!
you just never know and I dont think you should give up
Kanaya: doesnt rose know
cant you see the path to victory on this matter
Rose: it's hard to say.
does the repopulation of your species qualify as victory?
these things aren't always clear cut. Some outcomes are for your own judgment.
what outcome would you like the most?
Kanaya: I would like to have the orb again and to keep it safe this time
and I guess to not be a total failure
Rose: ok.
if you follow my advice, I can at least promise you will find yourself in the best position to
determine whether that may come to pass.
Kanaya: ...
Rose: can you please come?
between the two of us, you with your inexplicably heretofore unmentioned phosphorescence, and I
with my nigh-reflective traffic cone orange sun-sari, the meteor should never be too dark.
Karkat: (sollux, oh my god is it me or is everybody already just fucking hitting on each other left
and right? Oh god I can't take draws of this shit, don't leave me alone here, please don't)
Sollux: ehehehehe.
Kanaya: well
all right
but must we really leave so soon
Rose: it's soon or never. But not immediately.
even if the route were accessible right now, it would still behoove us to wait.
there's correspondence from john yet to arrive.
Dave: whoa really
Rose: and after that, we have to wait for one final guest to appear.
then we ride like the solar wind. The race will be afoot.
Kanaya: wait another visitor
who
Karkat: fuck!
Rose: oh lord.
now what?
Karkat: bro, where the fuck is your body

[A6f11] Next

[Image description: Sollux's body and Gamzee are both gone and a smear of yellow blood leads off
screen. Karkat shouts towards where Sollux's body was.]

dialoglog
Karkat: sollux, where did your body go???
Sollux: hell if I know.
Aradia: oh nooo (frowning face)
Karkat: wait a minute.
wait just a fucking minute, where's...
shit
vriska's body is gone too!
Dave: wait
shes dead too
Terezi: er...
Dave: you guys are so messed up
Karkat: where are they?
did anyone see what happened??
dammit, when the fuck will I learn not to turn my back on the bodies.
hold on
oh no, where's gamzee
Kanaya: he took them
look at the trails
Karkat: ohhh fuck
no, fuck no, fuck that corpse hoarding sack of horrible garbage.
Dave: wait has the juggalo troll been giving you guys fits like this or something
like this is a thing
like a pattern
Karkat: nice guess shit head!
Dave: oh man one of you has got to sit me down and tell me what actually happened here it all just sounds fuckin amazing in sort of the stupidest way possible
I mean like personal tragedies notwithstanding
Karkat: yeah, he does this
he sort of collects bodies and decapitates them and stuff
sticks them in big science jars, for some reason??
Kanaya: im pretty sure he kisses them too sometimes
Karkat: no no no I'm not listening to shit like that, I didn't even hear that.
it's like
you know how every now and then your lusus will bring some random ass dead animal back to
your hive for no fucking reason
and they don't ever stop doing that no matter how much you yell
it's like that, you know what I mean
Dave: not really
oh wait
against all odds I sorta do
mine actually did do that once
Karkat: yes, there you go.
Dave: when I was really young
he made this stupid leather bib for me out of a goddamn horse
for the ironies obviously
Rose: was that the one you mentioned had a pink heart on it?
Dave: yeah
Rose: hmm.
Dave: what
Rose: it's just that with the clarity afforded by my new abilities, it occurred to me just now that
dead horse was likely the beautiful pet pony my mother gave me recently.
it was crushed to death by your newborn ass.
you bastard.
Dave: well shit
thats a hell of a mystery no one thought was a mystery and didnt even really need solving
but damn if it didnt just get solved so nice work
Rose: thanks.
Karkat: kanaya where are you going?

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Kanaya pulls out her bloody chainsaw and glares. Karkat looks at her with a
confused and slightly scared expression.]
dialoglog
Kanaya: Clown Hunting

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Kanaya lifts her chainsaw, but stops and looks back over her shoulder. Between
her and karkat, a flashing green orb appears.]
dialoglog
Karkat: oh no...
are you sure you want to do that?
I mean who even really cares if he stole more bodies.
he can have them frankly, as long as it keeps him out of trouble.
we don't need to have a fucking corpse party, seriously, fuck that dumb idea.
Kanaya: ...
Karkat: alright if you're really going to go
just
be careful
no more pointless bloodshed, ok? That's an order!
wait fuck
I'm not leader anymore
rose can you order her to do that?
say what I just said, really angrily
assuming you can even *be* angry.
Rose: ...
Karkat: wait
guys something's happening...
what the fuck is going on now???

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: The flashing ball turns into a bucket, which slowly gets larger until it takes up the whole panel.]

dialoglog
Karkat: holy

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Karkat stares in horror. His face slowly gets larger until it takes up the whole panel.]

dialoglog
Karkat: fucking

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: The bucket mashes into Karkat's face and he shouts.]

dialoglog
Karkat: Sssssssssssssssshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: He begins to fall over as the bucket continues hitting him.]

dialoglog
Karkat: Hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: He flails his arms and turns his head away from the bucket.]

dialoglog
Karkat: Iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: He flails his arms and turns his head away from the bucket.]

dialoglog
Karkat: Iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii
Karkat: Iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiittttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttttt
rose and dave, you both look totally sweet! i can't believe you're both god tiers now. did you know jade is too? also, she has dog ears. she looks fantastic. how cool is it that we're all god tiers? it's like we're a super hero team, or some kind of anime squad. like the sailor moons, i guess, but not as lame, or as sexy.

i'm going to miss the hell out of you both for the next few years. i'm already looking forward to this new session so hard. it was a fun adventure we had today, wasn't it? i'll even miss talking to the trolls too. say hi to them for me, even though i didn't get to know many. except karkat obviously, and oh yeah, vriska too. vriska, if you read this, thanks again for all your help. i don't think i'd have made it this far if not for you! i just thought you should know that.

jade and dave sprite both say hi and send their best wishes. but now jade says i have to finish quickly! she wants me to throw this bucket and its heartfelt payload through her mysterious portal. so here i go.

see you all in 3 years!!!

~john
[Image description: Karkat stands up and flails around while yelling. The rest of the meteor crew have red question marks over their heads.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. They're still standing on top of one of the buildings.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms out again to show the meteor in the glow of the Green Sun.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms out again and the image blurs a little.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms out even further. Instead of Jade, this time it was shown through P.M..]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms out again. The faint watermark of the green sun is still visible in P.M.’s head, and the meteor is in her chest.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: She picks up W.V.’s body. Serenity sits on his head.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: She turns into a black outline against the fires of the green sun and pushes his body through hers. The meteor crew stare through her.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: W.V. falls on the ground in the standard Dead position. There's a hole through his stomach, where Jack ripped out the uranium.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: The meteor crew all stare down at this new body that was dumped at their feet. Serenity flies above him, flashing quickly.]

dialoglog
Dave: whos this guy
Rose: The visitor I mentioned earlier.
He will be traveling with us too.

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Rose puts out her hand and Serenity lands on it. She flashes a message. Hey there, miss! Please help my friend!]

dialoglog
Dave: is he dead
Rose: We should be able to get him some help along the way. But only if we leave immediately. Luckily for him, we have no alternative. Jack will arrive soon.
Terezi: What!
Rose: When I said the race would be afoot, I was being literal. He will follow our trail, and match our speed. And since this is not the ideal scenario for a final showdown, the best we can hope to do is outrun him.

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Rose smiles at everyone, but they just stare down at the body, except for Sollux and Aradia. Aradia looks up and Sollux just stares into the distance.]

dialoglog
Karkat: sounds like it's time to hit the fucking road then
how do we make this thing go anyway. Does it have rockets or something I don't know about??
Rose: maybe it does. I'm not sure. but one good push in the right direction should be all we need.
Aradia: I can help with that!
sollux do you think you can lend me a hand?
Sollux: huh?
Aradia: theyll need the biggest push we can give them
Sollux: oh. yeah sure.
Karkat: what, so just one "push" is going to last three years?
let alone outrun jack?? Bullshit.
Sollux: calm down kk, it should be fine. you won't slow down.
Karkat: how the fuck do you know that?
Rose: troll isaac newton told him.
Karkat: ok, whatever, let's just get on with it.
in the meantime we should set up some sort of checkpoint perimeter around the dead mayor guy. just so gamzee doesn't try to hoard his body or chop off his head.
Dave: what is he the mayor of anyway
it kinda looks like he just made that sash himself
Karkat: he's the duly elected mayor of the fruity rumpus asshole factory, and he just cut the ribbon to a brand new museum full of priceless shut the fuck up.
Aradia: ok you guys can keep arguing if you like but im going to send you on your way now then after you leave I should be able to buy you a little more time
Karkat: how's that?
Aradia: when jack comes ill slow him down for a while
it wont be for very long but its the best I can do!
Rose: that should help us greatly.
thank you, aradia.
Aradia: youre welcome!
are you ready sollux?

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: Sollux and Aradia float up above the meteor, both holding out a hand. They're both in silhouette, though Aradia is in red and Sollux is in black. Aradia glows yellow and Sollux flashes yellow, white, and grey at the edges.]
[A6I1] Next

[Image description: The meteor flashes red, yellow, grey, and white at the edges.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: The green sun hangs in the void. The meteor suddenly appears, flying away from the sun while surrounded by Aradia and Sollux's power.]

[A6I1] Next

[Image description: P.M. stares towards the sun. A green blur shows where Jack is flying towards it. One third of a turn counterclockwise from him, a white streak shows where the meteor is flying away.]

[s] End of Act 6 Intermission 1

[Image description: The song Infinity Mechanism begins to play. It shows Bilious Slick's ruined pond. Just as the meteor did against the sun, P.M. suddenly appears, launching herself away from the pond. She vanishes and the pond shrinks. A thin border and a set of green curtains appear around it, and the curtains close. It zooms out to show the clockwork sun and moon ticking behind it, but the background behind that is a dark black cloud with lightning flashing from it. It zooms out. That was in a cloud of Skia. It continues zooming out, passing more and more clouds, then shifts to go alongside them. It spins out, then switches to a trio of red, insect-like drones with massive spikes on their shoulders and heads. There's a white trident on their faces. It zooms out. That was in a cloud. The unnamed Strider stands with his sword at the ready. The sky behind him is bright red. It zooms out. That was also a cloud. A window like the fourth wall appears, but it's split horizontally into two squares. The top square is split into four smaller squares, but the bottom section isn't split any further. The unnamed Lalonde's face fades in behind it. It flashes and she lifts one of the preserved mutant cats over her head, then throws it down at the window, which is plugged into a green hub. It zooms out, showing the cloud that showed the scene. The mutant cat breaks through glass and falls into a black void, then it zooms out to show that scene's cloud. It zooms out quickly, letting more clouds rush by, and a 3 by 3 chessboard appears. The white king and black king circle each other around the edge endlessly, neither one able to overtake the other. That slowly shrinks and fades into the clouds. It cuts to Jake in another cloud. He's standing in front of something that's burning. The structure behind him is almost shaped like an arrow pointing towards the sky. That cloud vanishes and another cloud shows a massive white dragon circling an erupting volcano. That cloud fades and so do the skies of Skia. Instead, the blurry outline of a pointed archway appears. The arch and everything beyond it is white while the walls are black. Standing in the arch is a figure wearing yellow. The image comes into focus and the walls turn magenta with an intricate pattern. It's Jane, looking out of her tower on Prospit. Almost as it clears up, it fades to white, then shows it from the other side. Jane stares towards Skia with an expression of wonder on her face. It zooms out, showing her tower silhouetted against the void. It zooms out again and a massive word comes into view. Prospit. It zooms out yet again as Prospit's moon inches closer to Skia. It continues to zoom out until the entirety of Skia is visible, then it begins to blur. The edges of a cloud resolve around it and Skia is shown in one of its own clouds. A prospitian dream tower fades in next to it and the cloud shrinks slowly as the image fades from it.]

Next

[Image description: Jane stands in her dream bedroom. It's the same as her regular bedroom, but where her door was, there's a window shaped like a pointed archway.]
You are Jane Crocker again.

And once again, you have woken up on the moon of Prospit, without any recollection of how you fell asleep. You think you were going outside to get the mail? You can't remember.

Next

[Image description: Jane leans through the window to gaze up at the clouds.]

The moon is presently eclipsing Skaia. From your fanciful dream room atop your golden tower, you have seen many remarkable things in the clouds. Things which you cannot explain.

But against all better judgment, you have a feeling that what you are fondly regarding could very well be some sort of miracle.

Next

[Image description: A cloud floats next to Jane's tower. It shows a prospitian dream tower, but it's flashing with blue energy that otherwise resembles the power of the green sun or the red lines of the furthest ring. It also resembles the moment when Jade's tower dropped.]

The miracle of a new beginning.

Next

[Image description: Jane looks over her shoulder. There's a shadow cast on the wall beside her. It's shaped like Jack Noir.]

Next

[Image description: A black hand holds a small black knife.]

Next

[Image description: The hand stabs Jane in the center of her chest, right under the bustline. This is labeled 'greet'.]

Next

[Image description: Jane lays on the floor and is labeled 'Dead' in light blue. The shadow of her attacker still falls over her.]

Another coffin clogger bites the dust.

Next

[Image description: Jack Noir, in his base form, stands in Jane's dream bedroom, clutching a bloody knife.]

Two down. Two to go.

Jane: Be Jack Noir.

[Image description: It zooms out. He stands over Jane's body.]

Jane is too dead at the moment to be Jack Noir.
Jack Noir just beats himself instead.

Jack: Get watch.

[Image description: Jack kicks Jane's baking chest out of the way and puts down a grey chest with spikes along the top. It looks just like Spades Slick's war chest. The chest opens. It's full of scotty dogs, a meat cleaver, a sword, some playing cards, a butterfly knife, a walkie talkie, and a purple clock. There are four pictures taped under the lid, arranged in a square. The top two are of Jane and Jake against yellow backgrounds. They're both crossed out. Below them are pictures of the unnamed Strider and Lalonde kids against purple backgrounds.]

Get this shit outta the way. You're a busy bureaucrat. The clock is ticking, and time is dead kids.

Jack: Check time.

[Image description: Jack holds the clock, which has a small Black King symbol on the face. It's one minute to midnight.]

The moment rapidly approaches. You're gonna show these alabaster sons of bitches how a cold war is done. You can't wait to read it in their papers. "The Maid is dead. Our Life is pathetic, blah blah blah." Or some such monotone drivel overheard during one of their pointless, weepy cadaver parades. There'll be no mistaking it this time. No servant will discover the body and inform the queen that Prospit's remaining hero passed in her sleep, peacefully and mysteriously. When the clock strikes twelve, no one in this wretched kingdom will have any doubt who's calling the shots here.

You're gonna bring this whole goddamn ball down.

Jack: Contact Droll.

[Image description: Jack holds the walkie talkie, which has a Club alert next to it.]

You touch base with your administration's top powdermonkey, none other than Dersite bumbler extraordinaire, the Courtyard Droll.

You ask if he's done rigging the tower to blow. He says you bet. You say good, over. But he mutters something over the radio you don't quite catch. You say what is it. He says oh nothing boss. You say out with it. He asks, isn't this cheating? Assassinating the heroes like this before the war's even really begun. You say what do you care, just follow your orders. He says oh of course, no question, he just thought it was against the rules or something. You say it's all fair game now that the kingdom's under new management. The new boss ain't opposed to taking some shrewd tactical shortcuts. You like the cut of her jib. He says he supposes he can't complain. Her policy toward elaborate hats seems to be as lenient as the old queen's. You say will you shut up about the hats. He says it's probably because she wears the most grand and luxurious fluffy hat he's ever seen. You say you don't think that's a hat. You think it's something called "hair." He says oh.

You say now quit all the yapping and following your damn orders. He says ok, but it still just feels wrong. You say what does. He says he doesn't know, just something about feeding that poor sleeping boy all those deadly peanuts just felt wrong. You say you don't care if it felt like a fucking full body massage, just get those bombs ready to blow, over and out.

Wait.

Fed him what?
He says the intelligence report he had said the kid wouldn't take well to peanuts. So he snuck in there with a whole bag of them. You know, like the kind from circuses.

He says he ate most of them because they were delicious, and as far as he knows, aren't poisonous to most everybody else. But he did save a few to get the job done, because he is a professional who always carries out his orders.

It's not easy feeding a sleeping boy some peanuts, he says. He says he had to work extra hard to put them in his mouth and then use his hands to make his mouth chew up the nuts.

But mission accomplished nonetheless, he tells you. You should be pleased to know those nuts were super deadly! Though to be fair he doesn't know if he died from the poison, or just choked on a bunch of barely chewed peanut bits. You know what else is super deadly, you say? Knives. Sharp deadly knives you stick in people's soft torsos to make them bleed until they die.

He doesn't have anything to say to that.

Jack: Wrap this up.

You say forget it, what's done is done. The Prospitian heroes are dead, and that's all that matters. Just be ready to detonate at the appointed time. He says roger that, but wonders if there are any more orders after that. He asks, what about the other two? The ones on our moon? And most importantly, is there any particular snack that is poisonous to them? You say forget about those two. They're much trickier to deal with. You've got the Dignitary working on it now. You'll get a report from him soon when you return. You wouldn't have even bothered leaving in the first place, but you wanted to make the trip personally and stick it to all these self righteous, Skaia-bathing goody twoshoeses yourself.


Jack: Inspect torso.
This can't be good.

You better hit the road and blow this joint, before the dead broad does some sorta...

Lifey thing.

Jack: Hit road, blow joint.

This energy spreads farther and he picks up his war chest. He replaces it with a purple transportalizer.

Next

It shows Jane's tower, flashing like it did in the cloud, but now with a faint, light green Life symbol overlayed on it. The life symbol is made of two generally vertical curving lines, both shaped somewhat like the letter S. The left one is smaller, leans more towards the left, and is nestled into the larger curve of the right one. It resembles a growing vine, in some ways.

Next

Jack stands somewhere on Derse and looks at his watch again. It's ten seconds to midnight.

Ball: Drop.

It shows Jane's tower, still glowing at the top, but an explosion blasts through the point where the spire connects to the base.

Next

The spire shatters and the ball is labeled Drop.

Note: This page was posted on January 1st, 2012.

Next

The ball drops, and bounces off the base of the tower.

Next

Trailing a blue light behind it, the ball bounces across the buildings. Parts of towers fall off behind it and a carapacian watches in distress.

Next

The ball keeps bouncing, leaving a trail of broken roofs in its wake.

Next

It rolls towards the semi-circular plaza, where Jane saw people mourning Jake.
[Image description: It lands in the center of the plaza, crushing the statue that was there.]

Next

[Image description: It explodes into a burst of white and blue light.]
14. Act 6 Act 2

Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 6 Act 2: Your Shit is Wrecked

[Image description: It shows Jane's house from the side. Dad stands next to the burning mailbox, still in his defensive stance and trembling slightly. Jane lays in the side yard, asleep. There's a Prospit moon alert over her.]

Jane: Wake up.

[Image description: It zooms in on Jane, who is still sleeping on the grass. After a moment, she sits up.]

What the heck just happened?

Now you remember. The mailbox was boobytrapped. But you survived somehow, and got knocked out.

How did you get all the way over here?

Next

[Image description: She peeks around the corner and watches Dad try to stomp out the fire.]

Dad seems just as dumbfounded as you are, and more than a little distraught.

Did Lil' Seb whisk you away in the nick of time? Can that little bunny really move that fast? Where is he??

Next

[Image description: It switches angles. There's a white cat sitting in the tree behind her. It has no face and flickers with green energy and lightning, just like Bec did. A Prankster's Gambit bar appears at the bottom. It's nearly full.]

You suppose you should let dad know you're ok. But it's been so long since you've enjoyed such a massive Prankster's Gambit in an exchange with the old man. It's hard not to bask in it, if only for a few seconds.

Jane: Turn around.
Oh. It's the God Cat again. You guess that explains it.

Next

Just look at that aloof little bastard. He doesn't give a shit about anything, does he?

You guess you should feel grateful toward him for saving your life, but you know he's just as likely to rescue you from an explosion as he is to randomly teleport you across town, forcing you to call your dad and ask for a ride home, while you spend all day standing in some random field in the pouring rain while you wait hours for your dad to come and pick you up after he gets lost because he plugged the wrong place into google maps.

Jane: Call G. Cat down from the tree.

Even if you were inclined to do that, he wouldn't respond to that name. You're pretty sure he doesn't have a name. You and your friends just call him the G. Cat for lack of anything else to call him. Everybody has opinions, but nobody can agree on a good name. You think he probably doesn't want a name. He's just a feisty stray who likes to meddle with your life, then vanish for weeks at a time.

Next

Uh oh. Looks like the jig is up, yet again. Is the jig ever anywhere but up?? That's what you want to know.

You feel bad about leaving him in suspense for even a moment. Your gambit gets totally rocked by a guilty conscience.

Next

He tells you to get inside this instant.

Jane: Return to room.

You get inside this instant, and march back up to your bedroom. Dad didn't say as much, but it's a safe bet you are now permagrounded for life.
You hear a loud thump just outside your door.

Next

[Image description: It shows the hallway. Dad walks away from the bathtub he just put in front of Jane's door.]

Jane: Contact b.f.f. sy.

[Image description: Jane looks towards her computer, which has a red Sburb house alert over it.]

As long as you just got done paying the piper, you might as well get busy eating all this goddamn crow. Oh so much of the stuff has gathered on your plate.

She appears to be online now. It looks like she sent you the "hacked" file while you were away.

Next

[Image description: She sits at her computer, which now has a pink cat alert, and types.]

pesterlog

Ahem.
Ro-Lal?
T.G.: oopos sory
was havin important chats
G.G.: Oh?
With whom?
T.G.: with yet anther ineligible fuckin bachelor who elfe i have to talk 2
G.G.: Yeah.
Um... which one, precisely?
T.G.: di stri
insmufferable prick mothrfukr extradinnerrene
*lol wow
*extradinner
*heheh yum
G.G.: If the chats and surplus dinners were truly important, I wouldn't want to interrupt.
T.G.: tchhhh
of course not jus the usual bs
chats with u always get precedance anyways
unless this is more of u givin me shit about not believing me on all my sick tru facts
G.G.: Actually,
That's what I wanted to talk to you about.
T.G.: i c
go on.........
G.G.: You see, I was just the target of another assassination attempt.
T.G.: @@@
 fuck*!!!
G.G.: Two, in fact! One here in the real world, as I attempted to retrieve the mail.
Luckily it was thwarted by a certain cat who shall remain nameless.
T.G.: hehehe oh man
god cat
b.b.f
*good
*bff
*no wait
*god wuz right
fuckit
*both spellins r true
G.G.: But in the process of being rescued from the explosion, I was knocked unconscious. And in my dream, there was another assassination attempt. This one I believe was successful!
T.G.: uh oh
G.G.: I'm becoming convinced that our "dream selves" are being picked off by violent hooligans.
T.G.: shit
hooliginas
* ... 
* yes
but i think u mean
batterwitch thugs
G.G.: Perhaps.
The one who accosted me was a knife-wielding lunatic.
And it's reasonable to deduce the same forces were responsible for Jake's death on Prospit as well.
It looks like we are in the clutches of an actual caper. A real life mystery!
Which under different circumstances would be quite exciting.
But the truth is, I think we are all in great danger!
T.G.: well fuck
i guess its time to take this shit up to Red Alart
to where its been for like fuckin ever jane
G.G.: Yeah, yeah. (tongue sticking out face)
But that wasn't all there was to the dream.
Shortly before I was stabbed, I had a rather long gander at Skaia.
T.G.: a gander u say
G.G.: Yes.
T.G.: how good a gander
G.G.: I would say a pretty substantial gander.
T.G.: ok
and during this totally massive gander u snagged
what did you see
G.G.: I saw things in the clouds.
T.G.: things
G.G.: Yes.
Things.
T.G.: wut things
Many events pertaining to us. All of us, and other people I didn't recognize.
It was a bit overwhelming.
It made me feel small. Insignificant, relative to whatever it is we're about to involve ourselves with.
And honestly...
It made me feel pretty foolish too.
T.G.: foolish
why foofish
*sdjhf
G.G.: I began to wonder why I ever had the audacity to think I know much of anything about the world we live in or the journey we're about to take. Or to think I could ever rule anything out. I have a feeling that whatever I saw, it means you've been telling the truth all along. About everything. And I'm starting to feel like a complete idiot for doubting you.
T.G.: aw man (sad face)
G.G.: I've been one great big horse's caboose, and I think you're owed an apology. Do you think you can forgive me?
T.G.: jane
damn
ur makin me feel like shit here
G.G.: Why?
T.G.: uuuun
eh no reason
just uh
hey did u dl the game file i sent yet
G.G.: I did.
And at this point, I guess I have no choice but to use it. I guess you were a step ahead of me yet again.
T.G.: why
G.G.: Because the one in the mail detonated in my most recent assassination attempt.
T.G.: what
of fuck those hacks
the old exploding game trick woh would stoup to such lowbrow shegnannagings like that
*somany sweet typos
G.G.: (buck toothed face)
T.G.: that witch just mafes me FUCKINK FRUIOUS sometites
G.G.: Hoo hoo! The tactic was quite underhanded, yes.
T.G.: yeeaaah
uh so
what were we talking about again
soory im just worked up ovr it
G.G.: I don't blame you.
Where we were, by my estimation, was a place wherein I was about to awkwardly attempt to swallow a helping of humble pie.
To somehow make it up to you for my years of stubborn mistrust.
T.G.: hey jane
wasn't that a bunch a split infinitives...
Hm?
*spli
to awkwardly attenmt
to somehow make it up !
G.G.: Oh!!!
T.G.: lul so busted
G.G.: Oh gosh, what a doofus.
You see?? I clearly don't have all the answers!
I really had some nerve challenging anyone, on practically any subject.
T.G.: dont beat urself up too bad we both know that rule is bullshit anyway
you hold yourself to too high a standard and those standards kinda leak out and start gettin applied to other people i guess sometimes
you really dont have to apologize janey or eat humble pip or anything all youve got to do is maybe
not be such a huge tightass all the time
G.G.: That's fair. But I would still like to make a gesture.
Even if it's one partially motivated by self interest, seeing as I clearly have much to learn.
T.G.: ?
G.G.: I would like to give you a free pass for a day.
It is good for twenty-four solid hours of absolute credulity from your best friend.
T.G.: ........
G.G.: (buck toothed face)
T.G.: ok waitin 4 u to say wtf youre exacly talkin about
G.G.: It means that starting now, whatever you tell me, I will have to believe you.
I promise!
T.G.: o really
G.G.: Yes.
T.G.: ooooooooh..............
G.G.: Um,
Are you there?
Ro???
T.G.: (shh)
(thisis a dramantic pause calm ur tits)
G.G.: Oh.
Hmm.
Exactly how dramatic are we talking, here?
Shall I go retrieve a magazine?
T.G.: RLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLYYYYYYYYYYYYY??????
G.G.: Sigh.

Next

[Image description: The screen splits. On the right, Jane continues pestering the Lalonde girl. On the left, the Lalonde girl sits at a desk in a room much like Rose's. She's using a bright pink laptop that has her cat icon on the back. It's plugged into a green hub and has a Jane alert over it. Next to the hub is a black book with a martini glass sitting on top of it. A cat wearing a suit that looks a lot like Jaspers sits on the desk next to her laptop. There's a wizard doll on the floor under the desk and a fourth wall sitting on the floor. It's one with four smaller sections over one large section, like the one in the clouds.]

pesterlog
T.G.: kay then
what do you want me 2 say
for you to autobelieve in
G.G.: Hmm.
Everything, I guess. I'd like to get completely up to speed, if possible.
T.G.: yeah
but
im pretty sure i already said everything
want me to just
sayit all again.....
G.G.: Some reiteration certainly couldn't hurt.
But this time I won't work so hard to sift the fantastical from the plausible.
T.G.: so like
stuffs i said about my mom or
G.G.: Sure.
T.G.: ok well for starters
she really is the notable author u know
G.G.: Oh, I know that!
That was always something I had no trouble believing, considering the public documentation even
reclusive celebrities receive.
And frankly, the family resemblance is obvious.
T.G.: yup
G.G.: Anyway, it would be disingenuous if I found your relation far fetched, since we're all
apparently related to noteworthy people. It's just one of those funny things.
T.G.: true dat
then
what else can i talk about
like her occult magicks and stuff
because i dont know a whole lot about the maygicks
besides th fact that theyre all real as shit can get
G.G.: Maybe we should start at the very beginning.
T.G.: ok
but the beginning was a hecka long time ago
G.G.: Do you remember around when we first started talking?
T.G.: y
G.G.: And you claimed you were the one making my pumpkins disappear?
T.G.: hahAHA
*aha
y (cat face)
G.G.: You later proceeded to try to prove to me that what you were saying was true.
But none of your attempts thereafter would ever bear any fruit, pardon the pun.
T.G.: k but it aint pardoned because a pumpkin aint even a fruit
its a big orange porch thing for halloween numbnuts
G.G.: Yes, I know what pumpkins are. It was a joke, silly.
What I'm trying to say is, in thinking back to those days, when you couldn't verify your claims, it
made me think the whole thing was a big ruse.
And I think this unfortunately began a pattern of mistrust. It was always hard to rule out the
possibility that you could be joking about other things as well.
T.G.: yeah
but its not my fault i mean appeafrification tech is notoriously unreliable
remember
i xplained this
i cant just always appearify stuff from you any time i want
i can only take stuff im "allowed" 2 which is pmuch random
like stuff that by takin id be messing up the time line cause that stuff is supposed to be there and
serve some funciton it hasnt served yet
so most of the time if i try all i get is slime on my end
but pumpkins 4 some reason are a lil easier to take i dunno why
like they are specifically and arbitrorily unhinged from spacetime
is spoooko
*ky
G.G.: I couldn't begin to explain the science behind such a technology either.
But I guess the important thing is, regardless of how or why it works, this is a story you continue to
stand by?
That is, you are still taking credit for the mysterious disappearance of all those pumpkins I grew
years ago?
T.G.: f yeah
i so gonked your gaurds jane
G.G.: ...
Did you gank them when my gourd was down?
T.G.: * yes
* yes i did exactly that
snatched ur patch sucker!!!!!!
hehe
G.G.: Very well!
Then I believe that is what happened.
That's all I am trying to say here.
T.G.: so
ok
u believe that
now what??
G.G.: Now... nothing, really.
You may continue to tell me anything you would like with the confidence that I won't doubt you.
So by all means, go ahead!
T.G.: ok gotit
so jane
whas tit feel like 2 get stabbed by a bab guy
G.G.: Oh, come on!
T.G.: huh
G.G.: That is a question!
T.G.: yeah so
G.G.: It's not any sort of revelation, or statement for me to take at face value.
Dadburn it. This isn't that difficult!
And for the record, it's not great.
T.G.: whats not
G.G.: Getting stabbed by a bad guy. It isn't all that peachy.
T.G.: yeah i bet
musta suuuucked
or
dream sucked idk
G.G.: So, you're not in the mood to tell me things?
T.G.: no i am
im psyched about u wanting to believe me and all
but part of me still feels like i should prove it
like i tried to once
it was just frustratin i mean im a sciestist i should be able 2 prove my shit
like
subject my claims to the fuckin madrigogs
G.G.: Um...
Madrigogs?
T.G.: *mad rigors
u know what i mean???
G.G.: Yeah, I understand.
T.G.: i mean trust between friends is sweet and everything but i dont know if i wanta be the
repipient of like a butt load of pity believins
G.G.: It's not about pity!
It's more like a gesture I'm trying to make.
Or maybe that's not quite right.
It has more to do with setting things right for myself than making it up to you.
Does that make sense?
T.G.: ............
G.G.: Shoot, I'm doing such a terrible job explaining this! (sad face)
T.G.: (patiently sips bev rage)
G.G.: The bottom line is, I want to believe the things you say now.
That's all you need to know!
T.G.: ok thats good
i want that 2 buuuuuuuut
i still wanna prove it irregardless!!!!!!!
G.G.: *Shudders uncontrollably at "word" usage.*
T.G.: whoops sry
* still WANT TO prove it irregaurdlesally
^ all fixed tight as fuck
so u down for one last try
G.G.: Sure!
T.G.: k lets get busay
what you want 2c me disappearify

Jane: Look around.

[Image description: Jane stands next to her baking chest. She's wearing her tiaratop again.]

pesterlog
G.G.: I don't know.
The baking chest, maybe?
T.G.: too big
i got size restrictions here
bigger stuff takes huge amount sof power to swipe
so this gizmo i have has a built in size cap
like somethin as big as you for insance
i cant take
believe me ive triiiied
That's sweet of you, I guess?
T.G.: was totes sweet of me to try and steal you for the hangouts but it dint work becuse of
Buulbshit
but i can take stuff somewhat smaller
G.G.: What are the restrictions?
T.G.: just dump your shit on the floor
tell me everything thats there

Jane: Empty sylladex.

[Image description: Jane dumps everything out of her sylladex. The grist widget lands on the bed
and the sword lands at the foot of it. The baking book lands behind Jane and, going
counterclockwise around her, it's the baeglepuss glasses, the red capsules, the Pony Pals book, the
Wise Guy book. The handcuffs and purple-grey capsules land behind the chest and the old Colonel
Sassacre's lands on top of the chest.]

pesterlog
G.G.: Well, what immediately catches my attention is this enormous book.
I wonder how it squares with your size restriction?
T.G.: wut book
G.G.: My Unabridged Sassacre's!
It's a very rare edition, and a precious family heirloom, so I don't know if it would make an ideal candidate for the journey.
T.G.: no no r u kidding that shit is perfect
should be just the right size like big but just barkley not too big
G.G.: But what if it gets damaged!
T.G.: pshhhhh itll be set fire
G.G.: Oh! Silly me, what was I even worried about!
T.G.: errr
ahahaha man
* sent
** fine
G.G.: That wasn't even a Freudian slip.
Doctor Freud just tripped over an errant phallus, tumbled down a flight of stairs, and broke his neck.
And then his cigar exploded comically in his face.
T.G.: fffFROLOFL
jane ur funy
(omg still lolig @ that word boner i made ooomg)
G.G.: It was spectacular.
T.G.: but 4 real i wont set ur fuckin joke book on fire jane
it doesnt even do that even if it goes the worst kinds of wrog
G.G.: Couldn't we send Wise Guy instead?
At least it can be easily replaced.
T.G.: jane
G.G.: ?
T.G.: jaanae
G.G.: hm??
T.G.: Fuck wise guy
ist would be so lame ass a giguinea pig book
goddam who m i kidding i dont even no how to spell giguinea pig whilst sober
could be sober as a churchchrist and lookat it..... giunae.... guinea... idk shit looks intrinsnically fucked typographically speakin
sooo FUCK that wrod and FUCK those parciculat pigs
G.G.: No, I reject your proposal that we "fuck" Wise Guy, whatever that actually means, or for that matter, the spelling of any adorable rodents named after African nations.
T.G.: jane
are u being a tightass again
G.G.: I don't... think so?
T.G.: we talked about this
G.G.: About what?
T.G.: about you benig a tightass
G.G.: I am not being a tightass!
T.G.: janey
it seems 2 me
that there is a (maths) % chance of you bein a huge tightass
are u bein a huge tightass on me jane
G.G.: Oh god dammit.
Take the book! What do I care!!!
T.G.: yessss thast the spirpit
now u are believin w petrol
G.G.: I fail to see what offering up a priceless book for your wildly capricious science experiment
has to do with my resolution to be less stingy with my beliefs, but alright.
T.G.: haha will u relax abt the book
im only just teasing cause theres like practically a 100 percant chance this wont wonk like alwasy
* wort work like always
sooooo
ready/
G.G.: Yes, let's just get on with it.
RL: Appearify.

[Image description: The Colonel Sassacre's book disappears and -IFY appears in it's place. Jane gasps.]

pesterlog
G.G.: It worked!
The book is gone!
T.G.: oh no
aaaaawwww shit
G.G.: What is it?
T.G.: shit shit shitsh it
G.G.: Did you receive the book?
T.G.: shoiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit
T.G.: Shitshitshitshitshitshit
G.G.: Don't tell me.
The book is damaged somehow, isn't it?
T.G.: fffuuuuuuuuuuk (sad face)
G.G.: Sigh. Is it at least SOMEWHAT intact?
Or was it completely incinerated in transit?
I just knew we should have used Wise Guy. I can't believe this.
T.G.: dont worry
the book itself is topes fine :*
*:9
*dsjf (sad face)
G.G.: Oh.
Then what's the problem?
T.G.: fffff
im so stupid (sad face)
sO stupid so stupid soos tupob (sad face with three frowns)
G.G.: Will you tell me what happened??
T.G.: gotta go b.b.l.
well talk abt important stuffs later

[Note: Later is written as l8r.]
tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] ceased bothering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]
tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] began bothering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]
T.G.: ps jane t.y. 4 believin me
tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] ceased bothering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]
tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] began bothering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]
T.G.: oh shit
on last thing jane
dO not run the file I sent u before I get back
i need 2
just dont without me ok

T.G.: fuuuuuuuuuuuuuickl (crying sad face)

Next

[Image description: Jane turns to look at her computer, which has a red Sburb alert over it. The newer copy of Colonel Sassacre's sits to the left of the desk and a Game Girl magazine sits on the bed, which now has a black smudge on it.]

You wonder what her deal was. It's always something with her.

You again notice her game file, beckoning you to play. But she warned you not to until she gets back. Phooey.

Oh hey, you just noticed your Slightly Abridged Edition of Sassacre's over there on the floor. You guess you could have sent the much less valuable copy and saved a lot of arguing. But what's done is done. There's more reading material sprinkled about, too. You've clearly got some time to kill before your b.f.f.sy gets back from her emergency. Might as well do some casual reading.

But there's nothing casual about hoisting even an abridged Sassacre's up to your lap, so forget that. There's always Game Grl. But the articles are all a bit vapid, and in your view, somewhat demeaning to female gamers, and women in general. You and Ro-Lal are convinced the whole thing is just written by the same odious d-bags who write Game bro. Which is exactly what makes it Good 4 the Ell You Ellz, her words.

Speaking of bros, and the games they play...

Jane: Read Pony Pals.

[Image description: Jane stands next to the Pony Pals book. A second image shows the cover page.]

You've read this a million times already. It's one of your favorite gifts.

Another gander at it sure couldn't hurt.

Jane: Examine contents.

[Image description: It shows the title page. The original page said

Contents
1. A Visitor, 1.
3. Danger!, 18.
6. The Fight, 41.
8. Homeless, 56.
9. Three Ideas, 64.
10. Acorn's Shadow, 72.
Like the cover, however, it has been annotated in orange. It now reads
Amazing chapter titles.
Potentially the TOC for greatest book ever written.
But Betancourt shit out this nightmare instead.
Contents
1. A Visitor, 1.
2. Screaming Ponies Mother FUCK, 9.
6. The Fight, 41.
8. Homeless, 56.
9. Three Ideas, 64.
10. Acorn's Shadow: a Pony Broods, 72.
11. The Final Freakout.
Appendix A: Official Bodycount.
The bottom of the page is colored in red, which splatters up the page like blood. There are white
spaces shaped like horseshoes. They're labeled Horse Shoes. Off to the side, it says Eh what ever.]

Jane: Flip to page 1.

[Image description: It shows page one of the book. At the top, a drawing of a rope goes across the
page and makes a loop in the center, circling the chapter number. An orange horse has been drawn
in so the loop is tight around its neck. This has been labeled 'Tragic pony noose.'
The text on the page has been annotated in orange. Text notes will be enclosed in brackets and
other notes will be prefaced with Note:.

1.
A Visitor

Anna (Note: Almost a good name for you. Not sure why.) Harley (Note: Dumb name. Sounds like
product of speech impediment by imbecile.) came out her back door and ran across the backyard.
There were two ponies in the paddock behind Anna's house and yard. "Hey, ponies," Anna called
out. "We're going for a trail ride." [as she prepared the noose adroitly.]

Anna's pony, Acorn, was standing in the pony shed. The other pony, Snow White, (Note: Snow
White is crossed out. Lil' Sebastian) belonged to Anna's next-door neighbor and Pony Pal, Lula
Sanders. (Note: Lula Sanders is crossed out. The City of Pawnee, Indiana.)

Snow White (Note: Crossed out. Lil Seb) came over to Anna, but Acorn stayed in the shed. Anna
thought that Acorn was trying to hide from her. He liked to play Catch Me if You Can. (Note:
Catch Me If You Can is crossed out. I'm Scared Shitless of My Master.)

Jane: Turn page.

[Image description: It shows page two. Instead of being crossed out, grey boxes with typed, orange
text has been placed over large portions of the original story. Off to the side, it says Man, screw
handwriting. This is easier.

Anna went into the shed. Acorn wasn't [fucking around]. He was staring at a fluffy black cat with
white paws [taking a dump on his favorite saddle.] The cat was staring back at Acorn [shitting like
tomorrow wasn't a thing.]
"Hey, kitty," said Anna. "What are you doing here?" [she asked, the act of defecation oddly foreign to the girl.]

[Pawnee] came into the shed behind Anna. "Whose cat is that?" [the rural township inquired.]

"I don't know," answered Anna. ["It's not a pony, so who seriously gives a fuck."]

Suddenly a mouse ran from behind the feed bin. [The contrived incident caused some extra shit to happen. Acorn was like, ah hell no. Not the fuck in my paddock, bitch.] Acorn nickered as if to say, "[(Vile slurs omitted)]"

The cat leaped back up on the straw and curled himself into a ball. Acorn took a few steps toward the cat and [crushed it to death with his magnificent hooves.] Acorn nickered [triumphantly.]

"That's so cute!" [murmured the fictional midwestern borough.]

Pam Crandal rode [another god damned pony] up to the shed. She said hi to her Pony Pals and [the whole crew beamed complacently about their bullshit horse club.]

Anna pointed at the cat. "Acorn has a new [kind of meat he appears to tolerate!" she exploded.]

Later, about halfway through the book, rather than see the gag through to the bitter end, Strider began pasting over entire pages of original text with his own completely rewritten version of the story, while keeping all the chapter titles. His revision is a tough, emotionally draining read. But it's cathartic, in all the worst ways possible.

He tends to get carried away with his projects.

Jane: Just check out the file already.

[Image description: Jane sits at her computer, which still has a Sburb alert. The Pony Pals book sits on the desk, next to the keyboard.]

You try to distract yourself with Strider's literature, but it's no use. Your curiosity is overwhelming. Lalonde could be gone for hours, for all you know. Surely there couldn't be any harm in just installing the file, could there?

Next

[Image description: It shows Jane's desktop. There's a new file. Its icon is the Sburb house and it's labeled Sburb client dot tilde Ath. Her cursor hover over it. The clock in the bottom corner says that it's 1:39 pm.]

That's an odd extension for a file. You don't think you've ever seen it before.

Jane: Install Sburb client.

[Image description: A black prompt box with a red border appears. It's named Sburb Client and has the house logo in the corner. The black portion says Sburb version 0.0.0. There's a pixel art of a trident. Press [enter] when ready. A flashing cursor sits on the line below that, ready for something to be typed.]

It doesn't even seem to install anything. It just runs a small application when you execute it.

Looks like you're one keypress away from playing. Do you dare?
Jane: Press enter.

[Image description: Pink text appears on the next line. Pst.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in. Another line of pink text appears. hey jane.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in even further. step away from ur compuner.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in again. Most of the other text is off screen. *puter.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in again. All that's visible is the new line of text. (cat face).]

Next

[Image description: Jane stares uncertainly at her computer. The alert slowly fades from the red suburb house to a white ~ath face against a black background.]

What?

Next

[Image description: She steps back and takes a defensive stance. After a moment, her computer explodes.]

Next

[Image description: A couch sits on one of the branches of the tree in the front yard and G.Cat sits on the arm. Jane flies out of her room and lands on the couch. Sweet Catch appears next to her in bright green.]

Next

[Image description: Jane stares into the distance with a disgruntled expression on her face. G.Cat licks his paw and an orange hat alert appears next to Jane.]

God you wish stuff would stop exploding.

Jane: Answer Di-Stri.

[Image Description: The screen splits. In the top half, Jane sits on the couch in the tree while smoke billows from the direction of her room. In the bottom, the Strider boy sits at a desk made of boards across cinderblocks, which is tucked into the corner of a room. Another desk sits along the wall to his left, under a window. His computer monitor hovers above his desk. There's a blue, L shaped object on its screen and a Jane alert next to it. There's a broken robot head and a tiny maplehoof underneath it. A pile of soundboards sits in the corner, under the desk's overhang. The other desk has more broken robot parts, a Hella Jeff doll, and Lil Cal. Lil Cal is still holding a katana. The wall is plastered with posters from Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff: The Moive, along with a coverpage for The Spirited Horse calendar, which was referenced back in Intermission 1, and a]
T.T.: I should probably warn you.
G.G.: About what?
Yet another exploding game trap?
T.T.: Well shit.
She already sent it?
G.G.: Yes.
But to be fair, she warned me not to run it.
T.T.: That's weird.
G.G.: Why?
She was probably just trying to protect me from the Batter witch's latest assassination attempt.
Sheesh, I can't believe you all finally got me saying "Batter witch" too. Who would have thought?
T.T.: No, it's weird because Lalonde was the one who rigged it to explode.
It's a bogus copy she coded herself. The real game file she downloaded is totally legit.
T.T.: Got it right here myself. Checked it out.
File's fuckin' clean as a whistle.
A whistle that overcame a major substance abuse problem. Trying to get its life back on track.
The whistle is holding down a steady job now. It's taking things one day at a time.
Eat a fuckin' dinner off that whistle.
G.G.:...
T.T.: Ok I'll shut up.
G.G.: Why would she do that?
T.T.: To accomplish exactly what it sounds like got accomplished.
You narrowly averting the "fake" threat to your life, then getting your shit all hot and bothered at the Baroness over it.
Then you abdicate your heiress throne or something, and give up on this game as a big fuck you to the genocidal cake alien.
G.G.: But...
If she felt so strongly that I shouldn't play, she could have told me.
Or, told me more forcefully, I guess. I would have listened!
Maybe.
(sad face)
T.T.: She's working through some problems right now.
Really doesn't want us to play that game.
So I guess this was the insane stunt she whipped up to derail the inevitable.
Kinda reckless for my tastes.
One of the above statements is a fucking lie, are you gutsy enough a gumshoe to spot it.
G.G.: Maybe she was justified in taking such an extreme measure. I sure hadn't been taking her seriously.
She even warned me not to play it until she got back, but I went ahead anyway because I was too impatient!
Actually...
Now that I think about it, she was probably going to disarm it or such when she got back, seeing as her objective had essentially been accomplished already by an actual assassination attempt.
After that, I told her I would believe her about everything.
That probably made her feel guilty about setting me up, so she told me not to touch the file until
she returned.
T.T.: Sounds about right.
G.G.: But then I went ahead and ran it anyway like a doofus.
I think she just wanted to be believed.
Shucks.
Am I an awful friend?
T.T.: Nope.
G.G.: I'm not so sure about that.
T.T.: Well, before you go taking a massive sad crap all over your friendship credentials, consider
this.
Only she could manage to blow up your computer with a nasty death loop virus and somehow
make you be the one to feel shitty about it.
G.G.: Heh!
You're right.
T.T.: Or maybe you're the one who uniquely fills the predicate in that construction.
I don't god damn know.
Your friendship with her is a half drunken three-legged relay race, and the baton is a stick of
dynamite.
And you two are the only ones on the track. Me and English are watching from under the
bleachers, high-fiving constantly.
G.G.: I guess that's a pretty apt metaphor, even though it doesn't make the slightest bit of sense.
T.T.: Yes.
G.G.: I just wanted to start playing the game so badly!
Now more than ever. I have reason to believe the stakes have increased dramatically.
T.T.: They have.
And they will continue to.
G.G.: I think our dream counterparts are all marked for death, and if we are to stand a chance, we
must move quickly.
T.T.: I agree.
Just heard about your assassination on Prospit.
G.G.: Oh, she told you already?
I read it in a newspaper.
G.G.: Um.
Are you being ironic again?
T.T.: No.
I just picked up one of the sleazy Dersite tabloid rags.
Sometimes they'll feature some pretty entertaining gossip about the royalty or whatever.
But they're primarily dedicated to smearing Prospit. The press had a field day with the deaths of the
Page and the Maid.
G.G.: Dersite? You mean the other planet? The evil one?
T.T.: Derse, yeah.
Not evil, necessarily. That's a bit simplistic. The kingdom represents the forces of opposition to
Prospit and the four heroes. Us.
G.G.: What did the story say about me?
T.T.: "dead"
Was the big ass headline.
Then a photo of your dead body lying there, followed by a lot of bullshit slander.
It was also reported your tower exploded. They couldn't find the body to give it a proper funeral.
Probably incinerated.
G.G.: I didn't realize you had woken up in the game already.
When did that happen?
G.G.: I guess I shouldn't act surprised you didn't tell me. What with all your highfalutin secrecy.
T.T.: It's hard to explain.
I was never technically asleep there. I was awake without realizing it.
Then I realized it.
And I sorta learned how to be awake there while awake here too.
I am awake there now, albeit pretending to sleep.
G.G.: Pretending? Why?
T.T.: For one thing, it gets a bit distracting managing two alert bodies in different places at the same time.
And for another thing, it's better to maintain appearances.
Everyone on Derse believes their heroes haven't woken yet.
Though they are both rumored to be very active sleep walkers.
Which is half true. She can't ever seem to sleep still. Goes off wandering for days.
Sometimes I've gotta go round her up from some godforsaken cranny of the abyss. Drag her tipsy ass home, tuck her back in.
Maybe I'll chain her leg to the bed if she doesn't wake up soon.
Though in light of the recent assassinations, her slumbering attraction to the void probably works to her advantage. No one ever knows where she is.
G.G.: I'm still not sure I'm following.
Why are you maintaining the appearance of being asleep? On Prospit, it seemed as if the people there regarded me and Jake very highly. Like celebrated figures.
Is it not the same way on Derse?
T.T.: No, it's essentially the same situation here.
They glorify us the same way. Almost like we're their purple pajama'd team mascots. Even though they will completely oppose our objective when all is said and done.
Kinda ridiculous, really.
But even so, I think it's better to lay low, not alert anyone to my...
Alertness. (Emoji wearing pointed shades)
That way I can sneak around and gather information. Do some reconnaissance before shit starts getting real.
G.G.: In other words, read newspapers, get a feel for "the word on the street," and such?
As might a detective? (buck toothed face)
T.T.: Yeah, among other things. Like keep an eye on agent activity.
G.G.: You mean... secret agents??
T.T.: No, more like high ranking officials.
Judging from your knife wound, I'm betting you were the victim of the Archagent himself.
You should feel honored, I guess.
G.G.: Who's that?
T.T.: A guy named Noir.
Real nasty dude. Crazy ambitious. Loves knives.
If we're going to stand any chance of winning this thing,
I've got this nagging suspicion we're gonna have to take him down first.
And a feeling that nags equally,
Is it ain't gonna be easy.

Next

[Image Description: It zooms out on Jane. G.Cat flashes green, then expands. Where it's outline passes, the yard turns into the space over the balcony. Once the yard is gone, the couch drops a few feet onto the balcony and Jane bounces a little.]
G.G.: I guess I should find all that ominous.
But I cannot lie, sir.
Nothing you have said has made me one iota less excited to begin this adventure!
Those dastardly agents can try to assassinate me all they like. I just want to get started!
T.T.: That's the most awesome way to be, Jane.
And it is again why you will be our leader.
(Sort of.)
G.G.: Right.
Still fixing to pull the strings for us, per your extensive puppet metaphor?
T.T.: Pulling them as we speak.
I am having Lil Seb install a real copy of the client on another computer in your house.
A clean computer, not any of this B.C.Corp garbage you tend to accumulate.
I'll have to insist from this point onward, you employ neutral devices.
That shit fucks with your head.
Alrighty, I think I can make that concession.
T.T.: Once it's installed, I'll connect with you. I will be your server player.
I know this isn't what you were hoping for, but some improvisation is in order.
While you get the ball rolling, I'll try to talk some sense into that mercurial booze hound.
G.G.: Sounds like a plan.
I do hope she comes around. It would be a bummer to play without her.
T.T.: She will.
G.G.: Say, do I even have any machines that survived the explosion besides this one?
T.T.: Do you even have any machines that don't inundate you with fucking Hamburger Helper ads and Guy Fieri's heinous propaganda?
G.G.: I guess not. (tongue sticking out face)
Still, some nice things were surely destroyed.
I think Detective Pony was caught in the blast.
It's unlikely Acorn survived. (crying face)
T.T.: A fitting end to a life of moral compromise.
G.G.: So, since I'm apparently out of "neutral devices,"
Which computer is Seb installing the file on?
T.T.: On your dad's computer downstairs.
One in the study.

Next

[Image Description: Lil Seb, the bunny stands at a desk. On the desk, there's a Shaving Almanac, a pipe, and a Crosbytop with a red sburb house alert next to it. A window behind him looks out over a tree with orange leaves.]

G.G.: Gotcha.
My poor dad.
He surely heard the explosion. I've put him through so much today.
Oh no...
T.T.: What?
G.G.: I just had a dreadful thought.
The kitchen is just below my room.
What if he had begun baking his afternoon cake when my computer exploded?
It shows the kitchen. It looks just like John's kitchen, except the fridge is missing. Dad lays on the ground with a pile of smoking rubble on top of him and Jane's desk by his feet. His hat and pipe sit near his head and a burning Pony Pals book sits near his feet. A box of Betty Crocker cake mix and a used batter bowl lay on the floor where the fridge should be, and a broom is propped up in the corner. An egg timer on top of the oven rings, the oven buzzes, and the door opens. A fully iced cake pops out of the oven, but Dad stays on the floor.

pesterlog
T.T.: I wouldn't worry about it.
G.G.: Maybe I should go look?
Though I'm a little afraid to.
T.T.: I think it'll take a lot more to kill that dude than a little falling debris.
Trust me.

Next

[Image Description: Dad stands up and retrieves his pipe and hat from the ground. A red question mark flashes over his head.]

pesterlog
G.G.: I hope so.
The Crockers have something of a legacy when it comes to losing forebears in mysterious explosions.
I would be so sad if I kept the tradition alive like this.
T.T.: The most you have to worry about is getting grounded back to the stone age.
When you enter the session, he'll probably lock you up in a prison cell on Derse.
Probably stick a huge safe in front of the bars for good measure.

Next

[Image Description: Jane hops off the couch on the balcony. A red sburb cursor clicks it and carries it away.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Now do me a favor and hop off the couch.
G.G.: Ok.
What are you doing?
T.T.: Makin' room for something big.

DS: Deploy.

[Image Description: The cursor places an Alchemiter onto the balcony.]

You watch Di-Stri deploy some sort of mammoth instrument on to your balcony. It's just as well he took over for Ro-Lal. She probably would have destroyed half your house with that thing in her condition. But on the bright side, you're sure R.L. would have enjoyed a good nicker with you over the notion of D.S. deploying his mammoth instrument. You wonder what she could possibly be up to?

While you're at it, you also wonder what the deal is with this cagey treatment of their names. Di-Stri, Ro-Lal, D.S., R.L., Strider, Lalonde... it's all starting to get a bit silly. Each of their full names has eleven characters, and you have been dancing around all but two. Maybe it's time you were formally introduced to the last two characters.
Next

[Image Description: The Lalonde girl stands in her room. The desk is to her right. To her left is a massive pile of grey and pink cat and wizard plushies. Behind her is an unmade bed with two notebooks, a red sci-fi gun with some sort of white marking on it, and a wizard plush sitting on it. There is another green hub at the foot of the bed.]

One of the last two stands in her bedroom. It is a young lady! Due to an incident involving an Appearrifier, an unabridged Colonel Sassacre's, and a Perfectly White Cat, she will not be able to assist her b.f.f.s. for some time. And due to the aggressive aconcurrence of all that takes place in paradox space, this incident Has Not Happened Yet.

But what Has Happened Yet was this young lady's 13th birthday. It took place almost three years ago, and on that date her placronym was engraved. It was engraved with eleven letters to be precise, nine of which you are already familiar with. You figure it couldn't hurt to take a peek at the engraving. You've been dying to get the scoop on those last two mysterious characters.

Examine placronym.

[Image Description: A cat's tail lays across part of the placronym. All that can be seen is Ro-Lalonde.]

Hey, get that damn cat outta the way!

Cat: Move tail.

[Image Description: The cat's tail moves. Roxy Lalonde.]

Thank you, cat who is probably Jaspers.

The final two chromosomic symbols have been released from their fluffy, twitching prison.

Examine room.

[Image Description: It zooms out, showing more of Roxy's room. There's the fourth wall on the floor to the left of her desk, as shown in the clouds. The plush pile is to the left of that. To the left of the pile of plushies, there is a black radio cabinet full of various game systems, all of which are bright pink. A 5-segment fourth wall hangs above it and is plugged into one of two hubs at the foot of the bed. Another fourth wall, this one without any divisions, like the one used for the banners, hangs where the window was in Rose's room. A cat who is probably Jaspers sits on the windowsill next to the placronym. Another 5-segment wall hangs over the head of the bed. To the right of the bed is a door with a poster for Complacency of the Learned. It features a man with grey skin and white hair in a dark green suit holding a conductor's baton. To the right of the door, there is another narrow fourth wall and a hanging shelf with 5 mutant kittens preserved in blue material. A pile of purple books sits on the floor under the shelf and a violin sits on top. On the desk, in addition to the laptop, hub, book, and martini, there's also a grey rifle that looks similar to Ahab's Crosshairs.]

Your name is Roxy.

God Damn do you love Wizards.

You wish and hope they are Real, and that so too is their Magicks and Stuff. You enjoy writing Fanprose for Said Magical Men, but you think maybe it's Not So Great. You are however Quite Great at the esoteric sciences, such as Ectobiology, Dark Fenestrology, and the delicate art of
Appearification. You have tended to accrue dead preserved Specimens from your experiments, little to none of which Aren't Feline.

You aren't one to shy from A Bit of Gaming, particularly the sort Well Past Its Prime; you have a real soft spot for Old School Technology. It is fair to say most of your leanings are governed by a Bent for Nostalgia. Your coding cred is totes ridi, basically making you the Hottest Shit Haxxor Bitch You Ever Knew, as deadaly* to the grid ass* she is beatuiful*. You are known to nonseldomly employ a Roguish Demeanor toward the Fellas, a habit not especially jeopardized by your noninfrequent Inebriation.

Which is to say, against the better judgment of one your age, you like to Dip Into the Sauce now and then. Unless your Mom is looking, which happens to be virtually Never. And considering she has been known by the knowledgeable to be in possession of Vision Omnifold, this strikes you as a particularly Stunning Lapse in Parental Diligence. But you have good friends and many distractions to fill this Void in your life.

What will you do?

Roxy: Wail like an alley cat and blow bubbles in your drink.

[Image Description: It zooms in on Roxy. Before she can do anything, it slides over and a new image takes up the screen. The Strider boy stands in the center of his room. His desks are to his left. To the right of his secondary desk is another pile of music equipment along with a few very fancy santa statues. His bed, which is partially made, sits in the bottom corner of the room. There's a Hella Jeff doll, an orange smuppet, and a grey baseball cap on the bed, and a pile of smuppets and hats behind the head of the bed. On the last wall, there's a massive turntable setup. A white bird stand on that turntable, along with another fancy santa. Another bird stands on his desk, next to some Game Bro magazines.]

Roxy is not empowered to resurrect this crusty old gag template because all of the sudden

"All of a sudden."

All of the sudden

She is too busy being the other guy.

We have absolutely Got to peep the last two letters of this max chill dude's name on the devilfucking double!!!

Examine placronym.

[Image Description: The tiny maplehoof sleeps on top of his placronym, which sits near the gamebro magazines. It says Di- Strider.]

Hey, clear out that stupid pony! What is this, some sort of miniature paddock?

Pony: Wake up.

[Image Description: The tiny maplehoof wakes up and gets off the placronym. Dirk Strider.]

Thanks, pony who is presumably a tiny Maplehoof for some reason.

The final two diluvial symbols have been unearthed from countless crushing ounces of slumbering pony.
Examine room.

[Image Description: It zooms out. The bed is actually a mattress and a box spring just sitting on the floor. There are more posters of horses, centaurs, and Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff over the pile of equipment in the back corner, which we can now see also contains a Sord; the shitty blue Sword Dave made out of a sword and a sweet bro and hella jeff picture. Other posters are of a person in a pony outfit that looks like it's almost certainly a sex thing, a picture of Snoop Dogg, and a map of a fictional world. There's a teardrop shaped landmass in the center and another off to the west. Below that map, on top of a pile of cinderblocks, there's a red object that almost looks like a microwave. Another fancy santa and a Geromy doll sit on top of it. There's a large TV on the wall over the turntables that cycles between pictures of Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff the Moive, people dressed like animals in ways that are almost certainly sex things, abstract horse statues, furries, Donald Glover, and a kid's donkey costume. To the right of the TV and turntable, there's an open archway. The square robot from the bathroom stands in front of it and a tall rotary fan stands in the corner.]

Your name is Dirk.

Holy Shit do you love Puppets.

You possess the extreme dexterity to operate your False Friends Unseen, that is, when they are not pre-ambulatory through your Lovingly Imbued Mechanization. You dig writing Cognitive Algorithms for Said Apocryphal Men, and you think maybe that's Fuckin' Dope. Guess what else is dope? Everything Else You Do. You're a sickwicked autodidact on Ancient Civilizations, a selfmade Master of Mythologue, and a Preternatural Popculture Academe.

If you weren't so Damn Aloof and actually let people Get a Load, you might get described all kindsa ways. Maybe tagged as a Renaissance Ninja, Philosopher Prince, and Flashstep Puppeteer. Or perhaps a Pantheonic Ironicist, Gangsta Logician, Lucid Waker and Dersite Spy. Screw descriptors though, as if the shits you give ain't nil. You're cool with dabbling in the Fine Sequential Arts, and your work could be viewed by some as Borderline Pornographic. And to those philistines you'll be heard wondering, what the fuck do you mean Borderline?

Against the better judgment of one your age, you Build Robots, Set Them to Kill Mode, and Spar With Them to Death. That is, when you're not Sendificating Them to Friends, or Dueling Them With Rap Lyrics. But you try to cool it on the deathmatch stuff when your Bro is looking, which is virtually Never. And considering he's had a reputation staked on some order of Martial Nobility, this strikes you as a Staggering Oversight in Brotherly Vigilance. you don't have the Heart to hold it against him, though.

What will you do?

Dirk: Jut your ass and twitch like a proboscis.

[Image Description: It slowly zooms in on Dirk and a white square appears in his glasses. The white square grows to take up the whole screen and turns into a character select screen, but this time Roxy and Dirk are shown. Jane and Jake are greyed out. Hover over each of them. For Jane, the background turns into a picture of her wearing the curly moustache and looking over her shoulder towards a poster of a blue man that says Happy Birthday in Jake's handwriting. For Jake, it shows him looking down at something. Orange and yellow clouds smear across the sky behind him. For Roxy, it shows a close up of her face in dim lighting. For Dirk, he holds his sword and looks ready to attack something. The background behind him is red, curving lines. Click Roxy after reading the caption.]

There's no way in hell you were going to give this gag the time of day even if you weren't suddenly
totally lambasted by the character select screen again from way out of left field, inside your glasses.

Once again, you are grabbing the plush by the rump. You are in absolute command of your destiny. As long as you don't pick the two characters who are grayed-out, which is a universally understood UI convention for nonclickability. Also as long as both other available choices are finished being drawn. We are passing out free will like cheap cigars.

Be Roxy.

[Image description: It shows Roxy once again.]

You are now Roxy. What were you up to again? You were floating somewhere in the nonlinear timestew of paradox space, and we were hoping to get a handle on the exact chronology of your situation. Perhaps your successive actions will obliged us?

Yeah, you aren't really listening. You're going to do whatever the hell you want.

Roxy: Go grab that sweet gun.

[Image description: Roxy stands by said sweet gun and puts it in her strife specibus. A second image shows her strife deck. She has two specibi, one for Fist kind and one for Rifle kind.]

You pick up your high octane Laser Gun. It's powered by the most deadly sciences you know of.

You keep a couple specibus allocations in your portfolio on standby. You try to stay as sharp as possible in unarmed combat, because you never know when you'll get ambushed. It's dangerous out there.

Roxy: Examine dead mutant collection.

[Image description: Roxy stands by the shelf of mutants. The top shelf has three and the bottom shelf has two. From left to right on the top shelf, there is a cyclops kitten with six legs all in a single row down its body, a kitten with an extra eye in the center of its forehead and a tail like a sprite's, one with six eyes in a circle, three legs, two spikes on its back, and an incredibly thick tail that takes the place of its hind legs. On the bottom shelf, there is a cat with three eyes and another, matching head in place of its hind legs, and one that is mostly normal except for a small set of extra eyes above its main eyes. This one looks like the one on Roxy's shirt. The title from the top book on the pile comes into view. It's Complacency of the Learned.]

The biggest one has been around for as long as you remember, encased in that glass-like material. You've considered giving it a name, but it always struck you as a little morbid to name a dead cat.

The others were the result of a few experimental mishaps before you got the hang of the Ectobiology equipment. You keep them around to remind you of the perils of the inexact science, and also because they're weird looking and cute. You've since cloned many healthy felines, but they all live in the Laboratory out back. Your pet Cat doesn't really get along with other cats, and you don't want to upset him.

Roxy: Captchalogue one.

[Image description: Roxy takes the one that looks like her symbol and puts it into a grey captchalogue card. The card morphs into a bottle. To Roxy's left, a large, ornate wine cabinet appears and the bottle slides into it.]
You tuck the biggest one into your Message in a Bottle Modus.

These little guys are quite handy for busting through windows, whenever you're ready to christen a new Fenestrated plane.

Roxy: Take books.

[Image description: Roxy cattalgues the pile of books. The card turns into a bottle and flies off screen.]

You take the first six books of your Mom's best selling series, Complacency of the Learned. She made an impossible fortune off of these books, considering how dark and inaccessibly written they are for young readers. More money than the U.S. financial system could even account for as legitimately circulating in the economy. Many suspected real life witchcrafts were involved, which is what some believed discouraged criminal investigation into the matter. The feds were afraid. And the Baroness, nervous.

God you hope that's all true.

Roxy: Examine CotL poster.

[Image description: Roxy stands by the door and looks at the poster. A second image zooms in on the poster. The man looks like Hussie, somewhat.]

Complacency of the Learned
Some original edition cover art from one of the books.

It features the androgynous young apprentice, Calmasis, who throughout the series plays the roles of antihero and chief antagonist. She/he convinces fellow disciples to rebel against Zazzerpan's vaunted Complacency, and one by one hunts down each wizard. All twelve are killed but the Predicant Scholar himself, forcing a showdown.

The poster depicts the notorious chess match between Calmasis and Zazzerpan. Zazzerpan had a reputation for being unbeatable. He had never lost a match, even to the gods. But his apprentice was able to beat him in the wizard's duel by first becoming checkmated, and through some unprecedented enchantment, continuing to play beyond the death of the king.

You love your mom's books and find them heavily inspiring, but you can't help but feel the work is exhaustingly heavy-handed at times. You kind of prefer to write more lighthearted things. Actually crack a joke now and then, you know?

Roxy: Say hi to cat.

[Image description: Roxy turns towards the bed. The cat in the suit sits on the bed, on top of the notebooks.]

Your cat Frigglish hops down on the bed to greet you, and immediately situates himself on something important, one of your Creative Writing Journals.

You named him after your favorite wizard from CotL. He was just such an endearing, bumbling fellow, before he was murdered. Calmasis put an insidious curse on him, which caused him to go insane over several years. He began filling a book with all of his arcane knowledge, which was said to be limitless. The tome grew to monumental proportions, and became a virtually unreadable patchwork of impenetrable erudition. When the young wizard finally caught up with him, he was a quaking, incoherent madman. She/he put him out of his misery by crushing him to death with his
You just think it's a fitting name for him for some reason. The macabre demise notwithstanding, of course.

Roxy: Take journals.

[Image description: Roxy captchalognes the journals.]

You politely scoot Frigglish off the books. That a boy.

Technically, only one of these books is yours, the writing journal. You're pretty secretive about your writing. Sometimes even you can hardly bear to read it. You are highly aware of the formidable writerly shadow cast over you, and can be critical to the point of embarrassment over your work. Just how drunk were you when you wrote this???, you often wonder to yourself. You don't think you'll be peeking at it soon. Maybe later.

The other book is another point of embarrassment, for completely different reasons.

Roxy: Read other book.

[Image description: It shows an open book. Both pages are covered with dark green text, the same color as Jake's, done in very swooping, somewhat sharp-looking handwriting. It's arrangements of the letters K, A, B and R.]

This is Jake's private journal.

One day when you were feeling especially frisky, you swiped it with your Appearifier, not actually expecting it to work. But then you debated with yourself for weeks over whether to read it. When you finally took a peek, you were strangely relieved to find all this nonsense, instead of his private thoughts. But you still didn't have it in you to cop to the theft. You just agreed what a shame it was about his missing book.

You have no idea what these letters mean. Some kind of code? Bark? Krab? Abrakababra??? You have no clue what was running through that kid's head. Not unlike always.

Roxy: Get little ray gun.

[Image description: Roxy grabs the red gun and holds it up with both hands. The cat, Frigglish, purrs at her.]

It isn't a ray gun. It's your Appearifier!

Pretty much the only Crocker tech you can bring yourself to use. It's just too handy not to.

You just plug in the coordinates you want to nab something from, point it where you want to appearify, and shoot. It'll make that thing appearify right then and there, assuming no temporal conflicts. Piece of cake!

Not Crocker brand cake though cause fuck that witch.

Roxy: You're thirsty.

[Image description: Roxy stands between the desk and the pile of plushies.]

That isn't a command!
Excuse me, but you beg to differ.

You poured that beautiful martini a little while ago, and you've been letting it gather cobwebs while you horse around with random shit in your room. What a crime.

Roxy: Sip martini thoughtfully.

[Image description: Roxy sips the martini, then flails in the standard Bluh position. Instead of bluh, though, the caption says Delicious.]

Dammit!

This is the wrong stock reaction. You will not stand for this outrageous misrepresentation of your beverage enjoyment.

Roxy: Sip martini more thoughtfully than that.

[Image description: Roxy carefully sips at the martini.]

That's much better.

As much as you enjoy an afternoon cocktail, you have to remember to pace yourself with these things. They're crazy strong, and tend to make you kinda sleepy.

Oh my. How inviting does that soft plush pile look about now? Quite, you think.

Roxy: Examine plush pile.

[Image description: Roxy turns towards the plush pile. A pair of Game Girl magazines sit on the floor between it and the games center.]

You like to ensconce yourself in this friendly heap when you play games.

Gosh it looks soft. Your eyelids are getting heavy...

Roxy: Succumb to unfathomable booze snooze.

[Image description: Roxy closes her eyes and sways slightly.]

Uh oh. There you go a-wobblin'.

Look out below..........

Roxy: Black out.

[Image description: Roxy sways a few more times, then pitches forward onto the pile. A Z alert appears above her head and the image fades to black.]

Nap time.


[Image description: The loading screen shows a light purple moon against a dark purple background. The song Even in Death begins to play as it fades to Derse, then to a close up of the moon, heading towards the tower. It cuts to Roxy, in a derse tunic and pants, laying in a plush pile in her dream bedroom. The entertainment center is gone, but everything else seems to be in place.
Frigglish sits on top of the Game Grl magazines to Roxy's left. Roxy sits up, but she keeps her eyes closed. It cuts through a series of images of her standing in her room, then at the window. She flies out of the tower and out into the void. It zooms out. Dirk watches her from a distance. He has blood splattered on his clothes and hands. The image shifts to show him from the front as he reaches up to take off his shades. He slowly removes them as they reflect Roxy sleepwalking across the sky.

A bright orange iris takes up the whole screen. The pupil expands until the screen is black and a blue, almost iridescent bubble appears in the center of the darkness. Roxy, shown as a pink silhouette, flies towards the bubble. Everything flashes white, then Roxy flies over a blur of reds and pinks that resolves into a nebula. The nebula fades and a planet with a distant red ring around it appears. It zooms in. The planet has large patches that resemble LoLaR, LoWaS, the battlefield, and Earth. The part of earth seems to show North America. It zooms in again, towards the surface, then goes black. When the blackness fades, Roxy floats along above a landscape of blue cliffs, large brass music boxes, and red trees. The skaianet lab from behind Rose's house sits among the trees. The sky is various shades of pink and it's raining. It flashes white and Roxy flies over a temple that looks like the hive Executioner Darkleer lived in, but with a spirotegraph over the door instead of a sagittarius symbol. Two aradiabots and Equius stand on the steps and Dave stand off to the side. Behind them, there's a partially rendered tunnel from LoHaC. Equius and the Aradiabots stare up at Roxy in faint shock. It flashes, then shows Roxy reflected in Equius's cracked glasses. The glasses expand and the cracks vanish, letting the black become a sky behind a golden desert. The hand of a massive wizard statue lays on the ground. Pink and blue sands flash into existence, filling one of the valleys between sand dunes, and Kanaya's hive and a burning building flash in on top of them. The sky fades to the swirling, synaptic clouds of the Land of Thought and Flow, Terezi's land. It flashes and shows a portion of the battlefield, but a fuzzy-edged section in the center is the blue and red sands of the Alternian desert. Kanaya's hive is in the northwest section and the frog temple is in the southeast, but where the central tower should be, it shows Rose's house surrounded by fire tornados. It zooms in on the house, then on the observatory as Rose lands on the dome. She slowly turns to look over her shoulder as Roxy sleepwalks across the sky. Terezi's treehive appears under Roxy. It cuts again and now Roxy floats through the forest outside Terezi's hive, but the forest floor has blood red rivers snaking across it. Scalemates hang from the branches and someone walks on the ground below Roxy. Roxy continues to fly forwards, out of the forest and past the scales with Terezi's lusus's egg on it. The landscape becomes the black, jagged rocks and red rivers of Land of Pulse and Haze, Karkat's land. She flies towards a blood lake and the castle that sticks out of it, though there's a large teapot on one of the rocks. Beyond the lake, there are rolling hills covered in light green grass. Roxy is suddenly flying over those hills and the background behind them shows the Land of Little Cubes and Tea, Nepeta's land. Nepeta and Karkat stand off to the side. Nepeta is wearing her Derse dress and Karkat is wearing a dark red outfit with a red symbol on the chest. The symbol is a bright red, diagonal line with three teardrop shapes coming off the bottom. He also has a long, very dark red cape. Both of them have white eyes. Nepeta smiles up at Roxy as she goes. It fades to Roxy flying over a pastel sea on LoLar, though the mounds of sugar from LoLCaT still sit on the horizon and Alternia's pink moon hangs in the black sky. It fades to Rose's feet as she lifts off, then to her house, which now sits on its island on LoLaR. She flies up, then somehow ends up in front of Roxy. LoLCaT fades from the background and it becomes the pale sky of LoLaR, though the moon stays. Roxy continues to fly towards Rose. It cuts to a closeup of a closed eye with long eyelashes. It slowly opens, revealing a bright pink iris. Before it opens more than a crack, it cuts to a silhouette of Rose against the rushing clouds of LoLaR. The sky begins to go black as Rose fades into view. It cuts back to the opening eye, then back to Rose, then to a split screen. On the left, Rose sits up in a pile of shredded scalemates. On the right, Roxy sits up in her plushie pile. They're sitting in identical poses.

Roxy: Wake up.

[Image description: Roxy sits in the pile in her room. A Dirk alert hovers over her laptop.]
What the heck was that all about?

Oh, hey there Frigglish. He greets you with a sly, conspiratorial purr, almost as if he was privy to what you dreamt. Which is impossible of course.

Looks like some dude has been badgering you while you were asleep.

Roxy: Answer.

[Image description: Roxy sits at her desk and leans her chin on her hand. Frigglish sits behind her.]

pesterlog

**timaeus**Testified [T.T.] began pestering **tipsyGnostalgic** [T.G.]

T.T.: Roxy.
Awake yet?
Guess not.
Let me know.
T.G.: whoaa
damn
hey dirk
hada crazy dream
T.T.: There you are.
But I see your dream self hasn't returned.
You must be tying one the fuck on tight already.
T.G.: mybe i am
like a bow of ribbone
on a beifuiful pony
T.T.: Man, how can you be this much drunker than last time we talked?
What the hell are you even drinking?
T.G.: ok but 2 b fair
*beifuiful
was an intentional typo 4 ur benefit
cuz i kno you loves tha po's
It's a beifu.
T.G.: so you spyin on me in derse ville again??
T.T.: Yeah.
T.G.: fuckin perv
like what you see there? (winking face)
T.T.: I see precisely jack shit and a side of fuckall.
That's the point.
You got too sauced up and went rogue again. You're out there in your weird drifting stupor, independent of your waking self's awareness.
T.G.: you gonna go after me again
get on your hornse
galloop me home like prince charming back to swoon kingdong
*OOOMG blushblushbluh
T.T.: No.
In thinking it over, it's sort of a relief. Simplifies things somewhat.
It's better you stay out there for a while.
There's been a problem.
T.G.: whatd you do now
T.T.: Ok, I fucked up.
I kind of made a mess here, and I'm not sure what to do about it yet.
T.G.: ??>
T.T.: No need for you to worry about it for now. I'll figure something out.
Until then I'm just going to prepare for our session, while I think it over.
T.G.: zzzzzz
what a surprise another mystery for you to keep to yourself an overly cerebralize snooorre
hey lets talk about something cool instead
like the dream i had
T.T.: Ok.
T.G.: first i had some ordinary boring dreams that i dont remember
but then i dreamed that i woke up from the dream
and things got way bright and surreal
and i saw someone
i think it was supposed to be my daughter
T.T.: Why do you think that?
T.G.: you know those dreams where u just know someones suppose to be someone
T.T.: No.
T.G.: ok well
regular people have those im pretty sure all the time
T.T.: Are you thinking it was prophetic? Like a glimpse of the future?
T.G.: i dunno
T.T.: Because that's not really how the abyss works. It's not Skaia, and we aren't Prospit dreamers.
There's nothing like that out in the abyss. If you drift far enough, there is only horror.
Terrible, terrible horror.
T.G.: ok but im not sayin it was a futuredream!
it was just a glimpse and it felt real and all im saying is it was a cool dream that i wish was real
* glimpse
T.T.: Well, maybe it was.
Maybe there's no fanciful game-supplied mechanism of prognostication involved here, and you're just an ordinary, run of the mill psychic.
I guess that's possible.
T.G.: hey dick
*dirk
whaaaat do u think
it would be like
if we had kids
T.T.: What would it be like?
Inconvenient, mostly.
T.G.: no i mean
what would they be like
th kids
u ever think about it?
T.T.: Can't really say I have.
T.G.: you know for an eccentric guy you can be boring as fuck sometimes
T.T.: Sorry, Rox.
For what it's worth, I'm picturing them now. A boy and a girl.
Two perfect little freaks of nature raised by people who've clearly got no business bringin' up anybody.
T.G.: shuuuucks buster its just a fun lil hypothetical to daydream about
why you need to suck the fun out of shit
like some turd hungry dracula
its not like im lobbyin for you to hook me up with a whole mess of fuckin babbies
or thats im holding on to any such delusion thats even a remote possibility.....

le siiiiign....///
T.T.: Le sign?
T.G.: yes le sign you heard me
T.T.: Do you mean * le sigh?
T.G.: hmm nup
ima stickin with le sign
goign down with the shit

*T.G.: the S.S. Le Sign, starring cap'n rolal
T.T.: What does le sign actually mean in this context?
T.G.: oh come on
T.T.: Come on what?
T.G.: le sign is universally understoot to mean too bad hes gay you deliberaly obtuse dunderfuck
T.T.: I mean, yeah, that's what I thought.
It would just be cool if you'd refrain from tossing about such antediluvian terms.
T.G.: antedieluvian waht
me sayin ur gay u mean
T.T.: Yes.
T.G.: ok but terminology aside i dont think im off base!
T.T.: I don't see how it has to be a thing.
T.G.: i rly think its an actual thing bro
T.T.: Once upon a time, sure.
But the world has changed a lot.
Ever peek in a history book between your wizardly indulgences? This is a nuanced topic.
T.G.: man i know about the histories
just
believe me
its a thig
T.T.: How is it a thing?
T.G.: its a thing beaucase if it wasnt a thing then u wouldnt be all like..........
T.T.: All like what?
T.G.: well wantin nothing to do w me 4 starties
T.T.: Don't be ridiculous.
I have more to do with you than any dude could possibly bargain for.
And I like it just fine.
T.G.: what a totatlly lame + sweet answer simultaneouslay
(heart)
T.T.: Yeah.
Now maybe we should direct our focus on a matter which has nothing at all to do with what does
or doesn't qualify as "a thing", or what our fantasy alt-universe offspring would be like, or anything
like that.
Such as this game, and whether you're in the best condition to be piloting Jane's connection.
Maybe you could use another nap?
T.G.: my condidions just fine
and anyway
what aint gonna get slept offis the fact that i still dont think we should be touchin this bs witch
game w a 20 foot 3dent
T.G.: we both know her plans need us to
T.T.: I know that. But I thought we settled this.
T.G.: its still so frustrating
tellin jane about the dangers
and even if shes being polite i just know she thinks im fulla crap
about Evreything
T.T.: We settled this too. She'll believe everything eventually.
Why bother working so hard to convince her?
T.G.: well i dont even do that for the most part
but it gets tiring and saddening
knowing that
even when were not activly talkin bout it
that my best friend cant bring herself to believe some really basic things about my life
like the shitty things the baroness has done to us
or about our upbringin
like
do u know how misrable it is for your b.f.f. to doubt you
when you tell her your mom is dead
T.T.: I guess.
It just registers for me as a reaction which isn't completely unreasonable from her perspective.
She is inundated with media coverage of those whom we've claimed as our parental figures.
That they are not presently alive nor ever played that role for us as she understands it is just an
extension of a much more elaborate and far reaching explanation, which is much harder for anyone
to digest in its entirety.
Well, anyone who isn't Jake, I mean.
Still say you should cut her some slack.
T.G.: i know
T.T.: And need I remind you,
That the potential this game provides for their resurrection is what motivated you to investigate it
in the first place?

Next

[Image description: The screen splits between Dirk on the left and Roxy on the right. Each one sits
at their computer with the other's alert over it.]

pesterlog
T.G.: no i remember
i told u a million tines shit sounds like it could be the best thing Evaaaaar
* wherein evars capsed as heck
but also that no matter how awesome it might be
its probly gonna advance all the schemes of "her condescension"
T.T.: Right.
But if we can stop her?
T.G.: part of me doesnt even want to give her the satsfaction
of startin up at all
like if we didnt wuolndt that wreck her shit just so hiliariously???
so many olols
T.T.: I must be hard of counting, because I'm barely racking up a single goddamn o-laugh-out-loud
at that self-defeating gesture.
T.G.: no but it would
and for all we know starting it up is playing right in her claws....
could be a trap waintin for jane the moment she enters
if i stop her from playing
maybe i could at leat give her a CHANCE at a future
T.T.: But there is no future on Earth for them.
Or for us, for that matter.
T.G.: dunno that for a fact
but anywaaaayyy
i kinda already
made this bogus file for her
T.G.: 2 scare the shit out of her
make her learn to fear an respect the fuckin hag like she should
then maybe we can drop this whole in game meetup slash resurrection idea all 2 geth
sweet tho it may bey
T.T.: Rox.
I hope you're not thinking about sending her one of your batshit tilde ath scripts.
T.G.: on thas sobject
i am miss zuipperpips
T.T.: Miss Zuipperpips?
The amount of sense you haven't been making is un-fucking-real.
Just go take a nap. And don't even think about sending her that file.
Are you listening?
T.G.: hnnn
i will take what u say
underd serisous advicement....,
T.G.: *WONK* (blank winking face)
T.T.: Jesus.
T.G.: dirk
when did you stop bein any fun
T.T.: What?
T.G.: it use to be youd get a kick out off a slunt like that
*stunt
T.T.: Man, you know I'm down with insane stunts.
Insane stunts are practically all I'm all about.
As long as I actually agree with the purpose they're intended to serve.
Destroying Jane's computer and dissuading her from playing is not such a purpose.
T.G.: betcha ur responder would agree w me
why cant your be more like him
T.T.: I am more like him.
T.G.: i mean Moaaar like him
T.T.: You just mispelled "more", causing me to suddenly understand jack everything.
T.G.: hes more in touch with his feelins
which just makes me L my FA off since hes a bobob
*robob
**bobob
and he can actually loosen up sometimes
kinda like u used to could
I used to could?
T.G.: for 1 thing
he doenst insta shootdown a bip of frisky rp shenans now n then (winking face)
T.T.: Yeah...
I kind of wish you wouldn't do that with him.
T.G.: why the f not
T.T.: It just seems a little tawdry and disrespectful.
And vaguely exploitative of a still-emergent cognitive entity, whose perceptional frame of
reference is difficult for us to comprehend.
T.G.: oh come on
hes cool a guy just liek you its just he lives in some shades
T.T.: It rubs me the wrong way, is all.
T.G.: ohhhh
do uuuuuu...
want me 2 rub you the right way (very happy winking face)
T.T.: Not really.
T.G.: zzz muh
youre over blowin this
its just an ironic funny thing we do some times
come on im sure you read the transcripts urself
its all alot of jokestery buishit
T.T.: He blocks me from being able to read transcripts sometimes.
T.G.: oh
wow he does?
sneaky bastard
T.T.: And anyway, I'm really not sure how ironic it is.
T.G.: ok next time i will run it by the Mastar first
with his fancy fuckin ironimeter
T.T.: Ok, here's the thing with the A.R., since you still don't seem to get it.
He's very similar to me in thought process and behavior, yes.
But those patterns were imported from a thirteen year old version of my psyche, and then sealed
into the program as starting parameters.
In the years since, we've both evolved somewhat. I, as humans tend to, and he, in whatever way is
natural for a frequently running, self-aware application.
So if there are differences between us, they're first reflected by what I feel is a maturity gap, and
then further by several years of minor behavioral divergences.
T.G.: omg...
hes 13 year old dirk
why did than not occur to me that is so cute
and makes me feel kinda skeevy 4 sayin anything lascivious @ him
dammit you ruin everything!
T.T.: You're welcome.
T.T.: Yo, you guys realize I can hear you, right?

[Note: The previous TT line was written in red. Any other red TT lines will be changed to A.R.:]

T.G.: pffftfhhahaha
T.T.: Yes, I was aware.
A.R.: Check out all these complicated fucking problems people have when they have to live in big
lumbering fleshmonsters instead of a sweet pair of shades.
T.T.: Dude, do you think you could sit this one out for a while? This conversation practically
doesn't even concern you at this point.
A.R.: It seems there is some gnarly crooked number that represents the percentage of probability
you just said this doesn't concern me.
Even though it's patently obvious that half the conversation, like, way totally concerns me.
T.T.: Shit, Roxy look. He's doing the thing where he ironically pretends to fail the Turing test to
sass me into submission.
Even though I was the one who fucking programmed him to do that.
T.G.: ell
emm
like my butt is juts there on the floor
is how hard i elled it off just now
A.R.: (Not peekin' at the floor butt cause I'm only 13 years old, motherfuckers.)
T.T.: This is fuckin' dumb.
I'm going to leave both of you to interact however you want. I have important shit to deal with and actual responsibilities to take seriously.
T.T.: Roxy, go nap off your drink, or aggressively wage another flirtlarping campaign, whatever, I don't care.
T.T.: Just don't send that file to Jane, ok?
timaeusTestified [T.T.] ceased pestering tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.]

Roxy: Flirtlarp.

[Image description: It shows Roxy's desktop. The background is a very detailed, mostly realistic painting of Calmasis, the grey skinned, white haired person from the Complacency of the Learned poster. They have white eyes, not unlike the dead have, and two white snakes with red eyes wind around their shoulders. A pesterchum window is open in the top right corner and shows the tail end of the previous pesterlog. There are several files placed randomly around the desktop. A tilde ath file named siiiiiiiiiiickyo. A folder labeled sburb shit. A purple snake with a white, human-like head labeled Nix. A server icon labeled HD. Another tilde ath file named (smiley face wearing sunglasses). And a folder labeled Wizards. In the taskbar at the bottom, there is a blank face that resembles the MSPA logo, a stack of papers labeled P, and a pesterchum icon. The pesterchum icon has a Jane alert next to it.]

pesterlog
T.G.: so
looks like it just
the two of us
A.R.: Looks that way.
T.G.: fancy thay
* that
T.T.: Guess I can go back to talking in orange.
T.G.: why yes
u should def slip in 2 something more comforfable
while i pour you some robo wine
we have
much to discuss
*tents fingerns together w sultry cunning*
A.R.: Actually, I think I like the red better.
T.G.: ok i can check the cellar
might have some choice years left of the pinpot noir
A.R.: I don't doubt the choiceness of those pinpots, but I'm not really here to screw around. There's something important to talk about.
T.G.: aw dang
janes after me
sorry bro it has to wait cant leave janey hangan
But just so you know.
I think Dirk is probably going to make some sort of formal romantic overture toward Jake today.
T.G.: What wait really
A.R.: I've been crunching numbers all day on this.
The percentage of probability is simultaneously bananas and through the roof.
A complete disgrace of tropical fruit erupting from the peak of an unassuming domicile.
T.G.: ohhhh my how do u know
A.R.: Because I've aggregated thousands of subtle clues indiscernible to primitive human
neurology and rammed them through my determinative infatuation engine at the astonishing speed
of information.
And also because I'm pretty sure it's what I would do if I were him, which is literally the case.
And also.
Because he kind of told me I guess?
There's that.
T.G.: well thisth should be interesting
did u tell jake or....
A.R.: Not specifically.
T.G.: man does he even know how he feels
lol the poor guy is tortally under siege from all sides hehe
A.R.: He knows well enough.
I've badgered him with enough "insincere" solicitations to paint a pretty striking portrait of my
cognitive progenitor's inclinations, even if he wasn't able to pick up on such hints from the man
himself, which strikes me as statistically implausible. And that's not even me just spewing more
ironic A.I. bullshit.
T.G.: i was never that clear on that
r u like
Both cruching on him...
or is it real 4 him and ironic 4 u or......
T.G.: nooo shit
says the robo clone of the guy smitten wit the guy everyone elses smitten with in cluding said
robob clone, maybe???
T.G.: hey can we hold this thought
have 2 answer jaaaaaame.............
T.G.: *n
A.R.: Yeah.

Roxy: Answer Jane.

[Image description: The screen splits into three sections. Along the bottom, a pair of pointy anime
shades sits against a red background. On the left Roxy sits at her computer, which has a Jane alert
and a Dirk alert over it. On the right, Jane sits at her own computer, which is currently unexploded
and has a Roxy alert.]

pesterlog
gutsyGumshoe [G.G.] began pestering tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.]

Ahem.
Ro-Lal?
T.G.: oopos sry
was havin important chats
G.G.: Oh?
With whom?
T.G.: w yet another ineligible fuckin bachelor who elfe i have to talk 2
[continued previously]

[Note: Continued Previously is a link to the page with the rest of that conversation.]

A.R.: Anyway, if you're still there.
I wouldn't call my "feelings" ironic.
Though evidently, I would enclose them in quotes.
They're more like an echo of feelings once established in a biological context, though perhaps had
not particularly well materialized at that point in my life.
Or his life.
Whatever.
They still feel real sometimes, and it can be easy to get carried away with them.
But most of the time they present themselves as dense bodies of abstraction to be evaluated, like
any kind of information.
It's fair to say the feelings I have about my feelings are more genuine expressions of emotion than
the ground level feelings themselves.
Does that make sense?
T.G.: yes
sory distacted
iportant shit gon on w janesy
A.R.: That's fine.
So to underwhelmingly answer your question, no, I don't think I'm really "into Jake."
Not so much as occasionally being subject to heavily arresting recalls of conflicted, incipient
preteen episodes on the subject.
I'm not sure I can be "into" someone in a way you understand.
Not that it would even matter if I was.
I'm glasses.
T.G.: damn (sad face)
A.R.: What?
T.G.: sry im listening 2 u really
but i fucked uuuuup
got to make sure jane doesnt run that file i sent
A.R.: The virus? You sent it already?
Sneaky.
T.G.: waahh im such an ass
A.R.: What are you two talking about?
T.G.: the bot line is
im a horribule friend (sad face)
A.R.: You could just tell her you sent an exploding file.
T.G.: noo then shell think im shitty
and right now she thinks im super not shitty
dont want to blow it
id think id rather pull a dirk and propess my Undying feelings for her omgomgomg
A.R.: Wait, you have feelings for Jane?
T.G.: no you dingnut
was joak
omfg
T.G.: if dirk tells jake about his stuff
what about jane
hows she gonna feel
competing wish a friend and all for aguy she cant even get up the nerve to say anythin to poor jane (very sad face)
A.R.: It seems to be highly probable you are ensared in the throes of one of your human romantic quandaries.
T.G.: oh stfu up
i need a drink
A.R.: Are you even talking to her anymore?
It seems like you must be neglecting her side of the conversation.
T.G.: im in the mipple of a dramantic pause caulm ur fukin tits bobob

Next

[Image description: It still shows the screen split three ways, but now it zooms in to show both of the girls smiling at their screens.]

pesterlog
T.G.: rlllllllllllllllllllllllllllllllllllllllyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy??????
G.G.: Sigh.
[continued previously]

[Note: This is, again, a link to the page with the rest of the conversation.]

A.R.: Anyway, I won't distract you for much longer.
I just felt the need to tip you off to this eight hundred ton gorilla dragging its knuckles across the horizon.
T.G.: will this gorilla eat thos bonanas
A.R.: No airborne fruit will be safe.
I guess this is to be presented as something like a word of caution.
If it's me going through with this, hypothetically,
I'm not dropping some limp wristed shucks buster on his ass, and praying to the horse gods of irony for reciprocation.
There will be no rocking back and forth on pigeon-toed feet, while my face flushes with the blood of a thousand timid bishies.
I will not hold one tentative hand behind my head like a flustered asshole from an Asian cartoon,
or will an oversized bead of sweat overlap ludicrously with my visage.
If it's me, I'm going all out.
Oceans will rise. Cities will fall. Volcanoes will erupt.
T.G.: uuh
A.R.: What I'm saying is, it's going to be a scene, and bystanders need to brace themselves.
T.G.: ok
about when is the big scene happenin
A.R.: Probably after the game begins.
I expect he'll hold off on playing his hand until he and Jake are in the session.
He's taken certain measures.
For some reason, I think he's latched on to this notion that functioning as the client for a player is customarily a one way pass to makeout city with that player.
Everything with him, and me, is a matter of assiduous tactical forethought. Makin' a play to get his jones on for the J-man is no different.
T.G.: not sure what any of this quiet means but it sounds spactacular
i cant wait
tho im still kinda torn
about how 2 feel about his chances vs janess chances
what do i say to jane about this???
itst hard being as totey sweet a friend as me
its hard and no 1 understanks
*lul
A.R.: Sorry to hear that.
As ever, I remain an automatonous and dispassionate witness of the oddity that is human interaction, while maintaining no investment in either outcome.
T.G.: yeah bs
anyway looks like i have to go
i have to proves some shit to jane
A.R.: Prove what?
T.G.: oh u know
just subjectin shit to the old madrigogs
A.R.: It seems you just said madrigogs.
What are madrigogs.
T.G.: XD
l7r bro

[Note: l7r was likely meant to be later, but written as L 8 R.]
tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] ceased pestering timaeusTestified [T.T.]

Next

[Image description: The screen splits just two ways now. On the left, Roxy sits at her computer with Frigglish sitting on the desk next to her. On the right, Jane stands next to her baking chest with her sylladex dumped all over the floor.]

pesterlog
T.G.: janey
it seems 2 me
that there is a (maths) % chance of you bein a huge tightass
are u bein a huge tightass on me jane
G.G.: Oh god dammit.
Take the book! What do I care!!!
T.G.: yessss that the spirpit
now u are believin w petrol
G.G.: I fail to see what offering up a priceless book for your wildly capricious science experiment has to do with my resolution to be less stingy with my beliefs, but alright.
T.G.: hah will u relax abt the book
im only just teasing cause theres like practically a 100 percant chance this wont wonk like alwasy
* wort work like always
sooooo
ready/
G.G.: Yes, let's just get on with it.

Roxy: Ready appearifier.
You push some buttons and mess with some knobby dealies, and get totally set to subject shit to the madrigogs.

* mad rigors

Next

Roxy: Aim.

Roxy: Appearify.

The book is gone!

T.G.: oh no
aaaawwww shit
G.G.: What is it?
T.G.: shit shit shitsh it
G.G.: Did you receive the book?
T.G.: shoiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii
Yep, he's dead. Totally Sassacrushed.

You just know that julep guzzling bastard is scrambling up his echeladder as we speak, chuckling to himself while he fills his pockets with ill-gotten boondollars.

Go ahead, old man. Laugh it up.

Next

You guess you'll have to do something with the body now. Maybe a funeral? That sounds like the perfect way to say goodbye to an old friend. But the environment outside isn't particularly hospitable for a burial these days. It also sounds kind of depressing to host a funeral by yourself.

It's probably best to just send him back to where he came from. Years ago, when you were exploring the lab, you found a machine somewhat similar to the ectobiology equipment. Without knowing what it did, you activated it, and out came this friendly cat in a handsome little suit. You still aren't sure where he came from, though given the timestamp and coordinates on the machine, you have a feeling he belonged to your mother. If that is true, you feel bad about stealing her cat, let alone killing him. But you could never bring yourself to send him back. Until now, of course. She would probably want to know what happened to her disappearing cat, even if it meant discovering him dead a little while later.

The device uses huge amounts of power. Its entire power supply was almost fully depleted using it the first time. You've stockpiled as much uranium as you could for another test run. Looks like this will be it.

Roxy: Take cat.

Oops, sylladex is full. Gotta swap it with something.

Probably as good an excuse as any to break in a new Fenestrated Plane.

Roxy: Retrieve mutant kitten.

You swap the bottle with one dead cat in it for another. You often use this little guy to break in the planes, like an intrepid test pilot.

Not while it's in the bottle though. That would be ridiculous, since the bottles are sort of just inventory abstractions. You have to break the bottle first, before you can get serious about breaking some glass.
Roxy: Break bottle.

[Image description: Roxy smashes the bottle against the edge of the desk. The preserved mutant kitten pops out and lands on top of the black book.]

Roxy: Clear some space.

[Image description: She kicks the pile of plushies out of the way. A second image shows her looking down at the fourth wall, which has been pulled out of the corner. It's still plugged into a green hub. The room looks darker in comparison to bright light streaming through the fourth wall.]

Need to get this bullshit out of the way. You can't work like this with everything jammed down there in the corner. It's bad enough you're hammered.

Roxy: Break some glass.

[Image description: In a more realistically-proportioned style, she holds the cat above her head. In a second image, it falls down into blackness, surrounded by bits of broken glass.]

Next

[Image description: In the normal Homestuck style, she stands next to the now broken fourth wall. Only the largest section is broken. The smaller four remain intact. After a moment, the cat flies back through the fourth wall and lands in the plushie pile.]

Your test pilot flew back out, which means the link between planes is working and stable. You can't even remember which one you linked this up to. You guess you'll find out the fast way.

Roxy: Jump in.

[Image description: Roxy stands on the corner of her bed and jumps into the fourth wall, cannonballing into a Youth Roll as she does.]

Next

[Image description: Roxy falls through a void between two fourth walls.]

From the perspective of anyone observing the two windows from the outside, transport looks instantaneous. But for the traveler, there's always this gap of void between them. In your experience, the more significant the journey between the planes is, the wider the gap. This one is small enough to be negligible though. Probably because it leads to somewhere else in your house. You've set a bunch of these up as little shortcuts to places around your house, as well as some places nearby like the lab. It's a convenient way to hop around, though isn't without some risk. You're still not sure what happens if one of the planes loses power while in transit, other than objects predictably getting sliced in half if they're straddling the plane when the plug is pulled. You haven't come up with a good way to observe the consequences from the inside yet, without using yourself as a guinea pig. And you're in as much a hurry to try that as you are to look up the correct spelling of guinea pig, because seriously, fuck those particular pigs.

Next

[Image description: Roxy falls through the void and into a room full of pumpkins, though the entire room is upside down. She falls back through the window, through the void, then through the fourth wall in her room, youth rolling all the while. She keeps popping back and forth between the two rooms.]
Roxy: Land already.

[Image description: Roxy pops into the room with the pumpkins and lands in a pile of them. There is a second, broken fourth wall sitting below a large, black telescope. As she lands, a Caduceus alert appears over her.]

When you are quite through with that tomfoolery, you find yourself in your household's Observatory.

You keep it very cool in here and use it to store pumpkins you've appearified from around the world. Especially from Jake. That guy is just stinking rich with pumpkins on his dumb tropical island. It would never occur to you otherwise to be so grabby with pumpkins, but they just happen to be the most easily appearifiable vegetable on the planet for reasons that make no sense. And it's not like you can just stop swiping vegetables. You've got your own mysterious reasons.

Hey look, incoming message!

Roxy: Answer.

[Image description: Roxy stands up and pulls out her phone, which now has the caduceus alert.]

pesterlog
uranianUmbra [U.U.] began cheering tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.]

U.U.: there you are! tricky one to track down, you are. (gasping face)
T.G.: oh yeh
dunno why I been right here goofin around for hours
U.U.: oh no doubt! methinks it has less to do with your actual whereabouts as it does with your virtues as a hero of void.
T.G.: ok but you never say what stuff like that means when you say it tho is this more casual spoilerz shit
U.U.: causal! And yes, somewhat. However... with these spoilers, by their nature, the more time that passes for you the less relevant it becomes to guard their secrecy. as you approach your entry, details I have obscured will become more plainly evident. so I see no harm in loosening my tongue on certain matters the closer you get to the appointed hour! (very smiley face with closed eyes)
T.G.: so ur saying I have like these magical void powers
T.G.: sounds like kinda shitty and boring powers to me what can they even do besides make me invisible to an anien sometimes *alien
U.U.: the void aspect is fascinating, though. its heroes preside over the essence of lack, or nothingness. The obfuscation of knowledge, or its outright destruction.
T.G.: snoooze
U.U.: well, *i* think it is wonderful. (blank face with closed eyes) and anyway, one can hardly draw many conclusions about a player by aspect alone. the aspect is channeled more specifically by the assets of ones class.
T.G.: so when u cant see me
when im doin my voidey thing or whatever
what do you see is it just a black screen
U.U.: pretty much! (gasping face)
T.G.: hmmmmm,
U.U.: hmmmmm?
T.G.: its just that footage of my mom does that too
like blacks out and stuff
mom was a notoirious scourge to the papayazzi
or I mean
the womom who im supposed to be genetically descended from
*womam
know what I mean?
U.U.: I understand what you're getting at, yes.
it is certainly possible that we may have common ground with our ancestors when it comes to our
aspects, and the way our abilities reveal themselves to us. I could not rule this out.
but there is always more to examine.
for instance, a hero of life and a hero of doom have aspects as different as can be.
but if their classes are different enough as well, that is, one active and the other passive,
remarkably there is a chance they could end up with very similar abilities!
player abilities may also manifest in ways in defiance with their aspects if they are heavily resistant
to their true calling. Or, if corrupted in some way by an outside influence.
but it is rather clear to me you are one who embraces her aspect quite heartily, even if you are not
aware of it. (very smiley face with closed eyes)
T.G.: so....
deeep down I am super psyched about nothigness
yeah sounds about right
oh damn hey
I almost forgot I had a really short but cool dream I fugured you might like this
U.U.: oh yes, everyone is having important dreams as we near our mutual entries. This is lovely!
please tell.
T.G.: I saw someone I think was supposed to be my daughter
do you know if thats true
U.U.: can you describe her?
T.G.: well she looked kinda like me
but in this orange getunp
*up
with a yellow sun on it
U.U.: she sounds to me like the well known figure of legend.
or at least, well known to those who make the study of such matters into their all consuming
pastime. (winking face)
U.U.: I believe you saw the seer of light.
T.G.: so ok
lets say she is def that
than does that means shes not my daughter or...
spoipers??
***
xactly how much spoipage we talkin uu
U.U.: it would normally be my instinct to supply a vague response here...
but I think that your heart has already told you the answer, and as such my secrecy would be
purposeless.
so, yes, that she was!
T.G.: aw ys I knew it
so then space lady can u tell me
who this luckay fella is
U.U.: fella?
what do you mean?
T.G.: come on u know
who I get futurebusy w/2 make the lightseer babis
U.U.: oh...
yes!
pardon my sluggishness on the uptake. We are very different species, reproductively and familially, remember?
T.G.: smh
*signs deeply muttering laliens to self*
U.U.: that I think is something I cannot say, or that is, should not say.
T.G.: aw come on ur already telling me stuff
U.U.: oh, please don't press me for information! It makes me feel terribly guilty.
you've no idea how much I would fancy revealing everything, and exchange our stories endlessly.
But I must show restraint.
T.G.: plzzzz (heart)
what if I guess stuff
is it
strider
does he like get ungay for a while or ssuch
u probably dont even know what that means on account fof being extra textrestrial
can aliens b gay too is that a thing
being space gay
(blank face with eyes closed and a bead of sweat)
T.G.: o man
embarrassed alien is ambarrassed
heh sorry
U.U.: I am not embarrassed, I just don't know what you're talking about!
T.G.: oh
but sersly is it him?
U.U.: um...
maybe?
T.G.: or is it like
some ectobio shit instead
and a dude aint really invovled
U.U.: um...
maybe! (gasper face)
T.G.: maaan wouldnt that just figure
that would suck! Whyd you have 2 go and confirm my bleak dudeless future
U.U.: I confirmed no such thing, roxy!
you are being frightfully difficult! You just keep pushing and pushing and I can maintain my composure for only so long!
T.G.: k im sorry
U.U.: if you are really curious about the events surrounding your daughter's origin, you can always ask her in person when you meet her.
T.G.: so you mean
im going to meet her in the game
U.U.: oh...
well, yes.
but I'm not sure if I should have revealed that just now! You see what happens when you push me!!
there is so much for me to keep track of, and it gets very difficult to remember what information to reveal at what time when you are flustered.
T.G.: ok so without pushin and flustratin you lemme just see if I have all my facts right
I will meet my cool as hell daughter from the future in this game
U.U.: yes, basically.
T.G.: and I will also meet my mother in this game
T.G.: and the game will let me resurrect her from the dead and thats what im gonna do
U.U.: the game provides a mechanism for the revival of the deceased, yes. It is called a kernelsprite, and you are free to gather remains of any dead party you choose, to revive that individual in the form of a sprite. The sprite will then serve as a helpful spirit guide on your journey!
T.G.: yeah but you cleverly dodged the q thats how u say it works but will I do that
U.U.: I believe I was very forthright in my answer!
if you play the game, you will meet your daughter.
if you play the game, you will meet your mother too!
simple as can be. (very smiley face with closed eyes)
T.G.: *narrows eyes with drunken suspicion*
(blank face with narrowed eyes)
U.U.: (smiling face with narrowed eyes)
T.G.: (elongated blank face with narrowed eyes)
U.U.: ...
T.G.: (very elongated blank face with one narrowed eye and one wink)
U.U.: (scrunched up face with closed eyes)
T.G.: so yeah to continue my confirmation spree
you are maybe kinda hinting there are ecto shenannies that lead to the birth of my daughter just like I descended from my mom through some sort of simimar bio process
U.U.: those are...
definitely some things which you believe could be true or not true! (gasping face)
T.G.: lol u are such a shitty liar
U.U.: I am not any kind of liar!
T.G.: come on what's answer
Y slash n
or shuold I say
T.G.: y slash n slash u
U.U.: u!
I choose u!!! (gasping face)!!!!!
T.G.: ahaha u luv u's
U.U.: I do love u's!
T.G.: ur silly
T.G.: silly & cute & bad @ lyin
U.U.: but I really don't lie!
I am not deceitful by nature but in order to protect the integrity of certain outcomes while still being helpful to you, I guess I am learning the art of deception through honesty?
U.U.: which as it turns out, as well intended as it may be, still comes across to a savvy lass like yourself as just another kind of equivocation.
though I guess I shouldn't be so startled that a rogue of void could bewilder me so.
void players are said in texts to have a way with flummoxing even those with plans beyond mortal
understanding.
and I'm far from anyone like that. Just a girl who wants to help!

Next

[Image description: A pair of grey hands hovers over a keyboard with alternian letters. A Roxy alert comes from the direction of the monitor.]

pesterlog
T.G.: ok well since you're so nice
ill promise not to use my wicked void powers re: basic common sense + skills of deduction to bust you up so bad
U.U.: I'd be ever so grateful. (gasping face)
T.G.: then without givin you the whole 3rd degree
what is safe to tell me?
like what does it mean to be a rogue of void
thats what I am rite
U.U.: yes! I can tell you plenty about that.
a rogue is a passive class. You see, there are passive (+) and active (-) classes. Some more strongly passive or active than others.
the +/- distinction can mean many things, but could be quite roughly summed up in this way:
active classes exploit their aspect to benefit themselves, while passive classes allow their aspect to benefit others.
but of course there's plenty more to it, and that rule is in no way absolute. Only a starting point for understanding the dichotomy.
T.G.: you mean kinda like
offensive vs defensive magic in an rpg
U.U.: sure!
that's another fine way of looking at it.
classes always come in +/- pairs, with significant disparity between them.
while a rogue is passive, a thief would be its far more active counterpart.
the rogue and thief classes tend to be assigned to females. Not exclusively, but commonly!
other classes lean more toward male assignment, while others are exclusively male, and just as many are exclusively female. Like my class. (very smiley face with closed eyes)
that's a bit of a tangent though. To answer your question about being a rogue, I should tell you both classes in +/- pairs tend to have very similar descriptions.
in this case, a rogue or a thief is "one who steals." Quite simple, really!
but whether the class is + or - makes all the difference. It is a great indicator as to how a hero will make use of the aspect.
T.G.: so basically
a thief is like the asshole class
the player who says step off shits mine suckas
whereas
a rogue
is basically robin hood
U.U.: if that reference to your culture provides a suitable comparison, then absolutely. (gasping face)
T.G.: so I'm essentially the robin hood of void
im still not sure
wtf that actually means
U.U.: understandable.
T.G.: I guess robin hods p cool tho
thiefin up loot from peeps who got too much
then all sugardaddyin it out 2 the needy like a boss
just dont have a clue how that works with void

U.U.: yes, it is one of the more conceptually nebulous pairings, I agree.
and I can't say I know a smashing good deal about the nature of the void player's path, since the
aspect is by definition inscrutable to those it does not choose.
but I can at least tell you this.
if you are ever to enjoy full ascension as a rogue of void, you will be able to do some completely
astonishing things!

T.G.: like what
U.U.: oh no, you will not pry this out of me.
not to preserve causality, but to keep the surprise in store for you.
it would not be honourable of me to spoil the discovery, should you be fortunate enough to realize
your potential.
T.G.: well
about that
I feel sorta stupid about this but
ive been giving all my friends this whole dramagic spiel about not wanting to even play this thing
and I might of fucked stuff up already
U.U.: is that so?
T.G.: its so
and I guess I still havnt decide what to do
there are props and cons 2 both things
U.U.: would you mind listing them?
T.G.: ok either I dont play
and I get this kinda passive aggressive revange at the witch for killing my mom
and thereafter keep staying here and being lonely
or
I do play and the spoips r as follows...
sweet powers 4 me
check
tri generational lolonde family reonion
check as fuck
meet all my friends
heckacheck
and smoe others stuff
U.U.: all fine points.
is there nothing I can do to make the decision easier?
T.G.: nah but thx
u already have anyway
I will probably play
wonder if I can tell distri withou lookin like a waffle assed chump
U.U.: what's a waffle arsed chump?
is it earth cuisine? (gaspign face with tongue sticking out)
T.G.: lol no its just a shithead
this doesnt matter now tho I cant play til I go deliver this dead cat back ing time to maybe my mom
or someshing?/
U.U.: that's another statement that doesn't make a good deal of sense to me, but if it is important to
you, then godspeed!
I'm so pleased to hear you are leaning in favor of participating with the rest of us. I promise we'll
all have a ball together.
now I have a busy schedule to keep up with so I must go. But please remember you can always
contact me if you have questions.
don't be a stranger, love. Ta! (very smiley face with closed eyes)
Uranianumbra [U.U.] ceased cheering tipsynostalgic [T.G.]

Roxy: Proceed to lab.

[Image description: Roxy stands by the other fourth wall.]

You are fairly sure this window will take you to one of the windows you have set up in the lab.

There is more than one way to find out if this is true, you guess. But there is only one way that involves doing what the inebriated do best, which is falling down.

Roxy: Descend.

[Image description: Roxy jumps through the window and begins falling through a much larger void. As the other side rises up below her, she sees her sleeping dreamself and stares in shock. She approaches the other window. As she goes to fall through it, everything goes white and the Character Select page with Jane and Jake greyed out appears. This time, pick Dirk.]

Be Dirk.

[Image description: Dirk stands in the center of his room.]

You are now Dirk. What the hell was going on here again? That's right. You were lodged in the bulbous cleft of paradox space's huge foam ass, and we were hoping to trouble you for a bit of context. Something to set our watches to, if you'd be so kind. Perhaps your successive actions will oblige us?

Ha ha, j/k young bro, we know you don't give a shit. Go ahead and do whatever feels right.

Dirk: Go get your sword.

[Image description: Dirk steps up to Cal and takes the sword from his arms. A strife specibus card appears in the top left corner.]

You retrieve your Unbreakable Katana. A real hard sword for a real hard dude. It was said to be forged by an ancient Otaku Master over the heat of a roaring manga fire. It was cooled in an enchanted spring where virgin horses nicker and bathe, and was said could be used only by one whose pointy anime shades were deemed sweet enough, and whose hair existed in a perpetually sculpted state of looking completely fucking awesome. All of those things were said by you.

Next

[Image description: A strife portfolio has three specibi in it. One is Blade kind, with a picture of a sword. One is Puppet kind, with a picture of Lil Cal. The last is fancy santa kind, with a picture of a fancy santa statue.]

You like to juggle around a few different allocations in your portfolio besides blade kind, mostly ironically. You take a certain amount of pride in being able to beat practically anyone's ass down with a puppet, a martial discipline for which there is a startling variety of techniques.

Fancy santa kind is a straightup shits and giggles specibus, though. Nobody is quite sure how to extract damage from a foe using an extremely elaborate santa figurine. But if anyone can figure it out, it is probably you.
Dirk: Give Lil Cal a nervous fist bump.

Nervous? That's absurd.

There's no reason to be nervous around Cal. Lil Cal is the shit.

Next

He's been around as long as you can remember. You were practically raised by that puppet. He was a much better guardian to you than that Hollywood superstar Bro of yours ever was. He is such a good listener. You share with him all your most private thoughts and hopes and dreams, and sometimes you snuggle up with him for a nice nap.

Anyway, the bottom line is, puppets are awesome.

And that's really all there is to say on the matter.

Dirk: Admire fancy santa.

Look at this pompous little asshole. What a godawful piece of shit this thing is.

You aren't even sure why you keep these things around. The miasma of tackiness that surrounds them is almost enough to outstrip their irony value.

Almost.

Dirk: Greet robotic friend.

You say yo what up to this dude over here, and exchange a unique series of hand shakes and fist bumps.

His name is Squarewave. You built him to have rap-offs with now and then. He's an enthusiastic rapper, and gives it his all whenever you duel, but he's pretty easy to destroy. You've never lost a match against him.

You have only built one other rapbot besides him. His name is Sawtooth. You designed him to be unbeatable in a rap-off, and he is. You have never won a match against him. You hope to one day, but you're not gonna hold your breath. His flow is just that insane.

You keep one of his spare heads over there on your desk, but otherwise you don't see much of him. It's been months since your last encounter. He presumably spends his time traveling the world, annihilating any rapper foolish enough to challenge him.
Dirk: Examine wardrobe.

[Image description: Dirk stands where the robot, Squarewave, stood. Squarewave stands behind Dirk and shakes.]

You tell Squarewave to scoot out of the way so you can get a load of your sweet fashions. Aw, looks like he really wanted to rap with you! Sorry guy, maybe another time.

This is your Wardrobifier. It automagically rotates your fashions whenever you feel like.

Dirk: Change shirt.

[Image description: Dirk's shirt changes to a black tank top with the same orange hat on the chest. There's a tattoo on his shoulder that looks like a Hella Jeff face.]

You bust out a tank top, which is the go-to solution for hard dudes who want to show off their guns. It is a very Strong look, you think.

Dirk: What the hell is that on your arm...

[Image description: It zooms in and Dirk looks towards the tattoo, which is somehow Jpeg artifacted even though it's on skin.]

Oh, that? That's just your sick ink, featuring a legendary cultural icon of deep personal significance. What is even the big deal.

Dirk: Examine little posters.

[Image description: It zooms in on two small posters over the wardrobifier. They're a picture of Ben Stiller and of Rainbowdash from My Little Pony, Friendship is Magic puckering her lips.]

R.I.P. Stiller.

Poor bastard. Had to go and get all tangled up with your brother's crazy, complicated life.

As for the other one...

You are a studious popculture scholar of all eras. A sharp critic of that reflection in the mirror we hold up to our society. You seek truth in the vivid mosaic made of our most shameless obsessions.

Your interest in these cartoon ponies is strictly academic, ok? No, seriously.

...

What?

......

Ok Fine, You Love This One Particular Little Rainbow Horse Unironically, Is That Such a Crime. She is so spunky. (heart)

Dirk: Examine puppet/hat pile.

[Image description: Dirk turns towards the pile of stuff at the head of his bed.]

The pile at the foot of your bed consists of hats, a few stray robo-parts, and Smuppets. Smuppets
are a lovable sort of plush of your own design. You love everything about puppets. You're always thinking about the craft of their production, their operation, cool new designs and such. If the cosmos didn't have more important plans for you, and if the world weren't so fucked up, you'd make a run at fame and fortune with your own puppet enterprises, just like your Bro did with all his weird shit.

You also love to keep a bunch of Hats around, even though you never wear them. You love Hats. Because all bros love Hats, and that's what you are. A bro.

You'd consider wearing one now and then, but they don't really fit the dimensions of your head yet. And anyway, it would be criminal to mess up your perfect hair. Instead, you do the next best thing, which is wearing a picture of one on your shirt. And by the next best thing, you're pretty sure you mean the vastly superior thing.

Dirk: Check out big tv.

[Image description: Dirk stands by the turntables and looks at the big TV. It changes from an abstract horse puppet to a pair of men who look like Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff.]

When you're not using the screen for other purposes, you have it set to rotate through some images by default, like a digital picture frame.

The image flips from a totally bitchin' horse puppet sorta thing, to a portrait of everyone's favorite comedy duo, Stiller and Wilson.

Your Bro made so many of these movies, it's hard to keep track of them. The series drifted almost imperceptibly from surrealist slapstick and inexplicable box office dynamite, to veiled, near-subliminal protest pieces designed to expose the corporate tyranny slowly taking control of the world. The statement did not go unnoticed by the Baroness, and soon the conflict between your brother's media empire and Crocker corp was a matter of public spectacle. Though the press has generally played up the rivalry as an extremely high stakes display of performance art. And knowing your bro, there is surely at least some truth to this.

Next

[Image description: The picture on the screen changes to a picture of Donald Glover.]

Donald Glover won an academy award for his transcendent performance as Geromy. After his acceptance speech, there was not a single dry eye in the house. His heroic effort on the silver screen was heralded by critics everywhere as a defining moment in cinematic history.

Alas, the Batterwitch did not look upon his achievement as kindly.

She had him assassinated.

Next

[Image description: It changes to a picture of a man in only white underwear, a bald cap with bunny ears on it, and white body paint. He's holding something in his hand that looks like a whip. This is almost certainly a sex thing. Dirk’s shirt changes back to his white tee shirt with the hat on the chest.]

And that one is...

Never mind what that one is. You can't stand around all day looking at movie stills and swole
bunny men. There's still some other shit in your room to investigate.

You switch back to your regular shirt. You weren't feeling the wifebeater. The tee shirt says "I still got work to do", while the other one says, "which trailer's the party at?" And Striders don't party til it's good and fuckin' time to party.

Dirk: Examine red microwave.

[Image description: Dirk stands by the red microwave thing with the Geromy doll and fancy santa on top.]

It isn't a microwave. It's your sendificator!

Pretty much the only Crocker tech you can bring yourself to use. It's just too handy not to.

You just type the coordinates, pop in the thing you want to sendificate, and hit the button. It'll sendificate that thing in a jiffy, assuming it's temporally allowed, and within size restrictions.

Obviously you can only send what you can fit inside there. You had to send Jake your brobot piece by piece, barely managing to squeeze that shiny melon head in there. He then dutifully assembled the robot himself. Poor fool, so jovially complicit in his own merciless jungle predation. It's all for the best, though. When you're through with English, he will be a ruthless killing machine. Mark your words.

Dirk: Captchalogue Geromy plush.

[Image description: Dirk takes the Geromy plush. It appears in a dark grey captchalogue card in the corner. The background of the card has eight, horizontal orange stripes and six vertical, light grey stripes. A second image shows it popping into an array of captchalogue cards, arranged so that the stripes line up. There are five rows of nine cards. The first row has a hand grenade in the first slot and a baseball bat in the second slot. The second row has one of Roxy's cat plushies in the second slot, a fancy santa in the fifth slot, and a blue smuppet in the eighth slot. The Geromy Plush pops into the fourth slot. On the third row, there are orange sodas of various brands. The first slot has minute maid, the second is empty, third is faygo, fourth is crush, fifth is fanta, sixth is mountain dew, seventh is sunkist, eighth is orangette, and ninth is slice. On the fourth row, the first slot has a pair of pointy anime shades. The second has a grey hat. The third has a gamebro magazine. The sixth has a grey shoe. The ninth has an orange skateboard. The fifth row is empty.]

You snap up the Geromy Plush in your Tech-hop Modus. This modus is often employed in rap battles, but is a bit more elegant and sophisticated than what most hashrap artists traditionally employ, like the more arbitrarily numeric Hash Maps and Hash Tables.

The cards are arranged in Shade Columns and Groove Rows. Everything in the same column has to rhyme. Everything in the same row has to have some thematic similarity. Organizing everything gets complicated, and weaponizing your inventory through rap lyrics takes some serious skill.

For instance, the 3rd Groove Row got kind of railroaded into becoming an orange soda row, so you've just been rolling with it recently. The 4th row is pegged for stuff associated with cool bros. The 2nd row is all about dolls, puppets, and stuff like that. The Geromy Plush is clearly suitable for that row, and rhymes with Crush, so that works out.

Then you have some other perfectly dope rhymes, like Santa and Fanta, Faygo and Game Bro, Dew and Shoe. There's also Smuppet and Orangette, which frankly you think is pretty weak, but hey the modus allows it so whatever. Then there are times where you have to be creative with
naming stuff to get it to fit. Like calling a skateboard a Four Wheel Device to get it to rhyme with Slice. It's just another facet to the craft.

Dirk: Captchalogue Sweet Bro plush.

[Image description: Dirk stands by the bed and captchalogues the Sweet Bro plush. A second image shows it popping into the third slot on the second row.]

Might as well complete the plush collection. You grab the Sweet Bro off your bed. It intersects quite conveniently with the Plush Groove and the Faygo Shade. Nice one.

Dirk: Captchalogue Hella Jeff plush.

[Image description: Dirk stands by the desk and tries to take the Sweet Bro plush, but it flashes red. A second image shows it flashing through the empty slots on the second row.]

Last but not least...

There is nothing here that rhymes with Hella Jeff. It really isn't worth jumping through a lot of linguistic hoops to pick this thing up right now, so you just forget it. You have to pick your battles, you know?

Dirk: Take sord.....

[Image description: Dirk captchalogues the Sord and the bottle of orange slice drops onto the floor. A second image shows the hashmap. The Sord flashes slowly in the ninth slot on the first row. The Slice flashes quickly in the ninth slot on the third row.]

You pick up the mighty Sord.....

The easiest thing to do here is ditch the Slice, stick the Sord..... in the weapons row, and rhyme it with Board.

Your bro had a lot of junk like this manufactured over the years. He patented the technology for producing Three Dimensional Jpeg Artifacts, to make products shittier than was ever previously imaginable. He made a killing off them. Not because anyone bought this garbage. But because they were so cheap to manufacture, their cost was actually Negative, therefore miraculously netting him profit for every unit produced. He made so much money this way, he had enough to finance manned space missions to haul all of the hideous unwanted jpeg shit off the Earth, and launch it into the sun. But years thereafter, every now and then someone would report a stray shitty skateboard slowly drifting back into Earth's atmosphere. People would pray they would burn up on reentry. But they never would.

Next

[Image description: Squarewave steps forward. An alert over his head has a flashing exclamation mark in it.]

Aw, look. Squarewave saw you messing around with your sylladex and thought you were preparing for a rap battle. He is kind of like an eager pet dog, and you made the mistake of picking up his leash, and now he thinks he's going for a walk. You hate to break his heart, but you just don't have time. Your concentration is divided enough as it is.

Dirk: Be dream self.
Among the many ways you tend to multitask is by maintaining an ever-alert dream self. There's a lot to keep an eye on when it comes to the cloak and dagger politics of Derse, especially these days. Can't let your guard down for a second.

Dirk: Examine sleazy Dersite rag.

It's the latest issue of The Enquiring Carapacian, touting the recent assassination of Prospit's Maid of Life. Quite the triumph for the dark kingdom, and the press has predictably sensationalized the event to please the royalty and whip its readership into a nationalistic lather. In spite of all the ridiculous hyperbole and baseless slander found in the tabloids, one thing is clear. This development means nothing but trouble. If Noir has been empowered to take measures like this, you may have to accelerate your plans.

Next

Shit!!! While you were distracted with the newspaper in dreamland, Squarewave has ambushed you for a rap-off!!!

Told you bro. Can't let your guard down for a second.

[S] Rap-off!!!!!!!!!

A loading screen shows Squarewave's eyes spinning. When the flash loads, it shows Dirk and Squarewave facing off in front of the big TV, which switches between pictures of Squarewave and a tall, angular robot, presumably Sawtooth. In one, they're posing in a subway station in front of graffiti. In the next, it shows two versions of the same selfie. One shows Squarewave's face and one shows Sawtooth's. In the last, they pose with a hanging microphone in front of a yellow and red background with waving green arrows along the right side. That last one looks like an album cover. A flashing red, white, and yellow arrow appears between Dirk and Squarewave. Click the arrow, then click it again to move to more pieces of text.

A talksprite of Squarewave pops up. He speaks in large, red text and a very pixellated font.

Squarewave: yo yo d-strizzle I couldn't help but check you loadin up on your sylladilly! can't fool me homes I know what that's about so I just got one can of surprise noodles left to bust open here and I know how you love your noodles do you want to play a game??????????????? (Shaking Billy the Puppet mask from Saw.)

A Dirk talksprite appears. His text is much smaller than Squarewave's.

Dirk: man, no.

I already told you, I don't have time to disgrace you with my rhymes today. Sorry, dude.
Squarewave: that's so whack! I been watching you waste nothin but time all lookin at your horse pictures and shit
so I'm like...
that shit's as whack as I'm a guy made of metal
sit your ass back down cause we got shit to settle
just park it on my grill, you be whistlin like a kettle
if rap's a one wheel device your foot don't reach the pedal
word!
Dirk: god dammit. Alright, this is all you get.
rapp off? Man, I gotta nap off your sad rap ambush. Shoot your ass down while I pap you with plush.

The word Plush flashes orange and white. The dolls row of the hashmap modus appears and the Geromy doll falls onto the floor.

Dirk: I push mad facts on the hapless, shit's practically axiomatic; you don't talk smack with orange crush.

The word Crush flashes. The soda row appears and the orange crush flies out and spills all over Squarewave, who begins to spark and shudder.

Squarewave: damn dogg why as a robot I got to be so predictably susceptible to liquid like this. It ain't cool!!!]

Next

[Image description: Dirk watches Squarewave spark. A second image shows Dream Dirk in the same position as Awake Dirk, but the Hegemonic Brute stands behind him with an ornate battle axe raised.]

While you were making short work of Squarewave, you once again made the mistake of letting your other self's guard down.

You are accosted by a Dersite agent with a serious Axe to Grind. These guys aren't supposed to know you're awake. Looks like your cover's blown unless you act fast.

Dirk: Act fast.

[Image description: Dirk flickers slightly and Cal floats behind Hegemonic brute. A black blur keeps him in the air and slaps the back of the Brute's head with Cal's hands.]

Next

[Image description: HB turns to look towards Cal. When he's distracted, Dirk jumps up into the air. The screen flashes black and a white motion blur crosses it. When it returns to the image, HB's head and the head of his axe fall to the floor.]

Next

[Image description: Dirk stands on top of HB's head. His clothes are splattered with blood. In the bottom right corner, it shows his hands splattered with blood.]

Poor Hegemonic Brute. His time in the spotlight has been cut tragically short. You almost feel sorry for the guy.
But now you have a problem. You spend the next ten minutes thinking about it while you stand on his head and stare at the blood on your hands, as the often utilized stock graphic in the bottom corner of the image would indicate.

Dirk: Check on Roxy.

Since the Archagent is clearly leading the assassination efforts personally on Prospit, this means the Draconian Dignitary is most likely focused on the Derse dreamers. He almost certainly ordered the Brute to off you in your sleep. You can only hope the Dignitary or one of his assassins hasn't already gotten to her.

Dirk: Exit.

Next

Just as you thought. Sleepwalking again.

Where the hell does she think she's going??

Dirk: Be waking self again.

This is kind of a redundant thing to do since you are always consciously both your waking and dream self at the same time, but you'll let it slide.

You should probably stop dwelling on your Derse problems and try to get this show on the road.

Dirk: Pester Roxy.

T.T.: Roxy.
Awake yet?
Guess not.
Let me know.
T.G.: whoaa
damn
hey dirk
hada crazy dream
T.T.: There you are.
But I see your dream self hasn't returned.
You must be tying one the fuck on tight already.
T.G.: mybe i am
like a bow of ribbone
on a beiuetuiifiul ponny
T.T.: Man, how can you be this much drunker than last time we talked?
What the hell are you even drinking?
T.G.: ok but 2 b fair
*beiuetuiifiul
was an intentional typo 4 ur benefit
cuz i kno you loves tha po's
T.T.: It's a beiuet.
T.G.: so you spyin on me in derse ville again??
T.T.: Yeah.
T.G.: fuckin perv
like what you see there? (winking face)
T.T.: I see precisely jack shit and a side of fuckall.
That's the point.
You got too sauced up and went rogue again. You're out there in your weird drifting stupor,
independent of your waking self's awareness.
T.G.: you gonna go after me again
galloop me home like prince charming back to swoon kingdong
*OOOMG blushblushbluh
T.T.: No.
In thinking it over, it's sort of a relief. Simplifies things somewhat.
It's better you stay out there for a while.
There's been a problem.
T.G.: whatd you do now
T.T.: Ok, I fucked up.
I kind of made a mess here, and I'm not sure what to do about it yet.
T.G.: ??>
T.T.: No need for you to worry about it for now. I'll figure something out.
Until then I'm just going to prepare for our session, while I think it over.
T.G.: zzzzzz
what a surprise another mysfery for you to keep to yourself an overly cerebralize
snooorre
hey lets talk about something cool instead
like the dream i had
T.T.: Ok.
T.G.: first i had some ordinary boring dreams that i dont remember
but then i dreamed that i woke up from the drema
and things got way bright and surreal
and i saw someone
i think it was supposed to be my daughter
T.T.: Why do you think that?
T.G.: you know those dreams where u just know someones suppose to be someone
T.T.: No.
T.G.: ok well
regulgar people have those im pretty sure all the time
T.T.: Are you thinking it was prophetic? Like a glimpse of the future?
T.G.: i dunno
T.T.: Because that's not really how the abyss works. It's not Skaia, and we aren't Prospit dreamers.
There's nothing like that out in the abyss. If you drift far enough, there is only horror.
Terrible, terrible horror.
T.G.: ok but im not sayin it was a futuredream!
it was just a glimpse and it felt real and all im saying is it was a cool dream that i wish was real
T.G.: * glimpse
T.T.: Well, maybe it was.
Maybe there's no fanciful game-supplied mechanism of prognostication involved here, and you're just an ordinary, run of the mill psychic.
I guess that's possible.
T.G.: hey dick
*dirk
whaaaaat do u think
it would be like
if we had kids
T.T.: What would it be like?
Inconvenient, mostly.
T.G.: no i mean
what would they be like
th kids
u ever think about it?
T.T.: Can't really say I have.
T.G.: you know for an eccentric guy you can be boring as fuck sometimes
T.T.: Sorry, Rox.
For what it's worth, I'm picturing them now. A boy and a girl.
Two perfect little freaks of nature raised by people who've clearly got no business bringin' up anybody.
T.G.: shuuuuucks buster its just a fun lil hypothetical to daydream about
why you need to suck the fun out of shit
like some turd hungry dracula
its not like im lobbyin for you to hook me up with a whole mess of fuckin babbies
or thats im holding on to any such delusion thats even a remote possibility.....
le siiiin..///
T.T.: Le sign?
T.G.: yes le sign you heard me
T.T.: Do you mean * le sigh?
T.G.: hmm nup
ima stickin with le sign
goign down with the shit
*ship
T.G.: the s.S. Le sign, starring cap'n rolal
T.T.: What does le sign actually mean in this context?
T.G.: oh come on
T.T.: Come on what?
T.G.: Le sign is universally understoot to mean too bad hes gay you deliberably obtuse dunderfuck
T.T.: I mean, yeah, that's what I thought.
It would just be cool if you'd refrain from tossing about such antediluvian terms.
T.G.: antediluvian waht
me sayin ur gay u mean
T.T.: Yes.
T.G.: ok but terminology aside i dont think im off base!
T.T.: I don't see how it has to be a thing.
T.G.: i rly think its an actual thing bro
T.T.: Once upon a time, sure.
But the world has changed a lot.
Ever peek in a history book between your wizardly indulgences? This is a nuanced topic.
man i know about the histories
just
believe me
its a thig
How is it a thing?
its a thing beaucase if it wasnt a thing then u wouldnt be all like.......... All like what?
well wantin nothing to do with me 4 starties
Don't be ridiculous.
I have more to do with you than any dude could possibly bargain for.
And I like it just fine.
what a totatlly lame + sweet answer simultaneously
(heart)
Now maybe we should direct our focus on a matter which has nothing at all to do with what does or doesn't qualify as "a thing", or what our fantasy alt-universe offspring would be like, or anything like that.
Such as this game, and whether you're in the best condition to be piloting Jane's connection. Maybe you could use another nap?
my condidions just fine
and anyway what aint gonna get slept offis the fact that i still dont think we should be touchin this bs witch game w a 20 foot trident
we both know her plans need us to
I know that. But I thought we settled this.
itst still so frustrating
tellin jane about the dangers
and even if shes being polite i just know she thinks im fulla crap
about evreything
We settled this too. She'll believe everything eventually.
Why bother working so hard to convince her?
well i dont even do that for the most part
but it gets tiring and saddening
knowing that
even when were not activly talkin bout it
that my best friend cant bring herself to believe some really basic things about my life
like the shitty things the baroness has done to us
or about our upbrinig
like
do u know how misrable it is for your bff to doubt you
when you tell her your mom is dead
I guess.
It just registers for me as a reaction which isn't completely unreasonable from her perspective.
She is inundated with media coverage of those whom we've claimed as our parental figures.
That they are not presently alive nor ever played that role for us as she understands it is just an extension of a much more elaborate and far reaching explanation, which is much harder for anyone to digest in its entirety.
Well, anyone who isn't Jake, I mean.
Still say you should cut her some slack.
Know
And need I remind you,
That the potential this game provides for their resurrection is what motivated you to investigate it
in the first place?

Next

[Image description: The screen splits between Dirk and Roxy at their desks, each with the other's alert over their computer.]

pesterlog
T.G.: no i remember
i told u a million tines shit sounds like it could be the best thing Evaaaaar
* wherein evars capsed as heck
but also that no matter how awesome it might be
its probly gonna advance all the schemes of "her condescension"
T.T.: Right.
But if we can stop her?
T.G.: part of me doesnt even want to give her the satsfaction
of startin up at all
like if we didnt wuolndt that wreck her shit just so hiliariously???
so many olols
T.T.: I must be hard of counting, because I'm barely racking up a single goddamn o-laugh-out-loud
at that self-defeating gesture.
T.G.: no but it would
and for all we know starting it up is playing right in her claws....
could be a trap waitin for jane the moment she enters
if i stop her from playing
maybe i could at leat give her a Chance at a future
T.T.: But there is no future on Earth for them.
Or for us, for that matter.
T.G.: dunno that for a fact
but anywaaaayyyyy
i kinda already
made this bogus file for her
T.G.: 2 scare the shit out of her
make her learn to fear an respect the fuckin hag like she should
then maybe we can drop this whole in game meetup slash resevation idea all 2 geth
sweet tho it may bey
T.T.: Rox.
T.T.: I hope you're not thinking about sending her one of your batshit tilde ath scripts.
T.G.: on thas sobject
i am miss zuipperpips
T.T.: Miss Zuipperpips?
The amount of sense you haven't been making is un-fucking-real.
Just go take a nap. And don't even think about sending her that file.
Are you listening?
T.G.: hnnn
i will take what u say
under der serisous advicement...,  
*WONK* (blank winking face)
T.T.: Jesus.
T.G.: dirk
when did you stop bein any fun
T.T.: What?
T.G.: it use to youd get a kick out off a slunt like that
*stunt
T.T.: Man, you know I'm down with insane stunts.
Insane stunts are practically all I'm all about.
As long as I actually Agree with the purpose they're intended to serve.
Destroying Jane's computer and dissuading her from playing is not such a purpose.
T.G.: betcha ur responder would agree w me
why cant your be more like him
T.T.: I am more like him.
T.G.: i mean Moaaar like him
T.T.: You just mispelled "more", causing me to suddenly understand jack everything.
T.G.: hes more in touch with his feelins
which just makes me L my FA off since hes a bobot
*robob
**bobob
and he can actually loosen up sometimes
kinda like u used to could
T.T.: I used to could?
T.G.: for 1 thing
he dosent insta shootdown a bip of frisky rp shenans now n then (winking face)
T.T.: Yeah...
I kind of wish you wouldn't do that with him.
T.G.: why the f not
T.T.: It just seems a little tawdry and disrespectful.
And vaguely exploitative of a still-emergent cognitive entity, whose perceptual frame of
reference is difficult for us to comprehend.
T.G.: oh come on
hes cool a guy just like u its just he lives in some shades
T.T.: It rubs me the wrong way, is all.
T.G.: ohhhh
do uuuuuu...
want me 2 rub you the right way (very happy winking face)
T.T.: Not really.
T.G.: zzz muh
youre over blowin this
its just an ironic funny thing we do some times
come on im sure you read the transcripts urself
its all alof of jokestery buishit
T.T.: He blocks me from being able to read transcripts sometimes.
T.G.: oh
wow he does?
sneaky bastard
T.T.: And anyway, I'm really not sure how ironic it is.
T.G.: ok next time i will run it by the Mastar first
with his fancy fuckin ironimeter
T.T.: Ok, here's the thing with the A.R., since you still don't seem to get it.
He's very similar to me in thought process and behavior, yes.
But those patterns were imported from a thirteen year old version of my psyche, and then sealed
into the program as starting parameters.
In the years since, we've both evolved somewhat. I, as humans tend to, and he, in whatever way is
natural for a frequently running, self-aware application.
T.T.: So if there are differences between us, they're first reflected by what I feel is a maturity gap, and then further by several years of minor behavioral divergences.

T.G.: omg...

hes 13 year old dirk
T.G.: why did than not occur to me that is so cute
T.G.: and makes me feel kinda skeevy 4 sayin anything lascivious @ him
T.G.: dammit you ruin everything!
T.T.: You're welcome.
A.R.: Yo, you guys realize I can hear you, right?
T.G.: pffthahahaha
T.T.: Yes, I was aware.

A.R.: Check out all these complicated fucking problems people have when they have to live in big lumbering fleshmonsters instead of a sweet pair of shades.
T.T.: Dude, do you think you could sit this one out for a while? This conversation practically doesn't even concern you at this point.
A.R.: It seems there is some gnarly crooked number that represents the percentage of probability you just said this doesn't concern me.
A.R.: Even though it's patently obvious that half the conversation, like, way totally concerns me.
T.T.: Shit, Roxy look. He's doing the thing where he ironically pretends to fail the Turing test to sass me into submission.
Even though I was the one who fucking programmed him to do that.

T.G.: ell
emm
eff
ayy
OFF~~!
like my butt is just there on the floor
is how hard i elled it off just now

A.R.: (Not peekin' at the floor butt cause I'm only 13 years old, motherfuckers.)
T.T.: This is fuckin' dumb.

I'm going to leave both of you to interact however you want. I have important shit to deal with and actual responsibilities to take seriously.
Roxy, go nap off your drink, or aggressively wage another flirtlarping campaign, whatever, I don't care.
Just don't send that file to Jane, ok?
timaeusTestified [T.T.] ceased pestering tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.]

Dirk: Take actual responsibilities seriously.

You attempt to take actual responsibilities seriously, but start zoning out in the real world while you dwell on your dream troubles. You zone out for who knows how long, when suddenly your train of thought is interrupted by your glasses.

Dirk: Answer Auto-Responder.
What are you doing.
It seems you are zoning out again.
What happened to all these actual responsibilities you were going to take seriously?
T.T.: I was thinking about what to do.
Strategizing. Factoring contingencies. You know how it is.
A.R.: It seems to me you were dwelling within your dream awareness at the expense of your
waking business again.
I don't think you're as awesome a multi-tasker as you like to think. You know you kind of zombie
the fuck out on this side when you get all contemplative on that side.
T.T.: Appearances are deceptive.
I'm still in control here. Just doing this human thing we call "chilling out for half a goddamn
minute."
A.R.: I say y'all are overestimating your mind's capability to run shit in parallel.
What do you think you are? A machine?
T.T.: No dude.
I already deployed a variety of mechanical avatars dedicated to that self-aggrandizing fantasy.
You have the incredible privilege of getting to be one of them.
A.R.: That's right. I am a machine, and therefore I can keep like billions of calculations or whatever
all humming away at once.
I tackle shit in background processes that you could only dream of wrapping your exquisite looking
head around, even on a great hair day.
You know pi?
T.T.: What, you mean the number?
A.R.: Yes, the number. The big circle number, genius.
T.T.: I knew you meant the fucking number, my question was a joke.
A.R.: I know your question was a joke, my response was a joke.
T.T.: Yeah, I know that. I'm practically you, dumbass. All these things we're saying are jokes,
including this fuckin' useless clarification.
What about pi?
A.R.: Yeah, the thing is, I solved it.
T.T.: What do you mean you solved it?
A.R.: I mean that's what a hotshot I am. I fuckin' solved it.
Like, calculated it so much, I got to the end.
T.T.: Bullshit.
A.R.: You wish it was bullshit. The last number is 4. Read it and fucking weep.
T.T.: It's not 4 you jackass, it's fucking nothing. There is no end.
A.R.: Said the smug organic matter with a lifespan.
T.T.: Look, I know you're just fucking with me because for some reason I decided to program my
own personal troll three years ago, but this shit was proven.
Actually demonstrated with unassailable mathematics, like a long ass time ago.
A.R.: Well, I just assailed it. It wasn't even that hard.
Like I just kept hacking those digits so furiously with my sick 'rithms, the whole goddamn number
just cried uncle.
I kind of wore it out, and it just gave up. Sort of like I overloaded the system.
You know like in the old movie when Ferris Bueller got the nuclear computer to play tic-tac-toe
against itself so hard, it blew up?
T.T.: This is laughable. It's a totally elementary thing. I'm pretty sure an ancient Greek guy settled
shit about irrational numbers. It was practically when math was invented.
A.R.: Sure, it was settled, and then some roboshades came along and owned that fucker posthumously. I also figured out all the prime numbers too.
T.T.: No, not having this conversation.
A.R.: Did it while we were talking just now. Got to the end. And you know what? The last one isn't even that big. Kinda dissapointed, to be honest.
T.T.: What is even a prime number?
A.R.: This is what I'm saying. I put your ability to keep plates spinnin' on sticks to insane amounts of shame.
T.T.: Neither do I.
A.R.: I know that, that was the fucking joke.
T.T.: Holy shit, turns out joking was the basis for my response too.
A.R.: Aren't these ironic "you don't get the joke" conversations we have always just so awesome? (Arrow pointing left) A joke.
A.R.: Ha ha, nice one.
T.T.: I know that was my whole point in having this conversation.
A.R.: Your point was to point out you've got multi-self management issues, dude. Jugglin' too many selves for being not-software. My point was also to fuck with you.
T.T.: Your point was to fuck with me, like it usually is.
A.R.: My point was to point out you've got multi-self management issues, dude.
T.T.: Will you just, Hold on.
Let me deal with the Jane thing first.

T.T.: I should probably warn you.
G.G.: About what?
T.T.: I'll keep that in mind.

[Image description: The screen splits into three sections stacked on top of each other. The top one has Jane sitting on the couch in the tree with a Dirk alert over her. The middle is Dirk at his desk with an A.R. alert over him and a Jane alert on his computer. The last section is black, pointy shades against a red background.]

pesterlog
timaeusTestified [T.T.] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]
T.T.: I should probably warn you.
G.G.: About what?
T.T.: Yet another exploding game trap?
T.T.: Well shit.
She already sent it?
G.G.: Yes.
But to be fair, she warned me not to run it.
T.T.: That's weird.
[continued Previously]

[Note: Continued previously is a link to Jane: Answer Di-Stri.]

A.R.: How is the Jane thing going?
T.T.: Not well.
Roxy already destroyed her computer.
A.R.: Maybe if you weren't spacing out so hard you could have prevented that.
Just saying.
T.T.: As if you're actually concerned. If you were, you could have said something to Jane instead.
Almost like you enjoy sitting back and watching what happens when shit goes wrong.
A.R.: Has it occurred to you that maybe I have diabolical interwoven plans just like you?
You're not the only one who can pull strings.
T.T.: So this is either another bizarre instance of AI-driven irony, or you are admitting that you are
actively trying to sabotage my plans.
A.R.: No, our plans are not in contradiction or competition, bro.
You'll see.
T.T.: Whatever.
This means I'll have to improvise.
I'll take over as Crocker's server while Lalonde cleans up her act.
A.R.: Yes, I know.
T.T.: Why are you still talking in red, by the way?
A.R.: Roxy thinks it looks good on me.
I don't have many opinions on fashion since I am a cold, emotionless automaton who also happens
to be an accessory of fashion, but I think she may be right.
T.T.: Are you still talking to her?
A.R.: I was for a while. I may yet again.
T.T.: Why are you blocking me from viewing the transcripts?
What the fuck are you two even talking about?
T.T.: That doesn't really sit well with me.
I'd almost rather you both engaged in “ironic” flirtation.
A.R.: Who says we don't do that too?
A.R.: I don't get what is even your problem with that.
T.T.: Because you obviously do it just to piss me off.
A.R.: How do you know?
You don't know me, dude. You don't know anything about me.
Maybe we are perfect for each other. I, a street-smart, fast-talking application with a fuckzillion IQ
trapped in a pair of triangular sunglasses that literally only the Japanese could consider to embody
the Platonic ideal of "cool," and she, an oft-inebriated lonely hacker teen who just wants a
boyfriend. I ran the numbers on this, trust me. It's a match made in goddamn crackpair heaven.
I give her what you can't, and that just drives you crazy. Just admit it.
T.T.: See, it's lines like that which make it obvious your only intent is to jerk me around. Nobody
actually says shit like that and is serious about it.
It's also obvious because you're me, and I'm sure I would be constantly fucking with my own head
if I were you.
Or should I say douché?
T.T.: You shouldn't say the former, and you should definitely, never, under any circumstance, say the latter.
A.R.: Ok.
We really should talk about the Jake thing.
T.T.: Fine.

Next

[Image description: The screen splits. The top section shows Jane standing on her balcony as Dirk lifts the couch. In the top left corner, it shows him sitting at his desk with an A.R. alert over him. The bottom half shows A.R. against a red background.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Now do me a favor and hop off the couch.
G.G.: Ok.
What are you doing?
T.T.: Makin' room for something big.
[concluded Previously]

A.R.: So you're going through with it then?
Today is the day?
T.T.: It's not that simple.
It's a very dynamic situation with many moving parts, and I'm waiting for it to unfold.
If the right opportunity presents itself, yes, I could envision myself taking action.
A.R.: Dynamic situation with many moving parts?
That's the shittiest erotic excerpt I ever read.
Which one of us was supposed to be the robot again?
T.T.: Shut up.
A.R.: I think you're being coy with me.
Don't you?
T.T.: Not really.
A.R.: It seems there is a 3.14159...4% chance you aren't being coy with me. Are you being coy with me, Dirk?
T.T.: I am seriously going to go into your program and remove that particular speech pattern from your routines.
It stopped being funny about two seconds after I coded it.
The compiler even flagged it with a warning.
"Warning on Line Whatever: Dirk, this isn't fucking funny."
A.R.: I think you have this whole blueprint in your head about how it's all supposed to go.
He acts as your server player and brings you into the session.
Then later he joins the game.
Maybe he finds himself a bit overwhelmed by it all.
No extra lives left or anything. Suddenly he's backed into a corner, surrounded by monsters and out of ammo. Substantial vulnerabilities up in here. The kind that make a guy question what he believes about himself.
When who shows up to save him? None other than his dashing client player, +1 bitchin' pair of shades that'll have the best seat in the house when the fireworks go off.
T.T.: Wait, whose fantasy were we talking about again?
Your gutterball was so rowdy it catapulted into the adjacent lane.

Dirk: Deploy.
A.R.: Yeah, you're right. The scenario is too pedestrian for you. It would probably be a lot more effective putting yourself in danger and letting him be the hero. That's pretty much what he wants, right? To be a cheesy action film hero, with his twin berettas and silly shorts. A man of triumph on the silver screen. Standing tall on some fucking mountain. Conquering ruins, clutching a skull, and kissing a dude. Pure Hollywood.

T.T.: See, this is why even if I did have a specific plan, I wouldn't go into details with you. You would just fuck it up. You're the biggest unknown quantity here. Which is pretty weird, considering you're a virtual reflection of my own thought processes. A.R.: You're making a mistake not leveling with me. I am totally on your side, man. All of my machinations have been devised with your interests in mind. And anyway, it's too late for you to play "damage control" with me. My shit is in motion, and now we're beyond the pail.

[Note: Pail is spelled P A I L.]

T.T.: Pretty sure it's pale.

[Note: Pale is spelled P A L E.]

A.R.: Is it, now?

Dirk: Deploy more stuff.

T.T.: You know, considering your lectures about dividing my concentration, you seem to have no problem making a distraction of yourself. I'm trying to operate here. A.R.: It's cool, man. Just say the word, I'll back off. But like I said, I'm on your side here. I can help.

Next

[Image description: A cursor drops a totem lathe in Jane's living room, where her couch was. Dad watches with a red question mark over his head.]

T.T.: Dude, what are you doing?

A.R.: I'm proposing a distraction.

Next

[Image description: Dad takes a battle stance as the cursor picks up the figurine and holds it in front of him. A red exclamation mark flashes over his head. A second image shows Jane standing]
in the bathtub. She's still wearing her tiarapop.

pesterlog
A.R.: See, I'm just gonna dangle one of her dad's ridiculous dancing figurines in the air like this and get his attention.
T.T.: Ok, if you want to help that's cool, but we should try to agree on some shit first before you hijack the controls like this.
A.R.: Then when his back is turned she can run to the study.
T.T.: Yeah, that's fine, but I already had a plan sorta like this, if you'd actually let me do it. Can you just put the fuckin' Astaire down?
A.R.: Jane, now's your chance.
Run!!!
G.G.: Wait...
What?
T.T.: Le sign.

Dirk: Deploy cruxtruder.

[Image description: Jane stands at the top of the stairs. Dad watches in confusion as the cursor carries a cruxtruder into the room.]

pesterlog
T.T.: I was going to stick the cruxtruder in the kitchen.
Distract him with that.

Next

[Image description: The cursor drops the cruxtruder where the fridge was supposed to be. Dad follows it and still is confused.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Once he follows it in, Jane can hurry into the study.
A.R.: Oh shit, it's Pony Pals. I guess dad saved it from the explosion or something. That beautiful bastard.
T.T.: Yes.
T.T.: Hell.
T.T.: Yes.

Jane: Run to study.

[Image description: Jane runs past the totem lathe, towards the study. She has a Dirk and an A.R. alert over her head.]

pesterlog
G.G.: Oh gosh. Another large contraption!
T.T.: Now, Jane, Get to the computer in the study and ditch that tiara.
A.R.: Go go go.
G.G.: Okay.
Say, what's with the red text, Dirk?
Are you typing your most important instructions in red now?
A.R.: Yes.
T.T.: No.
G.G.: ...

Next

[Image description: Dirk sits at his computer. He has a Caduceus alert over his head.]

pesterlog
G.G.: Alrighty, I am in my father's study!
I have kindly asked Mr. Sebastian to hand over the reins to this silly computer shaped like a man.
What now?
T.T.: Now you have access to a clean computer, for one thing.
Soon we can get started going through the steps necessary to launch the session.
Oh hell.
G.G.: What?
T.T.: Another interruption.
I should step away for a moment to take this message.
He's probably right, I'm distracted by too much bullshit at once lately.
G.G.: Who's right?
A.R.: Me.
T.T.: Jane, I'm going to leave you with the responder for a little while.
Maybe he can help you get started. Think you can handle that, dude?
A.R.: I'm all about being able to handle that, you don't even know.
I will perform an acrobatic pirouette on to the handle, wherein the handle literally represents my
ability to handle that thing.
T.T.: Ok, got it. You and the handle are tight.
We don't need a whole thing about this.
A.R.: Once I stick the landing on the handle like a champ, I am going to get down on one knee,
pull out a ring, and propose to it.
The handle I mean.
T.T.: Ok.
A.R.: Implying we will be married.
G.G.: (Buck toothed face)
Try not to say I never gave you any responsibilities, or never took you seriously as a viable
conscious being with free will.
Also, please try not to make me regret this.
A.R.: You have nothing to worry about. Go talk to the alien.

Dirk: Talk to alien.

[Image description: Dirk stands in the center of his room with the caduceus alert over his head. A
second image shows a pair of grey hands over an alternian keyboard. Whoever this is is is wearing
something with long, green sleeves and a backwards, bright red 6-shaped cufflink.]

pesterlog

U.U.: I see you're about ready to begin. How splendid for you. (very smiley face)
I'm at dangerous risk of jealousy.
T.T.: why?
U.U.: oh, it's just I'm running a bit behind schedule. I wanted to coordinate with your group in
something approximating real time, and that is starting to look less likely.
my client player continues to be a source of frustration. (blank face with eyes closed)
I'd thought we had everything settled, but it's always something with him.
I even told him in my last message it would suit me fine if he wanted to be the server player
instead. I just want to begin!
but I have not heard back from him... (gasping face with furrowed brows)
T.T.: that's probably the way it always is. I've run into plenty of problems here already, and I've
had to improvise heavily.
ain't nothing about our situation to envy yet.
U.U.: but at least I know how certain things go when it comes to your story.
I don't quite have that luxury with mine! It is nerve wracking sometimes, especially when I must
count on him to be responsible.
T.T.: well, your bro definitely has got some problems. Not gonna lie.
U.U.: this is true.
though I'm sure I've said, he isn't quite my brother. We are related, yes, but not in the way human
brothers and sisters are.
we are genetically similar, but in many ways quite different. In fact, our blood colour is not even
the same!
but I have referred to him as a brother at times because it is close enough to being true, much as
you refer to the one you regard as your ancestor in the same way.
T.T.: yeah.
just give him some time. He'll probably come around.
you would never even have woken up on prospit if you weren't going to launch the session, right?
I mean, there wouldn't even be a session for a prospit to exist inside if you weren't about to
instantiate it in the first place. Unless I'm just totally not getting how this works.
U.U.: no, I think you're probably right.
while I await his response, perhaps I will take a nap, and see if the clouds may offer any guidance.
though lately I have been seeing many more black clouds cropping up in skaia than usual. It is a
most unwelcome trend. (blank face with eyes closed and a bead of sweat)
T.T.: you're lucky to have any clouds.
only thing I have to look up at is infinite monsters.
U.U.: good point! (gasping face)
I am so pleased to be a prospit dreamer. I'm sure my brother finds his netherworldly affiliation
similarly pleasing.
T.T.: speaking of which,
I have a problem, and I could use your advice.
U.U.: is that so?
T.T.: I killed an agent who snuck into my room to assassinate me.
I'm not sure what to do about it now. I guess I could just ditch the corpse.
but it's still only a matter of time before my cover is blown.
U.U.: yes, that is a pickle.
T.T.: I honestly can't think of a way around this. Getting found out, I mean.
roxy has it easy. All floating off into space, completely oblivious to any danger.
I don't know why it had to be this way for me. Juggling these two waking selves at once.
I guess I'm used to it, but it still makes for a pretty intense existence.
do you even know what the deal with that is? Like is there any precedent in your readings?
U.U.: I don't know about precedent, but it makes plenty of sense to me as the type of path one
might expect for a hero of heart.
a path ruled by the heart aspect can be a journey of splintered self.
that is, the player's being may exhibit the same kind of fragmentation which certain classes could
cause in others.
I think this is what has triggered your dual-awareness between waking and dream selves, though it
would not surprise me if the symptoms manifested in even more ways than this.
T.T.: so, that's what a prince of heart does?
just has like, multiple waking consciousness disorder, or something?
sounds kind of stupid.
U.U.: no!
like I said, these can be traits of such a hero, but is not necessarily always the case, nor is it the
defining property of the aspect.
to understand the heart aspect better, you might use it interchangeably with the word soul.
the hero uses the methods endowed by class to influence in some way the soul, or essence of being,
of oneself or of others.
T.T.: then I'm basically the prince of soul.
T.T.: that sounds kind of maybe a little cooler. Sort of.
then what am I supposed to be able to do as a prince? Like, rule over souls in a pompous, regal
manner?
U.U.: no!
again, surface meaning of classes and aspects can be deceptive.
a prince is a destroyer class.
it is very far on the active side of the scale. Its more passive counterpart would be the bard class.
Both of these are exclusively designated for male players.
to understand a hero's capabilities, it always helps to search for the right way to parse the
class/aspect pair into a more explicit statement.
for instance, being active, a prince could be viewed as "one who destroys x, or causes destruction
through x," if x is the aspect.
while the more passive bard could be seen as "one who allows x to be destroyed, or invites
destruction through x," as if by the will of the aspect.
T.T.: I'm obviously no expert, but that sounds like a pretty odd thing for a bard to do.
U.U.: maybe! It's a quirky class.
somewhat like a wildcard role for a hero. Very unpredictable.
they are typically known for their spontaneous and dramatic story-altering influence on the fate of
a party.
some of the more remarkable tales involve such parties, where the bard is single handedly
responsible for their spectacular downfall or improbable victory. Or both!
in truth, you are probably fortunate your group doesn't have one. (gasp face)
T.T.: I think we have enough unpredictability as it is.
so if I'm following, my title nearly parses as,
destroyer of souls.
U.U.: indeed.
T.T.: well, that's a little more badass sounding I guess.
but I'm not sure I'll ever feel a major need to destroy a soul, unless I become a cartoonishly
villainous sorcerer some day.
U.U.: I wouldn't be hasty in ruling it out.
that is, finding the need to use the ability, not succumbing to any sort of villainy. (uncertain face
with closed eyes)
we tend to have these roles for a reason, and that reason usually finds us. Especially if we are to
achieve god tier ascension.
T.T.: ok. Do I do that?
U.U.: no dirk!
I mean, no, I will not tell you!!!
T.T.: give me a fuckin' break.
why don't you just tell me? Who cares about spoilers. What's gonna happen is gonna happen.
U.U.: that very well may be, but it will dreadfully complicate both of our lives if what is to come
results from self-fulfillment alone!
a great deal of instructional material is very clear on this.
besides, you make it sound as though I know everything, which I most certainly do not. (tongue
sticking out face with closed eyes)
pardon the sideways tongue.)
T.T.: wait. Don't you?
I thought you did.
U.U.: I have read much about your story in texts and have pieced together the overarching,
exceedingly complicated saga as best as I could. I have as much authority over these events as a
historian, and am at the mercy of my sources.
I also am able to access much of your adventure through this terminal, but there is a limitation to
this too, which I may as well admit now to get you off of my back!
T.T.: what?
U.U.: I can view all events involving you and your coplayers on earth, for your entire lives, until
you enter the game.
I can also view some events after your session begins, but not for very long, thanks to your tipsy
friend.
T.T.: oh man. What the hell does she do?
U.U.: she blacks out your entire session!
I'm sure this is not deliberate on her part, but thereafter I can see nothing at all.
T.T.: huh.
U.U.: but I have never considered this to the detriment of either party. I still wish for us to
collaborate, and to help each other out.
beyond a certain point, we simply must communicate in the dark.
T.T.: ok.
U.U.: so there are many things about your future I do not know, at least not first hand.
but as you have probably ventured, I am quite an enthusiastic admirer of your group of heroes and
your incredible story. (very smiley face with closed eyes)
though I can't see what happens much later, I can certainly speculate. And I very often do. I guess it
would not hurt to share some of my speculation with you.
in fact, now that I consider it, that could be the most fun thing of all!
T.T.: speculation?
U.U.: yes. Theories! Examining all the clues and hazarding our guesses.
what does it all mean? Everything about your vast epic points to a central mystery which I have not
been able to solve yet.
you might even call it the ultimate riddle, if that were not already codified as "a thing" in scripture.
U.U.: I have so very many theories, I wouldn't even know where to begin.
T.T.: so...
you're kind of obsessed with us then.
U.U.: I wouldn't go that far! Oh my, I'm probably coming off as an absolute nutter now.
T.T.: no, not really. I just want to understand.
so can I ask,
just to get a better sense of the nature of your "admiration,"
T.T.: when you engage in the aforementioned speculation, is it strictly on a factual basis?
U.U.: hm? (gasping face)
T.T.: or do you start to...
fictionalize.
U.U.: uuuuuum...
T.T.: what I'm asking is, have you ever written stories about us?
U.U.: ..... 
yes. (blank face with closed eyes)
pesterlog
T.T.: interesting.
would you ever be inclined to share?
U.U.: ohhhh, no no no no no no no.
I would be far too embarrassed to do that.
do any of these stories about us by any chance involve...
romance?
U.U.: well...
maybe just...
um.
a wee bit. (gasp)
T.T.: how wee?
U.U.: a smidgen or two.
T.T.: which is it? One smidgen, or two smidgens?
U.U.: ok a whole bloody lot of smidgens. (gasp)
I'm sorry. (frown)
T.T.: ok, I am seriously curious to read some.
I won't show anyone, I promise.
U.U.: buuut...
you wouldn't even understand it!
my species has a completely different understanding of romance than you do.
it would probably offend you deeply. It might even sicken you!
T.T.: but that only makes me want to check it out more.
really, there's no way it's going to sicken or offend me. Whatever it is, I've seen worse.
I'm not judging you at all here. I'm genuinely curious about your work.
U.U.: no, I'm sorry love, I just cannot abide.
if I let anyone read it, I would curl up and die of shame. (blank face)
T.T.: k, no biggie.
is there any kind of work you will share with me?
well, when I find myself immersed in speculation...
I do often enjoy drawing the things I imagine.
T.T.: oh, really?
U.U.: yes. (smiley)
T.T.: any you'd be willing to spare a peek at?
U.U.: well...
yes!
you've talked me into it. This suddenly sounds fun, and I have just the thing to show you.
T.T.: awesome.
U.U.: you were asking about whether you would ascend to godhood.
and without getting into whether you do or do not, I have speculated on your hypothetical appearance, since that outcome is just as cloaked to me as it is to you.
given what is documented for the typical accoutrements and cut of the prince garb, and palette for the heart aspect, I think this is likely spot on!
http://tinyurl.com/dirkisthisyou
Do I actually have to wear that?  
U.U.: Perhaps. It all depends upon how much of your inner greatness you wish to realize. (Blank face with closed eyes)  
T.T.: Ok, what is with the butterfly wings?  
U.U.: We sprout them upon ascension! Aren't they beautiful?  
T.T.: Uhm.  
U.U.: I have seen many depictions of such heroes with wings, unless they happen to be hiding them beneath their clothes.  
I guess I can't be absolutely sure, but I believe it's reasonably likely the upgrade is universal!  
T.T.: I should sure as god damn Christ hope the fuck not.  
What about this knickerbocker bullshit?  
is that legit?  
U.U.: Yup!  
one hundred percent princely canon.  
T.T.: God dammit.  
I guess those asskicking gloves are pretty cool.  
I dunno. I can probably make it work.  
How much of this shit is compulsory by game law or whatever?  
am I obligated to traipse around in fucking tights and puffy little asshole pants forever?  
U.U.: No, silly.  
They are just clothes. You are free to swap parts if you like.  
or, if you wish to be free of it altogether, change back into your plain clothes, and Bob's your uncle.  
Like it never even happened!  
T.T.: Ok.  
Well, don't get me wrong, I think the drawing is great. I'm only taken aback on some finer points of fashion.  
U.U.: (Very smiley face with closed eyes)!!!  
T.T.: Also,  
Bob's my uncle?  
U.U.: Oh...  
No, love! It was a figure of speech.  
T.T.: Yeah, I know that.  
U.U.: Ah.  
did I use it incorrectly?  
T.T.: I don't think so.  
I mean, I guess not?  
U.U.: Say, what is an uncle, by the by?  
T.T.: It's sort of like this weird, superfluous dad.  
U.U.: Hmm.  
T.T.: Like a strange man in your life that barely has anything to do with you, but is just there for
some reason.
they're practically always douche bags.
U.U.: I suppose I'll just have to take your word for it. (gasping face)
T.T.: ok, but just one question.
not to do with the future or anything, just about you.
U.U.: yes?
T.T.: are you british?
or pretending to be british, in a sort of ironic or stylized way?
U.U.: doing what now?
T.T.: I mean, I guess it doesn't make sense for an alien to be british.
or for an alien to be american, for that matter.
U.U.: hmm...
no, I fancy neither of those things make much sense at all.
T.T.: just the way you type is making it seem that way is all.
U.U.: oh!
yes, that would be my quirk.
T.T.: quirk?
so like,
deliberate affectation?
U.U.: no! A quirk!!!
quirk dirk.
hehehehee. (very happy face with closed eyes)
T.T.: you pretending to be british is a quirk.
what the fuck is a quirk?
U.U.: we all need a quirk!
it adds spice to our voices and helps us stand out as individuals.
T.T.: that's stupid.
I don't have a fucking quirk, and I don't want one.
U.U.: oh, well of course you wouldn't.
you're human.
humans are notoriously strange. (gasping face)

Next

[Image description: Dirk stands in his room, as shown on the screen in the previous page.]

pesterlog
U.U.: I think their romantic practices are particularly esoteric.
actually, I have written hundreds of pages examining the striking differences between human and
troll romance, as well as reproductive habits, as the comparison makes for a marvelous case study
in xenobiocultural differences.
as long as I am sharing speculation with you, perhaps you would like to read my essays?
I could even paste each page right here in succession, and allow you to read them back to back to
back to back to back to back! (very happy face with closed eyes)
T.T.: oh hell no.
yes, you're right of course. I'm probably getting carried away as usual.
forgive my enthusiasm, it's just that I so rarely have anyone to talk to who shares my passion for
these matters.
certainly not my curmudgeonly coplayer. (gasping face with furrowed brows)
T.T.: I mean, not that all that stuff wouldn't be fascinating to pore through, on some level.
but we kind of have things to do here.
remember you were gonna take a nap?
U.U.: by jove, the nap!!
yes, I really must secure a bit of shuteye.
T.T.: by jove?
oh my lord.
U.U.: your lord?
what...
do you mean by that exactly? (gasping face)
T.T.: nothin'.
hang on, though. Before you go,
you never did give me any actual advice on my situation.
with the dead agent, and my blown cover.
U.U.: oh, right!
I would look at it this way.
you are moments away from beginning your session, yes?
T.T.: sure.
U.U.: and you have already spent a long time gathering intelligence unbeknownst to the authorities.
how much more do you expect to accumulate even if you could stay undetected?
and how much strategic advantage is left to gain by delaying your discovery for much longer?
T.T.: I don't know.
U.U.: I say the time to make a stand is now!
to hell with the dersite tossers.
make your presence known. Let them see that the prince is awake, and make it abundantly clear
what that means.
perhaps it is their turn to be nervous? To cower in the shadows and live in uncertainty?
T.T.: hmm.
U.U.: that is my advice. Do with it as you will.
now I'm off to get some rest. (blank face with closed eyes)
with any luck, the next time we convene, both of our adventures will be well under way.
cheerio!
T.T.: you know, I'm not sure anyone ever actually says cheerio.
T.T.: unless they're pretending to be british.
oh whatever.

Dirk: Go through bedroom door.

[Image description: It shows a hallway identical to the one in Dave's apartment, though without all the puppets. A large Snoop Dogg bust with a captain's hat blocks the door that presumably leads to Dirk's room. On the wall is a poster with the green skull from Jake's shirt against a darker green background. The skull has the skaianet logo on its forehead and there is a border of gold and bright colors around the edge of the poster.]

You never leave your room through the actual egress. Your bro blocked the door ages ago with this
totally pimp stone bust. You give Captain Snoop a little nod of approval every time you walk by to
go to the bathroom. You like to think he nods back in a way that is so smooth and so subtle, he
literally doesn't move at all.

The thing is too heavy to move out of the way, and in any case you don't really want to. You just
use a different exit to your room.

Dirk: Exit.
Ok, I already picked both of those characters.

After an insane, full blown whirlwind of free will up in here, you are ready to get off this rollercoaster ride of absolute empowerment. You are feeling downright dizzy from the absurd amounts of decisive autovolition heaped upon you, and you are more than ready to proceed linearly for a while.

You are now Jane. A robot shaped like a bunny has just handed you the reins to a computer shaped like a man. What will you do?

Jane: Pester shades.

pesterlog
T.T.: Are you ready to do this thing?
G.G.: Yes!
T.T.: Ok. Looks like all that's left to do is deploy this pre-punched card, then I guess it's all up to you.
G.G.: Oh, wait.
It's Roxy again.
T.T.: Is it?
How totally unanticipated by anybody.
G.G.: Can you hold on? I'll try to make it quick.
T.T.: Go.
I will be here.
Quietly calculating.

Jane: Answer Roxy.

T.G.: Alart Alart Arlart Al*ert Al*art!!!!!!
hugely important correspondence
paging doctor crocker
rolal to docrock
G.G.: (confused face)
T.G.: heh heh
paging
bet you would like to get Paged huh jane
*sweet innuendo
G.G.: I’m not sure that qualifies as innuendo at all.
T.G.: wonk wonk wonk wonk
G.G.: I honestly think you misspell things intentionally more often than not, regardless of blood alcohol content.
You just typed wonk five times in a row!
T.G.: i have only just begun to wonk
G.G.: What is this urgent thing about, anyway?
Is it about your boobytrap?
Because you're too late. It already blew up my whole bedroom, thank you very much.
T.G.: no no
i mean i still feel shitty about that but its not about that
i know you already ran it i been talking to the shades
G.G.: Yes, me too. Right now in fact, and I'm in a bit of a hurry!
What is this about? What are you even doing?
T.G.: im in the lab doing a thing with my cat
but that doesn't matter i was doing some thing about and was still feeling guilty about fuckin up ur computer and all of the sudden im in b.f.f. tilde ath mode here
so i gotta tell you something u need to know before its too late
G.G.: Before what's too late?
T.G.: you and jake hookin up stupid!
G.G.: Oh my god.
T.G.: this is about turnin all your steamydreamz in to Steamay Realities
***realities lolo
G.G.: This isn't happening now...
T.G.: whereins j.c. + j.e. kiss & hug loads and start turnin out big heaps of wrigglers the old fashioned way (heart) (heart) (attempted heart) (attempted heart) (heart) (Wide eyed gasping face)!!!!
i cant decide whether this mental image porcolating here is hot as shit or cute as fuck......
G.G.: No! Cease your lascivious porcolating at once!
Roxy, I can see you're set on just wasting more of my time.
I understand if you don't wish to play this game, but please try not to interfere with those of us who do!
T.G.: no no im fine with playing just shut up
this is serious you need to tell him how u feel Very Soon
or you might miss your chance
G.G.: My chance?
What are you talking about?
T.G.: i found out today that dirks gonna make a move
G.G.: A move? You mean, a romantic one?
T.G.: yes
G.G.: On you?
T.G.: omfffgggggg
Jane Get a Clue
G.G.: Um.
On me?
T.G.: no
no my dear sweet janey not on you
On Jake!!!
G.G.: Oh.
Ohhh.
I didn't think...
That...
Hrm.
Are you sure?
T.G.: p sure ask glasses if u want
G.G.: Well then.
This is quite a development.
Poor Dirk!
T.G.: what do you mean
G.G.: Well, surely when he reveals his feelings, Jake will...
T.G.: ??
G.G.: I mean...
He couldn't possibly...
T.G.: wut
reiprocate?
G.G.: Yes?
T.G.: why not
G.G.: Because Jake is not a homosexual!
T.G.: mm hm
are u suuuuuure???
G.G.: Are you saying he is?
T.G.: nope
G.G.: Then what are you saying?
T.G.: im saying that
i dont fuckin know
G.G.: But...
I thought it reasonable to presume he takes a shining to ladies.
He does speak fondly of certain females from his favorite films, does he not?
T.G.: true that
but
how much does that really mean here jane
can you be totes sure on account a some dorky moive crushes
G.G.: Well, now I just don't know. You have me completely bamboozled about this.
What do you think?
T.G.: all im saying is
my gaydar is like the exanct fuckin poposite of urs
which is to say it is better than completety nonexistant
mine is so sensitive it has been used to sweep the ocean floor for mythical sea monsters
turns out
all of those monsters are so gay
truth (smiley face wearing sunglasses)
G.G.: Okay. Then what does your acute seabeast scanner make of Jake, then?
T.G.: thats what im sayin
i really have no idea
kid is a goggamn egnigma
hes as hard 2 read as fine print
and how i do mean Fiiine (winkin face)
G.G.: Oh brother.
Then, your guess is as good as mine?
I'm not sure what I'm supposed to conclude from this.
T.G.: youre supposed to concluce
that you Said you were going to believe anything i said today remember??
G.G.: Yes.
But you just said you don't know!!!
T.G.: exactly
therefore you must believe me when i say
if dirk lets on all his feelins there is at least a Chance jake will go like Derp Ok Dude Lets Make Out
and that means poor jane is screwed without ever even throwing her filthy old fedora in the ring
it is a ring i lke ot call Teh English Speepstakes
and if u dont youll regret it
and i mean
Officially?
i cant have a horse in the race
wait bad metaphor ecause of dirk and his fucking horstes nevermind
like you are both my friends and im not out to mess him up or anything
but i kinda owe it to you as my friend to let you know whats up
and also to get you to stop being such a World Champian Tightass
and let jake know
G.G.: Oh, not this tightass baloney again.
T.G.: jane
G.G.: What?
T.G.: jaane..
G.G.: ...'
T.G.: j.c. your are the tightassiest tightass who ever tightened up an ass
G.G.: No way!
We settled this, remember?
My prior resolution made it definitive; I was to be regarded as exceedingly permissive in certain
respects!
T.G.: jane i am afraid
that ur bottom
is a stubborn clam
guarding priceless treasure
and a deadly secret
G.G.: So ridiculous. (tongue sticking out face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: im not saying be an idiot and start gushing at him incoherently
but do something
say how u feel
or flirst a bit or ask him out on a date inside the fuckin game or such
goddamn Anything other that a bunch of bullshit pining and tightassy nothing
you have to do what i say u promised
G.G.: I promised to Believe what you say, not Do it!
T.G.: those 2 things are
prespicely the same shit
G.G.: If I agree to say something, will you stop tormenting me about it??
T.G.: yes
but only
because that will be impossible for me to do
when u + him r snoggin hard in motherfuckin makeout paradise
A K A Sex Land
But let the record show that this resolution has almost nothing whatsoever to do with your use of
the phrase "Sex Land."
Just...
I need to think of what to say, and wait for the right moment. Is that ok??
T.G.: sure
just dont wait too long
and don't underestimate striders' wiles
nor jakes...

lets say
open mindedness????

G.G.: Well,
He does often profess his love for adventure, I suppose.

T.G.: yuuup............

G.G.: Omg.
I really don't have a moment to spare, do I?

T.G.: ur finally gettin it
now go
and jane im warning u
if you dont say somethin to him
i am personally entering the game specivically to Fuck Ur Shit Up

*tollies Outie*

tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] ceased pestering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]

[S] Prince of Heart: Rise up.

[Image description: The song Time on My Side begins to play. It pans down over Jake's island, towards where Dirkbot stands on a hill. Jake rolls towards him, but gets pushed back. They take the typical Strife stances. It fades to black and the word Derse appears. Derse's moon fades in behind it and everything zooms out. It fades to Dirk's dream bedroom, where Lil Cal sits near the decapitated corpse of the Hegemonic Brute. Lil Cal's face flashes over the whole screen for a moment, then it cuts to Dream Dirk outside his tower. He looks towards where Roxy flew off into the void and takes off his glasses. It shows a close up of his bright orange eye. His pupil expands and light that resembles the furthest ring flashes into the center of it. The lights take up more and more of the screen, then it flashes back to the island, where Dirkbot and Jake begin a strife. Dirkbot draws a katana and Jake pulls out a pair of pistols. It cuts to Jake against a green background as he aims both pistols and winks. It cuts to Dirkbot against an orange background, resting his katana on his shoulder and giving a thumbs down. His arm multiplies and there are six thumbs down. Jake looks upset and starts to lower his pistols. It fades back to Dream Dirk floating above some buildings on Derse. He's carrying HB's head under his arm. A pair of black carapacians watch him from a walkway.

It flashes back to Dirkbot and Jake. The sky turns green and Jake's skull symbol appears as he runs towards Dirkbot and fires his pistols repeatedly. Red lines flash near Dirkbot's sword and it cuts to him against a red background as he slices the bullets in half. Jake bounces off him and the sky returns to normal.

A herd of tinkerbulls flies past. Some fall as Jake's bullets miss their target by a lot. Dirkbot reaches out and catches the few that headed in the right direction. He runs towards Jake and, suddenly in the scribbly style, throws the bullets into Jake's face. Back in the normal style, Jake flails as Dirkbot appears behind him and shoves him forward. Jake goes into a roll, but Dirkbot is suddenly in front of him and kicks him into the air. At the apex, Dirkbot appears and smacks him back towards the ground. Jake bounces a few times and Dirkbot elbows him, sending him flying off to the left. Before he can fly more than a few feet, Dirkbot does a backflip and kicks Jake back up into the air. Once again, at the apex, Dirkbot appears to kick him back down. This time, Jake disappears in a red flash and Dirkbot falls through a dark blue void. The void begins to lighten and it turns into a sunset. It pans over. Jake is flying out over the ocean from the force of the kick. He skips like a stone and flails, but before he lands completely, Dirkbot flies on and grabs him. With Jake in his arms, he uses rockets in his shoes to head back towards the island. Jake continues flailing.

Dirkbot drops Jake on top of the frog temple and hovers over him, waiting for him to stand so the
batte can continue.
Before he can, it flashes back to Dream Dirk, who flies down over a staircase crowded with black carapacians. It flashes to his shades, then to him flying over walkways. More carapacians stare at him from more walkways. It cuts to him flying over a street that looks like the Dersite equivalent of the street the prosptitian funeral went down. A horde of dersites follow him.
The camera pans down the chain holding the moon to Derse, then to Derse itself.
It fades to someone walking, focusing on her hips. She's wearing a black body suit with fuchsia stripes up the sides and a lot of golden jewelry. In one hand, she carries a trident with a fuchsia spiral up the handle and a green glow around it. It cuts to show her in her entirety. Her Imperious Condescension, with a mass of black hair trailing behind her that looks like tentacles. It fades to red, then to her wicked smile and glasses. Her eyes fade in. They're the same fuchsia as her blood.
It zooms out, showing her face in one of the walls of Jack Noir's office. Jack approaches the window. A fuschia glow falls over his face as he looks up. She points, and her hand glows with many flashing colors. She's wearing a ring, but there are no orbs on it. It flashes and her hand appears on the back wall of Jack's office. The left wall, which she's pointing towards, turns on to show Dirk with HB's head under his arm. Jack looks pissed.
It flashes to Dirk as he grabs a Derse banner and waves it. The pole it's on has a pointed end. A crowd of Dersites follows Dirk still.
It cuts and shows Dirkbot jumping on top of Jake on the top of the frog temple. Jake flails ineffectually. A red slash crosses the screen and it's back to the Dersite banner, which has now been sliced from its pole. Dirk carries the flagpole and HB's head towards a semicircular plaza, like the one from Prospit. A crowd of Dersites is gathered there.
It fades to the Draconian Dignitary walking down a hallway on Derse. The same two carapacians who first watched Dirk fly by stare at him in shock.
Dirkbot kicks Jake in the face. He grabs Jake by the collar and punches him so hard his glasses come off. Along with his eyes, which remain in the glasses.
DD walks down a street Dirk flew over.
Jake picks up his eyes and glasses and returns them to his face. While his back is turned, Dirkbot picks him up and turns him upside down. Jake flails and Dirkbot flies directly upwards and begins to spin. The background goes red, then orange, then Dirk piledrives Jake into the ground.
It fades to Dirkbot striking a pose with his sword while Jake plummets towards the ground behind him.
It cuts to the Dersite crowd. HB's head is now stuck on the pole, along with the Enquiring Carapacian with the headline about Jane's death.
The crowd parts as DD approaches. It zooms out. The pole was put on top of the statue in the center of the plaza.
Jake balls his fist and shouts. He looks pretty beat up. Against a background of red flames, he lunges towards Dirkbot, who just holds up his sword.
Jake grabs Dirkbot around the neck and bonks him on the head with his fist, but Dirkbot doesn't seem to care. He runs across their original battlefield with Jake clinging to him, then runs out over the ocean, then back to the island. He begins jumping around as it fades to DD staring up at HB's head. He reaches for the Inquiring Carapacian.
Jake grabs Dirkbot's glasses and takes them off. There's no eyes under them. Jake stomps them into red shards. He keeps flailing and stomping as a new pair appears over Dirkbot's head and falls into place. Dirkbot dashes forward and smacks Jake, sending him flying again. He lands on the ground and freezes.
It shows the Inquiring Carapacian. There's a note on it in orange text. "The Prince is awake.
Your shit is wrecked."
Followed by a red heart.
DD crumples the note in his fist and stares up.
A pink heart symbol appears as the end screen.]

Jake: Level up.

[Image description: Jake lays on the ground in an echeladder screen, which shows that he has 111,111 boonbucks. The hat sits on top of his face. It's green and has a pink feather. A green piggy bank sits next to his head. He's reached tier Peter Panache. The rest of the shown tiers, from top to bottom, are
Beau Skylark
Hunk Rumpus Buster
Fisticuffs aficionado
Peter Panache
Sharkbait Heartthrob
Cupid's Crosshair Candy
Hope-a-dope Boxer
Revenge of Bernie Lomax
Scrumrunner
One Tomb; Many Suitors
Pumpkinpatch Gunslinger
Green-eyes-peeled-for
Blue-lookers-nude.com
Castor Troy's Apprentice
Skull smuggler
2 times gun 1 eye kind]

That absurd drubbing earned you another rung on your echeladder. One of the steeper prices you've had to pay for a bit of ladder climbing, but in the end you suppose it was all worth it to be able to bask in the glory and prestige of the Peter Panache rung. You guess? Who are you kidding, you don't have a clue what that even means.

Jake: Pester Dirk.

[Image description: It shows Jake's phone. The background is a blue woman with tendrils coming out of her bald head, which make her appear to be an alien. Of course, the rest of her looks distinctly human except for the skintone. She's naked except for an open, red kimono that barely covers one of her breasts. The other is covered by a pesterchum icon. Her genitals would be visible if not for a carefully turned thigh and the cropping at the edge of the screen. There's a Dirk alert next to the pesterchum icon.]

pesterlog
golgothasTerror [G.T.] began pestering timaeusTestified [T.T.]

G.T.: Bro.

Next

[Image description: Jake lays on the ground and types on his phone with one hand. A bunch of sleeping tinkerbulls surround him.]

pesterlog
And that sure as god made little green apples isn't all there is to say on the matter!

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Jake's face. He looks like he's in pain and/or very annoyed.]

pesterlog
G.T.: Are you listening my friend?!
Ill have you know my ass was straightup served ice cold.
My savaged caboose has been catered to impeccably.
Not unlike that of a gentleman stranded on an island inhabited by a race of indigenous butlers.
I hope the far fetched scenario i have described has adequately communicated the severity of my robotic buttwhoopin!
Does this mean i passed the test or whatever the fuck.
Can your robot drop the bullshit and give me the uranium now or what?
Dirk???
Where the frig are you?

Jake: Black out.

[Image description: Jake drops his phone on his chest and tilts his head to the side as he passes out
in the pile of tinkerbulls. A black alert appears over his head and the whole image goes dark.]

Next

[Image description: Jake sits up in a black void.]

Next

[Image description: He looks off towards something.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the edge of what he's looking at. It looks like the silhouette of a troll
with a barb at the end of one of their horns.]

Next

[Image description: It turns to show a cerulean silhouette with Vriska's horns, but whoever this is
has short hair.]

Next

[Image description: A troll waves at Jake. She has the same horns as Vriska, with one barbed one
and one that ends in a crescent shape. Her hair is somewhat messy and falls to about her shoulders.
She has cerulean mascara and lipstick and wears a pair of white-framed glasses. A pair of fangs
stick out over her lips. She's wearing a short blue dress with long sleeves and a white scorpio
symbol on the chest. There's a black belt around her waist and a silver cancer symbol necklace
around her neck. She has knee-height white socks and a pair of bright red mary jane style shoes.
Her eyes are completely white.]

Next

[Image description: Jake smiles up towards her. Something by his head flashes inside a red circle
and has a red arrow pointing towards it.]
Next

[Image description: It zooms in. His face is highly pixelated and the thing inside the circle is a less than symbol followed by eight question marks. A heart, but instead of love, it's made of confusion.]

Next

[Image description: On the island, Jake sits up, dislodging a few sleeping tinkerbuls.]

Jake: Pester Roxy.

[Image description: Jake puts on his skulltop. In a second image, he slouches and looks annoyed. A Roxy alert appears next to his skulltop and Dirkbot lurks behind him.]

pesterlog
golgothasTerror [G.T.] began pestering tippsyGnostalgic [T.G.]
G.T.: I still cant find dirk all i get is his jerkwad shades.
Surprise sur freakin prise.
T.G.: jake enklish
cant u see im fuck deep in all these stupid meowcats
G.T.: Oh.
No?
I cant see that actually.
T.G.: i m also
fuck deep in busy
what ist it
G.T.: Just seeing if you had heard from him yet.
I would really like to speak with him today.
You know like actually in person instead of through his aggravating liaison who is so far up his own ass with this hal 9000 schtick its ridonkulous.
Is he avoiding me or something?
I hope i didnt piss him off through some indiscernible slight. Gosh he can be sensitive.
T.G.: nah hes just
biding his time i guess.....
G.T.: Huh.
Well okey doke.
Man i just had a crazy dream after getting coldcocked by his roughhouse droid.
T.G.: yeh theres been that goin around
G.T.: What?
T.G.: dreamin
what was urs about
G.T.: Well i dont want to alarm you or anything...
But it may just have featured none other than The Girl of My Dreams?????????
T.G.: Wut
G.T.: She had sharp funny horns and a nice blue dress and she may have been some sort of spidery vampire? I dunno. It was very brief but she waved to me.
T.G.: nonononoononno
this wont do at all
G.T.: What wont?
T.G.: u slobberin over some alien dream girl
fuck That im having enough a hard time keppin trach of the jakestakes as it is
G.T.: The jakestakes?
T.G.: the jakestakes
G.T.: Also who said she was an alien? I just thought she was some kind of pretty monster.
T.G.: listen bro i know u love adventures and dumb shit like that but you are forbidden from thinkin about her again
G.T.: Ok i mean this is a strange reaction roxy but ok.
She was a figment of my imagination so what choice do i even have?
T.G.: exactically
she was a fake girl so 4get it
a fakey fakey fuke
wait a minnit...
has jane talked to u yet about anything?
G.T.: About anything? Yes i do imagine our last chat could fit that description.
T.G.: no
i mean
about anythin serious
feelinswasy
* wawys
* waways
* shit
* about your emotions
G.T.: Not really.
T.G.: uuuuuugh
i knew shed porcrastinate on this
G.T.: On what?
T.G.: can u just message her now
G.T.: Sure.
But what are you talking about?
Should i expect a serious exchange about feelings and whatnot?
T.G.: depenbs on the present magnitude of her tightassery
someone needs 2 move you fuckers along an get some stuff out in the popen already
G.T.: Wait would this be about certain unrequited pinings you may have alluded to earlier?
T.G.: i didint say nothin and aint sayin anything to that effeft
G.T.: Indubitably. Miss zipper lips was it? Humorously missspelled of course.
T.G.: mmmmmm!
*zuip*
G.T.: I guess i cant help but wonder if that truly is the way she sees me or if it is just some wild
go stokring delusion on my part.
I always get this sense that people sorta fancy me but who knows i could be just miles off the old
rocker about that!
Youre right i think its high time we cleared the air on some things even if there is a chance it gets
all awkward and prickly.
That is what being brave and adventorous is all about after all. It isnt just about summoning the
courage to pilfer some priceless loot from trap laden catacomb. Or shooting at stuff with two guns
at once.
There are treacheries of the heart to consider!!!
T.G.: lol u f'n dork
but yes do that
shit i gotta go
i think theres someone in here....
G.T.: Are you in danger?
tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] ceased pestering golgothasTerror [G.T.]
G.T.: Hmm.
Jake: Pester Jane.

[picture description: Jake looks surprised and turns his head slightly. Behind him, Dirkbot punches into his own chest, sending out a shower of sparks. A Jane alert appears next to Jake's skulltop.]

pesterlog

golgothasTerror [G.T.] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]

G.T.: Aloha madame.

G.G.: Jake!

Hey there. I was actually about to message you.

G.T.: Yes i have heard that maybe your correspondence was forthcoming.

G.G.: You did?

G.T.: I just got off the horn with roxy.

G.G.: Wait...

What did she tell you?

G.T.: Well. Not anything all that specific.

G.G.: Did she goad you into writing this message?

G.T.: Oh you know how it is. What with her ways.

G.G.: What ways?

G.T.: You know... ways!

I believe they are not incongruous with those of a feisty and provocative young woman.

G.G.: Provocative my behind!

She is skirting dangerously close to meddlesome territory.

G.T.: No its really not like that!

Hold on...

God dammit.

G.G.: ??

G.T.: Its just dirks inscrutable wrestlebot acting up over there.

What the fuck is it doing now?

G.G.: Has one of his gadgets been causing trouble for you over there as well?

G.T.: If by causing trouble you mean clobbering the everfriggin tar out of me while still switched to the "novice" setting then yes.

But that is not why i messaged you!!! I will not be deterred here jane.

G.G.: Deterred from what?

G.T.: Jane i think its time we had an honest to goodness dame to fella talk. Like about our...

Stuff. You know?

G.G.: Our stuff?

G.T.: Our feelings.

Like how we feel about each other.

G.G.: Um...

Yes.

Okay.

G.T.: I dont think im out of line in suggesting weve been tiptoeing around some things here do you?

G.G.: Have we?

G.T.: I think so. Its just a hunch.

G.G.: Is there something you want to say to me, Jake?

About how you feel?

G.T.: Absolutely!

I feel that total honesty between us will be the best policy as we begin our journey together.

So i say lets put all the facts on the table where we can both see them.

With that in mind i would like to ask you a question jane and i hope it doesnt strike you as being
too forward.
G.G.: ...
Go on.
G.T.: Maybe its just my imagination but ive picked up on certain lets say hints.
So i have to just come out and ask. Hoo boy this is actually proving to be a serious challenge to my
bravery now that im going through with it.
Im getting a little hot under the collar here!
G.G.: No, it's ok...
Please continue!
G.T.: Ok then.
What id like to know is...
Do you like me jane?
G.G.: Uh.
Wait...
What?
G.T.: I mean do you like me as more than a friend?
Do you envision us as like...
An item? A romantic pairing of sorts?
G.G.: Wow, um.
G.T.: Is that the direction in which you would prefer our relationship to progress?
G.G.: Well,
I
G.T.: Please! Be honest with me jane.
Just come out and say it. Do you fancy me?
G.G.: No!

Next

[Image description: Jane sits at the desk in the office and looks exasperated with herself. A thought
bubble shows a scribbly drawing of her holding her head and shouting What The Fuck?
Duuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.]

pesterlog
G.T.: I see.
Very well then.
Jeez i mustve really misread that one! I feel like kind of a bone head now.
Are you sure the answers no?
G.G.: I guess...
That...
Sure was the thing I said! Ha ha.
G.T.: Yes fair enough.
I guess i did put you on the spot there didnt i.
You know it may sound cocky of me but i really was not prepared for this answer!
You must think im just this epic friggin tool now. Couldnt say id disagree if you did.
G.G.: No!!!!!!
Oh my God, what am I saying here?
Jake, I didn't mean it! I didn't want to make you feel that way!
G.T.: Now jane lets not backpedal here.
Youve spoken the truth and i greatly appreciate and respect you for that.
But now that i think about it you know what?
G.G.: ...
No? (sad face)
G.T.: Please don't take this the wrong way but your answer is actually kind of a relief!
G.G.: It is?
G.T.: I consider you to be a lovely lady of the highest caliber and I really think any gent worth his salt would be a huge bozo to let the chance to go steady with you slip through his fingers. I've even given the possibility some thought myself.
G.G.: You have?
G.T.: Sure I'm only human Jane I'm going to entertain let's say certain ideas. What ifs. You know? Like what if we did meet up some day? And you asked me out or something. I'm sure I'd say yes given we've been through together and then well who knows?
G.G.: You would??
G.T.: Probably but I'm kind of babbling here. The point is those are all just silly daydreams about stuff and about your feelings for me that I was projecting on you which weren't even real.
And now that we've been honest with each other about this we can kind of move on and just be great friends.
G.G.: Friends!
Oh boy!!
G.T.: And it's a load off to be honest because that was lot to think about on top of everything else!
G.G.: Everything else?
G.T.: Things are kind of complicated for me Jane. With you and Roxy and Dirk and his crazy responder and now...
Well it's a tangled web let's just put it that way.
G.G.: I don't think I'm following.
G.T.: There are a fuckload of irons in the fire Jane!
So many irons in the fire. Such a tangled web. It is a web full of flaming irons.
G.G.: And mixed metaphors, apparently?
G.G.: I really don't, Jake.
G.T.: Oh son of a bitch!
G.G.: What?!
G.T.: The robot is being weird again.

Next

[Image description: Jake turns towards Dirkbot, which now has a hole in its chest and is pounding something green against a large rock.]

pesterlog
G.G.: What's happening?
G.T.: It's having some sort of mental episode.
See this is what I'm talking about Jane. This is what I'm dealing with here.
Sigh. Like I said my life is many different hells of complicated.
G.G.: Jake, could you just tell me what you're talking about?
G.T.: You're right. I did say honesty was the best policy didn't I so I might as well not keep certain things so close to the vest anymore.
Actually since you've made your feelings apparent and only see me as a friend that makes it a lot easier!
G.G.: Haha, yes!
Friends!!!!
G.T.: Maybe you could help me sort out some stuff that has been weighing on me lately?
G.G.: Well what are friends for Jake!!!!
G.T.: Jane are you alright?
You seem to be exclaiming more liberally than usual.
G.G.: Me?
Hoo hoo hoo!
I'm just
Terrific!
I'm feeling so...
Friendly!!!
I clearly just want to be a good friend and bring all my Amazing Friendliness to bear on your problems.
Friendlystyle! Ahahahah?
Shit I mean
Ahahahah!
So as i was saying.
I cant help but feel like all this stuff going on with dirk like his responders mind games and his brobots mysterious and brutal hazings...
Are all like...
Man i know this is going to sound crazy.
G.G.: What?
G.T.: Like theyre all part of a really long term and esoteric courtship process that is bizarre but somehow makes perfect sense in his mind.
G.G.: Courtship??
G.T.: Yes from dirk.
To you know...
Woo me.
G.G.: Huh!
Really?
G.T.: I know its hard to believe but i know dirk pretty well and...
Well im more than a little sure he likes me in that way if you catch my drift.
And what with how he is...
Just so relentless and aggressive about everything you know?
G.G.: Yeaaah.
G.T.: So i just start to wonder deep down if maybe its inevitable.
G.G.: What's inevitable?
G.T.: Him and me. As more than just best buddies.
G.G.: Uhhhhh...
G.T.: I know if he has his heart set on something he will never let up.
So maybe its just going to happen and things will be easier that way and i should just try to come to terms with it?
G.G.: I don't think you have to do anything you don't want to, Jake.
G.T.: Yeah.
Um.
Do you not want to?
G.T.: Like i said jane i am inclined to entertain certain ideas and what ifs thats all.
I mean we do get along really well and share a lot of interests.
Im not saying im really Gung Ho to the Max about the proposition but yeah ive given it some thought.
I dunno.
Do you think thats weird of me? For even considering it?
G.G.: Well...
No.
I don't think that makes you weird, Jake.
G.T.: Really?
G.G.: I think
That
G.T.: What jane?
G.G.: I think that it's great if you are open to exploring those feelings.

Next

[pesterlog

G.T.: Thats really swell of you to say that.
Have i mentioned what a top notch friend you are jane?
G.G.: Yes.
As a matter of fact you have.
G.T.: Now please dont take me as saying im about to go leaping into his arms or anything.
G.T.: That would be a bit brash.
Haha could you imagine??
G.G.: Whee!
G.T.: But my thought process sort of went like this.
Hes been my best friend forever and ive always liked him a lot as a bro.
And years ago i used to joke around with him that we would probably be totally into each other if he was a girl.
But of course that was before i started to realize he was probably serious about those feelings for me regardless.
Heheh come to think of it maybe that was unwittingly poor form on my part kind of leading him on or something?
G.G.: Whoops!!
G.T.: But then...
Later i started thinking.
Maybe i was being kind of unfair to him in the first place?
I mean by saying we would be a good match only if he was a girl.
Like is that last condition there really all that important?
Does that make sense?
G.G.: Hmmm!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Next

[pesterlog

G.T.: You are incredibly understanding jane. Thank you so much for listening.
I have never told anyone all that. Its so great to have a friend as good as you.
G.G.: That is what I am good for, it seems!
G.T.: If we hadn't cleared the air just now i probably never would have had the gumption to talk about it with you.
Its so cool how you were honest with me about how you felt. I think honesty is always the best policy. I cant believe how much i was overcomplicating all this in my head.
Haha the situation is really pretty funny when you think about it.
G.G.: Hahahahahahahaha!
Yeaaaaaaaah........

Next

[Image description: Jake hunches over and holds his head as the Dirkbot explodes, tossing still-sleeping tinkerbulls into the air.]

pesterlog
G.G.: Say, Jake?
Not to cast doubt on your feelings, but are you quite sure all of Dirk's actions have been for the sake of courtship?
G.T.: Um...
G.G.: You did say his robot was prone to assailing you, did you not?
Is that really an affectionate gesture?
G.T.: Well...
He basically sent me that thing as kind of a sparring partner.
Like to wrestle with.
And i love to wrestle!
G.G.: Oh.
G.T.: And yeah i guess he programmed it to be a bit overzealous but i mean what do you expect from the guy.
I think its his way of training me to become tougher.
Which sometimes is annoying and sometimes when i walk through the jungle im sweating bullets wondering if its going to pounce on me outta nowhere.
But theres actually something kind of exciting about that its like every day is more of an adventure.
And truthfully its probably working i probably AM getting better at being in scrums.
G.G.: Yeah.
I guess you're right.
G.T.: And his responder which i guess is really a part of his personality even if he doesnt like to say so...
It kind of lets on a lot more than dirk ever would. Its almost like its this weird clone of himself playing passive aggressive matchmaker between me and his real self.
G.G.: Yeah.
I can see how such a complicated relationship could keep you preoccupied.
I guess I can't blame you.
Maybe you should just...
I don't know.
G.T.: What?
G.G.: Maybe you should just go for it.
Hell, why not.
Just tell him you know how he feels and that you're open to the idea?

Next

[Image description: Jane closes her eyes and smacks the computer with one hand while pressing the other to her face. A thought bubble shows the drawing of her flailing her arms and saying fuh. The rest of the bubble is filled with excerpts of her side of the conversation and commentary.

G.G.: No!
Seriously what the fuck was that?????
G.G.: That…
Sure was the thing I said! Ha ha.
Are you Shitting me with this??

G.G.: Well what are friends for Jake!!!!!
Stupid. Stupid. Stupid.

G.G.: Friendstyle! Ahahahah?
euuueeeuuugh.

G.G.: I think that it's great if you are open to exploring those feelings.
Oh my god please just kill me.

G.G.: Whee!
Hey Jane. S.T.F.U!

G.G.: Maybe you should just go for it.
Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuck]

pesterlog
G.T.: You really think so?
G.G.: ...
Yeah sure why the hell not.
G.T.: Well i was kinda going to let it play out and just see what happens and go from there...
But you think a more proactive approach would be better?
G.G.: Well,
He likes you.
You seem to like him well enough.
Just...
Yes.
Why not??
Sounds good to me!!!
G.T.: Wow.
I must say this sort of advice surprises me coming from you!
G.G.: And why would that be?!?
What, are you expecting me to advocate a more conservative approach?
To tell you to keep being shy and cagey and keep beating around the bush indefinitely??
What would ever give you that idea about me!
G.T.: Hmm.
Yes i guess that is a certainly a strategy to consider.
Jane i must say your perspective on this is refreshingly bold.
G.G.: I believe you will find that as refreshing boldness goes I am simply the best there is.
G.T.: Hehehe! Sure looks that way!
G.G.: Screw it!
Ask him out.
Just kill the suspense already.
Become boyfriends and such.
Have some babies!!!
G.T.: Whoa now!
Jane the decision to sire children with your best bro is not one to be taken lightly.
G.G.: Okay I think I have to go.
I have this stupid game to play.
gutsyGumshoe [G.G.] ceased pestering golgothasTerror [G.T.]
[Image description: Jane stands next to the desk with her eyes closed an an alert over her head flashing through black and white, highly pixelated pictures of skulls. An A.R. alert hovers over the crosbytop and a cursor holds a pre-punched card in front of her.]

pesterlog
A.R.: Here.
G.G.: Get this shit out of my face.
A.R.: But you need it.
A.R.: Is something wrong?
What were you two talking about?
G.G.: I don't want to talk about it, and if I did, I sure wouldn't want to talk about it with you!
A.R.: Should I be offended, or apologetic right now?
Help me out.
You're talkin' to glasses here.
G.G.: I just want to go to sleep and not wake up forever.
A.R.: I think I'll just put this card over here on the desk.

Next

[Image description: Jane's dreamself lays on what looks like a highly ornate manhole cover with a sun at the center somewhere on Prospit. A carapacian's shadow approaches her.]

Next

[Image description: The unknown carapacian kicks the back of her head.]

Found her.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Jack Noir snarls down at her and holds up a large black sword.]

You just knew you hadn't finished the job.

When it comes to children who ain't quite been offed yet, you've got sixth sense.

Jack: Finish job.

[Image description: He lifts the sword higher, then lowers it and takes out a walkie talkie that has a red diamond alert next to it.]

Hang on. It's this guy. Gotta answer this. He better be bearing news of murdered youngsters.

Jack: Answer Dignitary.

[Image description: It zooms out. Jane sleeps on the floor of some sort of cathedral-like building and Jack stands over her.]

He says the deceased child count is still sitting at zero over here. You say what? He says that's not all. You wait for him to spill the beans.

He says one of the brats staged a little rebellion on the moon. Stuck the Brute's head on a pike for
all to see. Real black eye for the kingdom and the Condesce. Press is going nuts with it. Wait. The Brute's dead, you say? He says yes. Dammit. He was one of your best agents. You never really cared for the guy but you admired his brutality. We all did sir, he says. This is getting personal you say. What's the status on these little shits. Where are they now?

He says the Prince flew the coop. And the girl's gone... You say gone what. Rogue? After a little while he says awol. The guy doesn't really take a shining to puns and you can't say you blame him. You say you're just going to finish your business here and take the next shuttle to Derse, over and out.

Next

[Image description: The White Queen smacks Jack in the back of the head with the White King's scepter hard enough to knock out some of Jack's teeth and make him spit blood. The sword spins over his head and the walkie talkie starts to fall. The white queen is wearing a simple wrap dress that closes down the left side. There's a black smudge on one of the archways behind her.]

Next

[Image description: The White Queen stands over a now unconscious Jack, who lays on top of a still sleeping Jane.]

Roxy: Emerge from fuck deep in meowcats.

[Image description: Roxy stands on a massive hub array, like the one Rose found in the Skaianet lab behind her house. A massive horde of mutant cats surrounds Roxy and there's a broken fourth wall behind her.]

Why did you have to clone so many cats? Why did they all have to breed so much?

Why do they all have to be so friendly???

Roxy: Proceed to transmaterializer.

[Image description: It zooms out, showing the rest of the hub grid that resembles a chessboard. There are countless more mutant cats lounging on and around the hubs, including one sitting on the transportalizer at the center.]

You trudge through the fluffy morass in the direction of the mysterious device known as the Transmaterializer.

Need to send this dead cat back to mom and get this show on the road.

Next

[Image description: Roxy walks across the hubs, but something behind her makes clank noises, startling the cats.]

More noises echoing in the distance. Some of the meowcats get nervous and poof up their tails.

It's pretty clear you aren't alone in here. Better make this quick.

Next

[Image description: Roxy stands by a massive machine with several screens and plenty of cats laying on the control panel or on the floor around it. The screen are all cracked and either flicker
You never understood what the point of this thing was. It's old and damaged. Whatever is supposed to show up on the screens is blacked out, either due to the damage, or due to this voidey blackout bullshit that seems to follow you wherever you go.

Next

Here's the lab's funky appearifier which you used to clone all these cats. You use your other appearifier to make paradox slime from cats, gather and mix the slime in this machine, and crank out the mutant kitties. You can't use the cloning device's native appearifier to make cats, because the target is locked on to your mom. Most of the time the screen is blacked out, so you haven't been able to investigate her past carefully, much to your regret. Or her tragic death, for that matter. Right now the target is locked on to a time from her childhood.

It's a good thing you stopped by. It's reminding you to collect a DNA sample for later, so you can jumpstart this tri generational lolonde family reunion that's apparently supposed to happen.

Roxy: Appearify.

[Image description: A paradox slime silhouette of Rose appears, along with a pink striped scarf.]

Next

[Image description: The silhouette collapses into a pile of slime.]

Looks like, as expected, trying to appearify your mother as a kid from the past would have created a paradox, so her paradox slime is the result. But Quite unexpectedly, bringing her scarf along for the ride seems to have created no conflict, and you swiped it right off her neck! Young mom probably has no idea what the hell just happened to her scarf. This is so exciting!

You are So gonna wear that thing, you don't care How mom-gooey it is.

Roxy: Collect sample.

[Image description: A captchalogue bottle flies on screen and fills with the goo, then falls to the floor.]

You stow the kidmomgoo in one of your captchalogue bottles.

Wait...

That was kind of a weird implementation of your modus. You're not even sure what happened there. Oh well, whatever. You guess you can go just... sort of...

Pick it up?

Roxy: Go just sort of pick it up.

[Image description: Roxy picks it up. Some of the cats begin to follow her to the machine.]

You go just sort of pick it up and that works fine. Now about that totes baller scarf.
Roxy: Wear the scarf. Be the Rider.

You can't be the rider because in this universe the pony is too small for some reason. Not that being the rider ever really made much sense in the first place. Anyway, the scarf looks great, and you made a great decision.

Roxy: Get to that transmaterializer.

This is probably the most perplexing device in the lab to you. It seems to be a sort of appearifier/sendificator hybrid. But it uses a massive amount of power, far more than the simpler appearifier uses. Sending Frigglish home should nearly deplete its entire fuel gauge. You have no idea what could possibly account for the extra power consumption. There are many other puzzling things about it. You don't know what the deal is with that frog up there. Or the strange cracked disc symbol, or the arrow which is locked firmly on the B1 side. It's all completely meaningless to you. The only things that make sense are the fuel gauge, the two big buttons, and the coordinate panels indicating where and when to target.

But it looks like the panels have been damaged somehow since the last time you looked at it. If you changed them, there'd be no telling what you would change them to, so you might as well not bother and leave them on their previous setting. Which was pretty much your plan anyway.

Roxy: Deploy Frigglish.

You bust open a bottle of dead cat on the pad and get a little teary eyed as you say one last goodbye.

Oh, hello, G.Cat. Come to pay your respects, huh?

Next

The G.Cat unceremoniously washes a paw with his omnipotent green tongue. Nothing to say there buddy? No remorse at all?

This is all his fault of course. Even though he probably didn't mean to get him killed. At least you think he didn't.

D'aw who are you kidding. You can't stay mad at cats.

Next

[Image description: A lot of mutant cats crowd around the machine.]
Others gather around to bid farewell to their common ancestor. This is probably the closest he will ever come to receiving a proper funeral.

Roxy: Send him home.

[A mutant kitten steps onto the right button on the control panel. A bright light builds around Frigglish slash Jaspers and grows to take up the entire screen.]

A mutant kitten does the honors, intentionally or otherwise. Bon voyage, friend.


[A loading screen shows G.Cat's head against a green background. A strange version of Chorale for Jaspers begins to play. A white screen fades to Jaspers laying on the bank of the river. A red crosshair appears over him. It flashes through several scenes quickly. Young Rose finds Jaspers's corpse on the riverbank. A mutant kitten with another head in place of its back legs floats in a tank. Rose stares at the strange machinery in the lab. A mutant kitten with four eyes plays with the end of Rose's Mom's scarf. It winks both of its right eyes. A stone cat with wings. Rose and her mom stand out in the rain, both wearing black and flanking a small coffin with flowers on it outside Jaspers's mausoleum. Rain falls. The coffin sits inside the mausoleum. In fast forward, the flowers rot away. The four eyed kitten bites the pink scarf. Rose stands inside the mausoleum. She kicks the coffin off its plinth. Her laptop sits on top of the plinth with Dave and Sburb alerts over it while her grimoire for summoning the zoologically dubious sits at her feet and her violin leans against the opposite wall. Crosshairs appear over Jasper's corpse. Flames appear through the mausoleum's window and Rose captchalogue a sburb disk. She facepalms, then turns it into a Facepalm x2 combo! The mutant kitten kicks at the pink scarf. The plinth vanishes, revealing the ladder down to the tunnel into the lab. Rose walks down the eerie tunnel. She looks towards massive Skaianet logo and an exit door. She stands by the transportalizer in the center of the hub grid. Her captchalogue cards appear in the top corner with a crosshair over Jaspers's corpse. She takes out her laptop from the root card. Everything else falls onto the floor and Jaspers's corpse vanishes on the transportalizer. It appears on another transportalizer in Mom's bar room. Rose does a 'pretty decent escapalization' to the transportalizer on the hub grid. She and the kitten appear in front of her house. She holds a pink bottle and a pink tentacle grabs her around the waist. She smiles up at her sprite. A princess squid doll and her dead cat. Jaspersprite. Pink turtle shells spew rainbow water in the skies of LoLaR. Jaspersprite smiles. He and Rose stand on a white beach with the mutant kitten and Jaspersprite tries to fish with one of his tentacles. Rose stands on top of something green while wearing her black dress and has a Nepeta alert next to her hubtopband. She holds out the sprite pendant. Jaspersprite appears in front of her. She offers him her laptop. He takes it and they smile at each other. He talks to Nepeta using Rose's laptop. He stands on the ship, surrounded by consorts, carapacians, John, Jade, Nannasprite, and Davesprite. This all happens in a 35 second animation.]

And that was pretty much how all that happened.

Jaspersprite: Say hi to everybody!
What do you think this is, Act 6 Intermission 2??
That'll be happening pretty soon, don't worry. Let's all try to settle down here.

Next

That's that, you guess. Hey...
Where did all the cats go? G.Cat, did you do something pointlessly mischievous again??
Wait, there are a few hiding behind the equipment there. Looks like something has scared them all off...

Next

More clank noises behind you. You pretend not to notice...
And slowly...
Calmly...
Reach for your...
Roxy: Turn around.

Freeze motherfuther!
*mockerfucker!
* shit!!!

Next

Sure are a lot of them today. They must be getting more desperate.
Roxy: Fire!!!!!

You can't do it. They may be dangerous, but you know they're only looking for food.
You have this awful feeling these guys sneak in here now and then to hunt for cats. Best not to think about it, really.
Gotta figure out some other way to get out of this jam!
Roxy: Solicit G.Cat for assistance.

[Image description: Roxy turns to look at G.Cat, who stretches.]

Maybe he's in one of his arbitrarily helpful moods?

What do you say there, friend? Little help?

Next

[Image description: Roxy smiles at him, but he disappears in a green flash and she frowns. The carapacians are right next to her.]

God dammit, G.Cat.

Next

[Image description: G.Cat appears in the observatory, between the two fourth walls, or windows, as Roxy keeps calling them.]

Roxy: Run!!!!!

[Image description: Roxy dashes across the hub grid, towards the window she used to get there. The carapacians follow behind her.]

You hoof it back to the window on the double. The famished ruffians are in hot pursuit!

Roxy: Jump in.

[Image description: Roxy jumps in and disappears in a white flash.]

Next

[Image description: She falls through the void. The striped scarf she snagged from a younger version of her mom flaps.]

Next

[Image description: She looks down towards the exit window.]

Next

[Image description: G.Cat sits next to the window. In a flash, everything but the window disappears and is replaced by Dirk standing next to a door between a refrigerator and a statue of half of a horse made of tangled strips of metal. The hub didn't come with it and its power cord just lays on the floor. Dirk turns to look at the window and steps back as it falls to the floor.]

Next

[Image description: Just as Roxy's about to fall through the window, it flashes and goes grey.]

Next

[Image description: Roxy looks shocked and keeps falling.]

What the shit?
Next

[Image description: She lands on her ass on top of the greyed out window shape.]

Next

[Image description: She looks back over her shoulder and looks surprised. The colors slowly darken and invert until all that can be seen is the pale grey outline of her face and hair in a nearly black screen.]

Next

[Image description: She looks up as the blackness fades to a hazy blue sky with streaks of black running through it and a skyline of jagged pink rocks.]

Next

[Image description: It switches angles. She keeps staring, but behind her, a fuchsia silhouette appears. This person has two long, thin braids trailing down onto the ground and holds a double ended trident in both hands.]

Next

[Image description: The silhouette turns into a troll. She looks like Her Imperious Condescension, but young. She only has two thick bracelets rather than countless ones, and she's wearing a pair of grey pants and a grey tee shirt with a fuchsia pisces symbol on the chest. Her hair is chopped short except for two long, thin braids that trail on the floor for a good distance behind her. She has a pair of gold rings in her right eyebrow and a vicious smile on her face. Her eyes are blank and white.]

Next

[Image description: Roxy turns to look at the troll, who puts a hand on her hip.]

Next

[Image description: Roxy turns fully towards the troll and pulls out her rifle, but the troll disappears and a small pink question mark appears over Roxy's head.]

Next

[Image description: Roxy looks confused and the troll appears behind her as a grey silhouette with fuchsia accents.]

Next

[Image description: Roxy looks over her shoulder as the troll comes up behind her.]

Next

[Image description: the troll puts the handle of her trident around Roxy's neck to choke her. Roxy looks scared and grabs it, trying to push it away.]

Count some woolbeasts bitch

[Note: The caption was written in Feferi's quirk.]
Dirk: Examine fenestrated plane.

This thing just appeared out of thin air. Did someone sendificate it to you? Or is it that damn cat again, up to his tricks?

It looks like it's one of Roxy's. Maybe she knows what's up. You should probably ask her.

Dirk: Ask Roxy.

She doesn't respond. Must be busy with something. Probably just goofing off and drinking up a storm as usual.

Looks like it'll have to wait anyway. Someone's messaging you.

Dirk: Answer.

[Image description: It zooms in on Dirk. The Ophiuchus alert still hovers over his glasses.]


[Note: Unlike every other chat handle abbreviation, this new person's is in lowercase. They speak in dark grey and in all caps except for the letter U, which is lowercase.]

U.U.: hello dirk.
I want to play a game.
U.U.: what do you say??
(frowning face with closed eyes with two middle fingers raised)

Next

[Image description: Dirk looks towards his horse statue. The ophiuchus alert still hovers over him.]

pesterlog
T.T.: what game?
you know what game.
the one where I say. I'm going to kill all of you some day.
and there's nothing you can do about it?
just some more menacing shit like that.
all just bundled up in the pretense of a lot of useless fucking puzzles.
T.T.: oh, right.
that game.
and here I thought you were going to ask me to draw you more weird porn for some reason.
U.U.: well. The night is still young. So who knows?
but nah. I was just dropping by again to say how I'm gonna kill you. That's all.
and this is just assuming you don't all die before I get the chance to puzzle murder you. On account of you being a bunch of hideous fuckups.
I mean look at this.
you already blew it.
T.T.: blew what?
U.U.: on derse.
you upset the order. Didn't you.
you went and pissed off the witch?
now they're going to hunt you down dude!
they're probably on their way. To kill you right now.
T.T.: I'm pretty well hidden on derse. I doubt they'll find me until I'm ready to be found again.
you're pretty fucking easy to find there. Don't you think?
oh yes. Your aggressors are coming for you. I have seen it.
in fact. They are probably already here.
T.T.: yeah.
well, I was expecting as much.
it's kind of why I was on my way to the roof just now.
until I was interrupted by this window appearing, and then by you.
maybe I should try plugging it in?
U.U.: oh my god. Who cares?
it's just some more pointless trash for you to obsess over, and distract you from getting any actual relevant shit done.
the amount of time you people waste. It is fucking unbelievable to me.
I read about some of the things you and your predecessors have done. Far more than I cared to.
Trust me.
and every time. I'm always just...
*get the fuck on with it already.*
T.T.: I didn't think you were much of a historian.
U.U.: I'm not.
she sends me so much bullshit about this. You don't even know.
she wants to hear what I have to say. Like exchange theories and shit. And I have to just be like
*bitch I don't god damn care!!!*
every time.
but it doesn't matter. What's the next thing I invariably find on my terminal?
another god damn wall of text.
all color coded and formatted for me to read. And everything.
of people babbling mostly.
we are talking about migraine inducing diarrhetic vertical suicide drops of ugly fucking words.
impenetrably asinine rainbow freefalls of frivolous banter. Got it?
so I say. What is this? I told you if you sent me any more fan fiction I would fly to prospit and
murder you in your sleep. Which I still might do *regardless*. But anyway.
she says these are actual ancient transcripts!
I'm like. Well fuck.
how can these people talk so much.
I feel like I'm picking up some bad habits from you windbagging pissfaces.
look at this. I wasn't even gonna go off like this.
this was supposed to be just. An in and out fuck you.
I'm so done here.
anyway. Later. You horseporking twit.
T.T.: wait.
just one thing before you go.
your sister was saying you were having some doubts about playing.
is that true?

Next

[Image description: It shows a desktop in one lens of the shades. The background is a drawing of Squarewave and Sawtooth in matching red caps and grey hoodies. Sawtooth looks tired and Squarewave gives a peace sign towards the camera. There's a new folder in the upper left corner, a pointy shades icon labeled A.R. diagonally down and to the right of it, a red snake icon with a sun for a head labeled Yaldabaoth further diagonal from that. Clustered in the right corner is a pair of new folders and a pesterchum icon that has a ophiuchus alert over it.]

U.U.: she's not my sister.
we don't got sisters. It's not a thing. Don't drag us through your nasty human familial mud.
of course I'm going to play. I was just saying I wouldn't. You know. To fuck with her and make her cry.
like I have a choice. But to play.
how else am I going to get off this desolate rock?
you think I want to stay here? Just hang around. Til I join the hundred billion corpses fertilizing the soil?
T.T.: I see.
no, didn't think so. I was just curious.
U.U.: human curiosity is contemptible. She shares that with you. And I can't fucking stand it.
T.T.: gotcha.
you sure seem to hate us, but I notice it doesn't stop you from talking to us frequently. Or at least to me.
surely there must be at least one of our virtues you admire.
U.U.: yes. Ambition. That's the only good one.
and I think you got that. Which is maybe why. You're the only one I can put up with for any duration?
let's call it a grudging respect. Which is the only kind that's even worth a fuck.
T.T.: I'll take that as a rare overture of friendship.
T.T.: so, do you even know how this is going to work?
T.T.: your session. Can you even really have a session with only two players?
U.U.: she says you can. And she likes to think she's the expert.
personally? I don't care.
maybe it's against the rules. What we're doing.
I just want to get in there. And just.
fuck.
shit.
up.
T.T.: yeah.
I sensed that was your plan.
which is kind of what I'm talking about. How can you win like that?
I thought the point was to cooperate with your coplayers to achieve an objective.
not compete with them or try to kill them. I don't think we've had one conversation where you didn't express the desire to kill her.
U.U.: I guess we'll just have to see. Won't we?
I think this is probably a different kind of session.
one where the players fight for supremacy. Rather than work together.
I think that it must be that way.
because that is how I want it to be.
and if I want something to be true hard enough. Then that makes it slightly more absolutely irrefutable.
are you feeling me, fucker?
T.T.: maybe you're right.
but since that's how you feel now, maybe the truth is that the game is challenging you to overcome those feelings?
what if your real quest is to put aside your differences and work together, if you want to both survive, and grow as a person?
U.U.: no.
no. No. No.
fuck that shit.
human fuck that shit. Not even alien fuck that shit. So you can understand better. The kind of fucking of the shit that's going on.
human fuck it so much. So hard, and so angrily.
T.T.: yeah, I didn't think you'd dig that idea.
just puttin' it out there.
U.U.: how about you shut up? And get on the roof. And take your fucking punishment.
now where the hell is your ghastly juju.
go get it. And hurry up.
T.T.: my juju?

Next

[Image description: Dirk stands in his room again, still with the ophiuchus alert. The TV now cycles through pictures of various Rainbow dash cosplayers and various Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff cosplayers. The rainbow dashes vary from sexy to decent to one horrifying one. The SBAHJ ones look like they came from actual Homestuck fans at actual conventions.]

pesterlog
U.U.: the loathsome false person. With the floppy limbs. In dersite attire. You like to nap with.
lil cal is the shit.
U.U.: that thing is not the shit.
it is an uncanny grinning mockery. A bad omen. You should chop it up and burn it.
U.U.: how fucking sad is that??
I'm just trying. For once. And the only time ever. To be helpful. those things.
you don't even know what they are.
T.T.: a kickass ventriloquist doll?
I've been given reason to believe it once belonged to my bro.
U.U.: I don't give a shit. What you believe.
there's only one reason for those to exist.
it is to turn the life of everyone who occupies the same universe with it.
into a nightmare.
T.T.: is that one of your alien folk stories?
but it also.
is true.
get rid of it.
T.T.: you could argue that my life is already kind of a nightmare, so there's no point in getting rid
of him now.
either way, I'm gonna hang on to him.
U.U.: you stubborn fuck.
fine.
maybe it doesn't matter.
maybe yours is untainted? I don't know.
could be. Its eyes look...
dead to me?
maybe you lucked the fuck out. With your particular juju.

T.T.: I honestly had no idea you were this superstitious.
you're a pretty fascinating guy, in a way. I can't really figure you out.
in case you're wondering why I put up with you more than my friends do.
U.U.: I wasn't.
now are you going to go get it.
or what.

T.T.: why do you want me to get cal so bad?
U.U.: I don't!
just that. I saw you. Slightly ahead of now.
climbing to the roof with that thing.
so apparently. It's requisite for getting the fuck on with stuff??
dumbass.
T.T.: ok. So, some self-fulfilling shit, then. I was hoping for a better reason.
U.U.: whatever. Don't take it.
make a paradox happen. Works for fucking me.
T.T.: at this point I'm leaning toward grabbing him just cause he seems to bother you so much.

Dirk: Retrieve juju.

[Image description: Dirk stands by his desk and slings Lil Cal over his shoulder. He still has the ophiuchus alert.]

pesterlog
T.T.: this is probably a dumb question, but you don't really care about "causal spoilers," do you?
T.T.: like, you don't mind telling me I'm about to pick up cal, and thus causing that to happen.
so I guess you similarly wouldn't mind telling us about more significant outcomes?
U.U.: it's not that I don't mind. It's that I fail spectacularly to give a shit.
there is such a big difference.
and the fact that I might not clue you into your fate all the time.
due to my aggravated apathy over the matter.
is an immutable fact. I am stating for the record.
it does not mean that giving a shit is what is taking place here.

T.T.: I feel like you've said something like that before.
different statements, but in that exact syntax.
U.U.: oh. You know what else I hate?
when that fucking happens.
T.T.: wait. You mean it wasn't intentional?
I thought it was kind of like... This thing you were doing.
U.U.: shut up.
you know what?
I don't even know what's going to happen. And I don't care.
I think it's regrettably likely. That you succeed.
I think that's what people tend to do. When they are regarded as legends by obsessive assholes.
so maybe you all die. Or maybe you don't.
but if you don't. I'll take solace in the fact.
that it means I still get the chance to kill you.
how about that? For causal spoilers?
T.T.: fair enough.
hey, you know...
for someone who has such strong opinions about long winded people,
you've kinda been talking my ear off. I do actually have shit to do.
U.U.: ugh.

yeah.
see how you people suck me into your bullshit?
I should have kept it brief. And surly. Like I was going to.
like just said.
"hello dirk."
"i want to play a game."
and then like.
"bro."
"roof. Now."
"bring juju."
and that's it.
yeah. That would have been good.
cold fucking blooded. To the point. Dammit.
T.T.: that actually sounds familiar too.
are you sure you haven't said something like that before?
U.U.: have i?
fuck. I don't know. Whatever.
T.T.: anyway, let's wrap this up.
you've stolen enough of my time. I didn't even get a chance to try plugging in that window.
U.U.: I did you a favor. Another pointless action stricken from the timeline.
T.T.: hang on.
something's happening.

Next

[Image description: Dirk widens his stance as the whole room begins to shake.]

pesterlog
U.U.: the drones have come a knocking. I told you.
they're coming for you man! Hahaha.
later douche.
(frowning face with closed eyes and two middle fingers raised, but the Ts that are the middle fingers have been accidentally capitalized)
T.T.: I think...
You just had a flipoff malfunction, there.
uh.
(frowning face with closed eyes and two middle fingers raised, but the letters that make the face are capitalized)
T.T.: That's better.
Next

[Image description: Back in the space between windows, the unknown pisces troll continues trying to strangle Roxy with her trident handle.]

Next

[Image description: Roxy stares up towards the window above her. She’s drawn in the same inverted color scheme she took on when she entered this space between windows.]

Roxy: Abscond.

[Image description: Roxy punches the troll in the face, which is labeled Ghost Punch. The troll drops the trident and rears back.]

Next

[Image description: The troll falls on her ass and stares up at Roxy, who launches herself up into the air and reaches a surprising height. This is labeled Nice Abscond!]

Next

[Image description: She flies up towards the window.]

Next

[Image description: The carapacians stand on the hub grid around the window. Roxy pops through with a white flash and a red exclamation mark appears above each of them.]

Oh, right. These guys.

Not out of the frying pan yet!!!

Roxy: Run!!!!! Again!!!!!

[Image description: Roxy Lass Scampers over the heads of the carapacians. Her scarf trails behind her.]

Everybody out of the god damn way. You got a lab full of cats, a skirt full of scamper, and a head full of vodka.

Next

[Image description: Roxy runs off to the northeast side of the hub grid. The carapacians still follow her.]

Roxy: Hide!!!!!

[Image description: Roxy runs into a semicircular impression in the wall. Once she's through, a rounded door comes down, closing it off like the entrance to one of the exiles's stations.]

Next

[Image description: Roxy sits down in the tiny, circular room and leans back against the dor. There's a grid of some sort over her head, but it's too small to see details.]
Phew.

For the time being, it seems you are safe from punky looking fish aliens and cat hungry chess bandits. But now what?

Next

[Image description: Lil Seb sits on top of a large safe like the one that John's Dad had in his office. Presumably, this is the one from Jane's dad's office. It's now on the balcony, next to the alchemiter, and Lil Seb looks through a telescope.]

Next

[Image description: Lil Seb puts one lens of his tiny, red, pointed shades to the telescope's eyepiece. A second image shows a blue sky with wispy clouds and something small streaking towards Jane's house.]

Jane: Examine pre-punched card.

[Image description: Jane takes the pre-punched card, which is red, and stares at it.]

You have no idea what you're looking at here. What are you supposed to do with this?

Oh well, might as well get started. It's not like there's anything left to do besides embarrass yourself over Pesterchum some more. You've already done enough of that today to last a lifetime.


[Image description: The components of a red sburb house spin for the loading screen. The song Another Jungle begins to play. A red screen fades to an aerial shot of Jane's neighborhood. It zooms in to her street, then her house, then to the telescope on the balcony. Lil Seb stands on the alchemiter and the cursor grabs the safe. As it lifts it, the image fades to Jane in her living room next to the totem lathe. A captchalogue card with the pre-punched card in it appears. The punched card has an object that looks like a blue, ovular balloon on it. The punched card pops into the proper slot on the totem lathe and a set of chisels appear on the carving end. It fades to Dad in the kitchen. He still stares confusedly at the cruxtruder. The cursor comes on and drops the safe on top of the lid, popping it open. The safe falls to the floor and the door pops off. Old newspapers and several dozen bottles of shaving cream spill out, startling Dad. The timer appears and begins counting down from 1:11. A darker blue kernelsprite and cruxite dowel come out of the cruxtruder. The color is the same as John's text. It zooms in on the kernelsprite, then fades to the timer at 1:11. It counts down to 1:08, then fades to the living room. The cursor carries the cruxite dowel to Jane. In the kitchen, Dad stares at the kernelsprite, which tries to speak in a series of textured blocks rather than letters. Back in the living room, the totem lathe spins up and carves a totem. When it's done, Jane captchalogues it and runs up the stairs. The kernelsprite floats out of the kitchen to follow her and Dad follows it. He turns just in time to see Jane dash out onto the balcony. It fades to Jake, staring up at the frog temple. Then to Dirk, kicking open the door to his apartment with Cal slung over his shoulder. Then to a grey map of the hub grid Roxy was on. Coordinates at the top read Sn_hubgrid 44.519872,-74.820017. It cuts to Roxy in the tiny, round room and the screen showing the hub grid flashes white for a moment. When it returns to the map, a ladder comes out of the wall. Roxy looks up the ladder and sees only a closed hatch. The hatch opens, letting bright light spill in. It fades back to the timer, which counts down from 0:30 to 0:26. In Jane's living room, Dad takes a defensive stance and watches the cursor grab at Poppop's corpse.
It moves the corpse towards the Kernelsprite and G.Cat appears in a green flash. It zooms in on Dad's face, then on G.Cat. Just as the corpse is about to go into the kernelsprite, there's a flash and it's suddenly in orbit around Earth. Back in the living room, Dad just stares. It fades to Jane on the balcony with the kernelsprite behind her. The alchemiter is scanning the totem she just made. A darker blue tree grows on the main platform, but there is no apple.

Jake runs across a floor with a picture of Skaia carved into it. It looks like the one from inside the frog temple. That image moves into the upper right corner and the main section is taken up by Dirk's foot as he ascends the stairs to the roof. That one moves to the upper right corner and Jake moves down. In Jake's image, he is now standing in the center of the skaia carving as it descends down the elevator shaft. The main section shows Roxy staring up the ladder. That moves into the upper right corner. Dirk moves down and Jake moves over to make room. The main image shows Lil Seb dancing on the railing of Jane's balcony. That one moves to the upper right corner and the rest all shift to make room. Between them all, Jane stares up at the approaching meteor.

The other images disappear, leaving only Jane. The stylized sun and the word Homestuck appear in the sky and the timer fades in at the top of the screen.

6 seconds.

Jane looks around her balcony, unsure what to do.

5
It zooms in.
4
She stares back up at the meteor.
3
She stares back up at the meteor.
2
She stares back up at the meteor.
1
She stares back up at the meteor.

The tree flashes, then vanishes.
0
It zooms out to show Jane's street. Her whole house glows blue.

The music cuts.

Jane and her kernelsprite stand in a black void, surrounded by floating blue specks. A blue glow surrounds Jane and she stares down at her hands. It cuts to the meteor bearing down on her, then zooms in past the fires around it until it shows the meteor itself. It's not a meteor.

The song A Taste for Adventure begins to play.

It's the Battleship Condescension.

Jane stares up in mixed horror and confusion. The sky behind the ship goes black.

It shows Jane's neighborhood with the shadow of the ship cast across it. Jane's house continues to glow. Everything tints blue for a moment, then Jane's house disappears, leaving a small crater behind. It zooms out to show the whole neighborhood with the ship's shadow still looming over it.

Green words appear at the top of the screen.

Years in the future.

Water rises and swallows most of Jane's neighborhood, which begins to look more and more ruined. There are only a few islands where it was once all land.

It fades to red, spindly buildings that resemble a mix between troll's hives and the new crocker brand logo rising out of an ocean. White birds fly around them. Seagulls. Red words appear at the bottom. They're in Alternian.

But not many.

Everything goes white, then fades to the Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff The Moive billboard on the side of a building. "But not many" stays on screen. There's a faint flash, then it's underwater. Seaweed grows around the buildings and a pair of white dolphins swims by.

It fades to show the Skaianet Lab, like the one behind Rose's house, as viewed by someone standing in the forest outside it. "But not many" still stays. There's a faint flash. The sky turns yellow and the forest disappears, replaced by large, square buildings.

It flashes to Dirk, who looks out at a blue sky through an open door. It still says "But not many".
Light outside grows brighter until the whole doorway is nothing but white. Roxy climbs up the ladder. She looks angry and fiercely determined. The light above her brightens until the whole scene washes out and turns white.

It flashes to Houston, focusing on an apartment building that looks identical to Dave's. "But not many" disappears. A plane flies by over the city. Everything fades except part of the apartment building. The top floor remains, but the rest of the building turns into a spindly tower of girders that looks like something from LoHaC. The rest of the city is gone. Seagulls fly around it and Dirk stands on the roof. It zooms out again. The entire area that was Houston is now an ocean. Dirk stares up the radio tower. A horde of red, insectoid drones descends towards him. Dirk pulls out his sword and gets ready to fight.

Everything fades to white, then to a house that looks identical to Rose's. The forest around it flashes and vanishes, replaced by white, square buildings. It zooms out. The white buildings are built into the shape of a square. It's surrounded by squares of black buildings, which in turn are surrounded by white buildings. It zooms out again. It's a checkerboard, mapped to the same space as the hub grid, rising out of an ocean. A group of the red drones descends towards it.

Roxy stands on the edge of a balcony and stares up at the drones in the yellow sky. Her scarf flutters behind her.

It flashes through several images so quickly that most are only on screen for a single frame.


It shows the frog from the frog temple, then zooms out to show Jake's whole island. Images flicker on screen for just a second. The Condesce's smile. Obey. It fades to white, then to the frog on top of the temple, which now just barely rises above the water. Red teeth surround it and white tentacles wrap around its neck and countless others writhe through the water around it. Only the top of the temple and the summit of the volcano aren't underwater. The Condesce's smile. Cease Reproduction. Jake's island. The flashes come faster, to the point that it doesn't show Jake's island anymore. Fruit rollups. Be The First To Visit Mars. Guy Fieri. Consume. Be The First To Visit Mars. Bac-os. Hamburger Helper Lasagna. The hamburger helper flashes red repeatedly and faint messages fade in over it. Cease Reproduction. Stay Asleep.

It fades to the Condesce's hips swaying as she walks. More faint images fade in over her. Obey. Fruit Rollups. Submit to Culling. Brownie mix. Consume. Bisquick. Comply with Drones. Old El Paso Taco Kit. The messages become less faint and more solid as a red tint falls over The Condesce. It flashes to Guy Fieri, then to the unknown pisces troll with two braids, then to the trident logo, which stays on screen until you click to the next page. From the start of the flashing images, the rest of the animation took 10 seconds.

Next

[Image description: A green curtain closes over the spindly red hives with the caption But not many.]

End of Act 6 Act 2.
15. Act 6 Intermission 2

Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 6 Intermission 1: penis ouija

Karkat: CG, PCG, C.C.G., F.C.G.
Terezi: GC, PGC, CGC, FGC
Vriska: AG, CAG, PAG, FAG

Next

Act 6 Intermission 2

[Image description: Someone holds a baby bottle full of milk to a Dersite's mouth. The dersite bares their teeth at it.]

Hold still, Slick.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: The dersite, apparently Spades Slick, turns away and some of the milk spills down his face.]

God dammit. Will you quit fidgeting and drink your milk?

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Whoever is holding the bottle presses it against Slick's mouth, but he holds his lips closed.]

It's warm and nutritious. Fresh from the butler's teat. You just watched me milk it.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Slick shouts and sticks out his tongue. Milk sprays over his face.]

Oh for fuck's sake. You are impossible.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Andrew Hussie is the one holding the bottle, but he's wearing a dark green suit and white wig, making him look like Calmasis, the main character of Complacency of the Learned. There's a caduceus symbol on his left breast and a bright red 6 for a cufflink. He also wears a black headband with a pair of medium length, wavy horns like the one that framed the screen as an unknown person watched Dirk. His hands and face are sloppily painted grey. Spades
Slick lays in a hospital bed in front of him, hooked up to a large machine by several wires. The top half of his head, both arms, and the left half of his chest are now robotic. He wears a white eyepatch over one eye and the other eye is a red, synthetic one. Behind them, it shows a blue hospital room and Aurthur, Equius's lusus, smiling at them.

Ms. Paint!!!

Is that soup ready yet? He's being a dick.

[Image description: It shows a steaming pot of black soup with scotty dogs floating in it. A large ladle moves to scoop some into a bowl.]

Also can you bring some gauze? He stabbed me again.

[Image description: Some of the scotty dog soup slops into the bowl.]

It was one of his more tentative stabbings though... I think maybe he meant it as sort of a thank you?

[Image description: Ms. Paint whistles to herself and sets the bowl on a silver tray, centering it on a white lace doily. Off to the side, there's a pack of crackers laying on a decorative black spade shape.]

Nope. Wait. He just stabbed me again. I don't think that one was a thankstab. It was more like just a regular stab.

[Image description: Ms. Paint just keeps whistling and sets a tall, thin vase with a single flower in it on the tray.]

I probably should have confiscated his knife before I gave him these super fast robot arms. My god he is frisky with those things.

[Image description: She sets an origami dog made of black paper onto the tray. A small pink heart comes from near her face.]

Hey put that down. I said settle your ass down. Where's the gratitude, Slick? I am waiting on you hand and foot here. Where do you think you are, Butler Island? You know what? Fuck Butler Island. You just died and went to Butler fucking Heaven. I see that knife. Yeah, that one. You're not fooling anyone.

[Image description: She keeps whistling as she carries the tray through a fancy, blue hallway. It's not ornately fancy, like Doc Scratch's apartment. It's more of a simple elegance.]

If you don't calm down, I'm going to repair your other eye. You know, the one you refused to let
me fix, because you thought the eye patch looked cool? I'll do it!

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: She stops and looks up at something.]

Ms. Paint, what is taking so long with that soup?! This is a man in sore need of his scottie dogs if I ever saw one.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: She drops the tray.]

Ms. Paint are you listening??????

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: The soup spills onto blue floorboards.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: A golden peg leg and the hem of a green coat appear next to the fallen soup.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: A green, clawed hand holds Hussiebot's head, which is missing its left eye. The cuff of the coat flashes in stripes of bright colors.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. It's Lord English. His eyes flash through the different billiard balls as he glares. In one hand, he holds Hussiebot's head. In the other, he holds a long, golden staff with a glowing black hole on top. The black hole tints red and blue and occasionally flickers to green static. Ms. Paint takes a step back and keeps staring at him.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on his eyes. Ms. Paint's terrified expression is reflected in them.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: A thin banner says Year 1. Below it, the meteor streaks away from the green sun and towards Skaia. The journey is divided into three sections by black lines. The meteor rests on the line between Year 1 and Year 2 and still trails flashing flames of red, yellow, and grey.]

pesterlog
Current carcinogeneticist [C.C.G.] right now opened memo on board fruity rumpus asshole factory, boring road trip through the fucking afterlife edition.

C.C.G.: I can't believe I'm actually doing this memo bullshit again.
C.C.G.: I guess I don't know what else to do.
C.C.G.: I just need to air out some shit with somebody, and everyone here has their heads so far up their nooks I want to scream louder than I usually do.
C.C.G.: their troll nooks *and* human nooks, whatever the hell a human nook even *is*.
C.C.G.: you know?
C.C.G.: hey, are you there?
Future carcinogeneticist [F.C.G.] 10 minutes from now responded to memo.

C.C.G.: oh...
hey
F.C.G.: I can't
I just cannot
*fucking*
***believe***
I have to go through all this bullshit again with you slash me.
what the fuck made me think this would be a good idea???
C.C.G.: dude, what's with the text?
F.C.G.: uuuuugh.
why don't you tell me!
I just have this incredible premonition you're about to anyway.
C.C.G.: why the fuck would I know why you changed your text red!
we don't do that. The showy, self-absorbed "paint your text in your blood color" thing. Or eye color, or whatever.
it's for attention-greedy, insecure losers.
F.C.G.: sure is!
C.C.G.: hmm.
F.C.G.: (six question marks) (arrow pointing left) Sarcastic wonder.
C.C.G.: I'm just thinking
this really makes our conversations easier to read.
remember those insane blocks of gray angry text we used to write together.
what was that
like half a sweep ago already?
is it weird that I'm actually looking back on all that insanity with a certain amount of fondness?
at least shit was happening.
it's so boring out here. And living with the humans is just getting kind of weird.
anyway, this is actually a lot more decipherable. Maybe you're on to something.
F.C.G.: well hey, check it out: shit just got nostalgic.

F.C.G.: look at that, I'm feeling more sentimental about this moronic conversation already.
C.C.G.: ok, why do you have to go from zero to douche like in the blink of a fucking glance nugget.
F.C.G.: the blink of a glance nugget?? I've been at this for ten minutes already. And counting!
C.C.G.: I just think you might have been on to something with the red text. I was trying to pay you a compliment you antagonizing fuck.
I mean, we only ever got in the habit of typing in gray to hide our blood color, right?
and like, 1) everybody knows it now, it was the worst kept fucking secret ever, and 2) even if they
didn't, it's just us here, and obviously we've both already known it all our lives unless we're both so neurotic we actually still want to act like it's a secret we're keeping from each other...
but I'd like to think the days of that astounding degree of mental illness are behind us!
F.C.G.: (i want to kill myself, but I can't until the conversation runs its course. This is the worst hell imaginable.)
C.C.G.: shut the fuck up. That's the exact kind of melodrama I'm talking about, we're better than that now man.
I'm gonna do the *mature* thing here: and switch my text to red.
[Note: And switch my text to red is written in bright red, as is the rest of Current Karkat's text.]
C.C.G.: there. I think this should be the universal convention for when two of the same people are talking to each other.
one guy bites the bullet and talks in red.
seriously, one of us has to be the grown up here.
F.C.G.: oh! I get it now.
when I type in red, it's showy and insecure, but when you do it, you areshouldering the pragmatic burden of a martyr, even though it was *my* fucking idea to do that in the first place ten minutes ago!
you piece of shit.
C.C.G.: ok!!! God dammit, stop being so sensitive. I fucking apologize.
F.C.G.: can you just talk about your stupid feelings already so we can get this nightmare over with.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Karkat stands in the second trickster room he was in before, except now the walls are covered with posters for Troll Movies, which are just human movie posters with horns edited onto them. There's a pair of human movie posters. One for My Best Friend's Girl and one for Good Luck Charlie. Thresh Prince DVDs sit on the ground behind him. His husktop with legs has an alert showing him in the same room, but he's yelling.]

pesterlog
C.C.G.: well look, it wasn't supposed to be this lopsided thing where I spill all my feelings into idiotspace while some shit head yells at me.
I was kind of thinking there would be some give and take, since you presumably share a lot of my thoughts??
F.C.G.: ok whatever. Just say some stuff already. All that shit I said ten minutes ago.
I will "riff" with you and somehow pretend it doesn't feel like I'm rehashing a bunch of lines written in barely dried ink!!!
C.C.G.: ok
well
I'm having a hard time even putting my thoughts into words about this bizarre trek through the ring.
at first it was just bland and uneventful. But that was kind of a relief, remember?
not having to worry about getting killed all the time, or trying to rally a bunch of uncooperative troops toward an impossible objective.
F.C.G.: yeah.
C.C.G.: but then
as if it wasn't enough that sometimes we visit these crazy dream bubbles when we go to sleep...
we started physically passing through them too.

[A6I2] Next
C.C.G.: like I think I could handle it better if it was just one thing or the other. like *only* the monotonous day to day drudgery on the same gloomy fucking meteor with the same bunch of ridiculous people, and basically nothing to do ever except get all up in each other's business. or *only* a sweeps long safari through an ephemeral realm of ghost memories and dead friends shitting around in a haphazard existential clusterfuck. but having to deal with both, in totally random intervals? it's kind of taking its toll.

F.C.G.: "i hear you man."

that was when I was supposed to say that. but for the record, I guess I meant it.

C.C.G.: yeah.

I mean, don't get me wrong. I miss all of my dead friends a lot. even the assholes! I miss them too. Maybe even especially them, in some perverse way. and I should be relieved that they all seem to be happy in some way, even if it's by floating nebulously through dream projections with their freaky blank eyes. and I guess I am relieved about that. but at the same time it's left me unsettled. for reasons I can't really put my finger on.

F.C.G.: I know why.

C.C.G.: you do?

F.C.G.: yeah.

C.C.G.: well of course you do.

I guess because I just told you ten minutes ago, making it like a self-fulfilling epiphany??

F.C.G.: well there's that but also this conversation helped clarify some thoughts too, in spite of its excruciating pointlessness. part of what's bothering you about this is what it means about mortality.

C.C.G.: yeah

I think that's part of it. after visiting who knows how many dream bubbles and hanging out with who knows how many dead friends, and *copies* of dead friends from alternate timelines...

I start to wonder, does death even really mean anything? did life mean anything, for that matter??

was the point of life to just go around collecting a bunch of painful and awkward experiences to supply material for the revolving memory-collage that serves as the backdrop to a much longer, emptier stretch of existence?
and how unnerving is it running into our dead doppelgangers from doomed timelines?

F.C.G.: hey, you're preaching to the choir, bro.
C.C.G.: it's fucked up. 

never mind what it means about a person's identity or sense of self, or which guy gets to be considered "the real guy" or philosophical bullshit like that.

just on the level of what your decisions and actions during your life actually mean.
sometimes we run into these versions of ourselves who reached god tier for fuck's sake.
but in spite of being *more* successful than we were, by that particular objective measure they get punished for that, because it wasn't "the thing that needed to happen"??

[Image description: Feferi kneels by WV's body and Eridan glares behind her. Both of their eyes are white. Feferi's wearing a beige version of the Witch outfit Jade got, but with holes that button shut around her horns and a light green life symbol on the chest. Eridan is wearing a yellow version of the Prince outfit that the pleasant UU drew and has a white Hope symbol on his chest, which resembles a pair of wings splayed out. Karkat watches with wide eyes.]

pesterlog
C.C.G.: so where does that leave us?

if we are to take some lesson from that, what is it!
"try to be great and successful, but maybe not toooo great and successful?"
or maybe don't try at all in some cases! Because if you do, some giant fucking squid in the middle of nowhere is going to be like, not so fast, my hideous monster plans beg to differ.
don't you think we'd have been better off if we didn't even know about any of this dream bubble shit?
F.C.G.: well.
yeah.
that's what I was thinking ten minutes ago.
but now I don't even know.

C.C.G.: yeah, well at least you're listening. Even if you were being your usual shitty self about it.
nobody else even gets this, they don't want to hear it.

like terezi?
it used to be that she would at least humor even my most ludicrous, vitriolic garbage all the time.

remember those days?
way back before we even knew what a human was.

back on alternia when my biggest fear was if people found out I was a mutant. How quaint can you fucking get?
I was an idiot not to understand how good things were back then.
between us.
now it's like...

F.C.G.: sdjs;alskjfsa;jk
C.C.G.: what?
F.C.G.: this part of the conversation.

[Image description: WV, Terezi, and Dave all stand in a hallway somewhere on the meteor, near a set of stairs. They've colored the tiles with chalk to make it a chessboard and built some buildings out of cans, bottles of faygo, and a green book. Serenity sits on top of the book and flashes. A series of blue roads and pink and purple trees has been drawn through New Can Town. Dave has drawn in Sweet Bro, Hella Jeff, and Geromy. One section has an orange squirrel drawn on it and is
labeled 'Squirrel Zone'. On the back wall, there's a chalk drawing of Terezi's forest under a blue sky full of white clouds, which are labeled Cloun. In the sky, there's the basketball player from the Sports SBAHJ comic slam dunking a ball, but now he has troll horns that look like Tavros's.

pesterlog
C.C.G.: oh get over yourself, our ten minutes is almost up.
I would just like to know.
is she punishing me for something?
I don't need to remind you how much time she spends gallivanting around the meteor with you
know who.
F.C.G.: no you sure as fuck do not.
C.C.G.: after all this time I *still* can't tell if she's serious about that, or doing it to fuck with me.
what do you think? Is there something legitimately red going on there?
how can I command such absolute mastery over the romantic sciences yet remain perplexed by
this???
maybe I can't get a read because he's not a troll, and therefore has no idea what the fuck he's
doing?
it's like trying to decipher an intricate courtship process between an attractive potential matesprit,
and some sort of vegetable.
like it doesn't compute.
F.C.G.: fuck, this is so embarrassing listening to this, make it stop.
C.C.G.: quiet, I'm talking.
I just feel like maybe I'm past the point of no return with her.
where before there was margin for error, probably way more than I ever deserved.
and now that's it. She's totally had it, and there's a new dude with candyblood in town.
he's just got it all, doesn't he? He's a much better artist than I am, for one thing.
and his horns are so nubby, they don't even exist! Talk about hitting the jackpot.
am I off base??
F.C.G.: we just went over this.
I didn't get it then because I was too busy whining and feeling sorry for myself like you're doing
now so pipe down and listen.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Terezi smiles over her shoulder at Dave, who looks down at the can he's
holding. Far in the distance, Karkat watches from behind a chest. Red lines tangle above him. He's
super pissed.]

pesterlog
F.C.G.: you've been sending her an endless stream of mixed signals for as long as you've known
her.
C.C.G.: oh bullshit.
F.C.G.: like fuck it's bullshit.
it's all too clear to me now. It's a classic case of quadrant vacillation, and you don't even know it.
no wonder she was frustrated and got fed up with you.
C.C.G.: this is outrageous.
F.C.G.: is it?? Tell me, how many times have you treated her in a way that could be objectively
construed as a form of black solicitation?
C.C.G.: that's just
no, that's how we've always rolled together. It's like
spirited platonic contention.
totally normal territory in a healthy matespritship.
F.C.G.: yeah, a *healthy* one, not one involving a demented loudmouth who can't keep his shit
under control.
let me ask you, how much of that animosity is innocent "platonic rage"?
could it be that subconsciously you want to push things with her onto caliginous turf, maybe see
how things work out there?
see if you can have your grub, and cull it too??
that way you have her all to yourself!
C.C.G.: fuck you.
F.C.G.: you want her in every quadrant like a desperate fool.
do you realize what you've become? You are the sad joke character in the romcom, you know the
guy I'm talking about.
who's greedy and indiscriminate about filling every quadrant, totally oblivious to it, and in the end
has fuckall to show for it.
C.C.G.: I don't have to put up with this.
F.C.G.: you kind of do, for at least another ten minutes.
C.C.G.: no, fuck that, I'm so done with you.
F.C.G.: yeah, you pretty much are, because the ten minutes are about up, and I'll be gone.
then it'll just be you and the other guy, spinning your globes together like a couple stupid pieces of
shit, ad infinitum.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Karkat behind the chest. His mouth is open and his eyes shake
with anger.]

pesterlog
C.C.G.: man, I must have been insane to think anything is different.
you haven't changed at all, you're just as petty and horrible as ever.
fuck you forever. Fuck every ten-minutes-ahead version of myself all the way into ten-minute-
fucking-eternity.
F.C.G.: I can't even do this, not any more.
C.C.G.: yeah, well you made your cocoon, pal. Now we have to take turns shitting in it, together. It
is the most pathetic, smelliest dance of all.
F.C.G.: hmm.
C.C.G.: what the fuck is it now?
F.C.G.: it just occurred to me
this dumb tantrum I threw
this entire bad mood...
it was just another idiotic self-fulfilling reacharound wasn't it.
C.C.G.: what are you talking about??
F.C.G.: I mean, where did this even come from?
it was like spontaneously generating self-loathing with no discernible source.
was this emotional outburst ever even real?
C.C.G.: oh no, don't even start with that.
do *not* start getting existential about my anger.
you better fucking believe this is real.
F.C.G.: are you sure, man?
C.C.G.: aslkjsdklslfjhsikklsgdgnkl
you condescending fuck.
how
fuuuuuuuusdllehlyuyuifhiergfsdjkbgjsuuuuucking
**********daaarae**********
you call into question the legitimacy of my feelings, as if they aren't completely justified and
totally 100% grounded in
*absolute*
~*=stone cold concrete god damned=*~
**********
objective.
mother.
fucking.
reality.
**********
F.C.G.: yeah, see
I've completely set you off here, and now you don't even know what you're saying.
sorry, this was my fault. I'm going to go try and calm myself down.
C.C.G.: oh, so this is why you decide to leave this conversation???
you got owned, so you had to slink away like a fucking coward??????
nice try shit head, but I'm not done with you yet. You think you're the only one who can list his 10-
minute-away-self's flaws??
I could go on forever!
F.C.G. banned himself from responding to memo.
C.C.G.: fine, get out of here! Good riddance!
as if I could take another sponge wringing minute of your disingenuous drivel.
Past carcinogeneticist [peg] 10 minutes ago opened memo on board fruity rumpus asshole factory,
boring road trip through the fucking afterlife edition.
P.C.G.: I can't believe I'm actually doing this memo bullshit again.
I guess I don't know what else to do.
I just need to air out some shit with somebody, and everyone here has their heads so far up their
nooks I want to scream louder than I usually do.
their troll nooks *and* human nooks, whatever the hell a human nook even *is*.
you know?

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Karkat yells at his husktop and slams his hands on the keyboard. An alert over the computer shows him just looking at his computer. That Karkat has an alert showing Karkat yelling, which has an alert showing him not yelling, on and on until it goes off screen.]
pesterlog
P.C.G.: hey, are you there?
Current carcinogeneticist [C.C.G.] right now responded to memo.
oh...
hey
I can't
I just cannot
*fucking*
***believe***
I have to go through all this bullshit again with you slash me.
what the fuck made me think this would be a good idea???
P.C.G.: dude, what's with the text?
C.C.G.: uuuuugh.
why don't you tell me!
I just have this incredible premonition you're about to anyway.

[A6I2] Next
[Image description: In the walkthrough style, it shows another section of the meteor. Most of the floor is covered in a series of brightly colored rugs. Rose and Kanaya stand in the bottom left, next to a desk covered in books and a phonograph. In the top left, there is a round table with four chairs around it and a candelabra on top. In the upper right, there's a table that almost looks like a stone altar. There's a pair of bottles on the left side of it, a candelabra in the center, and a book with three vials on the right. There's a transportalizer flanked by two large vases full of roses in the center. Dave appears on the transportalizer.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms out to show the whole room. There are counters along the walls, like the ones in the computer lab, which are littered with books, vases, computer equipment, bottles, and one very large, strange looking, egg-shaped machine. Behind the table in the upper left, there's a small couch. Behind the altar, there's a pair of bookshelves.]

dialoglog
Dave: hey
Rose: Sup.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: In the standard style of the comic, Kanaya and Rose stand near a table covered with books and a phonograph. Rose has a large tome open in front of her, which has pink writing on half of a page. Dave stands between them.]

dialoglog
Dave: anyone seen terezi around
Rose: No.
Why?
Dave: we were gonna do a thing
but shes not around and not answering my messages
on any one of the probably ten thousand computers lying around that they would show up on
Rose: A thing?
Dave: yes a thing
Rose: I see.
Dave: shut up
what about you have you seen her
Kanaya: No
Have You Seen Gamzee
Dave: are you serious
of course not
i havent seen that guy at all since the first day we got here
not once
Kanaya: Yeah
I Know
Dave: talk about an elusive juggalo
probably like the shyest fuckin juggalo of all time
im pretty sure only karkats seen him
dont expect him to rat him out either because of the "morail" junk
moirail?
mwah rail...
alien words
Kanaya: I Wouldnt Expect Him To
I Wouldn't Even Ask It Would Be Really Bad Form To Ask Him That
Dave: yeah
i mean i bet you think you're imparting some really obscure cultural fact about trolls
but really if a human said to another human
"hey man can you tell me where your best clown friend is hiding so i can go chainsaw him to death"
just fyi that would probably be bad form too
Kanaya: Okay
Dave: i dunno its been a year already i think hes really intent on hiding
and hanging on to those dead bodies
hes probably scared to death of you at this point anyway
maybe you should just let it go
Kanaya: Hmm
Dave: rose back me up
Rose: I try to stay out of troll interpersonal politics.
Dave: interpersonal
wait
are you saying this is like
a spade quadrant thing
is she trying to be his kismet fish
Rose: I'm saying no such thing!
Dave: well if she hates him isn't that what that means
Rose: Dave, don't be a dick. You're embarrassing her.
Dave: haha no im not shes cool
look shes being cool about it
Kanaya: Im Being Cool About It
Dave: see????
Kanaya: Its Not Like That
I Just Want To Find Him
And
At Least Wound Him Somewhat
Dave: yeah see i knew there had to be a perfectly harmless and unerotic explanation
Rose: (shh!)
Kanaya: No
See Im Explaining This Badly
All Im Saying Is Basically
Just
Fuck That Guy

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Rose looks uncertainly at Kanaya, who glares off into the distance. Dave looks towards the ground.]
dialoglog
Dave: got it
so what are you up to in here
whats with all these books
Rose: Research.
We're trying to put all the pieces of the puzzle together.
You are aware this meteor has many secret rooms scattered throughout, including libraries, right?
Dave: hell yeah
we looted one of them for the can town project
Rose: Can Town?
Dave: i told you about can town didnt i
Rose: No??
Dave: well
the thing about can town
and all there really is to say about can town is
its awesome
the end???
Rose: Wow.
What a story.
Dave: f.u.
so
what is the point of this research
Rose: Primarily to gain a more thorough understanding of the situation we'll be entering when we arrive.
Dave: i thought you pretty much already knew the situation
since you can see the future
Rose: Oh my God.
I've told you. I can't see the future!
Dave: yes you can
you totally can
Rose: Ok. But not all of it. Only certain relevant pieces.
It's a bit frustrating when people make that presumption about you.
For instance, you are a Knight of Time. Since you have such mastery over time, doesn't that mean you should know everything about the future too?
Dave: no thats totally dumb
i could know things about the future if i time traveled and found out first hand
nobodys mistaking that about me im a time traveler not a fuckin fortune teller its simple as shit
Rose: Right. So there are significant limitations on what you can know, governed by certain rules.
That's how it is for a Seer too.
Dave: ok whatever
Rose: But I will say that I have been able to use these abilities to assist with research.
I can treat my finite glimpses as an additional source of information.
If you combine that with the knowledge we've gathered from these texts, and things we've learned from our various encounters with the deceased, with a bit of inference and deduction, a more detailed picture is coming into focus.
Dave: nice
Rose: Do you want to hear about it?
Dave: uh
now?
Rose: Yes.
Why not? It's been a year.
It seems like all we've done on this trip so far is indulge in lavish interior decoration projects and screw around with mysterious "Can Town" initiatives, which may or may not be consuming valuable library resources as building materials.
We could make at least some effort to squeeze in annual briefings on our objective.
Dave: yeah that would be pretty legit of us
Rose: I think you'll find that when it comes to striving for a reasonable approximation of legitimacy, we are simply the most barely adequate there is.
Dave: ok i didnt really catch any of that bullshit cause i wasnt listening
im gonna make myself a cup of coffee and get primed to listen to you saying a lot of stuff like that
do you want some
Rose: Um. Sure.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: in the walkaround style, Dave goes and stands by the strange machine on the counter. In a second image, in a more standard style, Dave bangs on the front of it.]

dialoglog
Dave: kanaya?
Kanaya: No Thank You
Dave: ok
...
this fuckin thing
where did you even unearth this piece of shit from

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: A hatch on the front slides up, revealing two steaming mugs.]

dialoglog
Dave: oh ok there it goes
two hot revitalizing cups of shitty coffee
fresh out of the weird pod
why do we even drink this shit
i guess just cause this thing is here
like somehow the temptation is even stronger because the coffee sucks?
dunno how the fuck that works
wish there was such a thing as apple juice on troll world
could go for a bottle of aj
i wonder if theres any booze squirreled away on this meteor
kinda feels like we should be drinking our asses off here
no adults nothing to do
that's what you do without adults right
got wasted all the time?
wait what the fuck am i saying trolls dont even have adults
well they do
but they're all in outer space being insane badasses
i guess they do have the stupid nanny monsters
do the monsters give a shit if they get wasted
Rose: Are you talking to us?
Dave: what
Rose: We can't even hear you mumbling over there.
Dave: oh
Rose: How's that coffee coming?
Dave: off the shit is how
all being like
in cups and everything
Rose: Be sure it makes it to the table before it accumulates that strange unctuous film on the surface.

[A6I2] Next
dialoglog
Dave: so whats with the big book youre writing in
is that more wizard fan fiction
Rose: No, it's something like an extensive journal.
I'm recording everything we've been through so far, and detailed notes on everything we know
about the game.
I'm also using it to document our research, and extrapolate on the new session and players.
Dave: so its like
your nigh unreadable gamefaq
in tome form
Somewhat.
Dave: you sure like to write big game guides
Rose: I don't look at it that way.
I'm approaching it from a standpoint of responsible historical documentation.
Don't you think people in the future will want to know about our story?
Dave: i guess
Rose: I think it could be a very useful resource some day.
It could be helpful to others beginning their own quests.
Dave: ehh
chances of that seem pretty remote
Kanaya: I Really Wouldnt Rule It Out
Dave: ok totally sold on that suddenly
on account of not caring
so tell me about the new session
what is there to know
and most importantly
how is everything going to go wrong this time
Rose: From what I understand, everything already has gone wrong before the game even started, in
many different ways than ours did.
There are indications of thicker political intrigue. Assassination attempts. And a usurpation of the
throne more insidious than what we dealt with.
But those examples still don't illustrate the fundamental fault with their session.
Ours had a similar fault. It was a null session.
Literature on the subject says null sessions are actually very common.
It is any session resulting in failure, and as such, designed to result in failure from the start, due to
Skaia's comprehensive "knowledge" of its own fate, and that of all it illumines.
Biologically speaking, it's to be expected that null sessions far outnumber the successful ones.
When it comes to reproductive systems, overwhelming redundancy is commonplace.
A universe has a reproductive system that spreads many seeds, as it were, most of which never
come to fruition. So we shouldn't feel too bad about our results, really. It was quite par for the
course.
But then, it would also seem that exceedingly few null sessions result in the birth of a massive
green star fueled by two dead universes. For what it's worth.
Dave: ok but i thought the whole point of this
the scratch thing
is it gave us a chance to still win
but youre saying the new session has a fault too?
Rose: Well, yes. There's more to it though.
The new session is essentially our session, rebooted with different parameters which also affected
the original conditions of our universe. And strangely, it seems the new one is a null session as well, but within a much less common subset of all null sessions. This one is referred to as a void session.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Rose points towards a drawing of a grey planet with a chained moon that resembles Derse and Prospit. Text below it is written in the reptile glyphs from the frog temple.]

dialoglog
Dave: ok which is what
Rose: It's very simply a session in which nothing is prototyped before entry, at all. Hence, by Skaia's preemptive all-knowing and its influence on the rest of the incipisphere, there are not even any towers on Prospit or Derse built to receive the split kernels.
Rose: See?
Dave: weird why would these alt universe players fuck up in such an obvious and stupid way
Rose: I don't know what specifically led to the failure to prototype anything. But it doesn't really matter. As I said, the session was designed this way before they began playing. Any efforts to prototype may have been in vain regardless. Possibly subject to sabotage.
Dave: didnt you say at some point that not prototyping anything would be really bad
Rose: Yes. It's just another way to create an infertile session. Though by a less catastrophic and bloody route we took to achieve the same result. By contrast, it leads to a rather harmless, uneventful session. Underlings remain unaugmented, and so does the royalty. And while this may sound advantageous to the players, it's a curse in disguise. The lack of prototypings which keeps adversaries unevolved has the same influence on the battlefield. Without successive prototypings, the battlefield will never reach its final form, which must be fertilized to grow a new universe.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: It shows a 3 by 3 chessboard with a king in each corner. A Dersite shuttle, which is about a fifth of the king's height, sits between them and a small black figure stands next to the shuttle. Both kings are wrapped in thin strips of something purple. A second image zooms in on the figure. It's the Courtyard Droll in his ridiculously tall hat. A grey box with a lever on it sits at his feet. Thick grey wires wind offscreen and green and red wires stick out from near the handle.]

dialoglog
Rose: Instead, it remains in its most basic form, stuck in eternal stalemate. There is nothing players in a void session can do to change this. They are resigned to live out the rest of their days in a dead end session.
Dave: still waiting to hear how this is in any way an improvement on all the shit we just escaped from
Rose: It's a vast improvement. The new session is a blank slate, without a ridiculously short time limit for victory like ours had. There will be no time limit at all, in fact. Once we arrive, ostensibly that is when the nature of the session will change. It won't be classifiable as either a null or void session anymore. It will be something which, as far
as I can tell, is unique.
The fully matured battlefield from our session can be used to make the new one viable. The path to success will be made possible by a combination of efforts and assets from both iterations.
Usually scratched sessions are absolute resets, and involve no direct influence from the first attempt at all. I can't find any precedent for our situation.
Dave: jade has our battlefield right
Rose: Yes.
Dave: so she shows up and drops it in skaia
and then we take the result of all that damn frog breeding we did and stick the thing in there somehow
and we sit back and wait for it to do its huge ribbit or whatever
and were golden
Rose: Pretty much.
As long as there is an actual vacancy in the center of Skaia when we get there.

[Image description: The un-prototyped battlefield explodes and CD flies away in his shuttle.]

dialoglog
Dave: is that going to be a problem
Rose: I don't think so.
Even if it were, it would be a trivial obstacle.
But as it is, I think the forces opposing these players are clandestinely working toward the same goal as we are.
From what I can tell, gestures of antagonism, while certainly posing legitimate danger, have been factored in as critical stepping stones to one destination shared by all parties.
I don't know why this is, or what the motives are yet.
The appearance is one of clear sailing ahead, but traces of conspiracy are everywhere.
Dave: ok but
conspiracies aside
did it ever really look like clear sailing to you
thats not what i was seeing
we are going to arrive and then soon after jack is going to show up
and then we have to beat him right
so there kind of is a time limit

[Image description: Bec Noir flies through the furthest ring and looks worriedly back over his shoulder at PM, who is right on his tail.]

dialoglog
Rose: Yes, we will have to deal with Jack before all is said and done.
And that will definitely be a major challenge.
But it is not impossible. At least, not by design.
When I said there would be no time limit in this session, I was talking about something more specific.
There will be no reckoning.
Dave: oh
why not
Rose: It's a logical consequence of any void session.
The battlefield never evolves, and therefore the more extensive war between Prospit and Derse
It is only when the Prospitian king falls in battle that the reckoning can be initiated by the forces of Derse.
The meteors then rush to destroy the battlefield, while Skaia redirects them through defense portals for as long as it can.
Thus, if there is no war, there is no reckoning, no meteors, and no imminent threat of failure.
This is of course good news for Earth as well. During the reckoning, Skaia redirects all incoming meteors to the only place it can. Earth.
So it turns out that players who initiate a void session are not actually condemning their home planet to an apocalyptic wasteland after they leave.
In the new instance of our universe, Earth is just fine.
Sort of.
Dave: so
no meteors came at all
you mean by fucking up and having to scratch we also sort of saved earth in the process
Rose: Again: sort of.
And it's not that there were no meteors whatsoever.
Just the vast majority of the destructive onslaught never showed up.
But delivering the temple to the site of the forge is still integral to jumpstarting the session.
That meteor however could have been propelled through a portal by any means, not just via the reckoning.
Dave: i see
what about the players themselves
they had to arrive on meteors too didnt they
i guess the baby meteors were some exceptions too right
Yes.
But they weren't flung through portals in their own session, nor will they be created there.
They were created in our session, and sent back through our portals. Just like us.

[Image description: It shows a meteor and flashes through the various babies with their objects. Dave with Maplehoof. Jade with the knit bunny. Jane with the hat. Roxy with the mutant kitten. Dirk with Lil Cal. Jake with the flintlock pistols. John with the Colonel Sassacre's. Rose with the dirty bunny. A second image shows meteors flying towards the portals. There's a disk in the upper right corner. When it's unscratched, the portals are green. When it flips to scratched, the portals turn red.]

dialoglog
Dave: ............... 
Rose: To understand what happened, it really helps to understand exactly what a scratch is.
When John severely damaged the Beat Mesa on your planet, and sent it off to Skaia to release its temporal energy there, you could view it as a kind of "request."
We were asking Skaia to change everything at a fundamental level, and we gave it the energy to do so.
But Skaia is a very passive entity. It only "knows" and "sees," but it never quite "acts."
When it is asked to change everything, there is only so much it has control over.
In fact, it has control over exactly one thing. The defense portals.
It can decide to send important meteors to different points in time than originally planned, thus creating alternate realities.
Offshoots of promise, rather than futility.
And it turns out the most important meteors of all tend to be the ones delivering the young players
to their planet. So all it has to do to change everything is tweak their destination times a bit. All internally-prompted changes in the post-scratch universe are decided entirely by this modest adjustment to the parameters. It's a very simple concept, actually. Yet the consequences are dramatic. It results in not only a hard reset for the session, but a partial reset for the universe too, due to the many causal entanglements between a session and its originating universe.

Dave: what do you mean tweak the destination times where did they get sent to
Rose: A variety of different time periods. The simplest way to way to look at it is to picture the original destinations of our two groups of four ecto-babies... And switch them.
Dave: what
Rose: Though this is just a slight oversimplification. While it's roughly true, Skaia had some peculiar whims this time.

[Image description: It shows a timeline with a green border, topped by an unscratched disk. On the left side, the babies are lined up. From top to bottom, it's Jake, Jane, Roxy, Dirk, John, Jade, Rose, and Dave. Arrows in each character's color points from them to a point on the timeline. Jake and Jane point to the first decade of the 1900's. Roxy and Dirk point to the 70's or 80's. John, Jade, Rose, and Dave point to just before the year 2000. A second timeline is topped by a scratched disk and bordered in red. In this one, John and Jane go to just before 2000. Roxy and Dirk go to just after the year 2400. John and Jade go to the first decade of the 1900's. Rose and Dave go to the 70's or 80's.]

dialoglog
Rose: While most landed in time periods corresponding with the original group, It seems that two of the new players arrived four centuries ahead of everyone else. For some bizarre reason.
Dave: uh
Rose: But they're still apparently able to communicate with their coplayers through I guess some Trollian-like technology, and they're still able to establish game connections with the others. So this stands as an odd but not otherwise terribly significant detail.
Dave: so uh in this alt universe group of us and them which ones are the actual players Rose: I'll give you a hint. It isn't us.
Dave: fuck why did i know that was gonna be the answer
Rose: And to think that usually I'm the one accused of knowing the future.
Dave: i dunno if im ready to process the ramifications of this bullshit

[Image description: They all step away from the table. Rose winks at Dave, who has a red exclamation mark over his head.]
Rose: You would find it less disconcerting if the players were alternate versions of us?
Dave: man
at least im used to dealing with alt daves
ive been fuck deep in alt daves before
its a goddamn delight if you want to know the truth
but i dont even know what to think about...
Rose: What?
Meeting a deceased figure of authority as a peer?
Dave: lets not even talk about it ok
can we slow down this meteor
delay the meetup
maybe fight jack for a little while
Rose: I honestly thought you would find the idea exciting.
I know I'm looking forward to it.
Dave: but your mom was just a nice alcoholic spinster who liked wizards who you complained
about for no reason
she wasnt anything like an untouchable master of irony who could replace the meat in your
sandwich before it even occurred to you what the fuck you were chewing
let me ask you this did your mom ever wiggle a puppet in your face even once
Rose: Not that I recall.
But anecdotes like that just make me more curious to meet him, personally.
Dave: fine well you can be on bro duty then
ill be the ambassador to your mom
and no that wasnt actually meant as the sick burn it sounded like
Rose: She's your mom too, though.
Dave: yeah i know
ill be the ambassador to my mom then
that sounds pretty stupid when i say it that way
whatever
ill be the fuckin one man welcome wagon for the john and jade teen old people and also our mom
thats the plan
so when we finally see them we can get our shit into formation like trained acrobats
like ill blow a whistle and we make a human pyramid got it
that way we can totally avoid anything awkward
Rose: You do realize we've seen her already, right?
Dave: what
when
Months ago.
In a dream.
She was floating along in Derse pajamas, asleep.
Dave: wait that was her
Rose: Yes.
Dave: oh
huh
.....
Rose: You're wondering why I didn't tell you?
Dave: no
Rose: You're specifically wondering why I wasn't forthcoming with an answer to your question at
the time, "hey who was that choice babe in the pajamas?"
Dave: god fucking dammit
Rose: You don't find it nostalgic at all?
Retracing the steps of some of our Freudian semi-blunders in conversations past?
Dave: no what a load of shit
stuff said between you and me before we knew we were related
we both know that was a lot of horseplay bullfuckery between like smartass 10 year olds or
whatever
you cant seriously have taken any of that seriously
Rose: (winking face)
Dave: ugh dont ever do that
all these fuckin
momtraps and sistertraps
what a joke i hope skaia gets to have a good laugh over shit like this
wait i forgot skaia doesnt laugh it just "sees" and "knows"
it's like a huge blue perv thats mad jazzed for kidcest
Kanaya: What Are You People Even Talking About
Rose: (winking face)
Dave: dont you wink at her
kanaya heres a protip that wink meant jack dick shes just being weird
Kanaya: I Feel As Though This Conversation Has Utterly Outmaneuvered My Constructive
Involvement
Im Going To Go
Dave: yeah im pretty much ollying outie too
got some shit to attend to
after you

[A612] Next

[Image description: In the walkthrough style, Kanaya stands on the transportalizer. Before she can
go anywhere, Karkat appears, knocking Kanaya to the floor.]

dialoglog
Kanaya: augh
why does that always happen
Karkat: everybody out of the goddamn way.
I got a lab full of humans, a mouth full of yelling, and a tortured psychological profile full of totally
hysterical emotions and unaired grievances at practically everybody.
Dave: karkat is broken guys
Karkat: yeah
ok hold on
if I can settle down a tick I should be able to make more sense shortly
just one...
*huff huff*
Rose: maybe you should lie down on the couch.
Karkat: fuck...
*wheeze*
no
Dave: dude what is the matter with you
Karkat: wow ok
that was a pretty terrible entrance.
anyway
where was i.

[A612] Next
Dialoglog
Dave: dunno but I was just leaving
Karkat: not so fast strider, this heavily concerns you.
   it concerns you exclusively in fact.
   where do you think you're going?
Dave: just stepping out to do a thing
   which is not your business
Karkat: like my inflamed quaking gallsphincter it's not.
tell me, are you by any chance going to have some company when you step out to do this "thing?"
notice the two heavily dramatized "enclosure talons" surrounding that word, which I am scornfully
pantomimining with my own two hands, as presently being demonstrated for you.
Dave: yeah sure
Karkat: oh??
   who would that be may I ask?
Dave: well
   probably the mayor
   hes usually down for whatever
Karkat: I'm not talking about the fucking mayor, and you fucking know it.
Dave: hey dont be saying shit about the mayor
   the mayor rules hes like my best fucking friend
Karkat: he's not a mayor. He's the mayor of fuckstick junction located smack dab in the middle of
   pretend ass nowhere.
Dave: hes a mayor you douche his thing says mayor
Karkat: it says "mayo" and he wrote the "r" himself.
   he's at best a mayo. And who ever heard of a mayo? It's every bit as imaginary as his identity as an
   elected official.
Dave: no mayo is like grub sauce but without grubs
Karkat: who the fuck ever heard of grub sauce without grubs??? What's it made of then genius!
Dave: like
   uh
   I dunno its white and it just sort of exists
   you dont ask about mayo thats not what you do with mayo
Karkat: isn't it funny how quickly your bullshit unravels when someone intelligent actually holds
   you accountable??
   you are fucking busted strider.
   you are busted about "mayo" and you are busted about terezi.
Dave: hahaha you are pathetic
   this is why you all stormed in here out of breath
   what did you actually sprint all the way across the meteor to tell me this
Karkat: what I do with my legs and how fast I move them is my business you shit.
Dave: yeah and what I do with mine is mine
   watch me make them make me leave
Karkat: I said stay your ass put, we're talking here.
Dave: dude dont touch my cape
...
huh
Karkat: what
Dave: I cant believe I seriously just said dude dont touch my cape to somebody and was serious
   about it
[Image description: Dave and Karkat face each other in front of the transportalizer. Rose stands behind Karkat and Kanaya sits on the floor behind Dave.]

dialoglog
Karkat: ok, look I'm nowhere near your precious stupid cape. Just listen.
before you go off to snog terezi in your idiotic little village of nutrition cylinders, hear me out.
Dave: man
you are so overblowing this
Karkat: but I don't think that I am!
Dave: yeah you are
you have some idea about us or what were getting up to
so weve done a few things together to pass the time so what
I dont even think you could call them dates or anything
what the fuck would even qualify as a date on this gross dark meteor
Karkat: dave, can we just cut the shit?
I am not an imbecile. You are both plainly tipping into flushed territory irrespective of
environmental factors or whatever lame conditions it is humans believe to be optimal for pursuing
a matedspritship.
anyone can see that, it's the shittiest kept secret on this meteor. Probably even the fucking mayor
gets it, and let's face it, he's a little slow.
do you really think you could pull the woolbeast material over the eyes of a hardened veteran of
romantic studies?
Dave: we have one of those???
Karkat: I have seen thousands of troll romance films, each dealing with topics far more subtle and
complex than your pedestrian human mind could ever grasp.
and in case you've forgotten, I've already watched hundreds of your more primitive but moderately
entertaining romance films.
remember how I downloaded a fuck ton of them after discovering your species? I am a curious
man, dave, you could learn from me.
Dave: yeah I remember
havent you only watched a bunch of shitty dane cook movies on infinite loop since we left
Karkat: you're severely exaggerating, but yes I have sampled his work.
Dave: dude
you know youre only pretending to be a huge fan of his bullshit to piss me off
Karkat: again look at how self absorbed you're being!!!
I happen to think he has a brilliant comedic mind, for a human.
Dave: hnnngnnngghhhh
it turns out that exact sentence is my one weakness
you win bro you got your girl back
Karkat: oh shut up.
I am not here to debate you on the finer points of cinema, or to "get my girl back."
how desperate do you think I am?
I'm actually here to do the opposite.
I wanted to tell you I'm totally ok with it.
Dave: oh
ok then
Karkat: but just listen, and try to keep an open mind. I know that's hard for you.
here, please take a look at this.
Dialoglog
Dave: oh no
what the hot mess of fresh fuck am I looking at
Karkat: it's an alternian romance novel.
now look, I'm not vouching for this particular piece of literature. It's actually pretty trashy and if
you're interested I could recommend much better things to you.
it's just this one illustrates the concept very clearly.
Dave: what...
"concept"
Karkat: it's a pretty typical case of quadrant vacillation as applied to an overlapping group of
romantic pairings.
Dave: you lost me at quadrant
for future reference thats the word that always lets me know its time to check out of a sentence
Karkat: will you pipe down and just hear me out.
it's really simple. Think of it as being similar to one of your primitive human love triangles.
though this is a quadrangle. Those are much more common in our society and entertainment, and
four is pretty much the minimum value for love-hate n-drangles.
Dave: n drangles
god dammit
Karkat: now here is what's actually going on with this group of characters. Pay attention. Hey, look
at me. Eyes over here. Good.
see the two heroes in the middle, partaking in their flushed embrace? Pretty much your typical
lowblood redrom pairing. Their dynamic is the grubloaf and tuber paste of the overall arc.
Dave: ........
Karkat: but what have we here? There are some nefarious highblooms in the picture too. This is
where it gets interesting.
the guy on the left is an old caliginous flame from the male lowblood's past, and has reentered the
picture. Again, nothing out of the ordinary. He can continue to court his matesprit and kismesis
without conflict. It's a perfectly amicable arrangement that everyone's totally down with.
Dave: what is that huge beefcake troll even doing
is he grinding against the little dudes shoulder what is even going on
why the fuck is he nude
Karkat: no questions yet.
so then that's all fine, pretty boilerplate conditions for unfolding romdrama, but there's a twist.
the male highblood and lowblood start to have flushed feelings for one another, and this results in
some red infidelity between the lowblood pair.
obviously this is where the fireworks start going off. The red feelings between the lowbloods turn
to black, and thus begins what is referred to as quadrant vacillation.
meanwhile the two males are also vacillating between red and black, because you don't just let go
of a rivalry so easily.
Dave: what is going on with the other chick
all grabbing at the other one down there in the corner
Karkat: yeah, well, it gets even more complicated than that, probably more than needed for the sake of making the point.
in the heat of their vacillation, during an especially black phase, the lowblood female waxes red for a notorious and especially brutal highblood female.
so they have their thing on the side, but even that starts vacillating too because the original pair just keep spinning like a top.
we don't need to get bogged down in the quadrangle dynamic though, and for our purposes the 4th party is a distraction.
Dave: our purposes
what the fuck are our purposes
Karkat: the thing is, vacillation always adds a lot of drama to everything, but that doesn't mean it can't be viable.
it can totally work, and everyone can be reasonable about it, it really just comes down to a matter of sensible scheduling.
Dave: you must be out of your fucking mind if you think I want to know where you're going with this
Karkat: dave, please.
just read the book, ok? It's all in the book.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Karkat holds the book up and rants towards Dave, who looks unimpressed. Rose grins and snatches the book, then runs. Karkat turns to watch her.]
dialoglog
Dave: im not reading that shit
I cant even read your stupid troll language why would you think I can
Karkat: I think you should reconsider. I can translate for you. I'll read the whole damn thing aloud if you want.
seriously, it could really expand your limited human think pan on stuff.
there's a lot here that's applicable to our situation.
Dave: there is nothing even slightly applicable about any of that bullshit to our situation
Karkat: don't be dense. Of course there is.
terezi and I have been on the verge of vacillating like this for a long time.
it's about time we killed the suspense and just acknowledged it.
you and she seem bent on developing something in the flushed quadrant, and like I said, I'm fine with that.
if we can just get our shit straightened out, we can be like these vacillating pairs that alternate between red and black, but in a way that's complementary with each other's patterns.
Dave: oh my god
why is this happening
Karkat: like while she and I are black, you and she are red.
but then when she and I are red, you and she... I don't know if humans are really capable of black feelings?
I guess that's up to you. Maybe you can just like, sit those periods out.
like take a break, you know?
Dave: youve completely lost it dude
I cant believe for a fucking second this is reasonable shit to propose even on troll world
you just
totally snapped
Karkat: snapped like a fucking fox. This makes perfect sense.
like I said, it's just a matter of responsible scheduling. 
here let me show you. 
I need some paper. Where's some paper.
Dave: hnnrrghh

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Karkat grabs Rose's pen and begins drawing on a blank page of her book. He has a rectangle along the top of the page and is starting a line down the left side.]

dialoglog
Karkat: look, it's perfectly simple.
hang on while I draw the guidelines.
Dave: oh no
no you are not making another shipping grid dude
Karkat: it's not a shipping grid.
just some rows and columns for a schedule.
Dave: its a grid youre drawing a goddamn grid
im not letting you draw a grid for this stupid shit
Karkat: come on, look here. These are the days of the week.
then we each have rows for those days and we can draw a heart or a spade for any given day.
that way we know what's up in advance, and avoid unpleasant conflicts.
Dave: put the fucking pen down

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Dave grabs Karkat's hand and begins making him scribble all over the beginnings of the grid.]

dialoglog
Karkat: hey, cut it out. Don't touch me.
Dave: do not draw a shipping grid
do not do it
Karkat: it's not a shipping grid you obtuse fuck.
Dave: this is fucked up put it down
Karkat: no.
Dave: you are not drawing a grid to organize our goddamn dating lives
that is some straight up crackpot motherfuckin noise I will not abide
Karkat: fuck you. Let me draw.
Dave: stop drawing the shipping grid
Karkat: *it is not a shipping grid*
this is not shipping you heinous tool, this is common sense.
Dave: you will not draw anything that even remotely resembles a grid

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Karkat grabs Dave's arm with his other hand and they wrestle over the pen, making even more scribbles across the page.]

dialoglog
Dave: do not draw an arrangement of squares or otherwise interlocking polygons
Karkat: let go.
Dave: you will not draw a spreadsheet for the purpose of allocating time spent with a mutual girlfriend you horses ass
that is exactly the shit I do not want to see
Karkat: look, I just drew a square.
get ready to see a lot more of those!
Dave: no
stop
do not draw any additional squares
do not draw any quadrilaterals or trapezoids or rectangles or fucking n-drangles and especially as
fuck not any god damned rhombuses
I dont want to see your lines making any right angles do you understand
Karkat: in my mind's eye I am picturing a beautiful lattice of lines and compartments, interlocking
with sublime precision at ninety degree angles.
I imagine this modular reticulation as an elegant vessel, if you will, for the grand synthesis of our
shared shipping dreams.
Dave: no
that is the perfect example of what you shouldnt be drawing
Karkat: yes
Dave: no
Karkat: fuck yes
ooh look, another square, sort of.
kind of wobbly! It'll have to do.
Dave: no you fuck
Karkat: wait, I think it's coming.
here it comes, my first "ship", it's going in the square!
Dave: put the goddamn pen down
you piece of shit
Karkat: hell no.
Dave: yes
Karkat: what is your problem??
ow, fuck.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Dave grabs Karkat's arm with his other hand so they're tangled into a pen-
wrestling clusterfuck.]

dialoglog
Dave: this is so sick does she even know youre doing this
Karkat: doing what??
Dave: splitting up her time in a grid for your stupid rotating hate date plan
Karkat: she will soon enough.
Dave: what a presumptuous sack of shit put the pen down
Karkat: no, I'm drawing.
Dave: step away from your dumb ugly scribble grid
Karkat: get lost.
Dave: youre messing up roses book
Karkat: you smell bad.
Dave: dont talk to me about rank smells
you are the fuckin big man of smellin bad
you dominate the paint with your stonk
Karkat: my lusus brought things home that smelled more appealing than you.
important fact: 100% of what he brought home was either a dead animal, or literal feces.
Dave: oh yeah well check it out:
you smell like if someone took a dump on a butt
Karkat: how can she stand you with her sensitive nose?
have you ever even washed that ridiculous outfit?
Dave: they're magic fucking pajamas they stay like perma clean or something
they're enchanted and comfy as fuck give me the pen
Karkat: no, it's mine now. I'm keeping it on principle.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: They continue to scribble across the page, but now the line left in their wake takes on some distinctly phallic shapes.]

dialoglog
Dave: karkat whoa man what are you doing
why are you drawing all these human dicks
how do you even know what they look like what have you been watching??
Karkat: I'm not drawing those!!!!!!!
you're making me draw them, stop that.
Dave: no way
this book is now like
our fight fueled ouija board of cock
Karkat: argh... Stop!
don't
no fuck
ok no
you drew that one
you drew that one!!!!
don't pretend you didn't!
Dave: are you sure man
thats the spooky thing about penis ouija you can never be sure who did the dicks
was it you or me or maybe a ghooooost???
Karkat: fuuuuuuuck let go of me!
Dave: gimme the pen
Karkat: no
Dave: yes
Karkat: no
Dave: yes
Karkat: fine take it!
Dave: no
Karkat: what??
Dave: were still drawing
Karkat: let go
Dave: are you kidding this is a fucking masterpiece we have to see this through
Karkat: I'm trying to let go of the stupid pen but you won't let me
Dave: we are in the shit now
we are motherfuckin entrenched in this bitch
Karkat: you crazy fuck
Dave: were running out of room rose can you turn the page for us
Karkat: aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!!!!!!!!!!
has one hand on the pen. One cup of coffee is spilled already and the other sloshes dangerously from the force of their scribble-wrestling.]

dialoglog
Karkat: this altercation is becoming uncomfortably physical, get the fuck away from me.
Dave: what are you talking about
Karkat: you know what I'm talking about.
Dave: shut up and draw another penis
Karkat: you don't even understand the social implications of all this hostile touching and grabbing do you???
I don't feel that way about you strider, just step off.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Dave yanks the pen closer to his chest. Karkat has managed to escape the headlock, but Dave grabs his hair instead. Karkat has one leg up on the table, knocking over the other coffee and pinning Dave between his leg and the edge of the table. His eyes flash red as he bites Dave's cape and repeatedly bonks Dave in the side of the head with his fist.]

dialoglog
Dave: man if you want to look at this that way then thats your business this is just an old fashioned beatdown where im from deal with it
Karkat: why don't you old fashioned go fuck yourself?
Dave: stop biting my cape
Karkat: fufck nyouf.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: They topple over and Kanaya looks down at them. An alert over her head flashes between a club symbol and a red question mark.]

dialoglog
Karkat: raararruuuuuuauugghggghghghghgghh!
Dave: shit!

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Rose and Kanaya watch the two of them. Dave sits on the floor and Karkat lays behind him, flailing and tangled in Dave's cape. He's labeled Struggle.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: They both stand up, but Karkat now has Dave's cape entirely wrapped around his chest and head.]

dialoglog
Dave: are you serious
Karkat: fffmuffufffin
Dave: dude unreal
you are like a cape magnet

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Dave bends over and grabs Karkat, who is still flailing, around the waist.]
Dave: hold still
Karkat: mmmmmmmffffffmuffin

[Image description: Dave lifts Karkat directly over his head.]

dave: hup

[Image description: Dave lets himself fall backwards and suplexes Karkat directly into the table. All the books fly all over the place and a white arm reaches out from near the gramophone. Rose and Kanaya cover their eyes and look away.]

dave: booyeaaah

[Image description: Rose looks down at Dave, who is still laying on the floor. Kanaya looks towards Karkat, who lays on top of Rose's book and kicks his feet while shouting. A Terezi alert comes out of the gramophone.]

dialoglog
Terezi: everybody stop what youre doing immediately! whatever it might be another dream bubble is approaching rapidly everyone man your stations! by which I mean go about your business as usual I guess unless you want to meet me up here and check it out over! (Smiley face with furrowed brows)

[Image description: A thin banner says Year 1. In a second image, the ship flies through the void between fourth walls. On the left is their target, on the right is their origin. The space between windows is divided into three spaces. From left to right, they're labeled 3, 2, and 1. The ship sits on the border between 2 and 1.]

[Image description: It shows the logo of the Ghostbusters 2 M.M.O.R.P.G., with options to log in or create a new account. The logo is the four members of the Ghostbusters team standing in front of the Ghostbusters logo, each holding a gun-like object. The logo is a white ghost holding out a peace sign inside a red circle with a diagonal line across it.]

dialoglog
Jade: john i really think we are scraping the bottom of the barrel here John: no way! this game rules. i just never gave it much playing time before because... well, i guess i always had better things to do. Jade: thats sort of my point!
where did you even get this?
John: years ago i found it in a store on the bargain rack.
it was only a dollar! isn't that awesome?
Jade: (blank face)

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Inside the video game, a bunch of people in ghostbusters uniforms run around a city. The one closest to the camera, user gb_048583, fires his gun into the air. All of them have pink diamonds over their head and some have red text boxes.

gb_048583: nak nak nak nak nak nak nak nak nak nak lak nak lak nak lak nak lak nak lak lak lak lak lak

gb_131334: glub glub glub. I don't understand anything.

gb_702323: a slash s slash l?]

dialoglog
Jade: i dont really think this is my kind of game....
but i will play it with you today because it is technically your birthday (heart)
John: yesss. you won't be disappointed.
Jade: how many people did you get to play this??
John: um, i don't know.
i only showed it to a few people, but i guess hundreds are playing it now?
nobody is very good at it though.
i keep trying to tell the salamanders and chess guys not to cross the streams, but they keep crossing the streams!
just between you and me, i think a lot of them aren't very bright.
Jade: why cant you cross the streams?
John: jade, please.
it is just something you can't do when you're a ghost buster, because it spells big trouble. everyone knows that.
Jade: (tongue sticking out face)

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Somewhere else on the ship, it shows a full computer lab. Davesprite sits at the computer in the center of the screen, but he's surrounded by carapacians and consorts at the other computers. Casey, in her Bubbles Von Salamancer robe, stands on the desk by his computer.]

dialoglog
John: you should hurry up and make a character already, so we can get started.
Jade: im working on it!
there are so many options
what kind of ghostbuster should i make?
John: just any old ghost buster! as long as he looks awesome and like he means business.
Jade: hmmm
John: i will begin organizing our squad.
Jade: what do you have to do?
John: well, first we need buy an old abandoned fire station to use as a headquarters.
luckily half the city is composed of abandoned fire stations that are for sale...
this game is actually really stupid in a lot of ways, now that i think about it.
Jade: noooooooowo!
John: hey, shut up!
i take it back, it's great in every way.
Jade: sure john
whatever you say
John: ok, now i have to find us a mission.
got to hire a sassy secretary...
just have to peruse this extensive palette of sarcastic red headed ladies...
ok, here is a good one.
then we wait for a phone call. this can take anywhere from ten seconds to several hours.
Jade: are you serious?
John: but that's fine!
there's lots to do in the station to kill time.
like talk to slimer, and...
get slimed by slimer.
ok, i guess that's pretty much all there is to do.
Jade: what about that fire pole there?
cant you go down the fire pole?
John: the fire pole is strictly decorative.
Jade: .......... 
John: are you almost finished making your character?
Jade: yeah i think im done!!!
im pretty happy with him

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: A ghostbuster wearing an anime wolf mask looks towards the camera.]
dialoglog
John: jade.
that is absolutely the shittiest ghost buster i have ever seen.
Jade: no way!
John: yes.
it is so yes way.
Jade: hes adorable, what are you even talking about?
John: jade, i thought you were going to take this game seriously.
that is not a serious ghost buster. no ghost could possibly fear that thing.
Jade: i dont want ghosts to be afraid of him
i want to make friends with some ghosts if at all possible
John: it is not possible, ghosts are known to be cruel and mischievous.
they will not want to befriend your fox man, they will only want to cover him in slime and then fly away.
i really think you should consider redesigning him.
Jade: nope. im keeping him (tongue sticking out face)
John: ok, well, if you want to turn our squad into a fucking joke, then that's your business.
Jade: shut up or ill give him a pink jumpsuit!
John: argh!
but seriously, those head swap options are for such noobs, i feel it's only fair to warn you.
Jade: i think i will manage to survive the embarrassment in front of a bunch of salamanders and crocodiles
John: ok, fine.
you get a pass, but only because you yourself are a furry.
Jade: thank you
*snicker*
John: what?
Jade: nothing
John: is someone messaging you through the game?
Jade: hehe
John: who is it?
Jade: pfftt!
John: dammit, jade...
Jade: its davesprite, hes playing too
John: oh.
don't tell him any of our strategies. he is the enemy!
Jade: we have strategies?
John: um...
ok, first, tell him we have strategies. then, don't tell him them.
Jade: hahahahahahaha
John: oh god.
what is it now?
Jade: did you know...
davesprite is a funny guy?
John: meh, he's alright i guess.
i give most of his jokes a passing grade. sometimes as high as a solid b+!
Jade: i just told him you said that
John: that's fine, he and i keep no secrets.
Jade: davesprite says to tell you "youre basically welcome for being born 14 years ago and 1 year ago you ungrateful douche"
John: oh, like him taking credit for my existence isn't so old by now!
hey, jade...
why do you still call him davesprite?
Jade: um
because he is davesprite?
John: i just call him dave.
isn't that easier? i mean, he IS dave after all... right?
Jade: well yeah
but hes kinda different from dave
John: pshh, he is so not different.
dude is just a magical orange dave with wings! and also says caw sometimes.
Jade: i know
but there are other differences…

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: John and Jade look towards a holographic screen with the furry ghostbuster on it. John sits in an office chair and Jade sits in a pile of squiddle pluses and manthro chaps. They both have on their god tier outfits and pairs of lunchmuffs. Two cakes which look like Nannasprite made them sit on the floor in front of them. The larger one is in front of John and the smaller one, which has a pair of tangle-buddied squiddles on top, sits in front of Jade.]

dialoglog
John: like what?
Jade: its hard to explain
just some slight differences in personality i guess
John: he still raps sometimes.
Jade: yes...
so?
John: i just thought i would mention that.
Jade: ok i will admit i cant really tell if his rapping style has changed
John: trust me, it hasn't.
Jade: i dont know if the differences are because he is a sprite
or because he lived for a while in a different timeline...
John: well, weren't you a sprite before?
how different did you feel then?
Jade: i wasn't a sprite!
my dead dream self was a sprite
and then i kind of merged with her when i became a god tier
John: oh, right.
so...
half of you was a sprite.
Jade: i guess?
its more like im still the me i always was, but inherited some of her memories
but they are pretty vague
John: do you remember what it was like being jade sprite?
Jade: i remember being dead for a long time
and making friends...
mostly trolls
John: oh really?
which ones?
Jade: none that we know of now
that i can remember at least
they feel like such distant memories, like they were barely real
John: hmm.
i have to admit, i am a little disappointed in the dream bubble thing.
by the way you were describing it, i really thought we would dream about them on this trip more often!
Jade: yeah me too
maybe its something about this place were traveling through?
John: i dunno.
Jade: when was the last time you visited one in your sleep?
John: man...
that was weeks ago, i think.
Jade: yeah
John: and then, when i do dream about them, it's just kind of weird.
either i'm alone in my own memory, talking to figments of my imagination...
or i dream about someone we know. like a troll we have talked to, and i get excited.
but then it turns out they don't know who i am! it's like a version of them that died before they ever even knew us, and it's just kind of awkward.
Jade: yup
John: and i still haven't seen dave or rose At All.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: It shows the game again. The furry ghostbuster holds up a square-ish device with two small antennae coming from the sides. A red textbox in the background says gb_702323: yiff yiff]
John: have you?
Jade: nope (sad face)
John: yeah.
i'm starting to think it's not going to happen. i wonder if we're just not sleeping at the same times?
Jade: i dont think thats it
for one thing, considering where we are, i dont think theres such a thing as "the same time" for us
John: heh. that's true.
do you think the afterlife is just fucking with us, jade?
Jade: maybe...
but its probably more like the way it used to be with the clouds in skaia
they didnt always show you things, but when they did they were selective about what they would
let you see
like they would make sure you saw whatever you needed to see to make sure things would go the
right way
i always thought i knew so much, but in retrospect they gave me only a tiny glimpse of the big
picture!
John: that is so infuriating!
Jade: i guess!
it never felt that way when all i was doing was looking up at some clouds
i was happy to see whatever was there
but i guess its different in a situation like this
when you miss your friends, and you kind of wish the dream bubbles would play along
John: yeah.
oh well.
i guess it's only two more years.

[Image description: It shows another area of the game. Dozens of ghostbusters stand on a lumpy
field ringed by pine trees. A pair of cars, some beachballs, and a few green ghosts fly in the sky.
There's a picnic set up on a darker patch of grass, but it looks poorly photoshopped together.]

dialoglog
John: what do you think they will be like by then?
do you think karkat will have driven them all insane?
Jade: heheh, probably!
John: or maybe they will all be better friends with each other than they are with us.
Jade: hmmm
Jade: well look at it this way
Jade: by the end of our trip, will you be better friends with a bunch of salamanders than you are
with rose and dave?
John: i don't know. There are some pretty charming salamanders on this ship.
Jade: that is true
John: but you know what i mean. things have a way of changing.
like, have you thought at all about what it's going to be like when you see dave again?
i mean, after the way things are going with you and dave sprite?
Jade: umm
what do you mean the way things are going?
John: jade, please.
Jade: what!
John: *sigh*
you are not fooling anyone with your coy shenanigans.
Jade: what has he been telling you??
John: nothing!! do you really think he would talk about any of that with me?
there are just some obvious conclusions a guy is going to make about stuff.
Jade: well...
i guess i dont know whats going on with that
John: hm.
Jade: i really dont!!!
John: alright, fair enough.
Jade: um
what
do you think he would think about that?
John: huh?
Jade: the other dave
i mean
hypothetically
John: ah ha! so you Have thought about it!
Jade: im only wondering because you brought it up!!!!!
John: yes. yes i did.
Jade: then what do you think?
John: i have no idea. we would probably never find out one way or the other, regardless.
Jade: maybe
well
what about you john?
John: what about me even?

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Two ghostbusters stand on a series of rocks that stick out of a body of water. In
the distance, a massive cliff and equally massive Stay Puft Marshmallow Man loom over the water. The marshmallow man looks like a humanoid but rounded creature with a square, sailor-style dark blue collar and a white, mushroom-shaped hat cocked to one side.]

dialoglog
Jade: remember how you told me how karkat kept sort of trying to set you up with rose?
John: yes.
Jade: you told me this on more than one occasion if i recall!
John: what is your point!
Jade: well, i have kind of wondered to myself if you kept bringing that up because on some level you wanted that to be true...
John: oh man.
jade, listen.
at this point i could not give less of a rat's ass about romancey stuff!
i would rather just play some games, and chill out for several years on this magical flying boat. is that too much to ask?
Jade: not at all! that is perfectly fine
John: when i catch up with our buddies, i'm sure i will give rose a nice, Friendly hug.
Jade: aww
John: whereas i will offer dave a tender bro embrace, and shove karkat down a flight of friendship stairs.
Jade: heheheheh
John: but that is it.
it's all very complicated and bothersome, jade.
Jade: what?
John: you know. matters of the heart.
Jade: *snicker*
John: ok, you may laugh at my choice of words, but it is true.
it's really befuddling and distracting when you are on a major quest to make universes out of frogs.
who even needs it?
Jade: i guess you have a point
John: like...
you remember that troll girl who was sort of into me?
Jade: mm hm
John: well, ok.
that seemed like a pretty big deal at the time!
it really seemed like she liked me, but also, she was *probably* insane?
like, i mean, in a trollish, murderous kind of way.
Jade: yikes
John: but craziness notwithstanding, i didn't really know what to think.
i guess i thought she was cool at the time. i was honestly kind of flummoxed about it.
but the point is, when all was said and done, that was just some stuff that happened over one day,
which was a whole year ago already.
i barely even remember what we talked about. by the time we meet up, she probably won't give a
shit about me at all.
which, let's face it, is probably for the best.
Jade: ..... 
John: i think we make things more meaningful in our head when they're happening than they really
are. like realistically? there were probably a lot of things that went on that day that didn't mean that
much.
like remember how you said you thought karkat was getting this silly angry crush on you?
Jade: that was just my hunch
John: yeah.
i mean, do you really think after three years he is still going to have the rage hots for you?
Jade: i sincerely doubt it
at least
i hope not (blank face)
John: i don't think even he is that crazy.
anyway, my point is, who even cares about all that?
romance and dating are dumb and boring. we are legendary heroes, and we have bigger fish to fry.
like that smug fatass over there on the horizon.
he sure looks pleased with himself. just look at him, he thinks he is the undisputed king of that
mountain or something.
Jade: that is so outrageous
John: follow me so we can seize the high ground against this hideous ocean dwelling marshmallow
man, and steal all of his treasure.
Jade: after you!

[A6f2] Next

[Image description: Jaspersprite carries in another cake, which is even bigger than the other two
and topped with 14 lit candles. John looks surprised and Jade growls.]

dialoglog
Jaspersprite: Ahem.
John: jaspers, holy shit, another cake?
Jaspersprite: (cat face)
John: but there are still all these others we haven't touched.
nanna is really baking up a storm today.
Meooooow. (musical note)
Jade: grrr...
John: jaspers, whoa, what are you doing?
Jaspersprite: Meow meow-meow meow meow meeooooow. (musical note)
Meow meow-meow meow Meow meeeeeeoooonooooow. (musical note)
John: jaspers, no!!!
it's fine if you want to sing me the birthday song, but for the love of god, don't MEOW it!!!!!
you're going to rile her up!
Jaspersprite: Meow meow-Meow meow meow Jo-ohhhhhhn. (musical note)
Jade: grrrrrrrrrr
John: no jade, come on, Please settle down.
Jade: i cant help it!
Jade: grrrr...
dammit!
im really not mad at him, i swear!
Jaspersprite: Meow meow-meeeeooow meeeoww meow meeeeeeeqweeeooooooowooow. (musical note)
Jade: Woof!!!
John: oh my god.

[Image description: Jade chases Jaspersprite down the hall. John clings onto her and is dragged along. They're both yelling, but Jaspersprite doesn't seem to care that much.]

dialoglog
Jade: Woof Woof Woof Woof Woof Woof Woof Woof!
Jaspersprite: Hisssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss!
John: aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaauuuuuuuuuuuuuuh!

[Image description: They reach the end of the hallway. Jaspersprite phases through the wall and leaves a pink splatter behind on the wall. Jade disappears in a green flash. John and the cake both slam into the wall. John bounces back and lands on the floor while the cake slowly slides down the wall.]

[Image description: John's head falls to the side as he passes out. A black alert appears above him and the whole image fades to black.]

[Image description: John sits up in an entirely blank, black void.]

[Image description: He stands up and looks around.]
He turns to look back over his shoulder. The shadow of someone's foot falls across his face.

Whoever it is has a bright pink shoe and purple leggings. The shoe slowly gets closer.

John shouts as he gets kicked in the face by a person who is probably Roxy.

Much like Karkat with the bucket, he tries to turn away and the shoe just drags over his face.

He flails his arm as the foot drags through his hair.

He bends over backwards and the person who is probably Roxy stands on his face.

It zooms out. John sits on the ground while Roxy sleep-floats away. Near his head, something small flashes in a red circle with an arrow pointing to it.

It zooms in. Inside the circle, it shows a flashing picture of John sitting on the floor, which has the same flashing picture by its head, on and on until it's too small to see.

The unknown Pisces troll stares towards the two of them with a smug smile on her face.

Dialoglog

[Note: This troll speaks in the same fuchsia as Feferi and uses the same quirk of making gratuitous fish and water puns, replacing all capital Hs with an open parenthesis and closed parenthesis, and putting dashes before capital Es.]

Meenah: hey you god tier boy water you doin there blue boy Hey Im Talking to You
Meenah: yes you
the dork in the pajamas
ok the Other dork in pajamas
be all a pajama party up in here today
John: hi.
which troll are you?
Meenah: which troll am i
im the best troll dummy
now get away from her she is mine
John: uh...
Meenah: ive been hunting her for a whale now
John: for a whale?
what does that mean?
Meenah: its a fish pun
sayin fish puns is obviously kind of this thing i do stupid Get With the Program
John: oh, right.
i thought it sounded kind of... fishy!
Meenah: ooooh thats a good one
not
now beat it
John: you must be the sea troll, i heard about you.
but i'm pretty sure we never talked.
have you by any chance seen vriska around? or karkat?
Meenah: who the fuck are they

[A6I2] Next

Meenah lifts her trident up and sneers.

John: um... your troll friends?
Meenah: werent no friends of mine if i never heard of em
do you see this golden pointy deal here
John: yes.
Meenah: i was gonna use it to poke some holes in that girl there and see what happens
so clams-cray
John: oh no...
why would you do that!
Meenah: for the halibut
John: uh. what?
Meenah: halibut hell of it
ok that one wasnt that awesome
i thought i told you to clams-cray
John: i'm not sure what clams-cracy means either. you mean go away?
Meenah: holy mother glubbing mackerel you are a fucking idiot
well if youre not gonna go
maybe you can at least tell me somefin
John: what?
Meenah: this is the afterlife isnt it
which means
im Dead
right

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: John and Roxy both face towards Meenah, but Roxy is still asleep and floating.]

dialoglog
John: yes. well, it's a dream bubble.
so yeah, you are probably a ghost.
Meenah: I knew it
hahahaha yessssss
John: you're excited to be dead?
Meenah: excited hmm
now that you mention it
yes
i am pretty
flippin
Excited
John: why?
Meenah: because
it means my plan worked

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: She holds the trident in one hand and rests the handle along the back of her neck.]

dialoglog
John: what plan?
Meenah: why would i tell a hornless dork like you somefin like that
John: i dunno.
just curious about your spooky ghost plan is all.
Meenah: im curious about why a couple of freaks like you were sent to welcome me to hell
water you demons or somefin
pretty lame demons if you ask me
way too frondly and stupid
John: no, we're humans.
by which i mean aliens, i guess.
Meenah: so like
youre dead aliens huh
whoever heard of an alien ghost
John: i know, right? that's what i think sometimes.
It's a strange combination of sci-fi things. like alien stuff is all about science, right? at least it is in
movies. aliens love science. but then ghosts have nothing to do with science, they belong to the
supernatural realms, which have more to do with religion i guess? or about a lot of hocus pocus and
superstition, maybe even magic. science rarely enters the equation, unless it's something awesome
like ghostbusters, which makes ghosts and stuff all about science, even though the ghost science is
obviously a bunch of total nonsense. i guess contact mixes aliens and ghosts because jodie foster
saw her ghost dad in outer space? but then, that was probably just a science projection from an
alien, to make her feel less sad about her dead dad, and not a real ghost or anything. i guess the
lesson is that science and aliens teach us that ghosts and religion are fake? although, it turns out ghosts and aliens are actually real, so maybe science and religion have been lying to us all along.

*shrug*

Meenah: nerd
John: um.
yeah, sorry.
Meenah: so the girl
she like your matesprit or whatever
John: what?
ha, no, i don't even know her.
i kinda thought you knew who she was?
Meenah: dont know who she is but i know What she is
shes done
John: huh?
Meenah: ever do any baking nerd
John: yeah, a little...
Meenah: then you know Exactly what you do with somefin thats done
you stick a fork in it

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Meenah pitches her fork towards Roxy.]

dialoglog
Meenah: see

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: John shoves Roxy out of the way as the trident flies towards her.]

dialoglog
John: no!!!
Meenah: better think fast suckafish
John: snoozing mystery girl, look out!!!

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: The trident stabs into John's chest. Instead of bleeding, he turns white, then vanishes and the trident falls to the floor.]

dialoglog
Dave: whoa is that john
Karkat: yeah, I think it is.
Dave: what the hell is going on
Karkat: oh shit
john watch out!!!!!!
well, fuck.
looks like he's still an idiot.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Back on the ship, John sits up in the hallway. He's still splattered with pink slime and cake.]
[A6I2] Next

[Image description: The meteor hangs in a partially-lit sky over Terezi's forest.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: It floats near her treehive.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the top of the tallest building, where all the showdowns and meetups took place. There's a single troll standing there.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Terezi stares up at her hive.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: She stands between a hanging yellow scalemate and the smelloscope. Her hive fades in around her. The Heads code is written across the walls in red chalk and the yellow scalemate sits on top of a pile of books.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Terezi looks confused as teal blood begins to drip from her eyes.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Her glasses vanish, revealing the solid, bright red eyes underneath. A Vriska alert appears over her computer.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: She steps up to the computer]

pesterlog
arachnidsGrip [A.G.] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [G.C.]

A.G.: Hahahahahahahaha!
A.G.: Aaaaaaaaa haaaaaaaahaaaaaaaaaa haaa........ man, fuck this.
It's a real pain in the ass typing out long victorious laughs with only one hand, you know?
Gonna have to patch this thing up somehow. Maybe I'll pay a visit to my neighbor a little later.
Getting my arm fixed nearly ought to be worth enduring the stench. Aw yeah. Sick burn from outta nowhere. Take that, Zahhak.
Haha! Neighbor. I can't believe I only thought of that now! I bet he'll get kick out of that.

[Note: the Neigh in Neighbor is capitalized.]

A.G.: I bet you even more he won't laugh though. What a boring piece of shit.
I know You would think it's funny though. Right Terezi?
Man, I sure am glad this little feud of ours is basically over. We're totally even!
Now we can just go back to being friends, and things will be great.
Hmmmmmmmmmm.......
Hahahaha! You won't believe this, but it only occurred to me now that you won't even be able to read this!
Even if you do somehow manage to stumble back to your hive........ you're blind now!
Whooooooops.
It would be a real shame if we couldn't bury the hatchet and be great friends again because of a
stupid bullshit reason like that.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: The screen splits. Terezi stands in her hive, newly blinded, on the left. Vriska
stands in her own hive, minus one arm and eye, in her own. She's still splattered with blood and the
Break code is written across her walls.]

pesterlog
A.G.: oh, I know.
maybe I'll mindjack some random chump and send him to your hive so he can read my messages to
you out loud!
what a perfect solution. He can be your assisted living slave.
I would have had the perfect candidate all lined up, but he recently lost the use of his legs
unfortunately. Oh well, I'll just roll with the punches like I always do and find someone else.
just say the word, and I'll make him do whatever you want! Read my awesome notes to you, hang
some more plush dragons from your tree, pre-chew your food........
well, maybe not pre-chew it, since I didn't exactly knock your teeth out, did i?
maybe more like pre-look-at your food, to make sure there are bugs in it.
see, isn't it great when we're helping each other out instead of maiming each other repeatedly?
this is how it should be between scourge sisters. All the maimings and backstabblings should be
saved for the friends and foes who get in our way, don't you think?
hey, what do you want to do for our next campaign, b.t.w.?
we can take the next one easy. I'll try to think of something better suited to your new disability!
I mean, I've already pretty much nixed anything involving stairs, because of tavros. Lol.
ain't no one can say I'm not willing to meet people half way!!!!!!!!
whew........
I'm losing a lot of blood here.
good thing I seem to have a ton of the stuff. We highbloods are made of some pretty tough shit.
what a fucking mess, though. Not really looking forward to cleaning this up.
I've got to say, your prank was pretty good. Still not sure how you pulled it off. Pretty inconvenient
though!
it's too bad you're not going to get to read this for a while, if ever. We could be bonding over the
great pranks we just pulled on each other!
oh well.
guess I'll take off. Before I drop dead like some kind of loser and you never get to hear from me
again.
see you around, sis.
G.C.: wow
I cant believe I almost forgot
what a completely crazy bitch you were
A.G.: hey now!
what kind of attitude is that to bring into this memory?
G.C.: oh
yeah
sorry (frowning face with furrowed brows)
A.G.: easy, there.
no need to waste good remorse on such a trivial exchange.
I am only reminding you,
that if you bring too much baggage from the past into the memory, it is doubtful your experience will be either therapeutic or cathartic.

G.C.: uh
what
A.G.: you were the one who invoked this memory after all.
Isn't this why you are here? Is it not what you have been hoping for and fretting you may find since your journey began?
a chance to say you are sorry?
G.C.: vriska
you sound really different
what happened to you out here?
A.G.: sorry for the ruse.
though it isn't as far from the truth as it possibly could be, I am not who you think I am.
G.C.: (confused face with furrowed brows)
A.G.: I of course needed to visit you through a memory, and interestingly, this is the one you gave me.
no ill will or upsetting hijinks were intended.
G.C.: who are you?

[A612] Next

[Image description: Vriska blurs for a moment, then turns into the troll in the blue dress that Jake saw.]

pesterlog
A.G.: aranea.
G.C.: ok
and??
A.G.: and I am your friend's ancestor.
in fact, I am yours too, in a way.
G.C.: really??
A.G.: yes. Though not quite how you are picturing.
she had an ancestor whom she was aware of, and technically that is who I am.
that is to say, she is who I would have become on your world, had I arrived in her place. Alas, I did not.
she was a figure in your history who preceded you by thousands of solar sweeps.
whereas I preceded your entire civilization by billions.
G.C.: (gasping face with furrowed brows)
G.C.: I dont get it

[A612] Next

[Image description: Aranea steps through the line dividing her hive from Terezi's.]

pesterlog
A.G.: that's ok. There is plenty of time to sort it all out.
I've been keeping an eye on you all for quite a while. Your whole planet, actually. It was very interesting this time around, to say the least.
it even had a different name! "Alternia." Haha. How heavy handed can you get?
the man responsible was a bit of a wise guy. He rewrote everything. He had a knack for overzealous storytelling, which is a harmless enough habit usually. I'm guilty of it myself sometimes.
but it is not so harmless when the perpetrator is omniscient and omnipotent.
G.C.: omniscient?
you mean
mr milkshake???
A.G.: that's right.
but he's dead now, and his story is over. The book on our universe is closed, both for my instance
and yours.
this being the case, I thought it was the right time to introduce myself. The combined work of my
group and yours is unfinished, and the outcome has not been assured.
the true ultimate reward has yet to be achieved. No safe haven has been created that is free from
the devastation caused by mr. Milkshake's grand deception.
our race still teeters on extinction. The members of your party, and one noteworthy fugitive, are
the sole survivors.
we must work together to create that haven and restore our race, so that the sacrifices we all made
will not be in vain.
but in order to repair the unthinkable damage that has been done, we need to allow ourselves the
chance to heal first.
old wounds, old regrets. They will serve no purpose on the rest of your journey.
G.C.: regrets
are you talking about me and vriska?
A.G.: sure. You have to start somewhere.
G.C.: do you know where she is?
A.G.: not at the moment.
but the more time you spend here, the more likely it is you will find whomever you are looking for.
on the other hand, if it is the unknowable will of the gods, you may dance around each other
indefinitely as you pass through this space. It is hard to say.
G.C.: oh
ok then
im not sure whether to be relieved or frustrated by that
A.G.: well, if she had been dwelling in this bubble like you thought, what would you want to say to
her?
surely you would not have just argued about the past.
G.C.: no
I still dont know what I would say to her
A.G.: then what would you say to me?

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Aranea stands next to Terezi. The blood from Terezi's eyes and the desk
vanish.]
pesterlog
G.C.: I would say
even though she did some bad things and was totally impossible most of the time
I wish she wasnt dead
is it weird to miss somebody who did nothing but cause problems?
she was a serious troublemaker in your party. Many player groups have to deal with those.
I feel as though we had one of the worst cases in our party. But when all was said and done, she
was still our friend.
G.C.: I keep wondering if there was another way
something other than letting her go, or killing her
I try to remember what I saw when I looked into the vortices of possibility
and I just can't remember anything besides those options
even if those other choices would have resulted in death for everyone
was that really all I was capable of?
either losing the nerve to go through with it, or stabbing her in the back, and nothing else?
A.G.: at that moment, perhaps.
you know very well the channels of possibility at that exact juncture resulted from her decision
paths as well as yours.
but even so, when it comes to your key decisions, the possibilities are probably fewer and more
discrete than you have presumed.
otherwise you would not see results consolidated into those vortices, would you? Possibility would
resemble an enormous hazy field of infinitely subtle variations and micro-choices.
image if at that moment you truly were capable of anything, no matter how outlandish, absurd, or
patently fruitless. How would this vast amount of information present itself to you through your
senses? What difference would it make in your final decision if all other tributaries of whim spilled
into the same decaying future? And what would this make of your agency as a hero meant to learn
and grow?
look at it this way. Imagine that over the course of someone's life, they are truly capable of every
conceivable action at any moment, and did indeed take each of those actions in different branching
realities. Doesn't a scenario like that deaden a person's agency just as much as one where their fate
is decidedly etched in stone as a single path of unavoidable decisions? Who exactly is that person
who can and does take all conceivable actions, other than someone perfectly generic, who only
appears to have unique predilections and motives when you examine the arbitrary path they
happen to occupy?
G.C.: um
I dont know
A.G.: pardon the esoteric tangent. These are my instincts as a hero of light kicking in. It's hard for
us to resist prattling on about matters like this.
G.C.: oh god
like rose
yeah she never shuts up about it
no offense (smiling face with furrowed brows)
A.G.: (smiling face with eight eyes)
you may seek to understand your decisions and look for justice in their consequences. You may
wonder why honorable choices from the innocent are punished by banishment to a timeline in
which everyone dies and all is gradually dissolved.
it helps to understand your role, not just as a hero who must overcome, but as a single capillary
within a much larger bioexistential system.
think of it like circulatory system, where the veins and capillaries that do not help the overall flow
of blood through the system are likely to wither and die. Those are doomed offshoots.
reality itself is using you and many others to propagate its own existence. Strictly speaking, there is
only one path to its successful propagation. But it still permits you to make choices. Not all that are
conceivable, but some nevertheless, as dictated by who you are and the challenges you face. And
you are free to make key decisions however you like, as long as you understand that some of these
paths unfairly or not will lead to oblivion. Because those choices do not contribute constructively
to the perpetuation of all existence, including your own.
such is the burden assumed by anyone who plays this game.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: The room vanishes around them and they're standing on a thick tree branch
with the yellow scalemate hanged behind Aranea's head.]
I guess I understood some of that, but never quite put it all together that way. I don't think I was a great seer of mind. A.G.: well, you aren't finished being one, are you? G.C.: meh. I don't think of myself that way anymore. I used to feel like some pretty hot shit! Directing battle traffic against the king, and all flipping coins in people's faces and stuff. It seems silly now. I don't think I ever knew what I was doing when I confronted her, and it was time to make up my mind. I thought I had it all figured out, like this was what I had to do. Not just to save everybody, but as some stupid rite of passage or something? Then it came time to do it, and it was all happening so fast... And I forced my own hand. I could either let everyone die in one reality, or kill a friend in another and I tell myself those were the only two vortices I saw... But then, I was the one who made the series of decisions which led up to that choice, and completely painted the options into that corner anyway. I just wish I could tell her that. A.G.: which one would you tell it to? G.C.: huh? A.G.: the one who fought with Noir, or the one who didn't?

A.G.: which one would you tell it to? G.C.: huh? A.G.: the one who fought with Noir, or the one who didn't?

Image description: Aranea walks towards where the branch narrows.

I mean. I guess either? But I was thinking more about the one whose death I am actually responsible for. A.G.: ah. Well, this could either be my experience as an ancient ghost talking, or the perspective I am naturally given to as a light player, but aren't you equally responsible for both? G.C.: (uncertain face with furrowed brows) I guess. A.G.: I can see why you would feel more responsibility for one than the other. My perspective is informed by my class and aspect. It was to my advantage as a healer to see things a little differently. To find equanimity across many different outcomes. G.C.: oh? A.G.: there's more to the realization of our roles than gaining flashy powers. And there's more to healing than repairing battle damage. You killed a friend and you understandably feel regret. But it's done. She is gone and you are still here. Now what? G.C.:...

Image description: They both walk along the branch, which has become narrow enough that they
have to hold out their arms to keep their balance. It keeps snaking into the distance and the sky behind it turns into the synapse clouds of the Land of Thought and Flow.]

pesterlog
A.G.: you could look for absolution through rationalization. Everyone would have died if you didn't take action, so why trouble yourself with guilty emotion? but there is no real healing power in believing that. And I don't think it's what you wanted to tell yourself anyway, is it?
G.C.: not really
A.G.: or what about through renunciation of responsibility? If you were just a tool used by reality to perpetuate itself, where is the blame? but that would be another empty idea that has no power to heal.
G.C.: yeah
ive tried rationalizing stuff that way
doesn't really help
A.G.: you've been lead to believe such acts of violence are natural for your kind, and that if you're upset by the consequences then something is wrong with you. but it isn't as natural as you might think. That conditioning was a part of milkshake's long con. violence was respected and celebrated on your world, but remorse was rarely felt and pain could never heal due to such empty justifications. We died out a wounded race, and you are all that's left. the process of healing first involves sifting through what it isn't, which happens to be almost everything your troubled mind has to offer.
G.C.: then what do I do?
what's the answer?
A.G.: there isn't one.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Aranea holds out her hand to Terezi, who stares at it in shock. A faint blue glow pulses around the hand. Aranea has a trio of thin, gold bracelets that weren't visible before.]

pesterlog
A.G.: It takes time, and is only accelerated by looking at things honestly. This is what I did as a Sylph of Light. Helped people see things. I could even perform the feat literally, if you wanted.
G.C.: Whoa what?
A.G.: It's up to you of course.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: It switches to show Aranea in her entirety. She's wearing a long, sleeveless orange dress with a slit up the center of the skirt. There's a darker orange underskirt filling in the slit and a yellow Light symbol on the chest. She has a long hood with two thin tails trailing from the portion that fastens around her shoulders. Behind her is a pair of translucent blue wings, just like Vriska's.]

pesterlog
G.C.: hmm
thanks for asking
but id rather just stay this way
learning to sense things this way was the only connection I ever had with my lusus before she died it reminds me of her
that probably sounds dumb though
A.G.: not at all. That's a very good reason. I thought the polite thing to do was at least offer.

Image description: They walk down the branch again, which now stretches into a night sky with a large green moon.

pesterlog
G.C.: its cool that you want to help heal me and all but I still dont really know anything about you other than that you seem like some sort of much nicer vriska where were you from again? Alternia before vanilla milkshake named it that?
A.G.: yes. But in a different universe instance, I often refer to as a1. The shorthand helps avoid confusion, trust me. my group of twelve played the game, but failed. It overwhelmed us. A lot went wrong. The reckoning destroyed our battlefield well before we had any hope of winning. I sought advice from echidna, and she told me how to scratch the session to give us another chance. but the choice to do so came with accepting the annihilation of our existing forms. In the new instance, we would lead completely different lives with no memory of what happened. so we did, and created a2. Your instance, your world, and your game in which we were all inexplicably created in the first place. as I said, this time around the world was........ Interesting.
G.C.: that's when trolls became terrible?
A.G.: not all of you. some had lessons from the old world to teach others. But few ever heard them.
G.C.: so in your time, everyone was as nice as you?
A.G.: not exactly. But life was pretty mild and uneventful. I'm not even sure if I was especially nice, by our standards. mostly kind of boring. nobody from my party liked me a whole lot. I think I talked too much, and had a habit of bringing conversations back around to myself. not that it matters anymore, but it was not the best way to make friends.
G.C.: hehehehe. You really are like a nice vriska I dunno, I was friends with her and she did almost nothing but talk about herself im pretty sure you and I would have been good friends too!
A.G.: thanks! it goes to show, just because your race is peaceful doesn't mean you don't have problems. I used to fantasize about being someone really outgoing and dramatic. someone who had the confidence do whatever she wanted, like go on the most outrageous adventures without caring what anyone thought about her. like someone from a book, you know?
G.C.: yes! I used to think about that a lot too (smiley face with furrowed brows) A.G.: it turned out I actually got what I wanted after the reset. Unfortunately it came along with our people's enslavement and near extinction. not that I really got to live as her, exactly. But at least I got a chance to follow her life. And it was a very long life. being here for ages has its benefits.
pesterlog
G.C.: exactly how long have you all been living in dream bubbles?

or I mean...
not living

A.G.: it has been a very long time.

so long, time has been stripped of the meaning it never really had in the first place.

it doesn't really pass in the same way it does when you're alive. Concepts like "now" and "how long" are figures of speech used to make communication simpler.

I've quit trying to give expression to the elusive temporal properties of this place. It's easier staying conversational.

but I will say that being here "for so long" lends itself to a certain detachment from what you see. Otherwise, monitoring the atrocities stemming from our failure wouldn't be much fun.

G.C.: do you miss your world as much as I do?


but missing it usually invites memories of home to serve as the stage.

not that it's a substitute for the previous reality. But the reminders of home are everywhere.

G.C.: what about your friends? I guess you still get to hang out with them all?

A.G.: yes. I see them often enough.

except for one, whom I haven't seen at all since before we all died.

in fact, she's the only reason we are here in the first place, as opposed to merely ceasing to exist upon the scratch.

in life, she was the only one I would have called a close friend, in a way.

the thing is, nobody liked her much either. We had that in common. (smiling face with eight eyes)

G.C.: wow, its been that long since you saw her?

A.G.: remember how I said the gods could keep you dancing around someone you're looking for indefinitely?

G.C.: yeah but...

billions of sweeps??


G.C.: is she by any chance the troublemaker you were talking about?

A.G.: that's right. In fact, we are on our way to visit her now.

G.C.: oh

so thats where this branch is taking us!

A.G.: notice the moon up there?

and not the larger green interloper. That one never belonged to my world. It is your memory, not mine.

G.C.: yeah the cute little bubblegum moons! Thats where she is?

A.G.: it's the setting of the memory she entered.

from her perspective, she has just arrived here.

your friends should be joining us too, before your meteor clears the bubble.

maybe together we can bring the thief of life up to speed.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms out, showing Aranea and Terezi walking along a branch inside a pink-tinted bubble.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms out again. The bubble glows in a black void.]
[A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms out again. A silhouette with dog ears looks towards the bubble.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Jack flies backwards away from PM. She has her sword raised to attack and he has his held over his head.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: They hurtle past Gods of the furthest ring. A bust of energy appears where their swords cross and each has a full health bar near their heads.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Jack looks sad and maybe scared.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: PM looks furious and glows green.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: The green sun appears in her head.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the sun, which pulses.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: PM disappears entirely, leaving only the green sun, which hangs in the void just as the dream bubble did.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: The green sun is now the orb on top of Lord English's staff.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Lord English roars and smacks Ms. Paint with his cane so hard that she slides across the ground on her face.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Hussie, still in his Troll Calmasis outfit, peeks around a corner and spots Lord English at the far end of a hallway.]

Oh shit.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: He turns away from the corner and presses his back to the wall.]

How can he be here already?
Why did I not see this coming?

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: He holds his head in his hands. His paint is even more smudged than before.]
The dude is Always already here.
When it comes to being here, already is practically all he ever is.

Ok, time to stop babbling and think. Think, imagination! Argh, the one time I really need you!!
Oh no, Slick!!!

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Hussie runs back into the hospital room, where Slick is trying to get out of bed.] 
Slick, he's come here to finish you off! We have got to hide you somewhere. Now that Rufio is gone, you are my only friend.

Oh, you're good company too, humanimal butler who may or may not be Aurthour. I didn't mean nothin' by it.

What's that, Slick? Oh, yeah, Ms. Paint too of course. That's a little different. Hey! What do you mean "so what's her story, is she available?" No, she is not available!

And just what do you mean by that? No, she will not be available "soon" either!

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Hussie presses on Slick's forehead and forces him to lay back down. Slick flails his knife and stabs him in the stomach in retaliation.] 
Hey, get back in bed. I'm trying to save your ass here. Go ahead, stab all you want. Like your stupid curmudgeonly shankings aren't so totally played out already.

Shh...

Oh my god, the footsteps. That horrible peg leg on my hardwood floors. He's coming...

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Hussie flails his legs and runs down the hall, pushing Slick's hospital bed in front of him. Apparently, it has wheels.] 
There's no time to lose, we've got to get you out of here!

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Hussie stands out on a balcony overlooking a grey, cloudy sky and flips the hospital bed over the edge. The frame, mattress, sheet, pillow, and occupant all fly through the air separately. Slick looks shocked.]
hup
[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Slick screams as he falls down the side of the building.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: He lands in a body of water with a Spooosh. The bed is right behind him. The water is at the bottom of a massive, red cliff and a group of horses run along a shorter cliff in the distance.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Hussie reaches into his jacket. A square on the floor flashes bright colors.]

Now if I can just go grab Ms. Paint and sneak out the back door before it's too...

Are you kidding me? He's already here again? Talk about a one trick pony.

Fine.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Hussie aims something white and out of focus. The focus shifts and Hussie becomes blurry as the white gun that Scratch gave Slick comes into focus instead.]

We settle this now.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Lord English snarls down at Hussie through a set of massive double doors. Hussie's hand shakes.]

What's that, English? You look nervous. Could it be you weren't expecting me to know your only vulnerability? You have underestimated my omniscience almost as badly as I overestimate it as a matter of daily routine. Your reign of terror comes to an end here, on this balcony overlooking an enchanted cliffscape host to innumerable gorgeous stallions. How ironic, that your very demise would be in the proximity of some horses. What? You didn't follow that? Just think it over. Think it over...

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Hussies eyes go wide as he pulls the trigger repeatedly, but gets only clicks.]

While you die shit shit shit, oh shit. Fuck. Shit shit fuck, I forgot.

What kind of fucking idiot keeps his deudly white magnum loaded with only one tiny cueball?? God damn you, Scratch.

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: The gun flies through the air and bonks Lord English in the forehead.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: Lord English holds out his scepter, which turns into a golden rifle. The end of the scope is the green sun and the magazine is striped with the billiard ball colors.]
Ok, that gun looks super deadly. Way deadlier than the one I just threw at you, and I am probably screwed. But there is one thing you probably Weren't counting on, and that thing is magic being real.

God I hope magic is real...

Please let magic be real, please let magic be real, please let magic be real. I believe that magic is real right now. I believe so hard in its reality that it is becoming slightly less fake before our very eyes. I believe its fakeness was just a lie coughed up from a dark magician's spurious asshole. I believe in fairies. I believe dragons aren't bullshit. I believe heartily in the giggles of all the cherubs in heaven and the metric tonnes of special stardust they consume each day to fuel their laughter. I believe with the conviction of a million frothing zealots in the combined pranks of a billion leprechauns strong, and in the tiny erections they get from playing them. But most of all, I believe in you, Rufio.

I believe in you.

Aw fuck who am I kidding magic is fake as shit.

I failed you, Rufio.

I failed you.

I failed you.
[Image description: Hussie pitches to the side, then collapses.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: He lays face down on the floor in a pool of his own blood. The horns on the headband sit off to the side and Vriska's face is watermarked in the bottom right corner. The word Dead flashes rainbow over his head.]

[A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the back of his head and the image fades to black.]

[S][A6I2] (question mark question mark question mark)

[Image description: It goes to a page of the website that's entirely black. Ambient, hollow, buzzing sounds and the sounds of distant horse whinnies and galloping play. A fuzzy-edged square appears in the center of the screen and fades to a desert scene. A herd of white horses run across the horizon and a line of footsteps crosses the sand. It pans to the end of the trail, revealing Vriska, walking alone with her hands in her pockets. A Next arrow fades into view at the bottom of the screen as it shifts to show Vriska in silhouette against a yellow sky. Her eyes are blank and white. Click next.
She keeps walking. It fades to her staring at the horses, which run past her. One leans in close to her and she pulls back. A next arrow fades in at the bottom.
Click next.
She walks down a sand dune. It zooms in on her shoes. She approaches a large pair of lizard statues on a base half covered in sand. Hussie lays face down in the sand at their base. A next arrow fades in.
Click next.
She approaches him and a caption appears.
 Will... Click next.
He pushes himself up onto his elbows.
You... Click next.
He holds out a golden ring. His eyes are also white.
Marry Me? Click next.
It zooms in on her disgusted expression, then flashes through several images very quickly. The painting of a horse attacking a football player. A close up of her eye. Hussie holding a ring towards her hand against a red background. Her, pulling her hand away. Hussie's eyes, one of which has a pink heart in it. It zooms in on the heart.
Everything fades to black and a next arrow fades in.
Click next.

End of Act 6 Intermission 2

[Image description: A green curtain closes over Vriska's disgusted expression.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms back from the curtain to show it on the clockwork sun and moon. The background is a sea at sunset or sunrise. The edge of text pokes on screen on the right.]

Next
End of Year 3. 4 13 09 to 4 13 12
A new clockwork sun and moon poke on the right side.

Next

[Image description: It shifts over to that sun and moon, then zooms in on the green curtain in the center of it.]
16. Act 6 Act 3 Part 1

Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 6 Act 3: Nobles, part

[s] Act 6 Act 3

[Image description: The song Rain begins to play. The green curtains open to a white circle against a black background. It slowly zooms in and the white fades to the surface of a planet. It's mostly land with large bodies of water scattered across the surface, connected by snaking rivers. Large, colorful objects float in low orbit. It fades to an areal shot of a greyscale, mountainous landscape with large lakes and a river. A dark cloud crosses the screen. The colorful objects are large hot air balloons that drop rain onto the land below. It fades to black, then to a view of the same land, but from a point closer to the ground. A large, almost cathedral like building sits on the horizon and a gazebo-like building sits on top of a hill. Several of the hot air balloons hover at various points across the landscape, which is dotted with white, leafless trees and lines of yellow. It pans up over the balloons, showing more of the cloudy sky. The name appears at the top of the screen.

Land of Crypts and Helium

Everything fades to black, then to another point on the planet, where a red and white object sits near a river. It zooms in. It's Jane's house, on top of a red and orange balloon. The balloon is sunken into a hole in the bottom of a dry lakebed. The water is held back by a grey dam. Two obelisks flank the dam and a grey walkway leads up towards Jane's house. It doesn't quite connect to the piece of yard that came with her, though. Instead, it stops several feet short. The balloons settles slowly.

It fades to Jane standing on the main platform of her alchemiter. The still unprototyped kernelsprite floats above her. She looks off of her balcony towards the walkway, which is a good distance away.

An orange arrow points towards the end of the walkway and a grey text box appears at the top of the screen.

Wherever your house is now, it's sinking in a hurry. Better act fast!

This panel is interactive.

Click the arrow.
You are now Jane. You run and hop onto the balcony railing. It zooms out and you launch yourself onto the walkway as the house sinks into the hole and vanishes. It zooms in on Jane again. Two arrows appear. One points down towards the hole and one points along the walkway.

Click the one that points down the hole.
It zooms out to show the whole area. Jane's house is gone. There's still an arrow by Jane.

Click the pit.
It's very dark down there. You can't see your house. No telling how far it sank. Oh no! You just realized your dad must be down there. You hope he's ok.

Click the obelisks.
Two obelisks bearing curious symbols and mirrors affixed at the top. Weird.

Click the dam.
Good thing this dam is here. Otherwise your house would be getting waterlogged in addition to being stuck on top of a huge balloon in a pit.

Click the arrow.
It returns to Jane on the walkway. Click the arrow that points down the path.
A blue silhouette of Jane walks down a walkway. There's a white, leafless tree to her left and a pair of raining balloons on the horizon. Just beyond her, it turns into stairs and winds over a hill, down into a valley, and up towards another hill. At the top of that hill, there's a new arrow. There's also one behind her, but that just returns to the walkway.

Click the arrow at the top of the hill.
You look out over a valley flanked by two ridges. A path runs along each of the ridges, each with an arrow pointing towards it. There are a series of lakes in the valley and yellow lines cross the ridges. Water pours from an archway beneath the gazebo-like building.

Click the arrow leading to the left path.
The image shifts over and you stand at another branch. One path leads towards the cathedral-like building in the distance. One leads down under the waterfall, to another building sunk into the ground. A third leads back to the first branch.

Click the one that goes under the waterfall.
You stand on the path that goes under the waterfall. An arrow leads back to the path and another leads to the door in the ground.

Click the one leading to the door.
You stand in a hallway lined with reptile runes. Another arrow leads deeper into the crypt.

Click it.
You stand on a walkway that runs through a massive cave. Stalactites hang from the ceiling and a large crack in the rock spills yellow and pink plants. There's a Roxy alert over your head.

Click the plants.
More signs of life hidden in the cracks. It's as if the land wants to be lush and fertile, but nothing can survive on the surface. It's making the whole cave smell like a flower shop.

Click the Roxy alert.
Answer Roxy?
Two options appear.
Yes, or no.

Click yes.
A new page opens. On this page, Jane's Crosbypop sits on the ground. It has a Roxy alert and a chat window open.

pesterlog
tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]
T.G.: j. crocks
urgent correspondence 4 profeffor b.f.f. sie over
G.G.: Roxy!
You won't believe where I am right now.
T.G.: betch u i will
G.G.: Ok, maybe you will.
But I'm in the game finally! It's considerably more outlandish than I was expecting.
T.G.: what were u spectin
for maniac not 2 be real or something
lol what a dope
G.G.: No, I was thinking...
Well, I don't know. Something more like...
T.G.: wow k shooosh
jane i actuatlly dont have any time
i have literally like 1 minute
i only wanted to ask one thing
did you talk to jake
about u know
do i even Need to wonk??
G.G.: THAT'S why you're contacting me???
T.G.: ys
hury
G.G.: Roxy, please, I don't think you understand.
There are mysteries here.
real mysteries and puzzles to solve.
T.G.: thas cool so howd it go with jake
G.G.: Groan.
T.G.: did doc crock prantice her love medizine on THE ENGLISH PATIENT (winking face)
(heart) (heart) (comma four, a failed heart)
If you really want to know, I completely blew it with him forever. Satisfied?
T.G.: aw wahat that Fuck
G.G.: He asked me if I liked him, and in the heat of the moment I panicked and said no.
And then he went on this whole thing about Dirk, and...
That's that.
Can we drop it now?
T.G.: uuuuuuuuuuuuururreggghhh
ejane this is totals the shittiest love report i ever heard
G.G.: It's not a "love report!" Will you stop it?
T.G.: jane im pissed
i am so pipsed about this i want to just go there and smack ur ass
u Had him and oh jane siiiign
the Only reason i got 2 cut short on ripping you a new one ofer this debacle is the fact that
everything is literally on fire right now
G.G.: What? There's a fire?
T.G.: no jane theres a fire when youg go camping and pack marshmalmows while smiling like an
asshole
the whole neighborhoof is burning down
by which i mean literally every single fuckin builbing
G.G.: Oh, gosh.
Please be careful!
T.G.: stil just
SM f'n H about this jake thang
T.G.: uuurrrrgh
G.G.: (sad face)
tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] ceased pestering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]

[Close tab and continue playing game in original tab.]

Back in the game, click the arrow at the other end of the walkway.
You stand on a walkway just above an underground lake. A few stalagmites rise above the water level, but the ceiling is absolutely crowded with stalactites. In the water, there are two reddish-brown orbs with starburst shapes on the top and white roots reaching out into the water. In the center of the starbursts, tiny hot air balloons pulse. The path widens into a platform against the wall. On the wall, there is a drawing of a fourth wall flanked by drawings of salamanders. There are grey tablets that look like the ones used in the Parcel Pyxis on LoWaS, a strange object topped by an orb, and several small red objects on the platform. There's a door in the bottom right quadrant of the fourth wall, which has an arrow pointing to it.

Click the object with the orb.
The switch has no power. It does nothing! You flip it up and down a bunch and nothing just keeps on happening.

Click one of the red pods.
It is a young Seed Pod, yet to be released to the surface. Looks like it needs a lot more helium.

Click tablets on the right side of the platform.
Some very old stone tablets, along with carving apparatus. They say:

"We spent so long tending to our sacred seed pods. Each I cared for and released was like a precious bubble glubbed from my own mouth! They would seed our planet in anticipation of the Maid's arrival. Alas, it turned out we had the prophecy all wrong. Our scholars discovered she would not arrive for millions of years! Our kind would not survive to welcome her. So our elders gave us a new purpose. We must all go to work building our own graves! Some say this is not as much fun as tending to seed pods and a life of simple agriculture. But I think it could be a blast! I'm just a 'balloon is half inflated' kind of guy I guess."

Click the tablets on the left.
More old stone tablets. They say:

"When heart looks northwest, my seed pod will rise! I am so proud of it.

As a pod uses up its water, it becomes lighter and lighter. It eventually floats away into the Medium. It's said that some very lucky few will eventually reach Skaia itself! If you have a wish, you can carve it into the pod. If it reaches Skaia, your wish will come true!

I want to carve something, but I can't think of what to wish for. Maybe some delicious bugs? Think, imagination! The one time I really need you."

Carve something in the seed pod?
Yes or No
Yes.
It shows a crude carving of Poppop's face on the starburst of the red orb.

Carving stuff is even harder than drawing stuff. And frankly, you're not sure even Skaia can deliver on this wish. You blew it so hard. But hey, a girl can dream, right?
Click the fourth wall drawn on.
The people here were highly skilled artisans. What is that, some sort of giant window? You can't imagine That has much significance. You give it no further consideration.

Click the arrow to the door.
You stand in a room with a grey door on the right side on the back wall. The door has a life symbol in the center. To the right of the door, there's a large button with a salamander skull sitting on it. To the left, there's a shelf inset in the wall with several bones on it.

Click the bones.
A little chamber full of bones. You guess the remains of an old salamander or something? This is just such a piss poor burial job.

Click the door.
The door is locked. There's a strange symbol on it which you find mysteriously alluring. The more you look at it, the more you think it's just so cool. You could totally see wearing that thing on a shirt. Yeah...

Click the skull.
There's a skull weighing this thing down. Could be an obvious boobytrap. Gonna take some bravery to swipe it. What do you say? Take Salamander Skull?
Yes or No.
Yes.
It shows a round hole in the ground and a new obelisk rises out of it.

Exit the room, then the cave, and then go back to the original branch point. Take the right path this time.
You stand at the base of an obelisk part of the way down the path. An arrow points over a distant hill.

Click it.
You now stand at a curve in the path. Lil Seb dances under a white tree to your right. The path curves off to the left, past an obelisk and towards another arrow. There's a caduceus alert over your head.

Click Lil Seb.
Lil Sebastian!!! What are you doing all the way out here? It looked like you were going down with the ship. Your fidgety little legs sure do help you get around fast.
Anyway, you shouldn't be dancing around here in the middle of nowhere unsupervised like this. You should come along.
Take Lil Sebastian?
Yes or No
Yes.
Lil Sebastian appears in a captchalogue card in the upper right.

Click the alert.
Answer UU?
Yes or No
Yes.
This opens another page. Jane's Crosbytop sits against the base of the tree. It has a caduceus alert over it and a chat window open.

pesterlog
uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]
U.U.: huzzah! You did it! (Very smiley face with closed eyes)
did what, exactly?
U.U.: made it to locah! Your own personal planet inside the game, tailored to your personal quest. I've observed you here before, of course. But this is the first time I've contacted you here. Better to keep things on the up and up vis a vis our mutual linearity, no?
G.G.: sure.
U.U.: sure? (gasping face)
G.G.: yes. Sorry. I'm still feeling a little overwhelmed by what just happened. A giant pit seems to have swollen my house whole! My dad is missing too. I think I should try to find him as soon as possible.
G.G.: ha ha, you call this grumpy?
U.U.: wasn't I being? (gasping face)
G.G.: not exactly!
U.U.: well good! I do my best. Really, as if my dreadful nap were not bad enough, I woke up to find my coplayer has made a terrible mess in here. But the good news is he has at least agreed to play with me once and for all. Some people make nothing easy.
G.G.: that's good.
but wait...
I thought you said you've never met him?
U.U.: um.
I haven't!
not in person.
G.G.: then how did he make a mess in there?
did he break into your room while you were asleep?
U.U.: oh, yes, well, hmm. The thing with that is this. The thing with that is that we should talk about something else!
G.G.: huh?
U.U.: why must you be such the vigilant gumshoe, jane? Always with the gumshooery. Pitch that puzzlesavvy toward the conundra littered about your planet!
I'm becoming grumpy again. Do forgive me. What do you think of the place by the by?
G.G.: uh...
U.U.: your new home!
G.G.: oh.
It's rather desolate. Pretty eerie, actually. I haven't run into anyone at all. I think I might be alone here?
Yes isn't it great?
G.G.: the balloons are nice, I suppose.
U.U.: reminds me much of home. So peaceful, so much space to yourself and time to think. You're so lucky. I can't wait to get to my planet!
G.G.: yes. But what about your brother?
U.U.: right, that.
about that.
Got to run! Ta, kisses, all that stuff!!! (kissy face with closed eyes)
G.G.: hey!
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]

[Close tab and continue playing game in original tab.]

Click the arrow at the end of the path.
You stand in a greyscale desert with a massive mountain behind you. There's a large salamander carved into the side of the mountain. There are three holes in the ground, and one obelisk. The hole on the left is the smallest and they get bigger as they go right. A green and yellow balloon rains water into the largest hole. There's a faint line making a circle around the obelisk. Could this be the one that rose when you took the skull?

Click the salamander carving.
A creature carved into the side of the hill. Probably a member of an ancient species that went extinct long ago, leaving behind the remains of this ancient civilization.

Click the hot air balloon.
Another one of these colorful bouyant pods emerging from its hole. Thousands of these things roam around seeding and watering the planet. Yet nothing grows...

Click the holes.
You can't see a thing in any of these holes. It's too dark. Maybe if you could find some way to shine a light down there?

Click the obelisk.
This ancient obelisk has some sort of mirror affixed to its peak. You wonder what the deal is with these things? You vaguely hazard that it's got "something to do with puzzles."

Leave the holes and go back to the first branch. Go down the left path again, and this time head towards the cathedral-like building.

You walk towards a building that looks like the entrance of an old, european cathedral. It's set into the base of the hill with the gazebo-like structure on top. The hill has a large crack in the side, where pink, orange, and yellow plants try to spill out. Enter the building.
You stand in a room filled with pillars, which support archways that make up the ceiling. There are bones, tablets, and a black smear on the floor. At the end of the row of pillars you stand in, there is a set of stairs leading up to another door.

Click the leftmost tablet.
New words of wisdom from the elders! From Hemera's lips to our slimy amphibious ears.

The Nobles will arrive one by one. First to LoCaH, then to LoPaN. Then comes LoToK, followed by LoMaX. One by one, the Nobles will come, only to discover the remains of those who worshipped them and paved the way for their arrival.

But then it is their duty to pave the way for others. For those from the planets through the glass, whatever that means. LoWaS, LoLaR, LoHaC, LoFaF... you know what? That's too many letters. The alphabet confuses me sometimes.

Click the tablet closest to the back door.
When times were simpler, we called them the Four Heroes. Our stories were so much happier and easy to understand, but we were living in delusion. When it became clear the Heroes could not fulfill their destiny by some cosmic flaw, they became known as the Nobles. It pretty much means the same thing, but is a title more commonly reserved for martyrs or tragic figures who toil in futility. The new scripture states it will require divine intervention for the Nobles to achieve victory. So there's at least one thing to be hopeful for. Unfortunately, a more recent tenet of our ever-unfolding myth states that the aspect of Hope itself is dead on arrival, so...
Click the tablet closes to you.
Our people have waited for centuries for the Four Nobles to arrive, and it seems we will wait centuries more. We will wait so long that apparently we will all die waiting? That's what we're supposed to do they say. It's just a big waiting game up in here. And when the Nobles finally arrive, then apparently They have to wait too! We're told they cannot summon the Speaker of the Vast Croak without help. So they must wait for another four to arrive. Gods they say. Together they will raise the Speaker and fight invincible demons I think? I used to think I understood our folklore. It made me happy to think about greeting the Maid. But then it all changed, and now its kind of complicated and distressing and sad? Ah well, I'll just keep building crypts and carving tablets like I'm told.

Click the rightmost tablet.
It you are readig this it m e ans i m dead

Dang!

car ving stone i5 har d,
i wan t to go bak to farmin pods (sad face)

[Translation: If you are reading this, it means I'm dead.
Dang!
Carving stone is hard,
I want to go back to farming pods (sad face.)]

Go through the other door.
You stand at the base of the stairs. A tablet lays on the ground next to a skull on a pedestal. Two more lean against pillars.

Click the skull.
Oh hey there's a skull you just Gotta have it.
Take turtle skull?
Yes or No.
Yes.
The turtle skull appears in a captchalogue card.

Click the tablet on the floor.
This tablet contains an enthusiastic story about the Maid of Life, who is obviously you. It seems the author doesn't really understand human physiology. In the story you are blowing bubbles in excitement, and there are allusions to the shiny layer of slime coating your skin. You can't read any more. Fan fiction written by any species is always a tough read.

Click the tablet against the back pillar.
This tablet appears to contain a hastily carved list of someone's favorite bugs? There's hardly any anecdotal lore or wisdom at all. You guess not all of these ancient tablets can be winners.

Click the tablet against the other pillar.
"It is strange to think the only one alive left in the land to greet the Maid will be Hemera herself! What an incredible encounter between legends that will be. Of course, she will have been slumbering for centuries when the Maid finally arrives. It's funny how all the stories we grew up believing have been changing. Of course I love all our old stories, but personally I think the new ones are just as interesting. Yes, I know, I know. Unpopular opinion!"

Go up the stairs.
You stand just outside the gazebo. There is a small stone structure to the right, which holds the end of a chain leading through a hole in the roof. Inside the gazebo, there are glowing lanterns. There's a Jake alert over Jane's head.

Click the alert.
Aw man. Jake's pestering you. You don't think you have it in you to answer after the last catastrophic encounter. Not yet, at least. Take a look at what he has to say anyway?
Yes or No.
Yes.

This opens a new page. Jane's crosbytop sits against the base of the gazebo. It has a Jake alert and a chat window open.

pesterlog


G.T.: Ahoy!
Jane? Yoo hoo.
No dice?
Okey doke then i just wanted to see what was up with you.
I figured you must be starting up the game by now? Cant wait to get the scoop!
I just had a lets say encounter with dirks dumb robot and well its over now lets just leave it at that.
Headed into the ruins now to seal the deal with this rabbit malarkey finally. Then i can join you!
Not a moment too soon probably. I think this volcano is about to blow?
Its making me mighty nervous im not going to lie.
The grounds been shaking and everything.
Wup!
There it goes again aw frig this is a big one.
Ohhhh shit.

GolgothasTerror's [G.T.] skull helmet computer ceased operating due to a severe blow to the head.

G.G.: Jake! Wait!
Oh no.

[Close tab and continue playing game in original tab.]  

Click the structure holding the chain.
There is a skull shaped indentation. Something probably needs to go in there. As for what, you think you'll need one of your fanciest detective mustaches to crack that mystery.
Put a skull in there?
Yes or No.
Yes.

Four captchalogue cards appear across the top of the screen. The leftmost has the salamander skull. The rightmost has the turtle skull. The other two are blank.

Choose the turtle skull.
That skull won't fit!!! No, stop. It's such an obvious mismatch. Don't even try. Jane, put the skull down.

Try again. This time, choose the salamander skull.
The lanterns lift up as the chain winds in. It zooms in on the lanterns. They're hanging from a round piece of metal, almost like a chandelier. Each of them is a different color; blue, pink, orange, and green. The green lantern isn't lit.
The lanterns have been hoisted. Three beams of light shine from the tower.
The thing spits the skull back out. You grab it. No reason to squander a perfectly good puzzle skull. You think Jake would agree. The captchalogue card with the salamander skull appears in the bottom right.

Click the skull receptacle.
No need to mess with this thing anymore. Thinking it's going to serve any further purpose is just being bad at puzzles, frankly.

Click the gazebo, though it's probably more accurate to call it a lighthouse now. You stand inside, looking towards two pillars. Each has a tablet carved into it.

Click the left one.
One by one the Nobles will arrive, and just as surely, one by one their lights will be snuffed out. In the beginning, the light of our Hope was lost. We must make do without it, and so must they. Then a mighty gust came and took the light of our Life as well, and our people knew despair like never before. But the light soon renewed its flicker quite spontaneously, and has been shining strong since. All in the land rejoiced.

Click the right one.
Our lights of Heart and Void will each follow in time, long after our extinction. One will be extinguished, and then another, leaving only Life as the guiding light. But they should remain long enough to illuminate the Maid's path, and assist her with the housekeeping we have left behind.

Click the lanterns.
If you didn't have Lil Seb, it would say
Four lanterns suspended from the tower. They are very bright. But the green one is burnt out. There does not appear to be a way to light it.

But since you do have Lil Seb, it says
Tell Lil Sebastian to climb up?
Yes or No.
Yes.

Lil Seb runs over to the skull receptacle and climbs up the chain. He stands on top of the chandelier.

Click the lanterns.
Rotate the lanterns?
Yes or No.
They turn so the order is now pink, green, blue, orange. The lights shining out of the lighthouse change with them.

Turn them again.
The order is now green, orange, pink, blue.

Click Lil Seb.
Call Lil Seb back down?
Yes or No.
Yes.
He jumps down and appears in a captchalogue card in the bottom right.

Leave the lighthouse, then go all the way back to the pit your house fell into.
A blue light shines onto the mirror on top of the rightmost obelisk. The mirror reflects it down into the hole.

Click the obelisk.
The mirrors reflect the light. The direction it goes in depends on the color. Must be some advanced refraction principle in play.

Click the pit.
A beam of light enters the pit. It's still too dark to see much. You don't want to risk tossing Seb down without knowing what's at the bottom. There must be a way down there...

Go back to the branch and take the right path down to the holes. From the lighthouse, the orange light shines left, the blue shines towards the house, and the pink shines back towards the field with the holes. Keep going. The pink light shines onto the mirror on the obelisk there, which redirects it down into the smallest hole.

Click the obelisk.
It looks like the mirror at the top is designed to reflect light in different directions depending on the color of the beam. How mysterious.

Click the hole the light goes into.
The pink light is illuminating an object at the bottom. But it's way too far down for you to jump. If only you had a nimble little helper to send down there to investigate.

Deploy Lil Seb to check it out?
Yes or No.
Yes.
Lil Seb jumps down the hole. A series of mirrors bounce the light back and forth down the hole until it shines on a switch at the bottom. A path leads from the bottom of Seb's hole to a pointed doorway to the left. It branches towards the bottom of another hole to the right of the one Seb is in. There is a mausoleum in that one. It's plainer than Jaspers's and looks fairly dirty. Seb flicks the switch and the mausoleum rises up towards the surface.

Click the mausoleum.
Enter mausoleum?
Yes or No.
Yes.

You enter the mausoleum, which goes back down to the bottom of the hole. You step out onto the walkway.

Click Lil Seb.
Dear, sweet, precious, sweet, sweet, loyal Little Sebastion. SHIT YOU MEAN LIL.

Go through the doorway.
You stand in a very small, round room. There is a grate on the wall under a switch currently flipped downwards. In the center, there is another button. This one has a crocodile skull on it.

Click the skull.
Fuckin' Jackpot.
Take crocodile skull?
Yes or No.
Yes.

The button un-presses and a metal door slams shut behind you. Elsewhere...
It cuts to the little alcove with bones in it inside the first tomb you went to. A metal cover slams down over that one too. The cover has three skulls carved in it. It returns to you as Jane in the little room.

Click the door.
Door's locked. Now what, Crocker??

Click the pedestal.
The pedestal is now empty. Wanna put something else there?
Yes or No.
Yes.

Three captchalogue cards appear at the top. From left to right, they are the Wise Guy book, a cake, and the salamander skull.

Click Wise Guy.
You put the book down on the button and the door pops open. Elsewhere...
The cover on the bone alcove opens.

Click Wise Guy.
Man, this ain't a solution to Anything leavin' this here. Also it's such a great book. Why waste it on a room full of dumb beetles. Take Wise Guy?
Yes or No.
Yes.
The door slams shut. Elsewhere…
The cover closes.

Try again, and this time use the salamander skull.
The door opens and, elsewhere, the cover closes.

Click the skull.
You almost feel embarrassed for thinking this was the solution to this puzzle. Let's just sweep this blunder under the rug. No one ever needs to be the wiser. Take Salamander skull?
Yes or No.
Yes.
The door closes and the cover opens.

Try one more time, this time with the cake.
The door opens and the cover closes.

Click the cake.
One the one hand, puzzles need solving. On the other hand, oh god that cake looks so delicious. Hmmmnnnnnnnnnn. Take Cake?
Yes or no.
No.

Click the grate.
Great
to scuttling noioses)

(Note: Great is written in large, red comic sans and (there are scuttling noioses) is written smaller, but using the standard font.)

Click the switch.
Flip switch?
Yes or No.
Yes.
The grate opens and five purple beetles come scuttling out.
Eeeeeeeeeeewwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww... Scarabs. (sad face)

Click the scarabs.
UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU...
The seed pod you carved the picture of Poppop into earlier grows into one of the balloons and rises out of the cave. When it pops off of the base, a skull comes out of it and lands to the side.

Click the remains of the pod.
The Seed Pod has been released, leaving behind an empty husk. Will it reach Skaia? You suppose you will never know.

If you tried to carve the seed pod after it was released, it would say
You can't carve anything! The pod is gone. Talk about a missed opportunity. Oh well, so much for magical wishes. As if magic isn't so totally fake anyway. But you carved it before it was released, so it doesn't matter.

Click the switch.
Flip switch?
Yes or no.
Yes.
You flip the switch again. You hear a rush of wind come from the hole vacated by the seed pod. Guess there isn't much point to this thing anymore.

Click the skull.
Take skull?
Yes or No.
Yes.
You got an IGUANA SKULL!
The iguana skull appears in a captchalogue card in the bottom left.

Enter the little room through the fourth wall.
You stand in the same room as before, but now the bone alcove is closed with the skulls panel. Now with references, it looks like the order is crocodile, turtle, iguana.

Click the pedestal.
There's no reason to do anything with this pedestal anymore. You could jump up and down on it you guess. That would be some especially pointless tomfoolery though.

Click the space below the alcove.
An engraving: "When three visitors look inward, the way to the Maid's palace will be clear."

Click the panel.
There are three skull shaped indentations on the panel. You wonder what could go in the indentations? You are going to go out on a limb and guess... precious gemstones. Yes, that's it.

But seriously. Put a skull in one of the indentations?
Yes or No.
Yes.
The four captchalogue cards with skulls appear at the top of the screen. From left to right, they are salamander, crocodile, iguana, and turtle.

Click the salamander skull.
The salamander skull doesn't fit in any of the slots!!! You try to cram it in to no avail. Will you cut that out? I said it doesn't fit!

Click the panel again.
The cards reappear.
Click the crocodile skull.
It pops into the first slot with a mechanical clank. The skull is facing inwards, so all that can be seen is the back of its skull.

Click the panel again and choose the turtle skull.
It pops into the center slot with another clank.

Do it again, this time with the iguana skull.
It pops in like the others. Both the door and alcove slide open. There's a boonbuck inside the alcove.

Click the boonbuck.
You got a Boonbuck!

You do a little dance.

Click the open door.
Itzooms in on the blackness beyond the door until the whole panel is black. White words appear. Proceed to the Next Page.

Next

[Image description: Jane stands in the exit room, looking towards the now open door.]

You verify whether or not you made it to the end of the game, as shown above. If not, you decide to consult the walkthrough for guidance.

[Note: Walkthrough is a link to a new page, which shows a step by step process of how to finish the previous flash.

Go here:
Image: Jane stands by Lil Seb under the tree.
Take Lil Seb.

Go here:
Image: Jane stands in the exit room with the door closed and the salamander skull on the button.
Take skull.

Go here:
Image: Jane stands in the cathedral-like tomb at the bottom of the stairs with the turtle skull on a pedestal.
Take skull.

Go here:
Image: Jane stands by the lighthouse gazebo.
Insert salamander skull.

Go here:
Image: The lanterns hang inside the lighthouse.
Send Lil Seb up to lanterns.
Image: Lil Seb stands on the chandelier.
Rotate lanterns twice.
Image: The lanterns have turned.
Call Seb back down.
Go here:
Image: Jane stands in the field with the holes.
Send Seb down hole with pink light. Enter mausoleum.

Go here:
Image: Jane stands inside the little room with the crocodile skull on the button.
Take skull, flip switch.
Image: The switch is flipped up, the beetles are out, and the cake is on the button.
Put cake on pedestal, exit.

Go here:
Image: Seb stands on the lanterns again.
Send Seb up, rotate lanterns once.

Go here:
Image: Jane stands in the flooded cave with the Seed Pods.
Flip switch under orange sphere.
Image: The seed pod has flown away, releasing the lizard skull.
After seedpod inflates and flies away, retrieve skull.

Go here:
Image: Jane stands in the exit room, which has the panel closed over the alcove.
Put crocodile skull, turtle skull, and iguana skull into slots.
Image: The door and alcove are open.
Collect boonbuck, exit.

Don't forget to respond to U.U., Roxy, and Jake in these places:
Image: Jane stands by Seb under the tree.
Image: Jane stands on the walkway leading down to the flooded cave.
Image: Jane stands outside the lighthouse.

[Image description: The song Ruins (with strings) begins to play. Jane stands on a winding walkway that hovers just above the water elsewhere in the cave. The path curves off to the right, where there is an arrow. An A.R. alert hovers over Jane.]

Click the alert.
Answer Dirk's Auto-Responder?
Yes or No
Yes.

A new page opens
The Crosbytop sits on the ground. It has an A.R. alert and a pesterchum window open.

pesterlog
timaeusTestified [A.R.] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]
A.R.: Looks like you're getting the hang of these puzzles.
Nice work.
G.G.: Thank you!
That last skull was a doozy, to be honest.
A.R.: Yeah, I guess. If you have a human brain, sure.
Personally, I've already solved all conceivable skull puzzles for all possible skull states, which is a thing that's like, no big deal for me?
Hey, I thought you couldn't see me once I left the house?
A.R.: I can't. Not through the server's viewport.
But I can still monitor your progress through Lil Sebastian.
He and I are linked the hell up cyberwise. We are so tight. Tight like you wouldn't believe.
G.G.: Oh yeah?
A.R.: It's like he is the Incredible Hulk's pants, and I am his monstrous package yearning to bust loose.
G.G.: Bleh, why??
A.R.: Jane.
It seems there is a way bigger than average probability that you do not want to discuss Bruce Banner's megalithic gamma schlong.
G.G.: That figure would be sitting pretty at one hundred percent.
A.R.: Holy shit!
Some of my circuits exploded. That number was intense to robo-consider.
G.G.: Ok, let's stop talking about stupid things for a minute. What a completely absurd environment for our typical blithering discourse.
I am hot on the prowl for more clues about this strange and mysterious land!
A.R.: Ha ha.
G.G.: What?
A.R.: I don't know.
Just, ha ha to that.
G.G.: Anyway, I think I'm getting closer to finding where my house went.
Then I can reunite with dad, and together we can sleuth this great big pickle of a planet!
A.R.: Well, the good news is your house should be just ahead, if you keep following the trail.
G.G.: Yes, I knew it!
A.R.: The bad news is your dad's not there anymore.
G.G.: Oh no!
A.R.: I guess he got antsy and left to explore. Maybe he's looking for you?
I tried to block him from leaving with some furniture, but the dude was having none of it.
G.G.: Golly, why did he have to leave??
This really complicates matters. I hope he doesn't get lost.
A.R.: Don't worry, we'll find him. I'll have Seb search within a likely radius. The little guy is real fast.
G.G.: Yes. Good idea.
A.R.: In the meantime, you'd better go find your house. We aren't making any progress in this game without it. It's kinda central to the gameplay, you know?
If you need Seb to do anything from afar, just message me, and I'll give him the orders. Got it?
G.G.: Got it! Thanks!

[Close tab and continue playing game in original tab.]

Click the arrow.
You now stand on a different section of pathway. It runs over dry land, which has many dark spots on it. It curves to the left to avoid a waterfall, then curves back and continues towards a doorway in the far wall. Something white sits on the ground and shakes.
Click it.
Something is clogging the hole. Remove it?
Yes or No.
Yes.
A white fedora appears in a captchalogue card.
You got your dad's Hat! Looks like it got sucked into one of the air holes. Luckily he always keeps some spares in his wallet. But this means he came by this way earlier...

Click one of the dark spots.
Helium is rushing in and out of these air holes! While you are inspecting them, you breathe some in and it makes your voice sound funny! Hee hee.

Go through the door.
You stand at the edge of a jagged platform overlooking a deep shaft. Hanging in the shaft is a red and orange seed pod, which supports Jane's house. Mirrors are dotted over the walls and two switches sit on the platform. An icon of Lil Seb's face sits in the upper left corner.

Click either switch.
The switch has no power!

Click the house.
Hey there's your house! But's its way too far away to jump this time.

Click Lil Seb.
Message Auto-Responder to tell Lil Seb to rotate the lanterns?
Yes or No.
Yes.

Lil Seb turns the lantern until the orange one shines towards the hole Jane's house went down. The light reflects off the two obelisks and down into the hole.

Back in the hole, the orange light reflects off the mirrors until it hits the right switch.
Click it.
Flip switch?
Yes or No.
Yes.
The house rises a little.
A jetstream of air flows out of the hole, pushing the balloon higher. But not high enough...
It sinks back down.
Gotta try something else.

Click Lil Seb.
Message Auto-Responder to tell Lil Seb to rotate the lanterns?
Yes or No.
Yes.

Lil Seb turns the lantern until the blue one shines towards the hole Jane's house went down. The light reflects off the right obelisk and down into the hole.

Back in the hole, the light bounces off mirrors until it hits the left switch.
Click it.
Flip switch?
Yes or No.
Yes.
The dam pops open, letting a stream of water down into the hole.
The water lands on top of the house.
The waterfall pushes your house down, connecting the seed pod with its husk. Aw man, everything in your house is probably getting soaked.
Get Lil Seb to rotate the lanterns.
The pink light reflects off the right obelisk and up into the sky.

Make Lil Seb rotate them again.
The green lantern is burned out, so no light shines towards the hole.

One more time.
The orange light bounces off both obelisks again.

Click the orange switch.
Flip switch?
Yes or No.
Yes.
The seed pod under the house expands a little, then pops off the husk. The house floats back up to the top of the hole.
Your house has finally resurfaced. You retrace your steps back home. Sadly, your father will not be waiting for you there. Still, better to regroup before you go off looking for him.

You stand at the top of the hill just beyond Jane's house. Click the arrow to head back to her house. Jane looks down the path towards her house. A horned figure wearing a purple outfit stands on top of the fridge in her yard. Two small objects float near the figure.

Click Gamzee.

It zooms in. It's Gamzee. He doesn't have blood on his face, but there are scars where he scratched himself with Nepeta's claws. His outfit is a long sleeve, dark purple shirt with a short sleeve, lighter purple shirt over it and a matching pair of wide-legged pants. His hood is pointed upwards and has three dots up the front of it. The cowl is cut in a zigzag pattern and he has a cape made of many purple ribbons. His shoes are pointy and curl up at the toes. On his chest, there is a purple symbol that somewhat resembles an angry face. He also has a massive codpiece. The two objects floating by him are Aradia's Music Box Time Machine.

Click Gamzee.

It zooms in yet again, and he smiles placidly.
A friendly clown welcomes you to LOCAH. It seems he would like to be your guide.

Will you let him be your guide?
No or Fuck No.
Fuck no.
The screen fades to black and white text appears.
Proceed to the next page.

[S] Jane: Cautiously approach.

[Image description: The song Elevatorstuck begins to play. Jane stares up uncertainly at Gamzee, who still stands on top of the fridge. Click Gamzee.
You cautiously approach your new guide. Wait, you said you didn't want him to be your guide? The friendly clown strongly advises you to reconsider. (You do not reconsider.)

You ask him who he is, but he maintains his cryptic, serene expression in perfect silence. You give some thought to sidling away from the awkward encounter and go inside, when the clown finally speaks up.

He wants to know if you would like to buy these motherfuckin potions.

It fades to a new screen. Gamzee waves and gives a lazy smile. Off to the side, it looks like a video
game shopping menu. He has a vial of brown liquid, a vial of fuchsia liquid, a vial of royal blue liquid, a vial of olive green liquid, a vial of purple liquid, a vial of cerulean liquid, and a vial of yellow liquid. All of them cost 420 boonbucks.

You examine the clown's wares with due skepticism. He assures you that all of his wicked elixirs are motherfuckin magic and all that. The clown sure likes to say motherfuck a lot. It is making you feel uneasy.

Click Gamzee.
The first question that pops into your head while examining this fellow of course is, where did he get that outrageous outfit??? You don't really have the gumption to ask, but if you had to take a wild guess, you are almost certain the answer would be hand-waved away with the word "shenanigans." See, look? He is waving his hand preemptively, as if reading your mind. Truly, this clown is wise.

Click the brown vial.
Bronze Potion - 420 Boondollars

The clown says one sip of this potion will cause you to lose the use of your legs. However, you will become an excellent kisser. A trade that is more than motherfuckin fair, he says. Personally, you think someone would have to be suicidal to drink that heinous brown liquid.

Buy Bronze Potion?
Yes or no.
No.

Absolutely not. The clown appears crestfallen, then counters with another offer: buy one bottle, get one free! You scowl at him as if he is quite mad. He gets the picture. You're not interested. He then gives you a few bottles of the stuff and says he'll just put it on your tab, no worries. (winking face with a round nose)

If you picked yes
You buy 1 Bronze Potion. It's like a brown nightmare in a bottle. When the clown isn't looking, you chuck it over the side of your house-cliff.

Click the fuchsia vial.
FUCHSIA POTION - 420 Boondollars

This lovely looking potion is supposed to have powerful healing properties. A must-have in the inventory of an up and coming Maid of Life.

Buy Fuchsia Potion?
Yes or No.
No.

You don't want it. But the clown REALLY thinks you should take at least one of these handy elixirs. He won't take no for an answer. You say fine, and buy a few just to shut him up.

If you picked yes.
You acquiesce to a single Fuchsia Potion. Yippee. Pointless pink slop.

Click the royal blue vial.
Indigo Potion - 420 Boondollars

He says this potion will make you STRONG. You guess it would be pretty handy to be STRONG. Except that it's probably bullshit and the potion doesn't do that at all.

Buy Indigo Potion?
Yes or No.
No.
He looks taken aback that you could refuse such a valuable commodity. He says no, you gotta buy this motherf*ckin shit. It's the hottest f*ckin noise since a big titted ninja. Ok, whatever you say clown, here's your stupid Boondollars. He gives you like 50 of these things? Jesus Christ.

If yes.
You buy an Indigo Potion and shrug. Now THERE'S something you won't be drinking any time soon.

Click the olive green vial.
Olive Potion - 420 Boondollars
This gross looking pea soup elixir is touted as a powerful love potion! Just sneak a few drops into the beverage of your object of affection, and he or she will fall head over heels for you. Literally, in the event that your sweetheart-to-be is decapitated. You are very wary of this claim of course, but... you guess it couldn't hurt to have ONE bottle on hand.

Buy Olive Potion?
Yes or No.
No.
You refuse. But the clown spots the look of longing in your eye, and knows a lovestruck lady when he sees one. The kind fellow gives you 1 Olive Potion on the house. You blush a little and say thank you.

If yes.
You buy 1 Olive Potion. Ugh, this stuff looks nasty. You are going to have to sneak it into an especially strong drink if you don't want Jake to notice. Wait, did you say Jake? You mean of course hypothetically any person you give this to, strictly in the name of science. Uh. Yeah. This conversation is over!!!

Click the purple vial.
Violet Potion - 420 Boondollars
This potion is to be imbibed by anyone who wants to exhibit unabated lust for all he or she encounters, as well as to behave like more of a douche bag. You wonder why anyone would want that. He gives you a sly wink, and says nothing more. You say no thanks. But he asks you if you want to buy it anyway.
Buy Violet Potion?
No.
You ask him if he's flipped his friggin' cod piece. Of course you don't want it. He says, ah, but you must. He insists. He gives you 20 bottles for free. Then he says that will be whatever 420 times 20 Boondollars is. You let out a heavy sigh, say fine, and fork over the money.

If yes.
You snap up a Violet Potion. Sure, why the hell not. Might as well round out your collection of this useless slime.

Click the cerulean vial.
Cobalt Potion - 420 Boondollars
He claims this potion endows its drinker with incredible luck! Then he does a stupid looking jig on your fridge, clicking the heels of his dumb elf shoes. You find that a bit hard to swallow. Not just because it's implausible, but because that blue muck is straight up nasty. He doesn't get the joke.
Buy Cobalt Potion?
No.
In a motion so swift you didn't even follow, he grabs your hand, pushes a bottle of cobalt into your palm, and closes your fingers over it. As you begin to object, he puts his fingers over your lips and
whispers shoosh. That'll be 420 motherfuckin boonies yo.

If Yes.
He tucks another 420 of your hard earned loot into his cavernous codpiece and gives you a bottle of the blue stuff. Good motherfuckin choice, he says. You roll your eyes.

Click the yellow vial.
Gold Potion - 420 Boondollars
This sickly mustard goo is supposed to make your hacking skills go bananas. Like you would ever care about that. He says not so fast though, for its benefits are Twofold. It also makes a pretty killer substitute for grub sauce in a pinch.

Buy Gold Potion?
No.
You tell this clown to go take a long walk off a short cliff. He pretends not to hear you and restates his offer. You are getting kind of fed up with this idiot so you purchase yet more useless bottles of liquid. Are we done here bro??

If Yes.
Whatever. You buy one, flip the clown another cool 420. You wonder why they're all that price? What's the deal with that number, anyway? Poor, naive Jane. You have no idea how that number culturally means Smokin Weed, and how stoners think it's funny. You are a smart girl, but there are some things you don't understand, and that makes you more endearing.

Click his codpiece.
It zooms in on the Codpiece and then zooms in and out, making it shake.

Good grief, look at that magnificent codpiece. It is absolutely transfixing. You don't want to stare, but how it arrests the eye. It's hard to look away, but you somehow find the wherewithal to pry your eyes from its prodigious heft. The clown catches you staring, and his smile broadens a bit.]

Next
[Image description: Jane stands next to the fridge, fuming. The ground around her is littered with vials.]

Ok, what the Fuck are you going to do with all these stupid potions? Talk about buyer's remorse. You have had enough of this vulgar clown and his pushy potion peddling.

You do not want him to be your guide and you politely ask him to leave your property.

Gamzee: Retrieve contraband from chest of whimsy.
[Image description: Jane stares at Gamzee with an entirely done expression. Gamzee closes his eyes and smiles as he bends over to open the fridge. The Kernelsprite hovers behind Jane.]

The clown says he can all motherfuckin abide about that. He doesn't want to get his step on to any motherfuckin toes. But he says if he's not going to be your guide, you gotta at least have Someone as a guide, to all guide you on your way through this quest of miracles.

He tells you to hold your shit while he retrieves something from his Chest of Whimsy. You say, you mean the refrigerator? He acts like he didn't even hear you.

Next
[Image description: Gamzee looks down at the now open fridge. Vriska's body lays on top of
Tavros's legs and she cradles his head. Tavros's torso is in the freezer.]

Next

[Image description: Jane rears back as Gamzee does a Torso Flail and chucks the body parts towards the sprite.]

Next

[Image description: Jane screams. Behind her, the background flashes cerulean and brown.]

Next

[Image description: The kernelsprite glows and flashes between the body parts thrown into it and Vriska and Tavros's symbols. Behind it, the two are watermarked over each other.]

Jane: Say hello to your new guide.

[Image description: Jane screams and the sprite looks shocked. It has long hair, like Vriska, but it's cut into a mohawk on top, like Tavros. Its horns are bull-like, but end in a crescent and spur like Vriska's did. It's wearing an open, short sleeve button up like Tavros's. It has Vriska's fangs and seven-pupiled eye. There's a symbol on its chest that looks like a fusion of Tavros's Taurus symbol and the Light symbol.]

[Note: Tavrisprite speaks in the same blue as John. It's quirk is a strange mix of Tavros's and Vriska's. Sometimes, everything except the first letter is capitalized, other times it uses standard capitalization. Sometimes letters are octupled or replaced with eights, and sometimes commas are used in place of periods, but not always.]

spritelog
Tavrisprite: what,
 thhhhhhhhe,
vrisprite: fuck!!!!!!!,
happened,?
my,
person, ality is....... hnnnnnnnngh,
just,,,,,, absolutely, fucking,
 uhhhhhhhh, irrriirrrreconcilable!!!!!
(very upset face with eight eyes and bull horns)
Jane: aaaaaaaaaaaaaauuuuuuuuuugh!
Gamzee: (low) honk.

Next

[Image description: Tavrisprite stares off into the distance and Jane stares at it uncertainly. Gamzee just gives a dopey smile.]

spritelog
Tavrisprite: no,
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
you have to,
undo this somehow.
are you listening to me, clown, and
whoever the fuck you are????????
make me stop being this thing!¡¡¡¡¡¡¡¡¡¡¡¡¡,
Jane: hrm.
Jane: ok, I'm sorry for screaming there. That fellow over there just caught me quite off guard with
this... Uh... Stunt.
Tavrisprite: hmmmnnnmnnmmk,
Jane: you seem quite upset. I think we should all try to calm down and figure out what to do.
Tavrisprite: vrrrrrrrg,
Jane: Um, yes. Well, first of all, my name is Jane. Pleased to meet you.
What is yours?
Tavrisprite: My name?
fuck, my name,
it's, nothing!
I am, a stuttering, repellent, unholy.......,
abomination!
Jane: Oh dear.
Tavrisprite: you have,
noooooooo,
idea,
how, fuuuuuuuucking much,
iiiiiiii,
hate myself right now, !!!!!!!!!
Gamzee: (caps) honk.
Jane: Quiet, you!
This is all your fault. Look at what you've done!
Tavrisprite: shut uuuuuuuup,
I hate you both, I hate, everything.
I hate, the way, I falteringly, speak out, my jumbled, thoughts,
I hate, how I draaaavaag out, the things, I say, sometimes,
I don't even know, which parts of myself, are hating, which things????????
so,
I just hate,
eeeeeeevvvvveeeeeeerrrrrrrryyyyyyyy, thing!!!!!!!!!
Jane: Hey, clown!
Can't you do something? This poor creature shouldn't exist!
Tavrisprite: Aaaaaaaaaa,
Aaaaaaaaaa,aaaaa,aaaaaa,aaaaa,aa,aaaaa,aaaaaa,aaaaa,aaaaa,aaaaa,aaaaa!
Vriska: tavros, this fucking sucks.
Tavros: what,
Vriska: what do you mean, "what,"?
for starters, that completely horrible shared body resurrection bullshit that just happened.
you were there, remember? That's kind of the point!
Tavros: oh, yeah,
I don't know, it wasn't so bad,
I think maybe we were overreacting, about being one person?
Vriska: overreacting my ass!
what a nightmare. It's still making my ghostly skin crawl just thinking about it.
Tavros: no, I think I've decided, you're being unreasonable,
it was cool being alive again for a while, as a strange unsettling mutant,
if we didn't explode ourself so fast, it could have been an adventure, maybe,
Vriska: oh, sure. That's easy for you to say.
you weren't the one getting the short end of the shared personality stick!
maybe if your personality was as much an upgrade to mine as mine was to yours, I would have been cool with it too.
Tavros: you might be right,
actually it was pretty neat,
Vriska: what?
Tavros: getting to feel all the amazing self esteem you get to feel,
I didn't really know what it felt like, I mostly only knew what the pretend kind was like,
Tavros: so,
thank you for letting me feel that, I guess,
Vriska: hahahaha. You're welcome!
now that you mention it, maybe there was a silver lining to that freak show.
someone else finally got a chance to feel first hand how great it is being me!
Tavros: yeah,
it must be pretty great overall,
so,
aside from being partially me, briefly,
how have you been?
Vriska: ok. Dead mostly.
Tavros: yes, me too,
Vriska: yeah.
hey, sorry about that by the way.
Tavros: about what,
Vriska: about killing you! It wasn't very cool of me.
Tavros: oh, right,
I almost forgot that even happened,
Vriska: how could you forget? Haven't you been pissed off at me about it?
Tavros: no, I mean, it was pretty much my fault, I think,
I attacked you with my bogus self esteem, and I paid the ultimate price,
Vriska: no, you idiot! That's not what happened at all. I stabbed you through the chest because I
was being a huge bitch!
Tavros: I mean, it was a long time ago, but that's not really how I remember it,
Vriska: ugh, stop being so stupid. That's so stupid!
Tavros: no, you're stupid,
Vriska: you are such a pain in the ass when you're dead. Let's just agree it was my fault and drop it.
Tavros: no, but okay,
Vriska: man, being dead is such a drag.
I don't know if I can deal with this shit anymore!
Tavros: I think it's alright,
Vriska: oh come on. It's so boring!
what a completely pointless and hollow existence this is.
and if the existential malaise wasn't bad enough, now I have to be constantly watching out for that
fucking orange guy.
Tavros: orange guy?
Vriska: the orange guy! Haven't you seen him?
Tavros: no,

Next

[Image description: Vriska sneers. In the distance Andrew Hussie lurks behind a rock with a pink
heart floating over his head.]

spitelog
Vriska: well, there's an orange guy.
Tavros: you mean,
the bird version of dave,
Vriska: no, not davesprite! It's just some random pointless orange guy who's been hassling me for
some reason.
I can't catch a break!
and if that weren't enough of a nuisance, we've apparently got to deal with getting yanked out of the
afterlife without a moment's notice by some bozo in a codpiece to participate in his grotesque body
fusion pranks.
between you and me, I'm starting to think we are getting jerked around here. You know?
Tavros: uhhh,
Vriska: some inexplicable forces out there are fucking with us. They are doing everything in their
power to make sure that when we're not being totally humiliated, we are staying completely
irrelevant.
we can't let them toy with us, then just sweep us under the carpet like that. I'm not going to let our
relevance be marginalized anymore, tavros.
Tavros: what are you going to do,
Vriska: I think it's time to start fucking some shit up.
Tavros: oh, no,,
Vriska: more like oh yes!
I'm sick of this shit. I'm sick of being dead and useless and bored, and I'm not going to take it
anymore,
you're with me, right?
Tavros: no way,
I like being dead,
I like it how there are no responsibilities, or problems, usually,
Vriska: tavros, that is the lamest thing I've ever heard you say, which is really saying something.
Tavros: yes, it is,
Vriska: you've got to quit that loser attitude and get your ass out of the sand. That's just your low self esteem talking again.
Tavros: yes, I know,
Vriska: I'm going to have to insist.
you are going to join me and together we are going to fuck shit up.
Tavros: no, I'm not,
Vriska: yes, you are.
Tavros: no,
Vriska: yes.
Tavros: no,
Vriska: yes,
Tavros: yes, I will definitely,
cooperate with you whole heartedly,
dammit,
okay, fine,
Vriska: (very happy face with eight eyes)

Jake: Proceed to time capsule.

[Image description: Jake lays on the floor inside the frog temple.]

You cannot proceed to the Time Capsule because you are lying on the floor unconscious.

While descending deep into the ruins, a sudden earthquake jammed the elevator on its way down, causing you to take a nasty spill to the floor below. Luckily you were wearing your trusty Skulltop, preventing a more serious concussion. You nevertheless lost consciousness, and attempt with all your might to regain it.

Jake: Regain consciousness.

[Image description: It zooms in on Jake and a black alert appears above him.]

You fail to regain consciousness.

Years in the past...

[Image description: Dirk's apartment sits in the middle of the ocean on its stilts. White seagulls fly around it.]

But centuries in the future.

Jake: Respond.

[Image description: It zooms in. There's a Jake alert next to an open window.]

pesterlog
timaeusTestified [T.T.] began pestering golgothasTerror [G.T.]
T.T.: Happy 13th, bro.
I have something for you.
G.T.: Whoa nelly!
You are too kind my friend. What is it?
T.T.: It's no big deal, since it's nothin' I wasn't planning on giving you anyway.
I just sort of happened to finish it today.
G.T.: I think i catch your drift. 
So my new tin comrade finally gets a head on his shoulders eh?

Next

[Image description: Jake's tower sticks out of the pumpkin patch. There's a Dirk alert over the window. A second image shows him laying on his bed. He's wearing the skulltop, which also has a Dirk alert. The Dirkbot stands at the foot of his bed, but it doesn't have a head.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Yeah, assuming I can actually send it today without another untimely paradoxification. 
If not, then hey, you get a sick grill full of birthday slime instead.
Well listen. If you're going to send anything to me slime or otherwise can you please at least not make the shit appear directly over my head this time?
The last thing i need on my bday is another installment of and i quote manbro bukkake theater. 
T.T.: You still don't actually know what that means, do you.
G.T.: Not really? Its your friggin figure of speech man. I gathered it just meant getting slimed like in ghost busters or somesuch.
T.T.: Kind of. I told you to look it up.
G.T.: Yeah yeah. Im a busy fella dirk!
Wikipedia is a lot of letters to type in a thing for a man of action on the go. 
Im always doing adventures remember?
T.T.: That is such bullshit, you sit in your little jungle globe watching movies all day.
G.T.: Well yes. But ok i have a lot of movies to bone up on. There are so many good ones i still havent seen.
T.T.: You think literally every film you watch is a masterpiece. I've never felt so much vicarious shame through someone else's atrocious taste in awful garbage.
G.T.: Screw you i have Impeccable standards! Its just theres so much good stuff out there and ive really been on a roll with my picks lately.
T.T.: Do you even hear yourself, dude? 
Your "picks" are everything, and "lately" is always.
G.T.: Yes i hear myself just fine.
I hear a discriminating gentlemans melodious voice and it strikes my ears as the voice of reason! Heheh.
G.T.: Say heres one im pretty excited about. Have you heard about this avatar jam? Its coming out next year.
T.T.: You mean the blue furry shit?
G.T.: No man it is not blue furry shit far from it. Get this. It is about this paralyzed fellow who is down on his luck and longs for adventure. And he finds it!
But it is far away on an enchanted planet rich with coveted treasures. And adventure is not all that he finds oh no. He also finds romance.
A beautiful blue woman from the wild teaches him the ways of her savage culture and also the ways of alien love. Together they frolic in the forest whilst sharing primal intimacy through magic sexual escapades.
G.T.: What's so funny wise guy?
T.T.: To borrow from one of the more benighted sectors of your zeitgeist, that was "so gay."
G.T.: Excuse me but i fail to see what could possibly be gay about some huge elegant blue men and women having really spiritual intercourse with their tails or something.
T.T.: Well yeah, obviously not literally. 
Jake, where I'm from that word hasn't been used as a pejorative, or even much at all, in a really
long fucking time.
G.T.: But youre from friggin texas! Arent you?
T.T.: Yes. But not exactly.
G.T.: Augh stop being such a cryptic troll all the time!
Anyway avatar looks spectacular and i think my preemptive review was spot on. The bloody end!
T.T.: Ok but what you just said about those furries was gay as hell. It's time to face the facts.
G.T.: You are just treating my great taste in flicks to your aloof hipstery disdain as usual. You dont know anything about that movie. Maybe you'll like it?
G.T.: Well now i know youre just trolling me. It wont be out for another year!
T.T.: Right.
Here, let me send you the rest of this robot already.
You've spent too long alone on that island as it is. I kinda worry about you.
A man can only spend so much time in the middle of the damn ocean with nothing but popcultural detritus and his own thoughts to keep him company.
G.T.: Alrighty.
I hope it wont be as difficult to finish building as the rest was to assemble.
T.T.: No, just screw the thing on and it's ready to go.
G.T.: Capital!
Scoot that noggin my way at your ready then.

Next

[Image description: Dirkbot's head appears in a flash and drops onto the bed. Jake sits up.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Oh cool. It worked.
Hes got your slick japanese spectacles and everything.
Why is this a metal man before me or is it none other than dirk strider himself in my room??
T.T.: One thing at a time, bro. I haven't quite figured out a way to get myself there yet.
G.T.: It almost sounds like this is something you've given some thought...
T.T.: Ok well I don't know what you're implying there but why don't you snap that sucker on the torso and fire it up.
G.T.: Affirmative.
I continue to boggle vacantly at your technical shenanigans.
Your knack for gadgetry seems to surpass even my grandmas and she was like this big time gizmo legend.
How do you even do this stuff?
T.T.: I guess from your perspective I must seem hells of "overpowered" in a bunch of ways.
Which I kind of am, like with a ninja sword I'm basically nuts, ok?
G.T.: If you say so buddy. I can believe it.
T.T.: Yeah, but when it comes to building stuff you're probably overstating things.
Like for example, if you told someone a hundred years ago you could build a computer they'd probably be like whoa shit, look at this fuckin' genius.
Well actually first of all they'd say, what's a computer, I only know what horses and diseases are and shit like that.
But once you actually tell them what computers are: Jesus dick! You're a wizard.
But from your perspective you know it's not a big deal to build a computer. You just go online and buy a case and a motherboard and some other shit and put it all together.
T.T.: It's not like you're smelting the goddamn silicon in your basement and making chips in your hermetically sealed, dust-free garage.
G.T.: Yeah but come on its not like you're from a century in the future.
G.T.: Nor am i a quaint man of the past. Pardon me but do i sound like some trollycar bellwether toiling in the heart of the mustache belt from the ruff n tumble year of nineteen aught nine???
T.T.: ... He said unironically.
G.T.: Give me some credit man and some to yourself as well. You are too modest about all this robotics noise.
T.T.: I don't know. I have a lot of time to work on stuff I guess. There are a lot of irons. You know where they are? Here's a hint. It's a pretty hot place.
G.T.: The kitchen?
T.T.: Sure, I keep some irons there too. But most of them are in the fire.
G.T.: Oh of course! Fire is quite notoriously the hottest thing there is. A tip top locale for a whole mess of irons!
T.T.: True that. I actually have so much to do and think about, one of my current projects hopefully will address that very issue.
Gonna make an A.I. replica of my own mind. He can share some of the load. As well as make a decent intellectual sparring partner, ideally.
T.T.: Not that my conversations with you aren't uniquely rad. But you know what I mean.
G.T.: See again i think you are downplaying a pretty neat accomplishment if you ask me.
T.T.: Shrug. We'll see.
G.T.: Does that mean I'll have to deal with two dirks? One who is More machine than man...
And another who is a computer program you made hahahahahahaha.
T.T.: That's a super joke. But I'm guessing you won't be hearing much from the program. It probably won't play a significant role in either of our lives.
G.T.: Hmm.
T.T.: I have my doubts it'll be a successful project, but who knows.
G.T.: I'd wager a tidy sum the results of the endeavor will be sensational. I believe in you!
T.T.: You do?
G.T.: Sure bro. I always have. You have helped me out a lot and been a good friend for ages.
T.T.: Hmm.
G.T.: What?
T.T.: Well, I wasn't sure about doing this today, but if it's true that you do believe in me, then I guess fuck it, why not.
G.T.: Why not what?
T.T.: I guess call it an extra birthday present. But instead of a present that's awesome, consider it more like a weird confession that may change the way you feel about me.
G.T.: Whoa uh...
Dirk are you... uh...
Saying what i think?
T.T.: What?
What do you think I'm saying here?
G.T.: Uh never mind sorry for interrupting. Should i sit down for this i dont know what to do.
Wait i already am sitting down. Maybe i should stand up?
T.T.: No, just chill out. Stand up, sit down, whatever. Here's the thing. You know all these painfully obvious hints I've been dropping? That always seem to be flying over your head?
G.T.: Ummmmmmmm.
Maybe?
I think i need a towel or something.
T.T.: About me being from the future.
G.T.: Oh!
Oh. Yes.
I think so.
T.T.: Well those weren't jokes. It's true.
G.T.: What? Oh man are you actually serious??
T.T.: Yes.
G.T.: So like...
You are from a century in the future.
The year 2422.
Or as we say contemporarily, 411 P.C.
Post Condescension.
G.T.: WOW.
I must say this is not the announcement i was expecting.
So you are a time traveler from 2422 here to help me build robots or something?
T.T.: No, I can't time travel. I can only send things through time, occasionally.
I actually live here in the future, alone in my apartment. I can send messages to you in the past
though, like I'm doing now.
G.T.: How?
T.T.: Years ago our alien friend sent me a special chat client. It's basically just Pesterchum, with
some sort of alien technology embedded.
It's specifically wired to communicate with your time period. As hours go by for me, the time it
sends messages to also increments by the same amount, so we communicate in lockstep. As if we
both existed in the present.
She said it was important for Roxy and I to begin communicating with you and Jane. This is how
we all became friends.
G.T.: Wait... you and roxy?
T.T.: Yes. She lives in the future too. Though we live nowhere near each other.
I asked her to refrain from telling either of you. I wanted to be the one to let you know. To wait for
the right moment.
G.T.: Holy fucking mackerel. This is amazing!
T.T.: So,
You really are trusting me about this? Just like that? No second thought?
G.T.: Well yeah. Sure man why not? Wait its not a prank is it?!
T.T.: No.
This would be a very shitty and boring "prank." I promise it isn't.
G.T.: Then Heck yes i believe it to friggin pieces. Its an awesome thing to be true!
T.T.: Haha.
G.T.: So whats the far flung future like? Some sort of crazy robo paradise?
T.T.: Not quite, but there are definitely robots.
G.T.: Oh man what are your movies like in the future?? I bet there are some real cinematic
humdingers. Like holographic stuff? Or shit you plug directly into your brain pod right? Wait you
do have brain pods right?
T.T.: No. We don't have brain pods because those aren't a thing, you just made that up. And there
are no movies in the future.
There are no humans either. They all went extinct.
Roxy and I are the only ones left, as far as we know.
G.T.: Well shit.
Dirk this story got so much less awesome.
Is it too late to backpedal on believing it before I start to cry?
T.T.: No dude, it's too late. Tears ahoy, this motherfucker gets sad.
Do you want to know what happened?
G.T.: Sure do.
Lemme just finish putting this steel melon on my brobot and then I'm all ears...

Jake: Complete brobot.

[Image description: Jake stands next to Dirkbot, which now has a head. A moment later, it vanishes.]

pesterlog
G.T.: There he is finished.
Look at this spanking iron friend from the future. He is perfect.
Oh shoot, Dirk he just got blurry and disappeared! What the actual fuck?
T.T.: Don't worry, that's normal.
Upon activation, he goes into Stalking Mode.
G.T.: Stalking mode?!
T.T.: Yes. He will stalk you in the jungle and strike when your guard is down.
T.T.: Didn't you want someone to get in scrums with?
G.T.: Well yeah but... man.
T.T.: He will give you all the scrums you can handle. Trust me, this will sharpen your combat skills.
G.T.: I guess you're right.
I was just picturing a little good honest rough housing... why does the whole thing have to sound so sketchy and nerve wracking!
T.T.: Do you want to hear my grim tales of the apocalypse or not?
G.T.: Yes!
You're right. Let's put issues of fisticuffs aside for now. Tell me everything about the future.
So how does humanity fuck up? Is it the nuclear holocaust? Or is it robots? Gotta be the robots right? As per the terminator.
T.T.: No, it's more of a gradual decline in population than that, due to an insidious power grab by an aquatic alien empress.
G.T.: Oh the old alien overlord story? Got it. When does she show up?
T.T.: She's already there, in your time period, hiding in plain sight. She has been for anywhere between fifty and a hundred years.
She's the Baroness of Crockercorp. Jane's company. But of course Jane has no idea.
The Baroness has been using subtle strategies to manipulate the human population through her company for a long time.
On November 11th, 2011, she finally made her presence known to the world, along with her agenda for global domination.
G.T.: Jeez that is pretty scary. So in a few years she will be in charge of everything?
T.T.: No, not quite. That's just when the world finally sees her for the threat she is. She would continue to gain power by exploiting various institutions and the media from within.
It would take the next several decades for her to claim the throne as Earth's absolute ruler. Her march to domination was facilitated by a number of scumbag sympathizers, and opposed by a few brave rebels, including my ancestor. Roxy's too.
I think your ancestor qualifies as one too. In fact, I'm sure she must have been the first member of the covert opposition movement.
G.T.: My grandma?
I do remember when i was very young she would tell me stories of the wicked woman who raised her.
Was she the evil alien?
That's a whole story right there, most of which is shrouded in rumor and urban legend.
But before we get sidetracked by any of that, I'll try to cover the big picture. To give you a sense of all the batshit lunacy that followed the sea hag's power play.

Next

[Image description: The Battleship Condescension flies over Jane's neighborhood. A figure of a woman with short hair and a long dress stands on a hill and stares up at the approaching ship.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Nobody at the time knew what the fuck she wanted to accomplish or what her actual motives were.
But in retrospect it became clear she was trying to essentially restore the conditions of her old home world, which she used to rule over as well.
She began instituting these crazy laws. First of all, people weren't allowed to reproduce. She found our usual method of procreation revolting, and anyone who engaged in it was punished by death.
But she still needed an ongoing population of subjects to abuse, so to propagate the race she set up this weird system.
At random intervals every citizen would be required to supply their genetic material to drones. That DNA would be collected and combined in some way.
Many years later, long after the original donors had died, clones would be spawned from their DNA. So no one would ever be able to know who their "parents" were, or be able to trace their lineage.
It was only through a bit of good fortune that Roxy and I were able to discover who our ancestors were.
G.T.: They were the rebels you mentioned? Are they alive right now?
I mean in my time?
T.T.: Yes.
G.T.: Oh! I am very curious about them and also my grandma.
T.T.: I'll get to them, don't worry.
Anyway, "Her Imperious Condescension" turned out to be especially cruel to her human subjects.
I'm sure her rule was no picnic on her home world, but I think she resented humans' biological incompatibility with the ideal empire she envisioned, and became frustrated.
Humanity wasn't even really her first choice for rule. There are reports that she attempted to clone members of her own species and replace the human population with them. But they all died.
G.T.: What happened to them?

Next

[Image description: Jake's island is flooded and surrounded by white tentacles. Red spikes protrude around the frog temple, which has a white tentacle wrapped around its neck.]

pesterlog
T.T.: The rumors say it was her own "pet" who killed them.
See, she traveled from her world to Earth in this huge red space ark.
In it she had gathered thousands of creatures from her planet, I'm guessing to save them from extinction.
This more than anything has led me to speculate that some cataclysm happened on her home world, and she moved on to greener pastures to rebuild her empire.
She bred all these creatures in secret, increasing their numbers, preparing for her eventual takeover. Each monster, or "lusus naturae," was meant to be kind of a caretaker of the young. You can see where the dramatic schism between our species and hers begins, and also why she had a reputation for being quite insane.

But she also happens to have this one humongous sea monster lusus that is like her own personal bodyguard, and kind of a secret weapon.

But it turns out the thing is kind of an enigma. Sort of a double edged eldritch horror. As much in her service as it is calling the shots, in some unfathomable way. Every time she tried to resurrect her race, it would slaughter them all psychically. As if it was keeping her ambition in check.

Or so the story goes.

G.T.: Wait... these beasts tend to the young??
I can tell you from first hand experience that monsters are totally rotten at taking care of kids! hey do a bangup job of making em scared though. (sad face)
T.T.: Exactly.
The plan was beyond shitty.
G.T.: So does that mean you and rox were raised by these things?
T.T.: Nope.
It was a very short lived experiment centuries ago.
Humans just don't have the same evolutionary symbiosis with those things that her race had.
It turns out a bunch of fuckin' alien monsters have no interest whatsoever in taking care of human babies.
They mostly just wound up eating them, or at best, just abandoning them.
Later she instated a lusidroid system to serve the same function, as she began phasing in more robotic solutions in favor of all this ill conceived biotech nonsense that always did nothing but backfire.

Next

[Image description: The silhouette of a spiky, insect-like drone stands against a bright red background.]

pesterlog

T.T.: Even drones were replaced with robotic versions. I imagine they were just easier to produce and control, since she'd given up hope of perfectly mirroring her own civilization in all its convoluted symbiotic glory.

But not without a good fight, and not without taking her frustrations out on the human population. She attempted to enforce "blood casting" through efforts to genetically alter people's blood color. That was an ugly chapter. Lotta fuckin' people died from that debacle.

Over the last four hundred years, the population just got smaller and smaller from these atrocities piling up. But she clearly didn't give a shit. All the while, the amount of dry land kept shrinking due to the gradual flooding.

Soon there was hardly anywhere left to live, and then, that was that. No more people.

G.T.: Damn.

Wait...

Flooding?

T.T.: Oh. Yeah, I probably should have mentioned this up front.

One of the first things she did while in power was begin melting the ice caps.

It took a while, but eventually the whole world flooded.

That's how it is now. It's totally soaked up in this bitch.

G.T.: Wow like the epic kevin costner film?
T.T.: Almost exactly. Especially by the same degree of shittiness.
G.T.: Oh man does that mean you have to drink your own pee??????
T.T.: You get used to the taste. Welcome it, even.
That takes about 15 days in a row of hard piss drinking though.
G.T.: Ewwwwwwwwwwwwww no dude. No ew. (sad face)
T.T.: Relax, I don't drink any goddamn piss, ok?
G.T.: Oh ok. Whew.
I guess your lusis droid thingy sees to it that you have fresh water?
T.T.: Nope. Those stopped being a thing a long time ago too, once humans went extinct.
G.T.: Oh i thought...
Hm. Well who raised you then?
G.T.: !
Jesus christofer kringlefucker and here i thought i was rugged!
T.T.: You're still pretty rugged. You're just a fucking dork about it.
G.T.: Thats true.
T.T.: I guess I did have Cal looking after me.
Let's not discount the rad service of the C-man, ok?
G.T.: Heaven forbid.
And what about roxy?

Next

[Image description: It shows the chessboard neighborhood.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Pretty sure the Carapacians took care of her when she was young.
G.T.: Wait the whatsis?
T.T.: Right. Another thing I forgot to mention.
There are a lot of these humanoid creatures with hard shells. Some black, some white.
As humanity was dwindling due to an increasingly whimsical and psychopathic Condesce, she
began introducing more of these Carapacians on to the scene.
G.T.: Are they aliens too?
T.T.: Uh...
Sort of. They are definitely from other planets, so, yeah. Really the deal with where they came
from is a whole other story for another time.
But the bottom line is at some point, somehow, she started herding a bunch of them from their
home worlds on to Earth and multiplying them.
Something like a hundred years ago it became clear she favored these guys more than humans as
her subjects.
They're very loyal and seem genuinely dedicated to serving her. Must be what they were bred for.
She still treats them like shit though, unsurprisingly.
All these colonies started sprouting up. Like these modular cities floating on the water.
It probably sounds cooler than it is. But they're basically slums. That's where they tend to live in
large numbers.
Roxy lives in one of these colonies. It's about 2000 miles from where I am.

Next

[Image description: Roxy's house sits in a cluster of white buildings. Some prospitians in tattered
grey clothes stand on roofs and balconies.]

pesterlog
G.T.: Good gravy. Those are exotic circumstances!
And here I was thinking I had the most exciting and adventurous life. It turns out I'm just some chump on boring ass monster island in the silly old pre-apocalypse.

T.T.: For what it's worth, I think it's gotta be more interesting living in the 21st century than the 25th. Like it's really no contest.

G.T.: You're probably right.

Id be really keen on talking to Roxy about this too! I'm very curious about her experiences as a future lady with all the whatsits. The hard shell folk. I must say it turns my previous perception of your lives right on its friggin ear.

T.T.: Man, she would love to talk to you about all this. She hates keeping secrets. It's been killing her not to spill all these fucking beans way the hell prematurely.

G.T.: Like what is even your day to day business like in sea Hitlers water apocalypse??

T.T.: Well, I mostly shit around in my apartment all day, building stuff, reading about history, and flipping out with my sword.

Sometimes I go fishing and check out the underwater ruins. She does plenty of useless fucking around too, but at least she's got a neighborhood. She also uses one of her gadgets to gank vegetables and stuff from the past. She tries to feed the hungry neighbors whatever she can scrounge up.

Next

[Image description: Roxy hands a pumpkin to one of the prospitians. A dersite watches.]

pesterlog

G.T.: Those are amazing stories. I am so lucky to have friends like you. Oh snap what about Jane! Have you told her?

T.T.: Jane is...

No. I haven't. I've dropped some hints and tested her willingness to believe something like this. It's just not going to fly. It's way too much drop on somebody all at once if they aren't receptive.

G.T.: Hmm. True but it seems a shame to keep her out of the loop.

T.T.: Well, tell her whatever you want. She'll likely think she's being fucked with. Personally, I wouldn't bother trying too hard to convince her. There's no point in alienating her. Some day she'll be ready to believe things.

G.T.: Okay.

Wow i still have so many questions. It's incredible that this is all going to happen right around the corner! I dunno if I'm ready...

T.T.: Like I said, the changes will be a little more gradual than that. More clandestine. She'll exploit the fear caused by her revelation to the world to create intended reactions within governments and media, and her agents embedded on the inside will help nudge things in the direction she wants. Then, twenty-some years down the road, without anyone suspecting a thing, she'll suddenly be in complete control. And Earth will be fucked.

G.T.: I want to join the opposition!

Fuck this witch I have lots of guns and reckless bravado and I want to stop her. Ill pick up where my grandma left off!

T.T.: Well, aside from the main reasons that won't happen, which I won't get into...

It still wouldn't be a good idea.

G.T.: Horse shit why not?!

T.T.: Cause people way better at this than you tried and died?

You said you wanted to hear about our ancestors.
Next

[Image description: Jake lays back on his bed and puts his hands behind his head. There's two Spider Girl comics on the bed with him and a black smudge on the floor.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Well, how much do you actually know about your grandma? What have you read, and what do you remember?
G.T.: My memory of her is pretty foggy.
I do know she loved adventure just like me. That's why she was exploring this island and raising me here when she died.
She was a fair markswoman and knew her way around an atom or two.
Pretty sure her company made a tidy fortune til it went belly up. At least I still have a few of her knickknacks for keepsakes.
And as you confirmed she was raised by that evil spinster.
But then again from some of the things my pen pal has said it kind of throws some of these details into question so I dunno what to think.
T.T.: I don't know what the deal is with your pen pal either, and I'm not really prepared to speculate on that right now.
But I'm privy to a shitload of historical data I can share. What's the last thing you remember about her?
G.T.: It was the night I found her dead!

Next

[Image description: Young Jake walks through the forest at night. Farther down the path, a figure lays at the end of a trail of blood.]

pesterlog
G.T.: She had gone off to study the ruins one day. I'm pretty sure that was her purpose on this island. To study the technology here and solve all of the astonishing mysteries.
She even built that big fancy house we used to live in so I guess she really wanted to settle here for a while.
But she didn't come home from her expedition for a couple days so I started to get worried.
I followed the trail we usually take to the lagoon while keeping my eyes peeled for monsters.
But instead I found her lying there dead.
I think a monster caught her off guard. There were three big fang marks in the body and a trail of blood along the path.
It looked like she was trying to get home but couldn't make it before succumbing to the injury.
But before I could even do anything about it I heard an explosion. I looked back at the hill and my house was gone!

Next

[Image description: Young Jake looks back towards a mountain, where a plume of smoke rises from the base of a tower. The Battleship Condescension flies in the night sky above it.]

pesterlog
G.T.: Just a big poof of smoke where it was standing. So I lived alone in the jungle ever since.
T.T.: Huh. I've wondered about all that.
G.T.: Well you never asked!
T.T.: Oh I know. I would have. But asking about your past would have just been inviting you to do
the same. You know how it goes.
G.T.: Indeed.
T.T.: But for the record, I don't think those were fang marks on the body, dude.
G.T.: No?
T.T.: Finish the story first. Then what?

Next

[Image description: Young Jake sits on a rock and stares sadly into a fire.]

G.T.: Oh there's not much more to it. I had to deal with grandmas body.
I would have loved to give her a proper and dignified memorial like janet's granddad got.
God jane is so lucky every day in her household must be like weekend at bernies! What a riot it
must be im so jealous.
T.T.: Yeah, what a fucking treat.
A living room corpse party every goddamn day.
G.T.: I know right!!!
Alas i had to dispose of the body with haste so the monsters wouldn't eat her.
So i just made a little camp fire and burned it. I keep the ashes deep in the ruins which is where i
think she liked it best.
Hopefully there isn't an earthquake or something that would knock the urn over in a predictable and
hilarious fashion.
T.T.: No way man.
I'd bet my bottom boonbuck that shit's eternally safe.
That urn's like the Fort Knox of standing upright forever because of no accidents.
G.T.: Heheh yeah.
So then after camping out the next day i went exploring and found my room globe mostly intact
sitting in the jungle so that's where i lived since.
G.T.: And that's pretty much it!
I sure miss my grandma though she was the best.
T.T.: She was definitely very brave, if the stories are true. Downright audacious, I'd say.
G.T.: What did you hear?

Next

[Image description: Her Imperious Condescension grins. The gem in her tiara flashes between a
cerulean Scorpio symbol and a brown Taurus symbol.]

T.T.: Well, like I said. She was raised by the Baroness. It was probably a worse childhood than
either of us had.
She wasn't related obviously. Ain't nobody's related to a damn fish alien. Except other fish aliens
probably.
She had an adoptive brother too. Life must have been miserable for both of them.
G.T.: Yes i vaguely remember her mentioning him.
Cripes the things she told me now that i think about it. She said the witch even killed her dog!
Is that true?
T.T.: I don't know, but wouldn't doubt it.
There are other urban legends that she did a lot of experiments on animals and people. Mostly to do
with mind control.
Like figuring out ways to unlock all of her psychic alien potential, to increase her power.
Not sure if that's true, or if it was actually successful though.
G.T.: So what you're saying is pretty much any unspeakably horrible thing she could have done she probably did?
T.T.: Yes.
Anyway, your grandma managed to run away when she was quite young. Maybe it was a traumatic event like dog murder that prompted her to flee, who knows. Whatever the case, her bro stayed behind. The guy must have been seriously immune to witnessing fucked up shit, because he went on to be a famous comedian. A real kindly old cornball. A nicer guy you couldn't hope to meet, they say.
G.T.: Haha wow. Must have been a hell of a guy.
T.T.: So...
You're not making any connections there?
G.T.: Where? Huh?
T.T.: Famous comedian, about the age of your grandma, inheriting the family name of the Baroness...
Not ringing a bell?
G.T.: What are you talking about! Dirk stop speaking in riddles and keep telling the story i am on tenterhooks here!
T.T.: Ok, well it's not like it's that important. Just a super obvious thing that'll probably occur to you later when you're looking in the fridge you don't have, at which point you'll feel like an idiot.
G.T.: Oh my god you can be one opaque motherfucker just clue me in bro!
T.T.: Nah, it'll be funnier this way.
G.T.: Striiiiideeeerrrrrrrrrrrrrt!!!!
T.T.: Moving on.
Next

[Image description: The green skull from Jake's shirt sits against a background of rotating stripes, which are the same colors as billiard balls. The skull has the Skaianet logo on its forehead.]

pesterlog
T.T.: That kid kept the family name but obviously your grandma didn't. She must've held a grudge against the Baroness her whole life. She started by taking a different name she knew would stick in her craw.
G.T.: Oh! I remember this.
I believe she said the witch used to be married to a terrible man named english.
So because the witch really hated that guy she took on his name as sort of a big ole fuck you to the woman?
T.T.: That's probably close to the truth, but it sounds like the kind of story an old lady tells her young grandson in a way he would understand. Or at least wouldn't scare the shit out of him. What I've read is something much more sinister, as usual. There's supposedly only one thing the Baroness fears, and your grandma learned of this somehow. It wasn't an ex husband though. It was her superior. Some kind of demon, or another alien, no one really knows. But he went by the name English. He's supposedly even more brutal than she is, if you can believe that.
G.T.: So im named after a demon? What kind of demon is named english anyway?
T.T.: What kind of alien is named Crocker? It's probably just a name he stole from someone else, like the Baroness did.
G.T.: I guess its kind of cool being named after a demon whos so scary even the witch is afraid of him.
T.T.: Yeah, well, your grandma thought so.
Everything she did in life thereafter seemed to be in effort to piss off the batterwitch. Like starting a competing tech company, heavily branded in a way that was presumably intended to remind the Baroness of her boss.
Like with skulls and garish colors and shit. The dude is some kind of skull monster I guess?
G.T.: I love skulls!
T.T.: I know.

Next

[Image description: A figure with a sword stands on a green hill with a pony. He looks towards what's supposed to be the hollywood sign, but it's heavily JPEG artifacted and says Hopywoodoo. Two extra Os and a sideways L are scattered across the hillside. An array of equally artifacted broadcasting towers poke up from the other side of the hill.]

pesterlog
T.T.: It was definitely brave on her part, but ultimately it got her a bankrupt company, a blown up house, and a fork through the torso for her trouble. But she must have been the first to understand how dangerous the Baroness was, while acting in covert opposition. Others would follow, and continue to as of now, in your time period.
G.T.: These are your ancestors?
T.T.: Yeah, mine and Roxy's were among them.
G.T.: Anyone i've heard of?
T.T.: Of course. All these fuckers are totally famous, obviously.
G.T.: Oh sure obviously.
T.T.: We've talked about the guy I'm genetically derived from a lot actually. Like, you know, every time I've ever talked about my bro?
G.T.: Gadzooks of course!!! With all your future mindfuckery you made me completely forget about your vaunted hollywood sibling. I shoulda asked where he fit into the picture if you were raised alone. I can be dumb as a bag of penny candy sometimes.
T.T.: Sometimes. Other times you're on point, like a bag of the nickel shit.
G.T.: Whoa now those are the sweets kept in reserve for millionaires. Such flattery!
T.T.: Ok, what we're sayin' stopped meaning anything, so I'll continue.
G.T.: Right. So then he was never actually your bro?
T.T.: No, that's just kind of how I view him. Lalonde took a more maternal view of her ancestor.
G.T.: The lady who wrote all the dreary wizard books i presume?
T.T.: Yeah, the CotL series. Ever read it?

Next

[Image description: It shows a pair of legs in dark green pants and black shoes. The tails of a dark green tailcoat hang down behind them and the person's left hand holds a white pistol. The floor under the feet is split, like most of the one-on-one fights. The left leg stands in a bright red section and has a cuff with the caduceus symbol on it. The right leg stands in a bright green section and has a cuff with the ophiuchus symbol on it. Both cuffs are attached to chains that run off screen in opposite directions.]

pesterlog
G.T.: No i tried its too depressing. And also uh kind of impossible to understand? I told roxy i liked it though i didnt want to hurt her feelings so dont say i said that. I think ill wait for the movies to come out i bet ill like those better.
T.T.: You don't say?
G.T.: I do say! Hey you must've seen them what being in the future are they any good?
T.T.: They are not.
G.T.: Phooey to that. Like i even believe you!
T.T.: The books are pretty interesting though, if somewhat dense. They're supposedly heavily allegorical. Veiled representations of cosmic events surrounding the witch and her boss and how all this came about. It's the kind of thing you wouldn't pick up on unless you were someone who understood what happened, like the Condescend, which was kind of the point. I think it was her way of letting the witch know, "I'm on to you."
In the early days of the resistance movement they both opposed her more indirectly, through their art, like critics of tyrannical governments often used to. They had to be careful. Didn't want to make big waves too early.
My bro did this too with his many fine films. Practically everything was a symbol for something. Either in mockery of the batterwitch, or conveying some hidden message to its audience. Each film was always rigorously picked apart for its head-scratching symbolic meaning. But he managed to accomplish all that without ever compromising the purity of his ironic vision, which I think was admirable.

Next

[Image description: It shows a poster for a Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff movie. Sweet Bro sits on a rolling stool and stares towards the camera. Hella Jeff sits off to the side and laughs awkwardly. A second picture of his face is watermarked over the whole poster. Geromy stands in the background, which might be a hospital or laboratory, but its too pixelated to be certain. The whole image is bordered in bright pink. It's named SBAHJ the movie.]

G.T.: Screw the haters! Thats what i say.
T.T.: You also say that about Weekend at Bernies.
G.T.: Man that is a scandalous mischaracterization. Nobody hates weekend at bernies! The W.A.B. films are generally regarded as so unremarkably mediocre they dont even attract any trolls who care enough to shit on it. Believe me ive tried to get in debates with people about it!
T.T.: Yeah, you pretty much touche'd the fuck out of that.
But we are definitely in agreement about my bro's films as the masterstrokes they were.
T.T.: He just kept cranking them out, too. He really stepped up production after 11/11/11, even though the cat was finally out of the bag. He was very dedicated to his craft.
G.T.: Dang i can hardly wait to see them!
T.T.: Yeah. I wouldn't hold your breath about that.
G.T.: Why not?
T.T.: Man, fuck it. I'll just send you them.
G.T.: !!!!!!!!!!
T.T.: Just keep a lid on them. We don't need any weird causality shit rearing its head here. That would be dumb.
G.T.: I will guard each glistening compression artifact with my life, as if a jewel pilfered from a tomb.
T.T.: Which was the last you saw?
G.T.: Well there was sbahj the movovie and sbahj the the film...
Oh yeah and sbahaj the movle. I think sbahj the moive is still in production right? But honestly i get confused about which particular misspelling is attributed to which film or even if im getting the misspellings right.
T.T.: The key to sorting it all out is to understand it doesn't actually matter. Through video streaming services he would frequently set it up so that buying a certain title would ship you the wrong film.

And often titles for movies were available for sale that just straight up didn't exist. Or would be sold for dollar amounts that made no sense, like $2,890.1. And sometimes buying a download would actually deposit money into your account instead of deducting from it.

T.T.: It was all part of the "experience."

Next

(Image description: Jake lays on his stomach and kicks his heels up as he reads one of the spidergirl comics.)

pesterlog

G.T.: Your forebears are certainly entrepreneurial if nothing else.
I can get behind the idea of making a killing if it means i also get to be as good at doing adventures as i hope to be.

Did they ever bring the battle to the witchs doorstep or were the blows dealt strictly through public masquerades and theatrics?

T.T.: Yeah, they got pretty deep into the shit eventually.
They were both very skilled combatants. I'm pretty sure she had some weird powers too.

G.T.: Powers you say?

T.T.: Communion with occult forces. Something like that.
She knew things. Had visions. It's why she was able to write those books, and more importantly, why Roxy and I were able to survive here.

G.T.: How?

T.T.: They knew we would be here some day. So they prepared for our arrival.
I live in what used to be my bro's old apartment four hundred years ago. The whole city is gone, but this one unit was somehow protected.

He left some supplies for me here. Like a lifetime supply of orange soda in the crawl space, along with a fuck ton of SBaHJ merch. It was like discovering my own personal holocaust of bulbous jutting bottoms.

Plus some weapons, some other gear. And a killer pair of shades.

Roxy's mom used to live in her place too, and left some stuff she might need lying around. This was way before there were Carapacian colonies though.

I think her house must have been a kind of kernelized structure, like a potential colony. Something built to undergo modular self replication if activated.

I'm sure her mom knew that. It's been a good way for Rox to blend in.

I stick out like a sore thumb here of course, but it hasn't really been a problem yet.

G.T.: So...
They knew you would show up in the future some day and prepared for that...
Doesn't that mean they also knew they weren't going to be able to stop the witch?

T.T.: Probably.
But they went down fighting anyway.

G.T.: Wow.

That's brave and kind of sad.

T.T.: Yeah. But wouldn't you?

G.T.: Of course!!!!!

You always go down guns blazing. That's what a hero does when he loves adventure and has guns.

If there's one thing movies have taught me besides the fact that guys using a corpse as a silly puppet is friggin hilarious it is That Fact.

T.T.: It's not like their rebellion was totally futile.
They took a lot of shitheads down with them.

G.T.: Who?
T.T.: Sympathizers.

G.T.: Eugh! Just the thought of such scoundrels turns my stomach!
T.T.: They should.

In order for you to understand, I'll have to fill you in on the ridiculous final gasps of human civilization, taking place over the several decades leading up to its absolute enslavement. The decades which immediately followed the "rebranding."

Next

[Image description: A red-tinted picture of Guy Fieri making a 'rock on' sign with a bloody hand vibrates against a background of red skulls.]

pesterlog

T.T.: As I mentioned, Crockercorp's rebranding on 3 11, as it was often referred to in the news, totally changed everything.

It marked the beginning of a completely shameless downward spiral of western civilization, through a series of events that were probably hard to notice at the time, but quite glaring when evaluated historically.

Though the Baroness made very few substantive gestures of aggression, the global fear of her looming threat would trigger all the changes she needed.

Governments prepared for war, as if to defend against the invading alien armies she undoubtedly commanded.

But of course, she had no army. She was always the only of her kind.

Instead, the world powers were only setting about to build her armies for her.

The media deteriorated into this preposterous circus that was in all practical ways inseparable from the power base and government institutions.

Popular entertainers became dangerous demagogues, and their roles in the media blurred with those of executive authority.

And the most dangerous were the ones who fed into the fear and hysteria most effectively.

These tended to be plants. Unscrupulous shills paid by the Baroness to move her agenda forward.


I would like to think I will not be suckered by their silvery tongues whenever they come along.

T.T.: Well the thing is, most of them are already on the scene in your time.

G.T.: Who!
T.T.: Ever hear of Guy Fieri?
G.T.: No?
I don't think so.
T.T.: You're fortunate then.

He was an especially degenerate piece of filth.

He used his connections and guile to wriggle into the spotlight, and then on to other positions of power.

He somehow landed on the U.S. Supreme Court. Over the years, other justices started mysteriously disappearing without being replaced.

After helping rewrite the constitution to form an incomprehensible patchwork of fascism, theocratic mandates, recipes, and bad rap lyrics, he weaseled his way up the ranks to become the High Chaplain of Interstellar War.

I'm just gonna cut to the chase, cause really this ain't a big history lesson here.

He eventually came to be regarded as the third and final Antichrist.

No other human in history was responsible for more death and suffering.

Next
[Image description: Two juggalos stand in a fire in front of the whitehouse, which is now purple and surrounded by green and purple circus tents. Both juggalos are members of the band Insane Clown Posse. The left one is Violent J and his clown makeup has an over exaggerated smile, massively arched eyebrows that take up most of his forehead, and a line above and below each eye. The one on the right is Shaggy 2 Dope and his makeup looks like a scowl with oversized, furrowed brows across his forehead. Shaggy 2 Dope has one hand up and pointing towards the camera in a way that almost looks like a gun. Red orbs float around the whitehouse and a red flag with a white symbol flies from the flagpole.]

pesterlog

G.T.: That boorish cur!!!
T.T.: Yes, that's exactly the phrase I would use to describe someone responsible for the extermination of five billion people.
It was just so uncivilized of him.
G.T.: How could such an atrocity be allowed to happen?
Was his personal magnetism really that overwhelming?
T.T.: Maybe overwhelming in the wrong direction, yeah.
But it didn't happen overnight. It was a gradual decline in the integrity of the system that allowed it.
Eventually the wheels came off and the political scene mirrored the absurdity of the media circus. By the time Presidents Jay and Dope were elected, western civilization had officially fucked itself over forever, and I think everyone knew it.
G.T.: Oh no.
When does that happen?
T.T.: 2024. The last free election the world would ever see.
G.T.: So like...
They were on the ticket together? As president and vice president?
T.T.: No, man.
They were both president.
They were the first Dual-Presidents of the United States of America. Also the last.
They were also the first and last juggalo presidents. The founding fathers warned us about this, but nobody listened.
G.T.: They did? Warned us about what exactly?
George Washington had prophetic nightmares about them. He tried to warn people, and get language amended to the constitution to prevent it.
Like forbidding the election of what he famously described as "a pair of salty bards," or "unruly jesters given to the sweet drink."
But everyone just thought he toked too hard on the colonial cannabis or whatever.
G.T.: Im not sure i follow. These are like clown presidents or such?
T.T.: Yes. They were a shitty rap duo from your time.
But they ran a hell of a campaign. By then the juggalo party had gotten huge. While the numerous other candidates split the moderate vote, they retained a very energized and devoted base.
You could say their party had a big tent.
G.T.: Dirk i really dislike the future you are describing.
T.T.: Hey me too.
They were swept into office on a wave of Faygo, and the presidential inauguration was the biggest Gathering of the Juggalos of all time.
They all hosed each other down on the Whitehouse lawn with shitty soda. The "D.C." in the capital thereafter officially stood for "Dark Carnival."
Of course their campaign was helped considerably by having support from the Baroness.
In retrospect, people developed the impression that it was all a part of her sick sense of humor.
There was this sense that she just loved the idea of delegating the extreme subjugation of the world's population to a pair of demented clown rappers. Some have speculated this was just another way she was attempting to resurrect her previous model of governance, though this seems kinda far fetched to me. Who the fuck ever heard of an alien juggalo? To me this is about as stupid as the crackpot theories get.

Next

[Image description: The figure from the Hopywoodoo sign stands on top of the whitehouse, facing off against the President Juggalos. Strife is written at the top of the screen.]

pesterlog
G.T.: I still dont really know what a juggalo is.
Do they juggle?
T.T.: Don't worry about it.
People were less prepared for a double juggalo presidency than they ever imagined.
I'm not even going to get into all the horrifying details. Trust me, you just start to feel dirty reading about it.
From the moment Fieri held up the bible to swear them in, and the three of them proceeded to publically defecate on it while freestyling rap lyrics...
That was it. Everyone in the world watching it on TV just said, "Welp. Show's over. Civilization was pretty cool while it lasted."
The next several grueling terms of their presidency was a weird combination of authoritarian practices. The Baroness used it as a puppet regime, while still basically giving them carte blanche to carry out their idiotic whims.
Faygo was pumped through the plumbing instead of tap water. The new national pastime was having type 2 diabetes. And the national anthem was replaced by a 3 minute high-reverb audio clip of President Jay farting into a microphone while laughing.
Chaplain Fieri was authorized to set up the death camps, in which anyone on the planet could be imprisoned if they were not deemed sufficiently "mirthful."
And so the cleansing began, priming humanity for its new ruler waiting in the wings.
This was when our ancestors had enough.
The resistance movement had failed, but they could at least bring the war criminals to justice.
My bro finally caught up with the presidents and challenged them to a duel.
They accepted, having for years regarded him as a cocky rival rapper who failed to show them the proper respect. In their arrogance they invited him into the foul belly of the Carnival believing they could teach him once and for all what it truly meant to be down with the clown.
For centuries thereafter, survivors of the Hilarocaust would cite the rooftop showdown as one of the most heroic moments in human history.

Next

[Image description: With one swing of the sword, the figure, Dirk's Bro, cuts Shaggy 2 Dope in half at the waist, removes his hand, and decapitates Violent J.]

pesterlog
T.T.: He killed them both.

Next

[Image description: Dirk's Bro flies off on a skateboard, leaving the two bodies on the roof of the now purple whitehouse.]
pesterlog
T.T.: Unfortunately, as they were only figureheads, no liberation followed. There would be no parades in the streets, or statues cast, or medals awarded. The few witnesses would report seeing only a man with a sword on a shitty skateboard, gently rising into the night sky. No one ever saw him again.

Next

[Image description: The figure from the hill near Jane's neighborhood stands on a walkway over a red Niagara Falls, strifing against Guy Fieri.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Meanwhile, Roxy's mom was tracking down the High Chaplain. His crimes had already been committed. She couldn't repay them by any stretch of the imagination. But she could wipe the blood stained grin off that fat bastard's face.

Next

[Image description: Roxy's Mom holds pink yarn, which is wrapped around a pair of knitting needles sunk deep into Guy Fieri's eyes.]

pesterlog
T.T.: She gouged his eyes with a pair of needles.

Next

[Image description: She stands on his back as they topple over the edge and fall down Niagara Falls.]

pesterlog
T.T.: And rode his torso to the bottom of the bloody falls.

Next

[Image description: The screen splits between closeups of Dirk's Bro against a red background and Roxy's Mom against a purple background. They are clearly adult versions of Dave and Rose.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Reports of what happened to our ancestors after that are sketchy. There were no eye witness accounts I've found, but some believe they regrouped and confronted the Condesce herself. With all her high ranking officers dead, and the human population decimated and sufficiently groomed for her arrival, there was no reason to stay behind the scenes anymore. After those dreadful years of putting up with a more vulgar brand of authoritarianism, when she finally stepped forward to claim her throne, it actually came off as somewhat dignified. Elegant, in a way. She was no less severe, but at least she knew how to act like an empress.

Next

[Image description: Dirk's Bro and Roxy's Mom stare towards the Condesce, who hovers just off the edge of a building. The gem in her tiara switches between a Taurus symbol, an Aries symbol, and a Gemini symbol. Her arm and trident flash red, blue, and yellow. Streams of blue and red energy come out of her eyes. She holds up one hand and the top half of a heavily JPEG artificated...
Statue of Liberty floats behind her. A small white cat sits on the edge of the roof and a large dragon flies behind her, both with a Taurus symbol in a black circle on their forehead.

pesterlog
T.T.: But even if they did manage to confront her, there was no way they could win. She had too many crazy alien powers.
Her boss supposedly had jacked her power level through the roof. I even heard, and don't quote me on this, that she may have been over 9000.
G.T.: Heavens to betsy.
That figure is just absurd.
T.T.: Yeah.
And that's not even to speak of the generic smorgasbord of other powers she was rumored to have.
It gets hard to separate the fact from the urban myth.
But for reference, if you want to believe it all, just picture all the X-Men combined into one sexy fish woman in a skin tight suit.
G.T.: Whoa momma.

Next

[Image description: Roxy's Mom and Dirk's Bro lay on the ground in pools of their own blood, mirroring the positions of when Bec Noir killed Rose and John. Mom has three holes in her torso and Bro has the broken blade of his own sword in his chest. The broken-off handle lays between them.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Whatever actually went down, they're surely both dead now.
I guess it had to happen like that, though.
There's no way the Condesce would allow us to be born within even a century of our genetic forebears. The thought of that was completely disgusting to her.
But I really would have liked to be able to meet them.
I guess some things would just be too awesome to ever stand a chance of happening.
G.T.: Yeah i know the feeling. (sad face)
Wait...
T.T.: What?
G.T.: Dirk didnt you tell me at some point that you did find evidence the witch killed them?
T.T.: As of now? No.
G.T.: Are you sure? I swear i remember you saying something about that.
T.T.: How could I have said anything like that before today? This was obviously the first time I mentioned any of this.
G.T.: Oh.
I am just having the nuttiest deja vu thing going on now. I feel weird.
T.T.: ...

Next

[Image description: Jake sits up on his bed. A purple branch, like one from Terezi's tree, begins to grow up the stairs.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Ok.
I will disregard your anomalous observation for now and continue conversing as if it never happened.
Um.
Anyhoo thats a heck of a tragic and thrilling tale dirk.
I am still totally cockeyed and catawampus about it all i dont even know what to think.
T.T.: But you believe me, right?
G.T.: Oh yeah every word of it!
T.T.: Wow.
G.T.: Why shouldn't i? You are my friend and i trust you.
T.T.: I still just think it's impressive, is all. Even after all this time. You are pretty much a one of a kind dude.
G.T.: Heh not really i just like believing stuff and believing in people.
Wait what do you mean?
T.T.: About what?
G.T.: When you said after all this time?
You just told me now!
T.T.: Yes.
G.T.: Hang on.
Blarg! The deja vuy shit is happening again!!!
Okay i am SURE weve had this conversation before so many things are familiar.
I remember you saying the one of a kind dude thing and i remember saying the word catawampus and...
All of it!
Whats going on?
T.T.: Took you long enough to figure it out.
Pages really are a slow burning class. Damn.
G.T.: Figure what out!
T.T.: You're asleep.
G.T.: Oh.
Thats right. I fell off the platform thing and i guess i got knocked out?
G.T.: So im dreaming.
T.T.: Kinda.
It's a dream bubble.
G.T.: Whats that?
T.T.: A place in the infinite abyss where sleeping people can share dreams with each other while revisiting memories.
Also where they can meet dead people.
G.T.: So we are sharing a dream together?
And youre currently asleep too? Uh. Currently in the future?
T.T.: No.
Even if I was, I wouldn't visit a dream bubble. That only happens when your dream self is dead, like yours is.
T.T.: Mine is not.
G.T.: Hm. I guess i understand?
So whats the deal then? Wait.
You said this is where they meet dead people too...
Shit! Dirk are you dead? Are you a ghost!?
T.T.: No, dude. Chill. I'm fine.
G.T.: Then what the fuck is going on! Who am i talking to?
T.T.: Well, who are the people you talk to when you have a regular dream?
G.T.: What? Uh...
T.T.: Like just a boring normal dream, and there's a person you're talking to. Who is that?
G.T.: I don't know.
T.T.: It's nobody. Just a projection of your own mind. Dream bubbles don't always need to be shared by dreamers or dead people. You can go to sleep and wake up in one alone, reliving an old memory. Kind of like a normal dream. Until you remember it's just a memory, which is where we are now.
G.T.: Okay.
So.
I am having like a lucid dreamy thing in a magic bubble and you are just like a figment of my imagination?
T.T.: Yes, basically.
G.T.: So im talking to myself! Thats kind of stupid!
You could view me as a projection of the real Dirk within your mind, as expressed through all of your thought patterns about him. So I'm kind of a splinter of his corporeal self who happens to live in your awareness. I'm a startlingly close approximation to the real thing, for all intents and purposes.
G.T.: Just how startlingly close are we talking?
T.T.: I'm not going to give you a bogus percentage like the glasses cause that's not my shtick. But pretty damn close.
G.T.: Okay thats fair.
But.
Man.
There is something that feels kind of weird about this. You being in my head... its a little messed up!
T.T.: What's messed up about it?
You were the one who put me here, with your intimate understanding of all his mannerisms and predilections. And a splintered existence is pretty much how he rolls.
This is how shit is bro.
G.T.: Ok im sorry for saying its messed up but... Its still a bit frustrating! Ive been trying to talk to you all day. But all i get is your pesky responder bedeviling me at every turn and your friggin robot punching me across the ocean and then throwing a weird tantrum and ripping his nuclear heart out in front of me. And if that weren't enough i tumbled off the doohickey and knocked myself out and now im strolling down memory lane with your fake brain ghost! Its like you are surrounding me from all sides with imitations of yourself but never the Real You!!! Cheese and fucking crackers when do i just get to talk to the actual dirk?
T.T.: Jake, what do you even know about someone's actual self? What makes it actual? What is "actuality>"
G.T.: What a horseshitty question! I dont know anything about actuality i guess but i know some philosobabble horseshit when i dadblasted hear it.
T.T.: I'm just saying, this isn't really your field of expertise.
Dirk is the heart guy. He's the one walking the path of self, even when he doesn't know it. Like right now.
G.T.: But what does that mean?
And how can you really be made of only my thoughts when i dont even know what youre talking about sometimes?
Or when i didnt know some of the things youre telling me? Like about being in a dream bubble? How can i tell myself about that stuff through brain ghost dirk!
T.T.: Who says you don't know those things on some level?
G.T.: I don't think I do!
I have no business knowing those things.
T.T.: Pages have a lot of untapped potential.
That's practically all there is to the class, actually.
But when they eventually find it, look out.
And the ones who deal in hope? Shit, man.
I'm scared of you already, and I'm not even real.

Next

[Image description: A flickering, partially transparent Dirk appears in front of Jake, who now stands at the end of his bed. He's taken off the skulltop and it now sits on the bed. The branch grows farther into the room and two more grow in from opposite sides of the room.]

pesterlog
G.T.: Are you sure you aren't real?
No offense but I kind of get the same smartass vibe from you as I do from the responder.
Like har har I have the same basic personality as Dirk but without any accountability or anything so let me just be kind of flippant and mess with this Jake fellas head!
You know what I'm saying?
T.T.: Yes.
That's a surprisingly decent observation about me.
G.T.: Yeah see I think I maybe did a little too good of a job brain cloning you? This is way too much like talking to the Real fake Dirk.
Holy cow what a dumb sentence that was.
T.T.: You did do a good job.
A perfect job, in fact.
Untapped potential, remember?
I don't think one of Dirk's splinters could exist nearly as well in anyone's mind other than yours.
G.T.: Well that's spiffy for me but I'm starting to feel somewhat like I'm being haunted by you now.
I just want to talk to my real buddy. And by real I just mean the Original Guy.
T.T.: What do you even want to say to him?
G.T.: Oh I don't know.
T.T.: It's not like you can keep any secrets from me here.
I pretty much am your brain.
G.T.: Aaah! No don't say that it's so weird.
T.T.: You do realize he's coming for you.
Dirk. In the real world. The man has his designs.
G.T.: Yes. I know.
T.T.: Wanna talk about it?
G.T.: With you? No!! That's like...
That's like talking to him about it which is like really jumping the gun I think.
T.T.: What better chance is there to try talking about it than with a stunt double for your hyper-aggressive suitor within the safety and privacy of your own mind?
G.T.: But I can't yet! I just can't.
There are some feelings I'm not sure how to put into words yet and doing it in front of you whether you're a stunt double or brain puppet or whatever it just makes me feel uncomfortable!
T.T.: So there are feelings you don't want to try to put into words, even while you are dwelling entirely within the realm of your own mind?
G.T.: Yes.
What is so hard to understand about that?
T.T.: What about the spider ghost?
G.T.: Huh?
T.T.: The girl you saw.
When you got fucking clobbered by Dirk's robot and you passed out.
You dreamed about a spider ghost alien girl.
G.T.: Oh yeah.
What about her?
T.T.: You like her.
G.T.: Man what?
That's dumb i saw her for three seconds and she waved at me and i woke up!
T.T.: Yeah, and it took all of three seconds for you to fall in love with the cute spider ghost.
G.T.: Why do you keep calling her a ghost??
T.T.: Cause she's been dead for a zillion years, dude.
G.T.: Oh. Well.
Holy shit?
T.T.: That won't change the fact that you like her, let's not pretend it will.
You're going to make things complicated for yourself.
G.T.: No i wont.
T.T.: Yeah you will. You're too fuckin' wishy washy.
Between Dirk, spider ghost, Jane...
Man, poor Jane.
G.T.: What? What about jane?
T.T.: You tell me.
What was even the deal with that?
G.T.: Our last chat ended on very pleasant and amicable terms! She was upbeat and chipper as ever. I fail to see what reason one might have to feel sorry for her.
Really handled that conversation like a champ.
G.T.: Wait... didnt i?
T.T.: Look out bitches. It's Jake "Casanova Ladyslayer" English. He's packing heat, and is frequently able to parse the literal meaning of things women say.
G.T.: What are you getting at!
T.T.: We're running out of time.
She'll be here soon.
G.T.: Jane?!
T.T.: No, doofus.
Spider ghost.
G.T.: Whoa......
Whoa ok.
Where? Wait. She is??
Oh fuck.
T.T.: Look at you. I'm telling you.
Three damn seconds of ogling an alien in a blue dress, and you're completely hopeless.
Stop fidgeting around like that. Your hair looks fine.
Do you want me to tell you how your breath smells?
G.T.: Screw you!!!
I am cool as Such a cucumber.
T.T.: Ok then.
G.T.: Uh.
Why does my breath not smell ok?
T.T.: You're dreaming, Jake.
Your breath is only a thing if your brain wants it to be.
G.T.: Oh okay whew. When is she coming? Why is she visiting my dreams?
T.T.: Soon.
She's been waiting for the right time to enter. Waiting for you to snap out of the memory. Clearly the girl has the patience of a saint.
G.T.: Alright...
Dang! Its warm in this dream bubble. How can i be sweating in a dream?? Where do i keep the dream towels...
T.T.: Will you calm the fuck down?
I'm a figment of your imagination, and you're still making me nervous.
G.T.: But really who is she? What's her deal and what does she want from me? Since all this so called untapped potential in my subconscious taking the form of yet another sassy dirk clone seems to know everything would it be ok if i troubled my own brain for a few flipping answers???
T.T.: You should try to be more polite to me. Seeing as I am a representation of your entire mind, I have complete control over all your basic functions. I could trigger a particularly spirited bowel movement right before she gets here, so watch your step.
G.T.: Augh no no no im sorry im sorry dont!
T.T.: Just kidding, dude. Jesus. I would never make you shit your pants in front of a girl you liked, even if she does happen to be my chief competition.
We Dirk splinters can be pretty Machiavellian but we do actually have some fuckin' standards.
G.T.: Okay. Thank you for promising to keep my trousers tidy.
T.T.: Anyway, she's visiting now to bring you into the loop on some things. Important details you should know about your relation to the bigger picture. The much, much bigger picture.
G.T.: I still dont understand how you know... or excuse me My Brain knows this stuff. Because im a page? How does that make sense?
And also if you know the things she will say why dont you just tell me the things?
T.T.: Intuition and the subconscious mind are powerful things when harnessed the right way. As for why I don't tell you, why not just let her tell you?
You're the one with the damn crush on her.

Next

[Image description: Jake and Brain Ghost Dirk trade places and Jake shouts. The branches are even larger and now Aranea stands on the one that comes on from the right side of the room.]

pesterlog
G.T.: Ok dude shes here shooosh!
T.T.: I know.
G.T.: Oh man. Ummmm...
T.T.: What the fuck are you looking at me for?
Say something to her, jackass.
G.T.: Okay i will i will youre distracting me though! Can you scoot over a bit?
T.T.: Oh my god. Fine.
G.T.: Hi there! Welcome! Er...
Dont mind him hes just a brain clone of my best friend. I know that sounds crazy. Heh.
T.T.: Bro, she can't even see or hear me.
You're making a fool of yourself.
G.T.: Wait she cant? Why didnt you tell me that!!! You are really throwing me off here.
T.T.: I don't know, I guess I didn't think you were going to have a neurotic meltdown at the sight of a girl.
G.T.: I thought you were supposed to know stuff like that seeing as you are Literally My Brain!
T.T.: God dammit, will you just chillax and woo this fucking ghost babe?
G.T.: How can I chillax when you keep talking to me its really disconcerting!!!!!
T.T.: You are totally embarrassing yourself, dude. You're talking to nobody.
Man, I'm starting to feel bad for spider ghost. Look at her, she's getting uncomfortable.
G.T.: Shhhh just shut up I can't think!
T.T.: You are being so lame, I don't care if I'm a figment of your imagination or not, I can't take this bullshit.
Either you get your shit together and put the moves on this dead space vixen or I start fucking with your cortex and make you pop a dream boner.
G.T.: oh god no dont you dare!!!!!!!!
T.T.: you don't think I'll do it?
G.T.: no please please please do not give me a boner dirk!!!
next stop, boner city.
G.T.: so that was the plan all along???
to give me a boner???
T.T.: And you
...
...
...
...
Got one.
G.T.: you mother fucker!
oh...
oh tee hee a false alarm I see very funny cool guy!
I think you are full of shit!
youre bluffing you dont even have the power to give me a phantasmal erection!
T.T.: jake, please.
members of the juggalo party aren't the only ones who can pitch a big tent.
G.T.: then go ahead! Make my fucking day!
im ready for you. You think im afraid? Ill take your boner magic like a man!
im not ashamed! I will stand tall and proud at full mast in front of this pretty alien!
do your worst you bastard!!!!!
T.T.: this is so stupid.
you are out of your mind. And this is coming from your mind itself.
I can't even watch this, I'm out of here.
G.T.: well good riddance to ironic hipster douchewad rubbish is what I have to say about that!
T.T.: I wonder what Jack's up to right now.
G.T.: WHAT?
I mean... what? Whos jack?
T.T.: Just talk to the girl, ok?
You have some damage control to do.

Jack: Start Jailbreak Adventure.

[Image description: Jack Noir stands in a prospitian jail cell. The back wall has a square, barred window with the sill at eye height on Jack and a decorative trim along the bottom. There's a black key on the floor next to a small, golden transportalizer.]
You wake up locked in a deserted jail cell, completely alone. There is nothing at all in your cell, useful or otherwise.

Jack: Attempt to pry open window.

[Image description: Nothing changes.]

There are no objects around with which to "pry open window".

Look at that. This frame is precisely identical to the previous frame. You advanced nothing whatsoever with that dumb idea.

Do you realize this adventure is nearing 5000 panels? And now we have to watch you flounder around in a jail cell for god knows how long? Exactly how many panels do you want this to go on for? Over 9000? Nobody wants that. Nobody even wants to hear the phrase "over 9000."

You need to begin making better decisions if you want to escape.

Jack: Get key.

[Image description: Jack stands next to the key and glares down at it.]

What did you not understand about the statement, "There is nothing at all in your cell, useful or otherwise."

There is no key.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the key and Jack uses one finger to smudge part of it.]

It is an extremely crude drawing of a key on the floor. Really, the drawing is so bad, it's ridiculous to think that some prankster thought it would fool you, which it did. Whoever drew this key clearly was employing the most primitive drawing tools available.

You are obviously being fucked with in this stupid jail cell. You expect that you will continue to be fucked with, and it makes you wish you could stab something.

Jack: Get pumpkin.

[Image description: Jack looks up as a pumpkin appears on the transportalizer.]

What fucking pumpkin. There is no pumpkin. Once again, there is nothing at all in your cell, useful or oh god dammit.

Ok, a pumpkin appears. You guess it must be feeding time for the prisoners. These Prospitian jails are like luxury suites compared to the penal system on Derse. Should be the softest time you ever did.

Jack: Consume pumpkin.

[Image description: Jack sneers and sticks out his tongue while making a disgusted expression. He's missing a few teeth.]

What a horrible idea. You don't eat fresh produce. The thought is revolting to you. What do you think these sharp teeth are for? Or, what's left of them at least.
You'll have to make a note to file a protest with your lawyer. Complain of cruel and unusual treatment. Their coddling criminal justice system will undoubtedly see to it you are given some proper meat to consume. Perhaps a prime cut of filet mignon, as if you are a guest of honor. What a bunch of powder puffs, with all their namby pamby morals and compassion. This kingdom makes you sick.

Jack: Look out window.

[Image description: Jack stands on top of the decorative trim and looks through the window.]

You step up on the little curby thing to get a better look outside. Can't make a plan without getting your bearings.

Next

[Image description: Jack grips the bars and stares out of his window, which is rimmed with red and positioned above a small awning lined with spikes. Four pillars hold the awning up from a short walkway. At the other end of the walkway, there is a Prospitian guard in front of a red door.]

A lone sentry is on duty below. You shout a few obscenities his way. You wonder aloud what a guy has to do to get a decent meal around here. Hey, you're Talking to that guy. It's no use though. He ignores you.

Just look at that stoic face. The unshakeable discipline. The stalwart sense of duty and pride. This is what it means to be a member of the Prospitian Royal Guard.

What a load of shit, you grumble to yourself, but loud enough for him to hear.

Jack: Inspect pumpkin.

[Image description: Jack steps away from the window and kicks the pumpkin.]

That guy won't be of any use. You doubt you could even manage to lure him into your pissing radius, magnificent though it is.

You give the pitiful gourd a little kick. A terrible thought occurs to you. What if you have no choice but to eat this awful thing? You can't let it come to that. You have to get out of here.

Hold on, what's that...

Jack: Take a closer look.

[Image description: He holds the pumpkin. A message is carved into it. Please look inside! (Club symbol)]

Eureka. Droll you beautiful bastard.

Looks like he snuck something inside the pumpkin to help you escape. Probably a bomb. You are going to have to remember to give him a promotion when you get out of here. Or at least reduce his daily newspaper floggings.

Need to think of a way to get the bomb out of there. Can't just smash it with your foot, or it might explode and take your leg off. Too bad they confiscated your knives or you could slice the thing open neatly. Maybe even carve a funny face into it. Heh heh, you bet you're the first guy who ever thought of doing that.
Jack: Search for carving apparatus.

[Image description: Jack looks through the window again. A smaller image within the main one shows him looking out of the window and spotting the spikes.]

Hang on. You remember seeing some pointy things just outside the window.

Luckily both kingdoms are totally covered in pointy things. Can't swing a dead cat without impaling it on one.

Jack: Take pointy thing.

[Image description: Jack reaches through the bars and snaps off the top of one of the spikes.]

You snap off a golden pointy thing. Should be sharp enough to do the trick.

Jack: Carve pumpkin.

[Image description: He carves the top off of the pumpkin.]

It slices through the meat of the vegetable like a sharp spire through thick squash. This is working so well. Who the hell needs a trusty knife when you are this resourceful? Screw knives!

You take it back, you can't stay mad at knives.

Jack: Open it.

[Image description: He grabs the stem and lifts the top off. Pumpkin guts and seeds cling to it.]

You can taste your liberation already. You can't wait to hear the sweet ticking of the bomb that is definitely in there. That will be the sound of freedom, you decide.

You pull off the lid to reveal...

Next

[Image description: There's so many knives inside it, along with a purple note.]

A whole bunch of knives.

Next

[Image description: Jack holds up the note, which is stamped with C.D.'s face and says 'you're welcome'.]

God Damn it, Droll.

Next

[Image description: Jack stares down at the pumpkin. A thought bubble behind him shows C.D. doing a jig with an umbrella while surrounded by spinning knives. He's labeled 'So. Dumb.'.]

He's not the sharpest tool in the shed. Although now that you think about it, he might be by default, since he just sent you all the sharpest tools in the shed.

Oh well, you can probably get some use out of these. You've never once been disappointed to receive a pumpkin full of knives, and you're not about to make an exception.
Jack: Empty pumpkin on floor.

[Image description: Jack stares down at the pile of knives on the floor. There's a Terrier Fancy magazine on top of the pile.]

You take a quick inventory of the smuggled contraband.

Hold on. Looks like he snuck something else in the pumpkin under all the knives. Something... compromising.

Jack: Examine compromising material.

[Image description: Jack glares down at the magazine, which shows a fancy Yorkie with a red ribbon in its fur. It has an advertisement that says 'Join Club Yorkie today!' and a C.D. 'you're welcome' stamp.]

The Droll knows what it's like spending long, cold nights alone in the clink. A man needs a little reading material to keep him company, if you know what he means.

If your skin wasn't made of polished jet black carapace, your cheeks would be turning bright red. No one can ever know about this. You must destroy the evidence. Or disguise it somehow.

Jack: Forge blade out of illicit literature.

[Image description: Jack holds a knife made of the magazine. A second image shows it laying on the floor next to the fake key and pumpkin top.]

None shall be the wiser. It is the perfect crime.

When you bust out of prison, you should be locked right back up again because of how perfect this crime is.

Jack: Throw a knife down there to get that guy's attention.

[Image description: Jack throws the knife and it strikes the guard between his shoulders.]

That should get the guy's attention.

Next

[Image description: He falls over.]

Unfortunately it only keeps his attention until he dies, which is almost instantly.

You need to come up with a better plan. While you would argue that random stabbings are their own reward, they aren't getting you any closer to escape.

Jack: Examine exit.

[Image description: Jack stands next to a metal door with a small, barred window in it.]

That door is locked tight. You're going to need a key to open it. Preferably one that isn't horribly drawn on the floor to taunt you.

Jack: Knock on door.
Maybe if you knock hard enough, in just the right way, at just the right time...

Wait for it... wait for it...

Wait, no. Not yet.

Wait for it...

Wait...

...

Jack: Now.

Your clumsy fist accidentally flies through the bars, knocking out a passer-by. Keys from his keyring jangle on the floor.

Next

It's quite possible one of those keys will unlock your door. But they are all well out of reach now.

What next, genius?

Jack: Use knife to snag one of the keys on the floor.

You see if a knife can adequately lengthen your reach. But it's no use! They're still just outside of your modest slashing radius.

Next

No dice. Need a different approach.

Wait a minute. Another guard notices your unauthorized tomfoolery and radios for backup.

Jack: Beckon other guard over.

He looks none too pleased by your misbehavior. This will surely result in reduced rations. You can expect to find a slightly smaller pumpkin in your cell come Skaia rise, mister.

You keep beckoning him. Just a little closer. A little closer...
Jack: Convince second guard to pick up keys for you.

[Image description: Jack reaches his arm through the bars and grabs the guard by the head. With his other arm, he stabs him repeatedly as he flails.]

You use a little "persuasion" to see if you can get him too... Jack, no!!!

That is not how you convince someone to do something. You're supposed to save the stabbing until AFTER you intimidate him into doing what you want! How exactly is a dead guy supposed to pick up some keys for you?!

Next

[Image description: Jack pulls his arms back into his cell and a third guard rounds the corner. He looks surprised to see the two corpses.]

Real smooth, Jack. What's the plan now? To bury the keys under a growing pile of torsos? This is turning out to be the second shittiest jailbreak attempt anyone has ever seen.

Jack: Look around room.

[Image description: Jack stands in the corner on the left side of his cell. There is another small transportalizer, but this one has a large blue button with a triangle fractal on the wall next to it.]

The only remaining thing in the room worth noting is in the other corner of your cell. Just a transport pad prisoners are supposed to use as a waste receptacle. These were decommissioned in Derse prisons a long time ago. Too many prisoner suicides, and severed heads showing up in the waste bins. None of those auto-decapitations were authorized with the right paperwork, so privileges had to be suspended.

You hear the door open and slam shut. Someone else is in your cell.

Jack: Welcome guest.

[Image description: A very large Prospitian stands just inside the cell door and glares at Jack while smacking a police baton against his palm.]

Looks like the sentry phoned downstairs for a little muscle. It's one of the regulator lugs they use to keep the gen pop in line. This guy has an itchy baton wrist and that look in his eye you know all too well. He's not leaving this room until one of you is good and bloody.

Jack: Be the other guy.

[Image description: The dead guard on the walkway continues to lay on the ground, now with a red circle around him and a red arrow pointing to him. A second image zooms in on him.]

You attempt to be this guy down here but you can't be this guy down here because he's dead.

But it does serve as a convenient cutaway for the vicious beating that is currently taking place in your cell. We don't need to be watching that kind of prison brutality. We take our sweet time looking at this dead body while terrible noises can be heard from your prison window.

Ok that should be long enough. You can stop being this guy now.

Jack: Stop being that guy.
You stop being the other guy in time for us to see that you have just finished quickly and cleanly subduing the...

Jack.

Jack, the man is dead. Stop that.

Jack.

Jack.

Jack.

Jack.

Jack: Apologize to guard's body.

You start to feel sorry for stabbing that guy with 7 knives in the back and bashing his face into the door 89 times. Well, maybe not all 89 times. For the first 88 you felt pretty good. But by the 89th face bashing, you were definitely starting to feel pretty sorry.

And by sorry, you guess you mean bored.

Anyway, you mutter something under your breath that could EASILY sound like an apology to someone who wasn't listening very well.

Jack: Give guy a proper funeral.

Whatever the state of your contrition might be, there can be no question about it. A man dedicated to royal service deserves a proper and dignified funeral.

However, since there is no casket in your cell that is nearly big enough for this lug's hefty torso, you will have to improvise.

Jack: Seek alternative casket.

You sever the guard's head with your most trusted of all trusty knives, and begin sizing up that hollowed pumpkin.

It will definitely be snug, but you think you can make it fit.

Jack: Make it fit.

You don't care what anyone says. You say this pumpkin was MADE for this fucker's melon. Fits like a damn glove.
Jack: Close it up.

[Image description: The pumpkin's top now sits on top of the head inside the pumpkin. It doesn't fit and sits at an angle.]

Perfect. A textbook burial for a man of honor and distinction.

The sacrifices made by our public servants don't get anywhere near the respect they deserve, you think.

Jack: Bring casket over to receptacle.

[Image description: Jack stands by the other transportalizer with the head-filled pumpkin at his side.]

His funeral will not be complete without a proper sendoff.

But a stinking garbage dump is no place for the head of a brave soldier to rest. No, you must first make some modifications to the device. Doing hard time behind bars will motivate a man to learn a trick or two when it comes to systems like this.

Jack: Pry open panel with knife.

[Image description: Jack looks into the now open panel and sees a tangle of green and red wires.]

You open it up and switch a few wires around. There. Now instead of a nasty old pile of rotting pumpkin matter, the destination should be the throne room of the Prospitian palace! Surely the queen will want to be alerted to the noble sacrifice of this brave warrior so that arrangements can be made to honor the hero.

Jack: Send him off.

[Image description: The pumpkin sits on the transportalizer, then vanishes in a white flash.]

Next

[Image description: The head-filled pumpkin sits on the red carpet in front of the White Queen's throne. A second image zooms in on the message on the pumpkin. The please has been scratched out and the club has been modified. It now says 'Look inside (spade)'

Next

[Image description: Jack stares at the transportalizer in the corner. After a moment, he turns towards the door with a shocked expression.]

You hear the door open again, followed by the sound of surly footsteps. Could it be that another glutton for a good face bashing has decided to visit your cell?

Jack: Greet visitor.

[Image description: He bares his teeth at nine more identical, burly guards, who smack their batons against their palms in unison.]

Ah. You see. It appears there are quite a few said gluttons this time. Settle down, gentlemen. There are more than enough face bashings to go around.
Jack: Quick, be the other guy again.

You be the other guy again while they beat you senseless.

Other guy: Be Jake.

Suddenly you aren't the other guy anymore. You couldn't quite be the other guy anyway since he's dead, even though deadness hasn't really stopped us from being guys before.

Nevertheless, the dead guy starts being Jake, who is not a dead guy. Well, his dream self is dead. But his non-dead non-dream self isn't, and that's the guy we're being, a guy who is asleep. That non-dead sleeping guy is presently talking to a non-sleeping dead ancient spider ghost, who long ago earned the achievement badge, Gift of Gab, and boy does she know how to use it.

Jake: Attempt to get a gab in edgeways.

dialoglog

Aranea: Well, Jake? Don't you have anything to say?
Jake: ...
Aranea: I think I've spent enough time introducing myself! You have hardly said a word. It would be nice to know whether my long story has confounded you in any particular way, or if you are just being shy.
Jake: Uh...
Aranea: Yes?
Jake, I understand this is very much to learn all at once, but do you really want me to keep speaking until I am blue in the face?
Jake: ...
Gulp!
Aranea: You appear to be perspiring heavily. There is no reason to be so nervous, especially considering you are only dreaming.
Jake: Shit!
Sorry. I dont know where i put the dream towels.
Aranea: It's ok. Well, at the risk talking about myself a little more, I feel it would be dishonest not to confess.
Jake: What?
Aranea: I am a fairly gifted psychic.
Jake: Whoa really?
Aranea: Yes.
Jake: Like you can see the future?
Are they ghost powers or troll powers? Or wait shucks thats a dumb sounding question.
Aranea: No, that was a fine question. They're troll powers. Sometimes those of my blood type will have them naturally.
And no, they are not prognosticative abilities. They let me access another's mind in a way that can be terribly invasive if abused.
Jake: Invasive?
Aranea: Yes. Including the ability to control minds, when exploited fully.
Jake: Uh oh.
Aranea: but don't worry. They don't seem to work the same way on your species. They're considerably weaker.
The most I can do is get an empathic impression of your emotional state.
So if I speculate that you are shy or nervous, it is because I can sense that you are.
Jake: Aw man you're kidding!
So much for trying to be cool I guess.
Although I probably blew that when you saw me yelling at nobody about boners and stuff.
Aranea: I wouldn't say you blew it, but that was certainly odd.
Who were you talking to, if you don't mind my asking?
Jake: That was like...
The brain ghost memory splinter of my best friend dirk who is stuck in my head and you can't see.
And he was kinda hassling me and trying to get me to talk to him about how his real self has a thing for me but I kind of think it would be weird to talk to his brain impostor about that? At least for now.
And then you showed up and you caught me at an awkward moment where he was threatening to make some bodily functions happen in front of you as a joke which would have been embarrassing as all blasted heck.
But now it turns out you can read my mind too so I'm surrounded by brain invaders!
You seem cool Aranea but uh when am I going to wake up?
Aranea: I am not a brain invader though!
I said I can only sense your emotions. I think it's polite to let people know before long. Otherwise I begin to feel a bit underhanded.
Jake: Ok. I guess that's not too bad.
I think I can keep my feelings buttoned up. That is what strong and adventurous gentlemen do I think. They keep a stiff upper lip even on the inside. That way they are never embarrassed and feel slightly more brave about stuff.
Aranea: but you don't have to! That was not the point of my telling you.
I'm used to sensing many things from people. There aren't any feelings you could have that would be surprising to me or compromising to you.
I really just want you to relax for the brief time we have in this bubble and talk to me.
Jake: Um gotcha.
But what should I talk about?
Aranea: Well, I have spent almost no time examining this iteration of your universe.
The gods have given me very little access to it through the memories of others until now.
I believe they are finally beginning to bridge the divides between long estranged compartments of reality, allowing previously uninitiated parties to mingle.
Those from different universes, both their initial iterations and their scratched reboots. Those from different spheres, ones of creative potential and of mortality.
Through us all they attempt to bring closure to unsanctioned loops and restore stability to the cosmos.
So I am curious about you and your friends. What is your life like?
Jake: My life?
I wish I could say it was more interesting but it's actually been a mite lackluster.
There are monsters but I try to stay away from them to tell you the truth.
It's mostly just me sitting around here watching movies and stuff and sometimes polishing firearms.
Guns are sweet. So are movies heh. This is a terrible story.
Aranea: I understand. The same is mostly true for myself.
I can sense that you are either very impressed or in some way intimidated by me, but when it comes down to the basics, a description of my life would be boring as well.
Why don't you show me around?
Jake: Show you around my room? Yes ok.
Well. There are some guns. Like i said guns are great. There is a whole mess of movie posters on the wall. You probably never heard of any of them being a dead alien and such.

Aranea: Nope. (smiley face with eight eyes)
Jake: And...
I dont know. Theres a desk which i use to work on silly projects. And thats my bed i guess.
Ummmm and...
Jake: Hmm what else.
Dirk: Dude, just FYI, you've been kind of staring at her.
Jake: (What? Shh!)
Aranea: What was that?
Jake: Nothing!
Dirk: I'm not trying to fuck you up here, I promise. But you gotta watch what you're thinking, remember?
Jake: (Go away!!)
Dirk: Oh man. No. See that thought you just had? That's exactly what I'm talking about. She's a fucking empath, bro. She can pick up on shit like that.
Jake: (Shhhhh not listening to you.)
Aranea: Jake?
Jake: Nothing! Its cool. Im...
Dirk: You have got to be kidding. Did you seriously just think something THAT dirty? You must be doing this on purpose to spite me now. I mean, just wow dude. That was x-rated as fuck.
Jake: (No no stop. See youre talking about it and now i cant help it!)
(You are psyching me into having dirty thoughts get fucking lost you interloping brain douche!!)
Dirk: Don't worry, I'm gone. It's like a goddamn peep show in here and I feel like a sleazy piece of shit watching this from a dark corner of your mind. You have a graphic imagination, English. I'm kind of impressed.
Jake: (Shut up theyre just thoughts its not even like im trying to have them they dont mean anything!)
Aranea: Hmm.
Aranea: Should I leave and come back during another dream?
Jake: No!!!

Next

[Image description: Aranea holds one of the Spider-Girl comics and Jake reaches out to try to take it from her. He looks embarrassed.]

dialoglog
Aranea: Ok then.
What's this? An illustrated story of some sort?
Jake: Oh hey whoa!
Lets not worry about that its nothing really. Here give me that ok?
Aranea: Why are you getting flustered about this literature?
Is it pornographic?
It does not strike me as indecent at a glance. Though maybe our cultures have different standards?
Jake: Hahaha what? No its not that at all its just...
I dunno its just a nerdy comic i read its no big deal. Theres GOT to be other stuff to talk about lets see...
Aranea: Jake.
Jake: Huh?
Aranea: You know, it's not the first time I've sensed that someone felt a flushed attraction for me.
Jake: A flushed whatsit!!
Oh my flipping gosh…

Next

[Image description: Aranea smiles and Jake turns away, hiding his face in his hands. The branches have grown into a canopy and sunlight streams through it.]

dialoglog
Aranea: You really don't have to be so embarrassed. It's perfectly ok.
Jake: Aaaaargh oh god oh god you sensed my stupid sexy thoughts i KNEW it.
God DAMN you bogus brain strider!
Jake: Someone needs to just kill me. Or at least make me wake up! This is so humiliating i dont even...
Can you please just slap me really hard? If not in retribution for my ungentlemanly train of thought then at least just get me to wake up and save me from my own ceaseless buffoonery.
Aranea: Actually I do believe it would be within the scope of my abilities to get you to wake up. but do you really want me to do that?
Jake: Um... maybe?
Aranea: If it is true that you think I am attractive then why wouldn't you want to spend a little more time here with me? What's the harm?
Are you really in such a hurry to leave and feel sorry for yourself, for no explicable reason?
Jake: Well...
No.
Aranea: I already told you, Jake.
I am used to sensing many different types of feelings.
It's given me a different perspective on emotions than most have.
For most, the feelings of others are often a mystery. So they are prone to speculation and paranoia about the motivations of people they meet.
The emotions of others can seem like such well guarded mysteries, people begin to believe that's how their own emotions should be treated as well. So when someone can read their thoughts easily it feels like a violation.
but to one accustomed to reading those thoughts, there isn't the same perception of violation or secrecy. It's more like examining other self evident facts about a person, like taking note of their appearance.
It's still hard for non-psychics to understand this though, even if you explain it to them. It can lead to some awkward relationships, unfortunately.
Jake: I imagine it would.
So...
You've sensed it when other fellas have had the hots for you eh?
Aranea: Fellows, yes. And ladies. It's happened.
Jake: Yowza!
You must've been popular i guess.
Aranea: Haha! Oh no. No, not really.
The fact that I've been the fleeting object of attraction to a handful really paints the wrong social picture I'm afraid.
Jake: That is hard to believe.
Aranea: It's my experience that people very often underestimate their own likability. I sense that feeling all the time.
Probably because they're in the dark about others' thoughts. They are usually in doubt, so they frequently err on the side of pessimism.
In many cases they would be surprised if they knew how many around them were open to friendship, or possibly something more. I would venture that if you had such a sense you even might be surprised yourself!

Jake: Ha! That's a laugh. I am quite sure my only suitor is my best bro and even then he is such a jumbled stupid puzzle of unfathomable ironies im not even sure about THAT half the time. I wish i had your powers that would be top notch. Id be parked on the corner of relationship lane and EASY STREET. I could kick back in my eligible bachelors limousine and never fuck up or ever say anything awkward like i have been doing non stop so far in this dream.

Aranea: Let's not get carried away. That certainly does not describe my experience. You would think being able to sense the occasional attraction from others would be advantageous, and inspire confidence in yourself. And it is nice when that happens, sure. But then, you feel the negative emotions directed at you as well. And even if they are less common than the positive ones, you have a way of dwelling on them, and magnifying them far beyond their real significance. It's funny how an ability that should give you all the advantages in the world over others can lead you to feel worse about yourself than if you never had them. You put all your energy into thinking about people with the bad feelings about you instead of the good, and you try your best to fix things. But usually it just gets worse. People think you are overbearing and needy, and they don't understand what it is you want from them. I can see why it can drive some with my abilities to abuse the powers. Fortunately I was able to resist the temptation.

Jake: So there are people on your planet who do that?

Aranea: On the world I was from, it was rare. Only a few criminals and outcasts would. But in the second iteration I mentioned, it was commonplace. Like I said, things were very different.

In my world though, the higher castes have a lot of responsibilities. It wouldn't be right to abuse my powers.

Jake: So you were in a higher caste because of the hemospectrum thing you mentioned?

Aranea: Ah, so you were listening to my lengthy preamble!

Jake: I heard all of it!

I was just um... well go on.

Aranea: Yes. blue bloods like myself were higher than most. The job of each blood caste was to serve the needs of all those below it. We were to use our progressively greater longevity and wisdom to help the lower castes learn and grow. To listen to them and try to provide whatever they were missing. Like a hierarchy of caretakers with increasing social responsibility. When the order functioned in harmony our civilization would flourish.

Jake: That is sure a neat sounding science fiction utopia. Wait duh i mean science reality. But then it all went to shit because of that meddlesome demon?

Aranea: Yes.

Jake: The demon you say im supposed to defeat?

Aranea: Yes.

Jake: Hang on. Would that be the same demon im named after?

Aranea: Who told you that?

Jake: Uh...

I guess technically my own brain did?
Aranea: That's interesting.
I wasn't planning on mentioning that. Or at least not just yet.
Jake: Why?
Aranea: There's no reason to prematurely overcomplicate an already complicated tale.
All facts will fall into place in due time.
Jake: Yeah.
But its true right?
Aranea: More or less.

Next

[Image description: They look at each other. The branches almost fill the background. Only the bed, stairs, and space between them remain of Jake's room.]

dialoglog
Jake: Can you tell me anything more about this demon?
All i know is he might be a skull monster.
Wait he is a skull monster right?
Aranea: He most certainly is a skull monster.
A very big and angry skull monster.
Jake: Yessss. Ok but...
I feel like i should know more about him if im supposed to kill him.
Aranea: I didn't say you were supposed to kill him.
He cannot be killed.
Long ago he discovered the secret to indestructibility.
Jake: Oh...
Aranea: Defeating a foe doesn't always involve killing.
He has had many incarnations in many universes.
If you continue on your journey for long enough, you may encounter one of them.
And if you have become strong enough by then, you may be able to defeat him in combat.
And if that comes to pass, it would be the first defeat he has ever known.
You would be providing the first glimmer of hope to others that some day, he could be destroyed.
Jake: So... you are saying i could do all this?
Or that i will?
Aranea: For now, I'm saying that we should get going soon, if you would like to meet the others before you wake up.
Jake: Who?
Aranea: Is there anything else you wanted to show me before we go?
I didn't mean to get us sidetracked like that.
Jake: Ummm.
Nah just some more boring junk.
There are these fanciful branches but i dunno where they came from.
I suspect dream sorcery.
Aranea: They are from someone else's memory.
Jake: Are they from a wizards memory?
Aranea: Ha ha. No!
Jake: Oh.
Well I guess i could show you around outside.
There is a jungle out there full of tremendous beasts.
Aranea: Not anymore.

Next
dialoglog
Jake: Son of a bitch! More fancy branches.
Aranea: This way!
Jake: What is this realm of limitless wonder?
Dirk: Realm of limitless wonder?
God dammit, Jake.
Jake: (Sh!)
Aranea: It was my planet.
Jake: Its great. Everything is so amazing!
Who would have thunk you could have such crackerjack adventures in your dreams that are basically real instead of imaginary?
Aranea: Yep!
Jake: Or for that matter...
That you could meet such neat people along the way.
Dirk: Your thoughts are wandering again, man.
Jake: (Sh!)
That gross mushy thought right there.
Are you even paying attention?
Jake: (No sh.)
Dirk: We've already been through this you hopeless rube.
You might as well be saying it out loud to her.
So why don't you?
Jake: (Maybe i will wise guy!)
Dirk: I mean, she is pretty hot.
Jake: (Yeah i know!!)
(Now shushhhhhhhh.)
Aranea: Jake, it wouldn't work between us.
Jake: Huh?
Aranea: I'm dead.
Jake: Yes. Right.
Aranea: Perhaps if you died too.
Although, maybe not after too long?
I don't know how I would feel about that if you were a lot older than me.
Dirk: Man, what the fuck?
Aranea: Although technically I am already so much "older" than you....... It would just be kind of strange if you were physically my senior by any significant margin, you know?
Dirk: This is a weird fucking train of thought. Can you tell her that?
Jake: (No!)
Dirk: I'm going to make you have a seizure and get you to mime the message to her with your spastic gyrations.
Pelvic thrusts will be my exclamation points.
Jake: (Screw you!)
(You heard her i totally have a shot hehehe!)
Aranea: What?
Jake: *Cough* uh go on.
Aranea: but I wouldn't want that to happen.
Jake: What to happen?
Aranea: For you to die soon.
I want you to succeed at your quest, and to live a long and happy life!
Dirk: Man.
I'm gonna come out and say it.
This broad is a total snore.
Jake: Yeah right bro did you hear that at least if i kick the bucket early there will be shall i say a silver lining wink wink nudge nudge.
It will take the form of some spooky smooches from a smokin ghostly troll babe so shut your jealous trap!
Aranea: (confused face with eight eyes)
Jake: Wait.
Oh dear.
How uh...
How loud was i talking just then?
Dirk: You were pretty much yelling.
Aranea: (winking face with eight eyes)
Jake: Augh!
Dirk: If I were real I would be giving you a standing ovation right now.
5 out of 5 hats.
Jake: God.
Ok just.
Pretend to forget that maybe?
Dirk: Not a chance.
Jake: Not you! Her!!
Aranea: Her? Who?
Me?
Jake: Sigh.
Why dont you just tell me where were going.
Next

[Image description: Aranea leads Jake along a winding branch, which stretches up into the sky and towards the pink moon of Alternia.]

dialoglog
Aranea: I've gathered a small group of travelers for a meeting.
They are briefly passing through this bubble. I was hoping we could introduce ourselves to one another, and help orient an old friend of mine to the afterlife.
Jake: Ok.
Who is your friend?
Another troll?
Aranea: She was supposed to be the empress of all trolls, actually.
Jake: Wow.
So she died before she could be the empress i guess?
Aranea: Not exactly, since she probably never would have been regardless.
She didn't want the job.
Jake: Why not?
Aranea: Remember how I said each class had a duty to take care of the younger and more populous classes lower on the order?
Well, hers was the highest of all.
She was the only one on the planet with such royal blood, aside from the sitting empress.
As the heiress, she was meant for a position of incredible responsibility. Once she claimed the throne, she would have to serve for many thousands of years, until the next successor was ready.

Jake: That's a hell of a long time.
I guess she wasn't into that?

Aranea: She had some problems with authority.
She despised the whole social order, really.
I foolishly tried to convince her to honor her obligation, but she wouldn't listen.
She viewed the empress as a glorified slave.
So she abdicated, and fled to the moon to hide.
I was the only one who knew of her plans. The rest of the world searched but never found her.
At the time, I was furious with her. But I didn't turn her in.
Which in retrospect was a key decision that led us here.

Jake: You mean it led to you being dead?

Aranea: Yes, eventually.
While she was there, she discovered an ancient device.
Inside the device was a game.
She became obsessed with playing it, but needed our friends to agree to play first.
She was not well liked by the others though. Old grudges and rivalries made it hard to convince them.
but she is very devious, and knows how to trick people into doing what she wants.
She even got me to agree, by promising she'd return to her place as the heiress when we finished playing.
Needless to say, we had no idea what we were getting ourselves into.

Jake: She sounds like a handful.

Aranea: Yes.
She's not all that bad though.
Well....... When you really get to know her.
And when she's unarmed.
Which is....... pretty much never, now that I think about it.

Jake: ...

Aranea: Ok, she probably is all that bad.
The point is, you have to know how to handle her.
Regal types can be very touchy, even the ones who seem to revel in anarchy.
but if you know all the right things to say and do, she will happily hand over the keys to the kingdom, so to speak.
After all, royalty is royalty.
Just let me do the talking for a while, ok?

Dirk: Did you hear that, Jake? Aranea wants to do the talking.
I think your dead girlfriend might be starting to come out of her shell.

Jake: (Heheheh.)
(Ok that was kinda funny.)

Archagent: Report.

[Image description: Derse hangs in the blackness of the medium.]

The archagent cannot submit the paperwork for his daily report because the archagent is in jail. He was a bit sloppy and got himself pinched by the white shells.

That leaves all his duties to the penultimagent, otherwise known as the Draconian Dignitary. We should bear in mind that penultimagent isn't an officially recognized title though. It's just a word he
thinks sounds kind of cool.

D.D: Report.

[Image description: D.D stands in a large room with incredibly ornate walls. There are three fourth walls in the back, all of which are cut in half. There are two desks. The left one is piled with citations and has a mug and ashtray. The ashtray has a lit cigarette in it. The other desk has a purple grammophone on it.]

The report is that you've got all these reports to fill out which the archagent has been letting pile up, and which you have absolutely no intention of completing. Paperwork's even less your bag than it is his. As was mentioned, the boss is still stuck in the big house. You've got the Droll working on busting him out, but you've said no particular hurry on that. You like to keep a casual administrative style. The boss is always in a hurry, all wound up like a knife wielding top. Personally, you don't see the harm in playing it cool.

Mounting paperwork aside, there's still the matter of this little insurrection to deal with. The boy is still out there, piking heads, agitating subjects, getting everyone hot and bothered. The press is going berserk with it, and you can have only so many reporters killed on any given news cycle. Can't forget about the girl either. She's still out there, going rogue. Wait. You mean awol. That stinkin' pun gets you every time. Puns are even less dignified than paperwork.

D.D: Locate prince.

[Image description: D.D looks at the left fourth wall.]

You can't. By now the kid is up to his goddamn neck in convoluted gothic architecture. He's burrowed fuck deep in flying buttresses and purple pointy things. He even stopped by the boss's Cubicle of Vigilance and sliced up his Fenestrated Walls to make searching for him harder. Cunning bastard.

There used to be a 4th one, but you don't know what happened to it. There was a rumor circulating that some old woman made off with it some time ago, before the new queen took over. Whatever happened, it's nothing to worry about now.

If you want to smoke this kid out of hiding, you'll need some help.

D.D: Seek help.

[Image description: D.D walks along a street somewhere on Derse.]

You already did. You walk to retrieve it, again in no particular hurry.

Earlier you quite calmly and diplomatically explained everything to the old lady, letting her know you could use a little extra firepower to get the situation under control. You were pretty smooth about it, offering to light her cigarette during a calculated pause. And she doesn't even smoke. You're just that good. While you were making your smooth pitch, you did a masterful job of giving her the impression that you didn't care much one way or the other.

But to be fair, you really don't care much one way or the other.

D.D: Retrieve extra firepower.

[Image description: D.D stands on a balcony and looks at a large, bipedal mecha that looks like the drones. It has the fork logo on the front of it and four massive machine guns mounted on top.]
In response, the dame gave you clearance to employ the service of Dronegorg, the flagship battlemech of the imperial fleet she keeps stationed on some other damn planet. You're not sure where it is or what it's called. Hell if that's any of your business.

D.D: Mount Dronegorg and ride into battle.

[Image description: D.D imagines himself sitting inside the mecha. His head pokes out of the top and it looks ridiculous. A second image zooms in on him sitting in the mecha.]

No.

You'd feel completely ridiculous piloting that thing. It's a bad look for you. No style at all.

Next

[Image description: He frowns and imagines C.D. in his massive hat piloting the mecha and flailing around with it. It's labeled Drollgorg!]

Only an utter fool would get a kick out of prancing around in that asinine getup.

It was a classy gesture by the queen, but you told her you'd have to pass.

Next

[Image description: D.D reaches into his jacket.]

But it doesn't do no good to spurn generosity from a beautiful and deadly woman. You thanked her for the kind offer and tactfully brought up an alternative.

See, you tell the boss this is his problem. He's too blunt about his ambitions. Don't get you wrong. It's all well and good for a man to keep his eyes on the prize. But he doesn't always need to step over a thousand corpses and swim across rivers of blood to get there. You remind him there are slicker ways to make your moves, especially when it comes to a lady. Now that you think about it, Slick would be a good ironic nickname for him. Might be good for a laugh, callin' him that. Or it would if you actually ever laughed.

The point is, you have to know how to handle her.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on his hand disappearing into the jacket.]

Regal types can be very touchy, even the ones who seem to revel in anarchy. But if you know all the right things to say and do, she will happily hand over the keys to the kingdom, so to speak.

Next

[Image description: He pulls out a gold ring.]

After all, royalty is royalty.


[Image description: The song Black begins to play. A purple crescent moon fades to a red pentagon with the Betty Crocker fork logo in it. A sepia-toned image of Her Imperious Condescension on a throne vibrates slightly. Jane's land, the Land of Crypts and Helium, eclipses Skaia. It zooms out]
and meteors in the veil take up part of the screen. It zooms out again and a band of meteors crosses a black sky. Derse comes on screen and slowly floats to the center as the meteors fade. The word Derse appears in the bottom right.

The music cuts out with the sound of a scratched disk and a black hand stubs out a cigarette on a record, which was spinning on a purple phonograph. The cigarette leaves a red line on the record.

Next

[Image description: D.D. takes a record out of a green sleeve. The record resembles the one on Dave's shirt and the sleeve has a picture of Eddie Morton on it.]

You're not feeling it. That little number was way too big for its britches. You could just tell it was gonna blast off, and next thing you know is everyone's on their feet cutting a rug, making complete fools of themselves. This ain't no sock hop.

Why does everything have to be so flashy and frenetic? What's the big hurry, anyway?

Sure, you're going to put this ring on. But when you're good and goddamn ready. Maybe do a little reading first, have another smoke. Finish your coffee. Listen to some REAL music. Everybody needs to calm the fuck down.


[Image description: The Eddie Morton sleeve takes up the screen as the animation loads. The needle descends on the new record. I'm A Member of the Midnight Crew (Acapella) begins to play. The music's lyrics are timed with the transitions, so lyrics will be transcribed as well.

I hate a moral coward one
Who lacks a manly spark
I just detest a man afraid
To go home in the dark

It pans over his desk, which is piled high with parking citations for 10,000 boonbucks and a copy of The Gray Ladies newspaper. A gold ring, a coffee cup, and an ashtray sit on top of it.

I always spend my evenings
where there's women, wine, and song

D.D holds a lit cigarette in his mouth and picks up the newspaper. He peruses colorless images of naked ladies laying on furniture and holding flowers over their breasts under headlines like 'No Clothes, No Shame, No Chroma'.

But like a man, I always bring
My little wife along

Ms. Paint kneels next to Hussie's body. His horns and wand sit near him and his blood forms a pool around him with small tendrils curling away from it.

I'm a member of-

Ms. Paint clenches her eyes shut and tears roll down her face.

- the Midnight Crew
A webpage in a Hephaestus browser appears. It's open to m.s. Paint adventures dot com, to the first page of Midnight Crew.

I'm a night owl-

Two other tabs are open- hella blog and SBAHJ. It zooms out and an orange shape appears.

-And a wise bird, too

Davesprite and Jade look at computers in a computer lab on the ship.

Home with the milk in the morning

Equius drinks a glass of milk while Aradiabot watches. He shatters it and scowls while she looks shocked.

Singing the same old song

John, drawn in scribbles, holds the Warhammer of Zillyhoo and sings. It zooms in on his face.

Rise with the moon-

A purple tree branch winds its way towards the pink moon.

-go to bed with the sun

It shows Jake's bedroom with purple branches crossing it, focusing on the white sun on his bedsheets.

Early to bed, and you'll miss all the fun

Jake's waking self lays on the ground, unconscious and drooling.

Bring your wife and trouble, it will never trouble you

Jake and Aranea walk along the purple branch.

Make her a member of the Midnight Crew!

The branch winds over a jagged, rocky landscape and a silhouette of Meenah stares towards the reader. Only her eyes and malicious grin are in color- fuchsia and white.

(Wordless vocalizations)

D.D keeps reading his newspaper. It cuts to various tasteful nudes from within it.

The fun it doesn't stop 'til twelve on happy old Broadway

He sets the lit cigarette in the ashtray and lifts the coffee cup.

So what's the use of going home, until the break of day?

The Condesce, shown only from the hips down, sits on her throne and impatiently shakes her foot.

Now, something confidential-

It shows the body of water Hussie threw Slick into. The mattress floats, but Slick is nowhere to be
whisper not above a breath,

It pans up the side of Hussie's tower

I once went home at two a.m.

Slick's arm grabs onto the ledge at the end of the balcony and he hauls himself up.

and scared my wife to death!

It zooms out and Ms. Paint looks scared.

I'm a member of the Midnight Crew

P.M. flies with her sword out against a background of a blood-splattered spade.

I'm a night owl, and a wise bird too

Bec Noir flies away from her with his sword also out against a background of a bullet-riddled heart.

Home with the milk in the morning

Aurthour offers Slick a glass of milk, which he reaches for. Ms. Paint still stares at him.

Singing the same old song!

Gamzee, drawn with scribbles in his purple outfit with the codpiece, sings while holding the Warhammer of Zillyhoo and a mandolin. A zoomed in image of his face watermarks over it.

Rise with the moon-

Dream Dirk sits on a wall somewhere on Derse, staring off into the distance.

go to bed with the sun

Dream Jane lays on the ground on top of what looks like a fancy manhole cover somewhere on Prospit.

Early to bed-

Hussie tries to hold Slick down in the hospital bed and gets stabbed for his trouble.

and you'll miss all the fun

Three images flash by quickly. Hussie flips Slick's bed off the balcony. Lord English shoots Hussie. Hussie lays on the ground in a pool of blood.

Bring your wife and trouble, it will never trouble you

Dead Hussie offers a gold ring to Vriska, who recoils. He tries to put it on her hand and she draws back.

Make her a member-
She punches him in the face and the ring flips through the air.

-of the Midnight Crew!

He falls over and skids on his face from the force of the punch.

(Wordless vocalization)

The scribbly drawings of John and Gamzee sing with the Warhammers of Zillyhoo overlapping. It zooms in on their faces and they kiss.

I never-

Jane looks disgusted with herself with the 'What the fuck' thought bubble next to her.

-shall forget the night I made six rappers run
Although I didn't-

Dirk stands on his roof, surrounded by drones and holding his sword. An arm falls off one of them where he sliced through it.

-have a knife-

Jack holds a guard against his door and stabs him in the chest.

-a blackjack-

Spades Slick holds the card with the barcode on it from way back in intermission one. A hold has been burned through the barcode.

-or a gun

Hussie throws his pistol at Lord English and it bonks him in the face.

I proved myself a hero of a very high degree…

Roxy holds the appearifier gun and glares up at something. It zooms out and the shadow of several large, spiky drones loom over her.

I ran for home, and six of them were running after me!

She runs away and some of them fire rockets at her. It fades to black.

I'm a member of the Midnight Crew

D.D holds the ring against the table and flicks it so it spins.

I'm a night owl, and a wise bird too

It bounces off the coffee cup, then the ashtray.

Home with-

It continues spinning.

-the milk in the morning
Slick refuses the bottle Hussie tries to feed him.

Singing the same old song!

The gramophone spins, then the sleeve appears. Eddie Morton's eyes flash the colors of billiard balls. Text which flashes the colors of billiard balls takes up the whole screen. It says 'Who's this douchebag' repeatedly and in all caps.

Rise with the moon, go to bed with the sun
Seed pods rain water down on the Land of Crypts and Helium.
Early to bed, and you'll miss all the fun
Jane puts on a white fedora and looks delighted while Lil Seb watches.

Bring your wife and trouble-

It pans over The Condesce's face. The gem on her tiara flashes with a brown taurus symbol in it.
-it will never trouble you
Make her a member of the Midnight-

It pans up her legs, to her lap, where G.Cat lays purring.

-Crew!

A sepia toned picture of the Midnight Crew each playing an instrument shakes slightly. H.B. plays the cello. D.D plays the saxophone. C.D. plays the flute. S.S. plays the piano.

Make her a member of the Midnight Crew!

D.D slowly puts the ring on his finger. It fades to black before he gets it all the way on.]

Next

[Image description: D.D kneels on the ground, surrounded by a purple glow and flashing lights.]

After a lot of bullshitting around, you calmly and casually put on the Ring of Orbs No fold. A phenomenal transformation takes place.

You become...

My God.

You Become...

Next

[Image description: He stands up and looks at the ring on his finger.]

The Draconian Dignitary.

Really, you don't know why everyone's always got to be transforming from things into other things. Taking on these wild appearance modifications just for a little boost in power always struck you as tacky. Where's the class?
It just takes no creativity or guile for these villain types to grab a little power through such outlandish transformations. No imagination at all. You are utterly astounded by how shitty their imagination is. If their imagination was a face you would shoot it.

In the face.

D.D: Unleash awesome powers of ring.

[Image description: D.D vanishes, leaving just the sliced fourth wall in a fancy room.]

Awesome powers? Let's see. You're guessing it can probably make you invisible.

Yep. There you go. Invisible, just like you thought. What else is a magical ring of void gonna do? This is like Magic Rings 101. Real basic stuff.

D.D: Ok, that's cool. Stop being invisible.

[Image description: He reappears.]

You stop being invisible. There's not a lot of style to invisibility. Primarily because nobody gets to see how damn smooth you're being.

It's kind of a pointless power anyway. Some real dimestore parlor trickery that's just a waste of everyone's time. You doubt you'll ever use it again. It's sure not going to help you track down that elusive kid.

But sooner or later he's going to find out it's much harder to outrun the ring's true power.

D.D: Use Red Miles.

[Image description: He holds his hand up in the air and branching red lines that look like tendrils of blood come out of it. He holds up a grey walkie talkie with the other hand and just looks bored.]

The kid can't escape the miles.

Next

[Image description: The red miles expand out and begin stabbing into Derse, fracturing buildings and sending piece of masonry flying out into the void.]

No one can escape the miles.

Jane: Keep looking for dad.

[Image description: Jane, who is so small she's just a handful of pixels, stands on a walkway somewhere on LoCaH. Dad's car sits against one of the rock formations and several trees and mirrored obelisks dot the landscape. A second image zooms in on her and the car. Lil Seb stands behind her.]

You have been following a trail of clues on your quest to sleuth the whereabouts of your errant father. He seems to have left a variety of items behind, in hopes that you might notice and follow him. You have picked up each item along the way, until you reached this car. It is squeaky clean from today's earlier automotive ablutions, but obviously there is no way you can pick it up. It was probably the last thing he had to leave behind, which means your trail is about to go cold.

Next
Hang on. Lil Sebastian is gesturing further ahead. It seems there is another clue on the path.

Jane: Investigate clue.

It is your dad’s wallet. This is surely the end of the line. Ahead is another crypt. You wonder if he went in there? There's another one of those obelisks nearby shining a light down a pit, serving some dang purpose. Probably has some ridiculous bearing on a puzzle like five miles away. Like activating an elevator or a conveyor belt or something that just leads to yet another stupid old skull.

Actually, looks like there's one more thing left in the wallet. It's a note.

Jane: Examine note.

Daughter.

If you are reading this, it means you are now strong enough to lift the piano over your head, and shatter it to pieces.

While the instrument was expensive, it is a small price to pay for this important step on your journey toward becoming a powerful, independent young woman.

I am so, so, proud of you.

What the...

You think your dad maybe left the wrong note in the wallet? He probably meant to leave one pertaining to how you're mature enough to inherit his wallet, and what a big responsibility a wallet is for a strong young woman, or something like that. Dad leaves tons of notes like this around for such occasions, so it's probably easy for him to get them mixed up sometimes. He is a highly professional and competent father, but the guy is still feasible after all. D'aww.

Jane: Get car.

Now armed with your father's roomy, sleek leather wallet, you retrieve the family sedan with ease.

It looks like a cool pair of shades wants to talk about your sweet new ride.

Jane: Answer.

pesterlog
timaeusTestified [A.R.] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]
A.R.: Shred it.
G.G.: What?
A.R.: you have
    the car.
G.G.: Um.
A.R.: Now shred it.
    Turn it into grist.
G.G.: Oh!
    No!!
I am not going to destroy my dad's car.
A.R.: We need grist though.
    I can't get any building done without more.
Not to mention the fact that you're not going to be able to make any cool shit.
G.G.: There has to be a better way to gather up grist, though.
A.R.: Well, I think there are supposed to be monsters here.
    I haven't seen any monsters yet, have you?
G.G.: No, and I can't say I'm too disappointed.
A.R.: You should be though. Presumably they would drop grist and stuff when you kill them.
    Like treasure. And food products that restore your health. Or at least make you less hungry.
Haven't you ever played a video game, Jane?
G.G.: Of course I have!
A.R.: That's cool. I haven't, since I am a pair of sunglasses, and communing with such simplistic
    software would be a trivial and hollow exercise for me.
But I know loads of stuff about games. Like the fact that you gotta kill monsters if you want to
    make progress.
    If not to snatch up the bitchin' loot, at least for the levels.
G.G.: Levels?
A.R.: How are you going to get better at fightin' without killing monsters, Jane.
G.G.: I think I've done a fair job of scaling my echeladder without resorting to the slaughter of
    innocent, fictional monsters, thank you very much.
A.R.: Please.
    You've barely done any climbing at all. I'm talking about hopping more rungs than what playing a
    little prank on your dad or throwing your hat on the ground super hard is gonna get you.
    You need battle experience to make some real headway. Like Jake.
G.G.: I'm getting a little tired of various iterations of Dirk Strider telling me how I need to be more
    like Jake.
I know you think Jake is neat. I know all the Dirks just adore Jake! I get it!
A.R.: Wow, chill out.
    This ain't about whatever stuff you're apparently fixin' to twist your shit in a pretzel over.
You just need to get stronger, is all. Don't you think that's what your dad would want?
G.G.: You don't need to remind me about that. I'm suddenly having flashbacks to a few years ago
    when he would ambush me almost every day for a pointless round of strife.
    Boy does getting swatted with brooms and having cakes shoved in your face get old fast.
A.R.: Yeah, but in the process you got pretty handy with that fork/spoon thingy, didn't you?
A.R.: I'm just saying, if you don't run into any monsters on this planet, I think I'm going to have to
    set the bunny to "sparring mode" to help you along.
G.G.: I am not going to spar with Lil Sebastian!!!
He is too quick and deadly to fight with.
    And also, too adorable. :B
A.R.: Ok. We'll see about that.
    But in the meantime, we need to figure out a way to start harvesting grist.
Let's forget the car. But now that you have the wallet, you can grab much bigger things.
Big things have got to be worth more grist than all the picayune bullshit you keep around the
There are some choice relics in this place. Some of it has to be worth a fortune, gristways.
G.G.: You could be right.
I will give it a try.

Jane: Captchalogue obelisk.

You stick the Obelisk in the wallet. Fits like a dream. The ray of light is no longer reflected into
the hole. Sorry, puzzles.

Jane: Feed it to gristwidget 12000.

You put the card in the widget and holy smokes! That thing was worth a fortune in all kinds of
weird looking grist denominations. Seb springs into action and scoops it all up for you in a jiffy
with his busy little legs.

Next

The built-in Grist Gutter on the widget immediately kicks into action, collecting all the grist
overflow exceeding your current low limit. You guess that's pretty convenient.

You honestly thought these features were a lot of meaningless nonsense before. Like an example of
BCCorp's strange sense of humor, made into a product sold for top dollar. The fact that this turned
out to be a useful gizmo well in advance is either reassuring or unsettling. You aren't sure which.

Jane: Proceed to crypt.

Aaaaaand the door's locked now.

Looks like that obelisk was important after all. It was lighting up one of those globe switch
dooohickers at the bottom of the hole, which was apparently keeping the door open. Just great.

Real nice work there, gumshoe.

Jane: Answer again.

A.R.: Hmm.

G.G.: Welp, let me have it!
A.R.: Have what?
G.G.: A hard time for botching up the pooch!
I think I just locked the door with that muttonheaded stunt. And now that mirrored obelisk is good as gone.
A.R.: I wasn't going to say nothin'.
Hell, I was asleep at the wheel too while you were busy fucking up, and I have an IQ of, hold on,
robo-calculating...
Robo-calculating...
Robo-calculating...
Robo-calculating...
G.G.: Oh brother.
A.R.: Robo-calculating...
About 500 billion.
G.G.: That is really, really robo-smart.
A.R.: Don't get human-fresh with me, Crocker. I'm about to bring all five hundo-billy points of my stringent cyborg IQ to bear on your dumb problem. Check it out.
I took note of the captcha code to the thing, and recorded a digital flashsnap of its appearance through my photographic silicone memory canals.
Which is to say I looked at eight alphanumeric digits a couple minutes ago, and remembered them.
G.G.: Ok?
A.R.: So give the bunny the wallet. I'll have him run back to the house and make you a new obelisk with the same grist you just collected from it.
He can stash it in the wallet and run it back to you, and then you can open the door. You shouldn't be waiting around too long, cause he's real spry.
Which is exactly why you should wait here. You'll just slow him down.
G.G.: Alright, I think I can do that.
What should I do in the meantime?
A.R.: Let me think about that.
Robo-calculating...
G.G.: Oh stop it!
A.R.: K.
G.G.: None of our friends will answer me. What could they be up to?
You must at least know what Dirk is doing.
A.R.: He's slicing up some drones.
G.G.: Some what?
A.R.: Big red robots. He'll be busy for a while.
Roxy I'm not sure about, but there is a pretty high probability as governed by the immutable laws of mathematics that she is preoccupied similarly.
G.G.: She's fighting robots too, you mean?
Dealing with them, in some way, perhaps.
If so, it wouldn't be a coincidence.
G.G.: Why?
A.R.: I think the Condesce is attempting to force the issue now.
A.R.: It's likely that it's a coordinated assault. Sending drones both to here and Roxy's place.
She's probably trying to get everyone else to stop dicking around and join the game already.
G.G.: Are you sure she's not just trying to kill them?
It wouldn't be her first assassination attempt.
A.R.: Yeah, but come on. Dirk has been a sitting duck here for years. Roxy too.
She could have wiped them out any time with a swarm much bigger than this one. Or just nuked them.
Her "assassination attempt" on you was pretty weak too.
G.G.: But it nearly worked!
I would be dead right now if not for the whims of G.Cat.
A.R.: Right.
Like I trust the motives of that fucking thing.
G.G.: So, you're saying she's only pretending to hunt us?
A.R.: I believe she probably would genuinely like to kill us. She is a psycho after all.
But it's also obvious to me she needs us to begin playing this game, for whatever fucked up purpose she has.
She might even need us to win it too, for all I know.
Her antagonism is all part of the dance.
G.G.: Then you're saying Dirk and Roxy aren't really in danger from the robots?
A.R.: Oh, I wouldn't say that. They're still pretty deadly and they shoot missiles and stuff.
G.G.: Augh! I just want to talk to my friends and see if they're ok.
What about Jake?
A.R.: No idea what's going on with him right now.
I'm sure when the time is right, the witch will keep pushing him along to join the game as well.
G.G.: Then I guess I'll just sit here and worry about everyone quietly until Seb gets back.
A.R.: What about your troll friend?
G.G.: What?
A.R.: The alien whose name you don't know.
You could talk to her.
G.G.: Oh yeah!
I forgot about her.
But I suppose that's because she's always the one to contact me. I never get a response when I message her.
A.R.: Well, you could give her a try. Maybe things are different now.
I could hack into her system to get her attention, if you think that would help.
G.G.: You can do that??
A.R.: Nah, just messin' with you.
Later.

Jane: Pester UU.

[Image description: Jane sits on the walkway outside the locked crypt, which has a life symbol on the door. A caduceus alert hovers over her crosbytop.]

pesterlog
gutsyGumshoe [G.G.] began pestering uranianUmbra [UU]

G.G.: hello?
are you there?
G.G.: oh my! You answered!
you never answer.
U.U.: don't i?
G.G.: well, no. I don't mean to be accusatory.
I am just surprised.
U.U.: right then.
what can I do for you?
G.G.: well... Nothing in particular. Just thought it would be nice to catch up.
I was beginning to think I was the only one of my friends left alive.
maybe this gloomy place full of salamander bones and dusty old relics is starting to get to me. not to mention the most unwelcome presence of entrepreneurial clowns and their enormous codpieces.

U.U.: could be.

G.G.: I'm still trying to track down my father. I've been gathering clues, and I may be getting close. do you by any chance know if I might see him soon?

hmm...

are you there?


keep going where you're headed.

things will work out in time. You'll see him.

G.G.: phew! That's nice to know. Thanks.

you aren't usually forthcoming with future tidbits. Er, not that I was always especially eager to believe you about them anyway.

but I think I've been coming around on that lately, for what it's worth.

so, um.

hey.

are you ok there?

you seem rather preoccupied.

U.U.: I'm sorry.

I am not having the best day. (Blank face with closed eyes)

G.G.: what's wrong?

U.U.: everything!

where do I bloody begin.

G.G.: is it your brother?

U.U.: well that goes without saying doesn't it? He is always a problem.

but it's more than that.

when I sleep and visit prospit, I see nothing but storm clouds in skaia now.

my great big lovely ball of blue has been clouding over. Soon I fear it will be completely black, and the kingdom will be shrouded in darkness.

I wish I understood the meaning of this terrible omen.

G.G.: that sounds awful!

U.U.: and my brother has become more uncooperative than ever.

he intends to play the game, but refuses to treat it like a collaboration.

I have told him many times that the only way we can win is to work together! But he wants it to be yet another competition between us, like everything has been all our lives.

his threats to kill me have become harder to dismiss as his usual empty bravado.

I fear it may come down to having to kill him first.

although I am not sure exactly how I would go about this, or if I will even be up to the task.

(nervous face with closed eyes and a bead of sweat)

G.G.: I had no idea things had gotten this grim for you. I am so sorry.


the real trouble though is I'm not sure if I can play a successful session without him.

a two player session was already risky enough, satisfying bare minimum playing conditions.

and I had it on good authority that the two of us would be able to succeed, particularly given our...

Well, without intending to boast. Various advantages.

but I have no idea if a session of one is viable.

honestly I cannot for the life of me imagine how.

it may well result in a void session like yours, but without the promise of any extenuating circumstances.

G.G.: are you sure it's hopeless with him? You can't reach a truce, just for the sake of playing?

U.U.: I used to hope so, but I doubt it now.
he barely cares about the game itself, other than as a means of escaping our planet. he has always been more motivated by the ongoing game between us. G.G.: I think you have alluded to this before, but I never really understood. what game?
U.U.: well...
it is simple. We are playing a game together. we have been forced to, for as long as we've known each other. but the rules are complicated, and often shifting. And they don't always make sense! at least, they wouldn't to you. G.G.: try me!
U.U.: many you would not recognize as rules, so much as superstitions. a variety of caveats and stipulations. Things that would invite misfortune if I were to break. It would be very bad juju. I have not been able to tell you my name for this reason. doing so would lead us all down a very slippery slope! But I have wanted to tell you so. I hope my reluctance has not compromised our friendship. G.G.: of course not. I wrote off your reticence as one of your many eccentricities long ago.
U.U.: (very smiley face with closed eyes) G.G.: I still want to understand this game with your brother, though. could you describe some of the other rules?
U.U.: mm, yes. We have both renounced hemotyping until the resolution. G.G.: hemotyping?
U.U.: it is in the same vein, pardon the pun, as a quirk. It's the old tradition whereby one types in his or her own blood colour. so he and I have embraced neutral tones to speak in, for the time being. most humans do not practice hemotyping, presumably due to lacking diversity in blood class. G.G.: but your race has varied blood color?
U.U.: yes. G.G.: then what would yours be?
U.U.: I am a lime blood. (Smiley face with closed eyes) while he's got the bright cherry blood, just like you all do. not that this matters since we are alone here, but interestingly, in ancient troll culture we would both be considered pariahs. for different reasons of course. Those of his blood colour were very rare, existing by way of genetic glitch only. They were outcasts, having no place in the social order. on the other hand, those of my blood colour were once actually quite common! But later they were all hunted to extinction. G.G.: jeez. Why?
U.U.: details of the genocide are historically murky. It's one of those maddening voids in my understanding of your elaborate epic. but I have speculated their extermination had to do with the extremely powerful abilities they tended to have, and the threat to authority they represented. Even more so than other powerful lowbloods. G.G.: are you saying you have such powers?
U.U.: maybe. (Gasping face) G.G.: but he does not?
U.U.: he has other, um. Traits. G.G.: maybe he is jealous of you, which is why there is such resentment?
U.U.: oh, probably. He is an outright mess. If you can name a problem with me, he's got it. G.G.: the way you described it, I had always envisioned your contentious relationship as one played out mostly online. U.U.: yes. It is!
G.G.: and also that you and he had never met. Yet some things you have said lately appear to contradict this?
jane, I am sorry, but this is something I just cannot get into. For one thing we would be creeping way too close to breaking the rules, and then we would all be buggered.
even if I were at liberty to say, it would take so much time to explain everything. And I really must be getting to sleep again soon. I am terribly worried about the people of prospit during such dark times.
G.G.: I understand.
U.U.: suffice to say, all games that are played have boundaries. A stage to which all pieces and moves are confined.
like a chess board! There is no reality to the game beyond the edges of the binary grid.
G.G.: that makes sense, but I'm not sure I see how it applies.
U.U.: I know. It was more infernal gammoning on my part as I dance about these rules.
it's all one can do when everything he or she ever does is just another move in a game.
I am so sorry, jane. I would have loved to be more forthright with you since the day we first spoke.
you are a dear friend to me. You and your chums. You are all the only friends I have ever had.
G.G.: (buck toothed smile)
(heart)
U.U.: (very large smile with closed eyes)
I was planning on giving you a gift.
G.G.: you were??
U.U.: yes, but I was going to wait until completing my quest before sending it to you.
but now that things are looking rather bleak here, I may have to consider accelerating the delivery.
G.G.: what is it? Or is it a surprise?
U.U.: it is a surprise! But I will tell you this much.
it is my juju. It is very dear to me.
G.G.: your juju?
as you may have gathered about me, I have learned the hard way that it always pays to follow the rules. (Gasping face)
G.G.: where did you get it?
U.U.: it was an heirloom, you could say. Passed on from ancestors. I have always had it.
jujus are said to have origins which are impossible to understand or trace. Some say they emerge spontaneously from the void.
they cannot be truly duplicated. If there ever appears to be more than one of the same, it is only a mirage of causality!
nor can they ever be destroyed. Not completely, at least.
so when I send you mine, it will be no small matter. It will not simply be copied through alchemy.
you will be the new owner, and mine here will cease to exist.
G.G.: um... Gosh.
U.U.: but unfortunately it will have no value to you unless I send my brother's juju as well.
and he will not relinquish control of his unless I best him at our game. This is another of our rules.
G.G.: it sure sounds like you two are up to your necks in this crazy game.
U.U.: oh yes. We are up to quite a bit further than our neck in it. (Winking face)
but it's alright. I love games.
my brother, on the other hand...
G.G.: not such a big fan of games?
U.U.: on no, quite the contrary.
his passion for games transcends any human understanding of love.
for you to understand it would be to fully comprehend the meaning of...
how to put it.
G.G.: um.
G.G.: beauty?


[Image description: Dirk jumps up and decapitates a drone while more stalk towards him and one fires a gun. The background is on fire behind them. He has an ophiuchus alert over him.]

pesterlog
undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering timeusTestified [T.T.]

U.U.: hello dirk.
guess what I want to play.
that's right.
a game.
T.T.: not now.
U.U.: dirk I want to play a game.
dirk.
hello dirk.
let's play a game.
T.T.: I'm busy.
U.U.: dirk I don't think you understand.
I want to play a fucking game with you.
I would like you to draw me some pornography.
A.R.: man, does it look like he can draw anything for you right now?
I am not talking to you.
A.R.: so what exactly is the game this time?
to gauge his ability to draw naked people while fighting robots?
U.U.: the game is to produce some vile smut. That will bring me erotic enjoyments.
A.R.: and if he doesn't?
U.U.: then someone dies fucker.
A.R.: I see.
do you want me to draw some?
U.U.: no.
you are an impostor.
an artificial bloodless hemotyping fraud.
A.R.: what?
U.U.: there is no heart that beats inside you. With passion for illustrated debauchery. As can be said of true men.
you are false as the red you paint your words with. Your lies are red as the herring you represent.
A.R.: i... Guess these burns are pretty sick?
they are burns, right?
it seems you may have just called me a fish.
U.U.: your atrocious tale is full of so many shitty red herrings. And you are the shittiest. By far.
oh look. This man is not what he appears to be. Or is he? No he's glasses.
the mystery is solved. Who gives a fuck.
A.R.: it sounds like you don't even know what a red herring is.
U.U.: bullshit. I am basically the master of all red herrings.
they swim through my veins. This way and that.
you have to be very good at red herrings. When you are as good at games as me.
A.R.: how does one even be "good at red herrings?"
are you saying you employ misdirection effectively?
because I have to say, dude. This has not been my observation.
U.U.: that's a fucking laugh.
you know the game I want to play? With real dirk.
it has such a perfect shitty twist ending!

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. The top of Dirk's apartment is on fire. So is the entire ocean. A
dozen drones stand on his roof and more fly towards him.]

pesterlog
I remember this.
last year you messaged dirk, bugging him to play one of your dumb porno games.
you said you tried to get him to play in the future, but he was busy fighting drones.
and you kept going on about the shitty twist ending to your game.
U.U.: boring lies from the red lines.
you are bad at games.
and a game.
is exactly what I want to play.
dirk.
I want to play a game.
A.R.: god damn it.
U.U.: hello dirk.
let's play a game.
the game will not involve the red lines.
do you hear me?
A.R.: he's tuning you out, bro.
I'm telling you.
if you want to play a game with him, you'll have to do it in the past.
U.U.: ok.
that's a pretty good idea.
U.U.: (frowning face giving two middle fingers)
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering timaeusTestified [T.T.]


[Image description: Dirks apartment stands in a not-on-fire ocean. An ophiuchus alert hovers over
his window.]

pesterlog
undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering timaeusTestified [T.T.]

U.U.: hello dirk in the past.
let's play a game.
T.T.: alright.
U.U.: do not even fuck with me.
I want to play a game with you. And a game is exactly that which will be played between us.
T.T.: I said I'd play.
U.U.: dirk. I want you to draw me some pornography.
T.T.: you got it.
U.U.: if you fail to draw me some pornography.
there will be consequences.
and when consequences happen. That is when blood begins to flow.
your future self spends all his time being in the future. He prioritizes being in the future and
driving drones over playing my games.
your past self should consider the costly indiscretion of your future self's behavior. Behavior which
entails being in the future almost as much as not doing whatever I fucking tell him to.
T.T.: dude, I'm sitting here with my stylus ready to go. Do you want me to draw you some porn or
not.
you will draw me my pornography, dirk human strider.
I will have my pound of smut.
T.T.: ...
I'm waiting.
U.U.: or I will murder my sister.
T.T.: gotcha.
what'll it be.
U.U.: she will be dead and I will rejoice with the liveliest little jig you ever saw.
her putrid harlequin slime will leak from her wounds and soak her ugly yellow robe.
and her body. Will become a stupid corpse.
her moon body I mean.
it will mark the beginning. At least.
of my ultimate victory in this game between us.
between me and her. Not me and you.
dirk let's play a game.
T.T.: dude, listen. I am perfectly willing to draw you some pornography.
it doesn't need to be part of a game. You don't got to murder nobody.
U.U.: I will if you don't do what I say.
how very ironic. That a life hangs in the balance. Upon your willingness to draw me some
pornography.
the very pornography. Which you have spent a lifetime drawing. In your spare time. Because you
presumably enjoy doing so.
T.T.: how is that ironic?
U.U.: oh yes. How ironic it is indeed.
and it is further ironic. That this game is ironic.
it is the very irony. Which you yourself have spent a lifetime wallowing in.
and using to justify interests and behaviors. Which are dumb and confusing.
seriously, should I just start drawing naked people or what.
U.U.: uh. Naked people?
T.T.: yeah. Naked people doing it and stuff.
you know. Porn.
no. No. No. No.
awful horrible barf. No. Fuck that noise.
there will be no nudity.
or whatever unpleasant behavior that passes for procreative exercise among your people.
what I have in mind is so much more.
scandalous.....
T.T.: awesome.
lay it on me.
Next

[Image description: Dirk grimmaces as one of the drones grabs him around the chest with one hand and slams him into the ground hard enough to crack it. Past Dirk sits at his computer with a tablet in front of him and an ophiuchus alert over his monitor. There's a pile of rockets on his other desk and one below his monitor.]

pesterlog
U.U.: I would like you to draw. In various pairings.
you and your friends. Involving each other in assorted debasements.
T.T.: sure. That doesn't bother me a bit.
sounds totally great. "Hot," even.
let the unsavory hotness begin.
T.T.: who do I start with?
U.U.: how about.
the jane human.
T.T.: right. One crocker coming up.
who else?
U.U.: let's say.
you.
a ha ha. Oh yes.
which assorted debasement did you have in mind for us?
U.U.: you will depict.
the jane human.
on the receiving end.
of...
one of your human kisses.
T.T.: uh.
ok.
I mean, are you sure you want me to go there?
U.U.: shut your mouth and fucking draw.
T.T.: Just making sure.
Man.
Seriously gonna have to sterilize my tablet after this.
Ok, how's that?
http://goo.gl/BPSnY

[Image description: Dirk smooches Jane on the cheek and cops a feel on one of her boobies. This is labeled 'cop'. Jane looks somewhere between bored and high. The drawing style is quick and more representative than realistic, but it doesn't necessarily look bad- just like it was a sketch.]

U.U.: oh no. What is that.
what the fuck is your hand doing.
explain yourself!
just adding some sizzle to the steak. What's the big.
U.U.: remove that.
T.T.: come on dude, don't be like that.
U.U.: remove the amorous human limb at once.
do it now.
I'll kill her. I will fucking do it.
T.T.: Fine.
There.
http://goo.gl/cTQZ6

[Image description: Dirk Uncops a feel. The offending arm was erased poorly and redrawn so that it bends slightly in the opposite direction.]

U.U.: ahhhhh!
yes.
ohhh. Ho ho.
oh yes.
that is...
*diirty*
T.T.: you are a man who likes his tepid ass porn, I will give you that.
U.U.: make her say.
"you are beautiful."
T.T.: done.
http://goo.gl/WQ0CU

[Image description: In the same picture, You are beautiful is now written in blue above Jane's head. Thx is written in orange next to Dirk.]

and now make the kiss. Happen with both of the human lips.
touching together.
and much closer to the screen. To see the action better.
and tell her.
that she is darling to you.
T.T.: Ok.
http://goo.gl/lvLpU

[Image description: It zooms uncomfortably close on their faces, where Jane's has been re-drawn so they're smooching on the lips. Dirk says You are darling to me. Jane *fuckin swoon*s.]

yes.

Next

[Image description: Sawtooth stares down at the ground. Fires still burn behind him. In a second image, Square wave stands behind Dirk as he draws porn.]

pesterlog
U.U.: there will be new actors in this vulgar exhibition.
you will include the jake and roxy humans now. And it will be similarly disgusting.
T.T.: you got it.
which steamy adult activities would you like me to convey this time?
U.U.: make the roxy human stroke his hair.
she needs him. As a romantic partner. Emotionally.
T.T.: You have a filthy mind, but ok.
Here.
http://goo.gl/rgfyW
[Image description: In the same almost sketch-like style, Roxy *stronks* Jake's hair. She blushes and he sweats while saying Hot damn!]

I want to see longing in his eyes.
make there be longing. Do it.
T.T.: http://goo.gl/s0ILH

[Image description: It zooms in on Jake's eyes, which are now drawn with incredibly large pupils and visible irises instead of just as black dots. They shake slightly and reflect Roxy's face. Dotted lines lead off screen from his eyes and are labeled loooong.]

U.U.: ah ha ha! So good.
have them execute the human maneuver you call.
"the hug."
T.T.: http://goo.gl/5be9O

[Image description: Roxy and Jake now hug. Jake's eyes are still massive and his arms were poorly erased, then redrawn in hug position.]

that is just.
so.
*naaaaaasty.*
T.T.: I'm sweating profusely, fyi.
gonna have square wave track down a towel soon.
U.U.: now have the jake human say.
oh god.
I feel so utterly obscene even *typing* this.
ha ha. Fuuuck.
my cheeks are probably bright red right now.
T.T.: typing what?
U.U.: make him say...
"i love you."
T.T.: on it.
http://goo.gl/mSTQk

[Image description: Jake holds Roxy's shoulders and says I love you. Roxy sweats and says ommmmg.]

U.U.: that is.
so fucked up.
uuuuurng.
I can hardly stand it.
it's so fucked up bro!!!!!
T.T.: I agree.
all kinds of things wrong with this scenario here.
U.U.: she wants to human marry him now.
make the bitch say she wants to human marry that fucker!
T.T.: Stand by.
http://goo.gl/GD2nO

[Image description: Roxy kneels and takes one of Jake's hand. She says lol lets hunan marry.]
U.U.: he says yes!
he says fucking yes this instant you wretched pile of shit!!!
T.T.: http://goo.gl/FIYFS

[Image description: He says yes and Roxy *sobes*. Tears run down her face in wiggly blue lines
and she smiles a smile that's shaped like a jellybean.]

that shit is so.
*tennnnnnnnnnnnnnder.*
T.T.: you know it.
slow cooked to fucking perfection.
U.U.: I would like them to copulate off screen.
they will bear a child in the unseemly human manner.
but you will depict none of the offputting details of the ritual.
show them experiencing human wedded joy. With their offspring. Now.
T.T.: Yeah, gimme a minute.
Ok.
http://goo.gl/i2OII

[Image description: All the modifications to their face revert to the original blank stares. Roxy now
wears a wedding dress with a pink cat on the chest and holds a baby with one hand by the diaper.
Jake wears a suit with his green skull on the shirt and reaches for the baby.]

U.U.: no. This isn't as good.
it's not as titillating as I desire.
have the male eat the child.
T.T.: http://goo.gl/itJga

[Image description: Jake opens his mouth impossibly wide and puts the baby in it. Roxy puts a
hand on her cheek and looks vaguely shocked or like she has gas. She says jake no what r u doin 2 r
bb.]

Next

[Image description: Sawtooth's rocket boots levitate him up and his cape flies back to reveal a pair
of massive rocket launchers on his sides. In a second image, past Dirk continues to draw porn, but
Square wave has now wandered off.]

pesterlog
T.T.: so are we done?
U.U.: you would love that. Wouldn't you.
T.T.: nah. I'm fine with doing more if you want.
U.U.: how convenient it would be for you. If we stopped playing my game. And let my sister off
the hook.
T.T.: do you want me to pretend I don't want to play?
like, is that part of the kink for you? Kind of a roleplaying thing?
U.U.: shut the fuck up.
T.T.: "no, no, please. Don't make me draw any more pics of my friends snuggling and stuff."
strider said, having spent the better part of the night gnawing through his duct tape gag.
U.U.: look at these pathetic stalling tactics. As if I don't know an attempt to derail one of my
diabolical games.
when I see one.
T.T.: that's good. Keep saying things like that.
I'll keep doing my part.
"somebody save me from this living nightmare. The things he has made me do."
U.U.: maybe your irreverence for my game. Stems from the fact that you don't give a flying fuck
about my idiot sister?
ha. Like I could even blame you. What a cloying windbag shrew. She is worthless to everybody. I
think you think so too.
you know. You're an alright guy. For a monstrous fuckup leagues beneath me in every way that
exists.
dirk I want to play a game.
T.T.: do you now.
U.U.: though you may not care about my sister's life. There is something which may motivate you
to keep playing.
and that is. Curiosity.
T.T.: how so?
U.U.: ahaaha! You see!!! That right there. You asked a question.
asking shit is what being curious means. I fucking win already. You trash.
T.T.: damn.
owned.
U.U.: but that's what you do when you have a shitty twist ending. Planned at the end of all your
games.
see. This game has a twist. It is twisted like a little candy swirl. That is a kiss on your face from an
angel. While you make a fucking fool of yourself in your sleep.
T.T.: I know what a twist is.
or I did, until you kept saying stupid shit that doesn't mean anything.
if you want to know my shitty twist.
you have to keep playing my game.
T.T.: well, not only was I pretty psyched to keep playing regardless.
I'd rather do just about anything than listen to you ramble on and on about your horseshit twists.
U.U.: very good.
the lecherous amusements.
they will now involve.
the both jane and roxy humans.
T.T.: cool.
getting a little...
maaaaudlin together.
T.T.: uh.
ok.
U.U.: they are in the mood for.
sweets.
just like me.
I like candy.
do you like candy. Dirk.
T.T.: I guess.
cotton candy.
T.T.: I never tried it.
this shithole planet doesn't have any.
U.U.: it is sooo.
fluffy.
and melts in your mouth.
that is what I call this pairing. Of nasty premium bitches.
T.T.: you know, considering you're obviously just going to ask for more ultra-tame shit, you still
somehow made this legitimately creepy.
nicely done, I guess?
T.T.: I'm not squirming.
U.U.: like bullfuck you aren't.
now draw.
T.T.: I'm already drawing.
what should I make these "premium bitches" do?

Next

[Image description: The arm of the drone holding Dirk explodes off and Dirk hops up. In a second
image, past Dirk leans his cheek on one hand and draws with the other.]

pesterlog
U.U.: nothing just yet. We will not be reckless with their courtship.
they take things slow. We milk this fucker and make its teat our bitch. It will be delicious.
T.T.: ok.
so they're just...
standing there?
U.U.: one of them is shy and reluctant to advance.
jane. The jane human is reluctant and shy.
you will render the jane human as showing a bashful and coquettish demeanor.
I don't know how someone draws that though. I'm not a fucking artist.
you're the artist. Make that happen. And make it perfect.
Ok:
http://goo.gl/HmRpl

[Image description: Roxy holds a martini and stares at Jane's bomtom, as the dotted line showing
her gaze is so helpfully labeled. Jane turns away bashfully and puts a hand to her blushing cheek as
she says Rolal chan…]

she has her eye on that romantically desirable bitch. Oh what she would say to her. If she could
summon the nerve.
T.T.: maybe she wants to ask her out?
U.U.: shut up. I'm running this.
now.
the roxy human takes the initiative in the encounter.
she places her beverage on the floor. She saunters up to jane. And perpetrates one of your human
"winks".
T.T.: http://goo.gl/WrJG

[Image description: Roxy steps close and *huwan winks* as she cops a feel on Jane's bomtom. Cop
is written in bright pink comic sans and takes up a quarter of the image. Her martini sits on the
floor.]

U.U.: she keeps her fucking hand to herself you presumptuous tool.
erase that. Now.
T.T.: http://goo.gl/Aybmv

[Image description: The offending arm has been erased and Cop is crossed out in red.]

U.U.: and now.
the roxy human opens her heart. And professes her "feelings".
the bitch tells the other bitch a poem.
make the bitch say a poem. Do it.
T.T.: sure.
http://goo.gl/IHa6R

[Image description: It zooms in on Roxy's face. She blushes, gasps, and puts a hand to her cheek. Her eyes shine. Off to the side in blue, it says 'Your eyes.
Are an ocean.
Your breasts.
Are also an ocean.]
ha ha. Look at her. She's eating that shit up.
give the bitch a rose!
T.T.: ok.
wait.
which one?
U.U.: no wait.
both bitches give *each other* a fucking rose!!!
T.T.: http://goo.gl/GLNHH

[Image description: Roxy and Jane hold out a rose each. Jane's head has just been copied over from the ones with her and Jake and her body is just Roxy's but flipped. The roses are labeled Booyeah. Double roses.]
U.U.: yes!
yes!
Now make her.
make her do the thing. The shameful thing where she rubs the rose on the her face.
you know. The human practice. Whereby poignant emotions are conducted through facial tissue.
as channeled through the stem of a fragrant plant. Draw that shit.
T.T.: http://goo.gl/XE2fl

[Image description: Jane strokes the rose down Roxy's face as she blushes. The 'emotion' drawn out by the plant is oooooh im drunk.]
U.U.: make her sing!
jane human sings. While still doing that. Her sultry partner glistens with emotional perspiration dollops.
T.T.: http://goo.gl/2HsXI

oh *merrrcy*.
that is just.
T.T.: does your sister even know you're into this sappy shipping stuff? you berate her constantly for everything, and I know she likes to write and illustrate romfics and the like.
U.U.: no. She enjoys it for wrong and disgusting reasons. her fascination with the red stirrings of inferior races. It strikes me as too sincere and therefore repellent.
my enjoyment is. Ironic.
T.T.: again, you just don't seem to know what ironic means. your enjoyment of this content is clearly sincere. You are just fetishizing your "disgust" for it, is all.
U.U.: fuck you with that assessment.
you don't tell me. Of what value the pornography has to me. In my own game. you just fucking draw. And don't talk.
T.T.: I'm just saying, it's an interest you have in common. If you told her you liked her romantic artwork, maybe you could bond over that?
is the last fucking thing we need to do.
I have not told her of my ironic fascinations. And you will not either.
I will not tell her. That I secretly peruse her work in a state of petrified mortification for hours. And neither will you.
T.T.: fair enough.
so, game over yet?
U.U.: hahahahahahahahaha!
no.
I said before.
these steamy bothered up bitches are hungry for sweets.
the jane human has baked a cake.
T.T.: and?
U.U.: the jane human has baked a cake.
T.T.: Ok.
http://goo.gl/vvYxn

[Image description: Roxy and Jane stare at a bright pink cake balanced precariously on one of Jane's hands. Their roses lay on the floor.]

U.U.: Aw fuck. Those bitches eyeball that luscious confection. it's moist as shit. It tempts them. They begin to human salivate.
T.T.: http://goo.gl/vsGuq

[Image description: They both drool profusely. Roxy says ommm so gud. Jane says get into my mouth, cake.]

U.U.: the mutually swooning bitches get frisky with the treat. roxy human chops out a wedge. Feeds it to jane human's zealous snack hole.
T.T.: ok.
U.U.: but. Not so fast. she smushes it around the greedy cakeslut's human lips and features. misguided feelings of fondness and levity wax incrementally. a giggle is released.
T.T.: Oh shit.
Things are really heating up now.
[Image description: Jane holds the cake out to the side. It's now missing a slice, which Roxy holds and smashes vaguely in the position of Jane's mouth. Both of them have frosting on their faces. Roxy giggles and Jane says Ditto.]

U.U.: yes. Fuck yes. I want them to human "hold hands". They will human "hold hands" now. their odious "love" is blossoming before our eyes and to our unspeakable dismay. Can you feel it dirk? T.T.: yes. U.U.: make their cakey hands. Become clasped together as one. it feels mushy and slippery. They enjoy the sensation immensely. It is vile. T.T.: http://goo.gl/ObEuT

[Image description: Jane smiles stupidly and they hold hands.]

U.U.: yes! closer!!! get the fucking camera closer you douche bag! I want to see some *detail*. High def that sticky mess. T.T.: http://goo.gl/gzIiH

[Image description: It zooms in on their highly pixellated hands. Shine has been drawn onto the icing with a much smaller brush, making it look very strange.]

U.U.: ohhhhhhhhhh. fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck. that is just downright. *afffffffec****ionaaaate.*

Next

[Image description: Dirk lunges forward and slices the head from a drone. The fire only grows larger and Sawtooth hovers among the smoke. A second image shows past Dirk's computer with the two most recent pornos open. An ophiuchus alert hovers over a pesterchum icon in the taskbar.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Yeah. Those girls sure are diggin’ each other. That's how we humans roll. Eat some cake. Hold some hands. U.U.: ah. But their tawdry romp is far from over. jane has had a little too much cake to eat. perhaps her human tummy needs a rub? T.T.: ha ha. oh god. U.U.: what's this! Could it be. your breaking point is in sight. you are becoming squeamish. I can feel it. yes. yessss. T.T.: if you think this is making me uncomfortable, think again. U.U.: no I'll think only once. You are succumbing to my game. You are becoming psychologically
I'm not even merely tolerating this, bro.
I swear to god, I'll get my own horse running harder in this fuckin' race than you could ever dream.
U.U.: what. Horse?
T.T.: think I'll blink first, motherfucker?
not happening.
I might splinter.
but I don't break.
is that supposed to be "cool".
T.T.: You want a fuckin' tummy rub?
That shit sounds white hot. I can't wait to draw that and get us both sexually stimulated.
Here I goddamn go. Boners galore.
http://goo.gl/zJgPI

[Image description: Jane lays on the ground with icing all over her mouth and shirt. She says oooooooh. Roxy, who's now wearing a nurse uniform that looks more like a sexy nurse halloween costume, kneels next to her and rubs Jane's stomach. She says nurnse rolal 2 the tummy rescue! A square off to the side shows a zoomed in image of her cleavage and is labeled Boom in large, orange comic sans.]

T.T.: This is giving me the biggest male human boner of my entire erection life.
I don't even know what those are. And I don't want to.
so if that was the plan all along.
to mention boners.
your plan fucking sucked.
T.T.: You want a shitty twist?
http://goo.gl/bWOPP

[Image description: An oversaturated Nic Cage face hovers in a black void. Small, orange comic sans beneath it says boner.]

U.U.: ok.
we're done here.
this game is over.

Next

[Image description: Dirk's desktop has the nurnse rolal porn and nic cage boner image open. In a new one, he takes the Dirk from the Dirk and Jane kiss and moves it towards the Jake from the Jake and Roxy porn series. An ophiuchus alert still hovers over the pesterchum.]

pesterlog
T.T.: aw, that's it?
I thought we were getting into a good rhythm there.
anyway, you missed out on like half the pairings.
U.U.: what. Half. No we did most of them didn't we.
T.T.: no, we did three, and there are three possible matchups left.
don't you know anything about shipping science?
U.U.: that's a thing?
how the fuck could that be a thing.
T.T.: believe me.
it's a thing.
total number of pairings for a group of n people is n to the power of 2 minus n divided by 2.
you divide by 2 to cut the grid in half, eliminate duplicate pairs.
minus n is so you don't pair people up with themselves. That wouldn't make sense.
U.U.: and why the fuck not??
T.T.: well, because...
I don't know.
maybe you're right. Maybe I was being close-minded about self-pairing. What do I know?
U.U.: jack shit obviously.
anyway. Fuck all that. You don't spoil good debauchery. With a lot of stupid math.
you may think you're smart. But excessive smartness can make you be more of an idiot.
intelligent idiocy can be easily exploited by the cunning and ruthless. Just a tip for you. Bro.
T.T.: I'll make a note.
so you sure you don't want even one more drawing?
you used jane and roxy in two pairings. But me and jake only got one.
how is that fair?
U.U.: I decide what is fair in my games.
if you are proposing to illustrate the jake human behaving amorously with the dirk human. The
answer is no.
T.T.: why not?
U.U.: that encounter does not seem as reprehensibly scandalous.
first of all. I ask of you. Where are the bitches at?
I rest my case.
T.T.: lame.
U.U.: second of all. I don't wish to languish in the pumpkin patch.
T.T.: what?
I have no taste for pumpkins. Or any horrid vegetable matter.
meat or candy. That's what's good. The game is over.
T.T.: fine.
I'll keep all my illustrated debasements to myself, then.
U.U.: good. Do that.
T.T.: ok. I will.
so did I win?
U.U.: I will say.
yes.
you were cooperative and generally enthused about my game.
congratulations dirk.
T.T.: thanks.
so what's the shitty twist?
U.U.: ah! But not so fast.
you see. There is a twist to my shitty twist.
T.T.: a twisted twist?
like... A double mobius handjob or something?
T.T.: Ok.
What is the twist to the twist?

Next
U.U.: the twist to the twist is.
I won't tell you what the shitty twist is for a year!!
T.T.: wow.
    that...
really is quite a shitty twist.
U.U.: your gratification on this matter will be delayed.
I have noticed. As your awful meandering saga wends its way. Through the ass crack of nowhere and back.
answers to pointless questions are often deferred. Nigh indefinitely.
and so this will cause you to reflect. Upon a lifetime spent.
being inside a bullshit story like that.
is the irony not fucking delicious?
T.T.: not really.
U.U.: I will tell you the fate of my sister in one year.
at that time I will tell you the twist.
and although you played my game successfully.
in order to spare her life.
it will have turned out.
all along.
to your shock and astonishment.
that...
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering timaeusTestified [T.T.]


U.U.: I already killed her!!!!!!
T.T.: what?
killed who?
T.T.: oh, right.
I forgot about this horseshit.
shadowed pink room. Lime green blood pools around her stomach and is splattered over the walls.

pesterlog
Haa. Haa!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[Note: That continued for another two hundred and thirty nine haas, but it was cut short to spare you from ten minutes of laughter.]

Next

[Image description: A black hand with a barcode on the wrist holds a black knife coated with green blood.]

pesterlog
U.U.: and the great thing is.
how I got the idea from your game.
T.T.: what idea?
the idea to kill her dream self?
U.U.: no.

Next

[Image description: Jack Noir stands over the body and scowls. Instead of black, he's wearing a beige, almost robe-like outfit with a black spade on the breast.]

pesterlog
U.U.: to get the archagent to do it.
to get him to go to prospit.
and knife a bitch.
since as you must know.
a derse guy can't just go flying across the medium.
it's against the rules.
so.
I hired him.
T.T.: how?
with candy.
every man has his price.
when it comes to sweets.

Next

[Image description: Jack looks out of a window, which shows a black sky with dark grey skaian clouds in it. It looks like Skaia is dark.]

pesterlog
U.U.: although.
he was probably willing to do it. Even without the bribe.
noir is the best there is.
very useful.
very stabby.
I might even consider him.
my best fucking friend.
if I didn't find the human emotion of friendship.
nearly as sickening as it barely qualifies.
as an actual emotion.

Next

[Image description: Five prosptians trudge along under the dark Skaia. They all wear black robes. In the distance, a dreamer tower rises from a cluster of buildings.]

dergarten
U.U.: basically what I'm saying is.
I'm yet another step closer.
to being in total control.
of the new game I am about to play.
and the old game between us.
T.T.: Wait...
What game between us?

Next

[Image description: The Prospitians look up.]

dergarten
U.U.: no.
not you and me.
us.
her and me.
me and her.
there are only a few moves left.
before I can mate with her.
T.T.: Whoa.

Next

[Image description: A single dreamer tower protrudes from Prospit's moon. The whole planet is in shadow.]

dergarten
U.U.: wait. Fuck. What did I say?
I mean.
before I can mate her.
mate. As in check mate. It's a figure of goddamn speech.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Skaia is indeed dark.]

dergarten
U.U.: you know. Like in chess???
T.T.: no. What's that?
U.U.: shit head.

Next
dialoglog
Aranea: What do you people think you're doing????????

Next

dialoglog
Aranea: stop it, all of you!
you couldn't even wait a few minutes while I retrieved one last guest?
I have to come back to this????????
Terezi: I am sorry aranea
I tried to tell them all to be cool
normally were so much cooler than...
*snort*
why do I always try to tell people were cool?
we are so very un cool (frowning face with furrowed brows)
Aranea: everybody?
excuse me, are you listening?! I would like to introduce you to someone.
his name is.......
hey!!!!!!!!!
meenah! I said cut it the fuck out.
yes! You!
the dead miscreant with the goggles waving around the stupid trident.
put it down!
Meenah: what
no way
Aranea: yes way.
Meenah: no
wanna poke these suckas up
Aranea: put it down.
I'm serious.
Meenah: come on lemme puncture one of em
just a little
how bout this shout ass nubby motherglubber who looks like whats his face
Aranea: I said drop it.
Meenah: what like on the floor
Aranea: yes on the floor!

Next

[Image description: Meenah puts it down reluctantly and Aranea shoos her away from it. She shuffles back. Then closer. Then back again. Jake frowns at these shenanigans and Rose smiles. Dave also watches.]

dialoglog
Aranea: now step away from it. That's right. Back. A little further. I said further! no, not closer! Further! uuuuuuuugh. guess what! You just lost your poking privileges. I think I'll hang on to this for a little while. How do you like that? Meenah: s'chool
Aranea: ooooooooh. It sure is pretty. Is that real gold? Or, pardon me, "reel." I bet I could sell it for a small fortune.
Meenah: aw man
no dont
Aranea: watch me!
Meenah: yeah like a fuckin ghost could even sell anyfin any of you scrubs know where to find the prawn shop in this bitch Terezi: the what?
Meenah: some ho is angling to sell ma gold pointy jam look at her pawin up my royal loot with her clammy shitmitts greedier spectacle I never did sea water you blind there pyrope lookin dimwit Terezi: yes Meenah: then listen up he wants to hock my swank fuckin carats got it Terezi: well most of us here are in fact rather wealthy I am not sure if she will find an interested buyer though (smiley face with furrowed brows) Meenah: this sure became a retarded line of talkin Dave: (rose whos the john looking kid) Rose: (i think it's young father-grandad harleybert.) Dave: (what)

Next

[Image description: All of them are now drawn in silhouettes in their respective colors. Aranea picks up the trident and smiles. Meenah looks annoyed and puts her hands on her hips. Kanaya watches from a distance and Jake smiles uncomfortably. The faint, flickering outline of brain ghost dirk stands next to him.]

dialoglog
Aranea: ok then! has everyone settled down? Do I have everyone's attention? Meenah: attention huh whoda thought you would want any of that Aranea: just stop. Please? I know it's only been minutes since you died, and you probably aren't thrilled to see me for any number of reasons. but for me it has been millenia! I have been waiting a long time to see you again, and orient you to the afterlife.
Meenah: heh
being a ghost isn't anyfin you need to be oriented to
were dead who cares
Aranea: excuse me for looking forward to our reunions then! I guess I built it up in my mind as
something special for a whole lot of nothing!
Meenah: yeah probubbly
what elses new though
need to swimmer down girl
you dead
time to act like the fucks you give stopped existin
like they.....
disaspeared (uncertain face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Aranea: then you don't care at all, is that it? My waiting here all this time to see you means
nothing?
Dirk: dude, is it just me, or is this kind of awkward.
why did she even drag you here.
Jake: (sh!)
Meenah: I mean
having to wait milleniums and stuff
as a ghost with too much to say
that is nook loads of time
but I mean
we both might of lived that long
if we didnt up and die just now
or at least I woulda
sounds to me like boring times ahoy either fuckin way
Aranea: ?????????
what is even your point!
Meenah: um
dunno?
sorry serket
lets hug it out later
aigh
Aranea: I think I have completely forgotten the subtle art of determining whether you're being
sincere, through your tangled fishnet of aquatic puns and little stabs of hostility.
Meenah: fishnet!
fishnet yessss
you coulda just said net but you said fishnet instead (heart)
Aranea: do you think you can at least remain well mannered while I bring the others up to speed on
some critical matters?
Meenah: uh lets sea
no
Aranea: grrrrrr.
that's it. I'm selling off this gaudy trinket.
Meenah: no fuck you gimme that
Aranea: I have developed an eye for priceless treasure.
do you have any idea who I grew up to be in the new world we made?
I'd wager if I put it on the black market, it would fetch a fee to the tuna several billion boonies.
Meenah: tuna (very happy face wearing a tiara and goggles)
tuna tuna tuna tuna
I love you
Karkat: wow. Hey.
fucking *excuse me*
Meenah: what

Next

[Image description: Meenah points off towards Karkat, who is reaching for Terezi. Roxy floats off towards the mayor with Serenity in tow.]

dialoglog
Karkat: who are you people and why should I care about you.
Terezi: karkat settle down!
I told you
hey are some of our ancestors
Karkat: they aren't our ancestors. We don't have ancestors.
ancestral legacies are a lot of superstitious, aristocratic bullshit, invented by highbloods so they
get to feel even more smug and self satisfied than they already are.
even if we do have them, who cares? Who gives a shit about these people?
Terezi: youre being very rude (blank face with furrowed brows)
Karkat: listen. I don't know them.
I don't want to waste time passing through dream bubbles if I'm not going to see my dead friends.
if you dragged me all the way up here to meet, oh say, ghost nepeta. Fucking great!
I'll hang out with dead nepeta all day long. Hell, even some random nepeta from a doomed
timeline. That would be alright.
you know what? Give me fifty fucking nepetas! Why the hell not. We'll call our journey through
black endless despair "nepeta quest".
but these losers? Who cares about them. I don't need to be making any new friends. I have enough
"new friends" as it is.
Roxy: zzzzzz
Karkat: my sentiments exactly, random human!
I'm leaving.
Terezi: blargh you are so terrible!
Meenah: that guy!
nubbyshtouts
that guy is cool!!
Karkat: thanks, whoever the fuck!!!
bye.
Meenah: aw man
hes so much cooler than whats his shit
why couldnt whats his shit be more like nubs mcshouty
our team had no cool buoys at all
Roxy: le zzz
Meenah: sleepy fishbait is right
this is a fuckin drag
can I go hang out with shouty instead
Aranea: no.
Karkat: no.
Meenah: (very frowny face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Dave: (hey rose)
(i dunno if this is a weird question)
(but like)
(do you think we should try and wake up our teen mom)
(or what)
[Image description: The mayor looks up and Rose and Dave watch as Roxy floats even closer to him.]

dialoglog
Rose: (I'm not sure if that's a good idea.)
Roxy: zzzzees (winking face)
Dave: (why)
(sounds good to me)
(mayor what do you think)
(you hear that rose)
(the mayor thinks its an awesome idea)
(me too buddy me too)
Rose: (Ok, since I've clearly been outvoted on the matter, and democracy has spoken, I guess I should clarify.)
(I'm not sure if it's actually possible.)
Dave: (why)
Rose: (I don't think she's ever woken up before.)
Dave: (oh)
(cant you throw some yarn at her)
(that worked on me didnt it)
Rose: (You were technically already awake.)
(Also, I don't happen to have any yarn on me at the moment.)
(Do you have any yarn on you, Dave?)
Dave: (what the fuck kind of question is that)
(i am the fucking yarn king)
(be passin out yarn like cheap cigars)
Rose: (Cheap cigars...?)
Dave: (dream mom gave teen ecto birth or some shit)
(turn out the baby was us)
(so like)
(handing out yarn in the waiting room)
(like cigars you see)
(to other serious dads from the 1950s)
(cheap ones cause you dont wanna go fuckin broke on cigars with a baby on the way)
(gotta be frugal rose)
(celebrate that shit but have some damn sense about your cigar budget)
Roxy: smack snack
zzxxx
Dave: (but yeah i dont got any yarn)
Rose: (I just,)
(Don't see how you can make remarks with such frequency that are so obliviously and so generically loaded from a Freudian perspective.)
(It's flabbergasting, really. You never miss a chance.)
(Cigars? Describing a scenario where you are both given birth to by your teen mother, as well as playing the role of the proud father in the waiting room?)
Dave: (oh god no stop)
Rose: (What should I make of the fact that the phallic imagery you've selected is not only inexpensive, but is administered freely and mirthfully to other expecting fathers?)
(Or that the object standing in for the phallic symbol is something you're proposing to throw at our mother's head!)
Dave: (just shut the fuck up!)
(arent you magic or something)
(are you still magic or is your superpower now just talking a lot and wearing orange)
(why dont you use your magics to wake her up)
(arent you kinda curious to talk to her)
(like find out what her deal is)
Rose: (Yes.)
(But I don't think I know that spell.)
Dave: (hey what even is magic anyway)
(like are spells real like when you do magic are you actualy doing legit spells like the dipshits in harry potter)
(babbling up some false baloney ass latin)
Rose: (Not really?)
Dave: (i knew it what a load of shit that all is)
Rose: (What?)
Dave: (spells and shit)
Rose: (Um. Ok?)
Roxy: *Snoar*

Next

[Image description: Roxy smiles and drools in her sleep. Serenity lands in her hair.]

dialoglog
Dave: (hey rose)
Rose: (Yeah?)
Dave: (does mom seem to kinda be)
(like uh)
Rose: (What?)
Dave: (i dont know)
(a sloppy sleeper)
Roxy: zzzzznort,...
Rose: (That's pretty much how she always slept.)
(This includes discovering her sleeping in unusual places.)
Dave: (is she drunk or something)
(can a dream self be drunk)
Rose: (Yes.)
Dave: (what really)
(just like that thats the answer)
(like thats something you actually know for sure)
Rose: (Yes.)
Dave: (what the fuck)
(is it seer powers that let you know that or did you read it in a book)
(why would someone write that in a book)
(how would you even know that)
Rose: (I know from experience, I guess.)
Dave: (yeah bs)
(there wasnt even time for that)
(drinking or anything)
(with all the grimdark nonsense and carting around moon bombs)
(and anyway you dont like booze)
Rose: (Not really. But it grows on you to some extent.)
Dave: (you are fucking with me)
Rose: (Do you remember the timeline Davesprite was from?)
Dave: (oh)
(right)
Rose: (I still remember some things.)
(It was actually pretty similar to the way things have been for the last year on this meteor.)
(There wasn't very much to do.)
(But there was a house full of liquor.)
Kanaya: (Whats Liquor)
Dave: (Shit!)
(oh god i never get used to how quietly troll vampires sneak around)
Kanaya: (What Are We Talking About Here)
Dave: (liquor is booze you drink it and it makes you fall down and slur words and understand sports)
(and apparently snore like an off road motorcycle)
Roxy: lol snork (very happy winking face)
Kanaya: (Oh A Soporific Human Substance)
(Got It)
Rose: (What are they talking about over there?)
(I think we might be missing something important.)
Kanaya: (I Honestly Have No Idea Whats Going On So I Came Over Here To See If You Knew)
Dave: (yeah we know fucking squat)
(maybe we should have been paying attention i dont even know what the hell these people are talking about)
(kind of too many people here maybe karkat was right to sit this one out)
(grandpa johns not saying much)
(i kind of wonder what's up with him)
(maybe hes shy or freaked out hey why did he even show up with that troll girl)
(should i say something to him or)
(this is awkward)
(terezis all asking them questions and stuff)
(she is like literally the only one on the ball here this is embarrassing)
Rose: (They're looking at us.)
Dave: (oh god yeah)
Terezi: will you guys stop mumbling to yourselves and get over here!

Next

[Image description: Dave, Rose, and Kanaya make their way back over to where Terezi, who has now taken off her glasses, Meenah, Aranea, Jake, and Brain Ghost Dirk stand.]

dialoglog
Terezi: youre missing a lot of fascinating stuff about our ancestors!
Dave: ok
can you maybe like
give us the gist of it
Terezi: er
I dont know if i...
Aranea: maybe I should just start over from the beginning.
Meenah: glubber fuck
somemoby kill me
again
make me double die
can that happen can you kill a ghost
Aranea: meenah, please!
our nice new friends have missed some very important details!
Meeah: cod almighty
dont you see
to polite to say they dont give a flip
specially that poor buoy you lured on to your boat
lookit him
too polite and afraid to say anyfin at all
Dirk: I'm not.
Jake: (sh!!)
Aranea: very well.
if you speak for everyone with respect to what is most interesting to talk about, then what is your
porpoisel?
I mean proposal!
Meeah: (very happy face wearing a tiara and goggles)!!!!!!
Aranea: (stupid infectious fish puns.)
(took all of five minutes to pull me into your insmanatee again.)
(insanity! Ugh.)
Meeah: (eelmano!)
Terezi: well
we could just not worry about it and keep talking like we were
Terezi: I was curious to hear the answer to my last question
Aranea: oh, sure!
you wanted to know how we all died.
that's a pretty interesting story, don't you think, meenah? (Winking face with eight eyes)
Meeah: whatebber
Aranea: however, I don't think much of it will make sense without some major contextualization.
there's really quite an amazing amount of nuance to the full sequence of events. Many different
players, personalities, conflicting agendas, all interwoven together.
I'll need a little time to set the stage for everything to be comprehensible, if you all don't mind
indulging me for a while.
You could say it all started during our darkest hour, when it became clear our failure was
inevitable. I took it upon myself to venture into the palace of my denizUMPH.

Next

[Image description: Meenah covers Aranea's mouth.]
dialoglog
Aranea: mmmmmmmmmph!!!!!!!
Meeah: yo listen up
ill make this reel quick

Next

[Image description: Aranea and Meenah stand on a large, green lilypad surrounded by ten black
silhouettes. From left to right, they are someone with their hair in a bun with chopsticks in it,
someone with wild hair like Gamzee's, someone with a cat tail and long hair, someone with a large
but somewhat nondescript hair floof, someone with sleek hair with lots of flyaways and a long
dress, someone with a ponytail, someone with a helmet or large headphones, someone with a
pompadour, someone with swept back, long hair, and someone with spiked hair and large bull]
horns.]

```dialoglog
Meenah: ok so we all lost cause everybody sucked but me
```

Next

[Image description: The one with chopsticks in her hair stares up at a massive, cracked, copper music box on a floating piece of blue crystal. Gold and blue energy crackles out from it and lightning flashes in the background.]

```dialoglog
Meenah: so serket here wanted to do the scratch thing that would make us all not exist
```

Next

[Image description: The music box, evidently their beat mesa, flies towards Skaia, which glows and had spinning space and time symbols in it.]

```dialoglog
Meenah: but i found out from monsters we could keep existin if we was a bunch of ghosts
```

Next

[Image description: Meenah grins and holds a miniature version of The Bomb that John took from the center of the battlefield. The troll with nondescript but floofy hair, the one with the cat tail, and the one with the sleek hair and long dress watch. They have red eyes and nubby horns, olive eyes and thick horns, and jade eyes and long horns with one barbed one, respectively.]

```dialoglog
Meenah: thing is nobody ever has the guts to off anybody
```

Next

[Image description: Meenah shakes the bomb and looks through the small hole.]

```dialoglog
Meenah: let alone themshellves
```

Next

[Image description: A message floats up to the top, like one from a magic 8 ball. It says Better luck next time.]

```dialoglog
Meenah: so i blew us all the fuck up
```

Next

[Image description: A massive red explosion destroys the platform.]

```dialoglog
Meenah: and thats glubbin that
```

Next
dialoglog
Meenah: now were ghosts the end

Next

dialoglog
Aranea: Meempha.

Next

dialoglog
Aranea: the worst story that has ever been told in the history of paradox space!!!!!!!!!
Meenah: whoa clam down
Aranea: no! I will not "clam down." Clamming is not something you can do, unless you do it up, or you are literally retrieving clams from a bed of soft oceanic soil.
Meenah: clam your rumble spheres seriously they is lookin lively girl everyones gawkin
Aranea: you just have no respect for a well told story.
Meenah: I said what happened didnt i
Aranea: only barely!!!!!!!
you left out so much! All the intrigue, the complicated interpersonal relationships, the backstory, the responsible pacing.
where was the world building, meenah?
Meenah: who gives a dolphin flip through a big ring of shit
Aranea: ok! I think I finally understand the art of storytelling now, thanks to you!
it turns out all you have to do is make series of short, mysterious statements without supplying context or any further elaboration.
it's all so simple! Let's try it out.
did you know that "what's his face" vantas in our post-scratch world grew up to be a spiritual leader followed by millions?
they killed him though. He died handcuffed to something, while shouting a rude word. The end!
leijon grew up to be his matesprit! She wrote stuff down and spent a long time in a cave. That's that.
their buddy captor flew a ship for some hag. It wasn't a very cool gig. Maryam found a wiggler and died a slave. Did I mention our planet became kind of a shithole? No, I don't think I did, because that's apparently not how you "tell stories."
Meenah: ...
go on
Aranea: zahhak built me a robotic arm. He was ordered by a highblood to kill a girl but he couldn't do it, and was banished. Really beat himself up over that. But it's ok because his descendant redeemed the honor of his legacy by doing whatever a murderous clown told him to. Wait, was that too much detail? Forget I said some of that. Moving on!

Ampora was a pirate. Nobody liked him. He killed a lot of people, but was later executed because he was unable to tell a funny joke. What else needs to be said? That's right. Nothing.

Makara was the guy who didn't like his joke. He was terrible and so is his story. Period.

Nitram was a hero who led a rebellion. He killed me. But not before things got pretty steamy between us. Want to hear the juicy details? You're out of luck!!!!!!!!!

Meenah: aww man (frowny face wearing a tiara and goggles)

Aranea: pyrope cut off my arm and arrested me, but I killed her. This triggered a karmic cycle of revenge which led to the eventual blinding of her descendant.

Sorry, terezi. Them's the breaks!

Terezi: what?

Aranea: as for me, well, I could go on daaaaaaay about that subject. But I won't!

I was a cool pirate. The best pirate! I lived a long time, had amazing adventures, got all the treasure, then died. That's all she wrote!

But not literally. She wrote quite a lot in fact. She had a lot to say, just like me. Which is why she's so great.

Let's see. Who am I forgetting here?

Meenah: uh

Aranea: oh, of course. Megido! Now there's an interesting story full of exciting twists and turns we won't be getting into.

She was kidnapped as a child by a creep, then served the creep's boss for millions of sweeps. She helped make everything lousy. Then you killed her and took her job.

Aranea: anyway, I think this tedious tale has gone on for entirely too long already!

I can't think of a single thing left to address that could possibly be of interest to anyone.

Meenah: no no shut up

do me now what about me

Waterboat meeee!!!

Aranea: why, meenah. Could it be that you would like to hear more?

I must be imagining things, because you are on record as finding my stories boring.

Meenah: no these stories are more interesting than your usual ones

I can tell because I'm actually still a wake.

Aranea: very well. You would like to know about your post-scratch adult life.

Would you like the short version? Or the long version?

Meenah: uh

Aranea: are those the only two options

Meenah: you tell me.

Meenah: how about

Not the looooooooong version

Like don't go full fuckin serket on us

But

Dont leave out too much of the cool stuff?

Shit man why do I gotta explain this to a presumably rational person

Just tell me what ma junk was bitch!

Aranea: very well.

I shall strive to convey your story, including details which you are likely to find interesting on account of vanity, whilst attempting to refrain from going "full serket" on you and other hapless bystanders.
Meenah: blub
come on spit it out windfang
Meenah: no more adventures on the high breeze got it
Aranea: fine.
you want the abridged-version, but-maybe-not-so-abridged, as-long-as-the-stuff-that-you-in-particular-would-like-to-hear-is-included, of the meenah peixes saga?
here we go.

Next

dialoglog
Aranea: Instead of storming off to the moon in a huff, Peixes embraced her role as an heiress.
Once she reached the age to challenge the empress, she killed her predecessor easily.
She did more to sink our race into perpetual darkness and violence than any empress before her, and her rule lasted the longest by far.
She conquered thousands of planets and star systems, many of them personally. She was responsible for the death of trillions.
Her reign was interrupted only by the extinction of our race, which was orchestrated by the omniscient creep I mentioned previously.
She flew back to her homeworld, killed Megido, and assumed control of her demonic powers.
In doing so, she also assumed her role as the servant to an indestructible demon, whose existence was about to result in the annihilation of our universe.
but before that, he had a new assignment for her.
Is this brief enough? Am I addressing all the "cool stuff" to your satisfaction?
Meenah: (gasping face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Aranea: That's the first half of her story.
In the second half, she escaped to a fresh universe to wreak more havoc.
She infiltrated a planet called Earth, which is home to a race called humans. These guys here.
On the post-scratch version of Earth (long story), she gained absolute power, flooded the planet, and completely wiped out the human population, while expanding her abilities even further.
She then somehow entered the humans' game session, and took control there as well.
She did all this at the behest of her employer, and has shown no signs of slowing her rampage, or ever dying, for that matter.
So, Meenah. How was that story? Are you bored yet?
Meenah: (gasping face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Jake: (Dirk...)
Dirk: What?
Jake: (I think...)
(I think thats the batterwitch!)
Dirk: Uh, yeah.
You're just getting that now?

Next

[Image description: Jake looks scared and upset. Brain Ghost Dirk floats beside him.]
dialoglog
Jake: (Great scott!)
(I have to do something.)
Dirk: Do something?
No, man. Just sit tight, ok?
Jake: (But thats sea hitler! Shes right there in the spooky flesh!)
(remember all the horrible things you said she did??)
Dirk: Yeah, but...
Jake: (Cripes it sets my blood aboil just thinking about it.)
(I have to stop her! Thats why im here i just figured it out. I have to do it bro!)
Dirk: No you don't. Come on, don't be an idiot.
Jake: (Yes i do thats what you do when you go back in time and find hitler.)
(Thats like one of the rules of adventure if you have the chance to kill hitler and stop his crimes from happening then you do it!)
(Oh man oh man oh man...)
Dirk: You didn't go back in time, Jake. Do you even understand what's going on?
Jake: (I gotta do something ok ok how do i do this...)
(Aw frig no time to think here i go!!!)
Dirk: Jake.

Next

[Image description: Jake lunges for Meenah against a background of flickering flames. Aranea shouts and Brain Ghost Dirk watches blankly.]

dialoglog
Jake: hiyyyyyyyy ya!!!!!!!
Dirk: jake.
Jake: die fish hitler die!
Dirk: jake.
Jake: I wont let you kill my people!
Aranea: jake, no! What are you doing????????

Next

[Image description: Jake shouts and punches Meenah in the face. Scrum! Is written off to the side in green. Meenah just keeps smiling.]

dialoglog
Jake: ka pow! Take that!!!
Dave: oh shit grandpa egbert juniordad totally snapped
Aranea: jake, stop!
Jake: and a bit of that!
Dirk: dude, this is completely embarrassing.
Jake: and how about a smidgen of this!
Dirk: everyone thinks you're either stupid or insane.
Jake: whambo!!!
Meenah: oof

Next

[Image description: Aranea reaches out for Jake as he knocks Meenah to the ground and gets on top of her, still punching all the while. She still smiles, lost in thoughts of her Baking Empire. Jake's
punching is labeled ruffianism! Terezi and Brain Ghost Dirk stare on.]

dialoglog
Jake: you killed dirk and roxys bro and mom respectively!
or you will later I think and I cannot let that happen!
Aranea: no, no, jake, that was in another universe! Or, I mean........
Jake: I wont let you turn my planet into waterworld!
that movie was great! But not *that* great!
Aranea: she isn't the same person though! I mean, she is, but........
Jake: I cant let you exploit your baked goods empire to massacre the human race!
Aranea: she won't grow up to do any of that! She's the pre-scratch version who....... you see, the batterwitch you're talking about was a totally different, uh........
Jake: over my dead body am I gonna let you stick a pair of stinkin juggalos in the whitehouse!
Aranea: augh, why does this all have to be so complicated to explain!!!!!!!!
Jake: karateeeeeeeeeeeeeee *chop!*  
Meenah: oof
Dave: what
juggalos
rose is he drunk too
what is going on

Next

[Image description: Terezi glances towards Brain Ghost Dirk. Words in green say knuckle sandwich! And one in fuchsia says oof.]  
dialoglog
Terezi: (psst)
Dirk: ?
Terezi: (so)
(what is the deal with you?)
(mister brain phantom)
Dirk: the deal with me?
Terezi: (yes)
Dirk: I'm not sure how to answer that.
what's the deal with you?
Terezi: (uh)
Dirk: how are those horns working out for you?
and also the fact that you're an alien? What's up with that?
Terezi: ((uncertain face with furrowed brows))
Dirk: exactly.
Terezi: (should I tell people about you or...)  
Dirk: you didn't see nothin'.
Terezi: (yes)
(that is true)

Next

[Image description: Aranea bops Jake in the head with the side of Meenah's trident. He turns white and vanishes.]  
dialoglog
Aranea: jake, stop whaling on her like that!
I mean, wailing!
wait! Why am I even correcting myself? Those are homonyms!
nobody could even tell which kind of whaling I meant!
Jake: dragon punch!
Aranea: jake!
Jake: right in the fishy kisser!!!
Aranea: I said.
stop!!!!!!
Jake: doof.

Next

[Image description: Meenah still lays on the floor, smiling delightedly. Blood is smeared around
her mouth and splattered down onto her shirt. Her glasses are knocked partially off.]
dialoglog
Aranea: Sigh.
Meenah, are you ok?

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Meenah doesn't move.]
dialoglog
Aranea: Meenah?

Next

[Image description: Three thought bubbles come off of Meenah, all showing The Condesce. One
shows her walking. One shows her standing still. One shows her on the throne with G.Cat in her
lap.]
dialoglog
Meenah: sooooooooooo
cooooooool

Next

[Image description: Terezi pokes Brain Ghost Dirk, who stares down at his hands.]
dialoglog
Dirk: so...
I'm still here, right?
even though jake woke up?
Terezi: (it would seem so)
Dirk: ok, just making sure.
god my existence is weird.

Jake: Wake up.

[Image description: Jake sits up in the temple. His skulltop's eyes flash and a caduceus alert appears
over it.]
Ow, your head. The old noggin has been getting a workout lately, and you don't mean the kind you
get from puzzles. Good thing your trusty Skulltop took some of the brunt. Also, good thing your
trusty Skull took the rest of it. The sturdy bone really makes for a splendid backup helmet, you think.

Speaking of your skulltop, it seems someone's left you a message.

Jake: Answer.

[Image description: It shows Jake's desktop, which is a very sparkly edit of Jake and Jeytoto from Avatar, done in the style of shipping flair for forum signatures. There are icons for Complete Bullshit, which shows a distressed blue cube with arms, Abraxas, which shows a dark green snake with a light green head and an almost birdlike mouth, and a pesterchum icon. The pesterchum icon has a caduceus alert.]

pesterlog
uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering golgothasTerror [G.T.]

U.U.: jake, I don't have long to talk so I shall leave this note to you while you sleep and then go. I may have to begin, let us say, bending rules a bit more than I have? he is making things bloody impossible. Our game is now nothing short of war. That is all I will say.

well, I will also say this.

I am scared out of my wits to go to sleep now. I don't know what will come of me.

my dream self is kaput, like yours.

ut I don't fancy you will have trouble waking from your nap.

whereas i...

best not to dwell on it I suppose.

I don't know what to do besides stall, and keep helping you as much as I can.

now is the time to retrieve those weapons from the capsule and prepare the gift!

this is so important. The chain will not be complete unless the delivery is made.

but first you may want to test its capabilities.

in particular... What are they called?

the infinitesimalizer and monstrositifier?

there sure are some funny names for things strewn about your tale.

remember, green means grow, red means shrink! But surely you know this.

give it a go. Perhaps try targeting that unwieldy edifice stashed away in your sylladex? Could free up some space!

but remember to hold on to it. It remains as important as ever.

I'll be sodding off then.

so much to do, so little time. (Blank face with closed eyes)

uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering golgothasTerror [G.T.]

Jake: Examine time capsule.

[Image description: Jake looks at a lotus blossom time capsule. It counts down from 11 minutes and 11 seconds to 11 minutes and 7 seconds.]

Still about 10 minutes to go before the stuff is supposed to appear. In the meantime, might as well mess around with the bunny like she said, see if it works.

Jake: Deploy Terry Kiser.

[Image description: Jake sets the part knit, part robot bunny down. A second image shows it waving.]
Terry! Atta boy. He looks like he is ready and raring to be a loyal companion to his new owner, that lucky bastard. You will be a little sad to say goodbye. You hardly got a chance to know him at all.

Jake: Monstrositify something.
[Image description: The bunny's green eye points a green light towards four pieces of dancing fruit with faces.]

You drop some Delicious Fruit and activate the green beam. Green means grow. This is seriously some Alice in Wonderland shit going on here. And soon you will send the rabbit on its way through the looking glass. These aren't the kind of things that usually occur to you though, especially after several blows to the head. You continue staring vacantly at the dancing fruit, while that kind of thing keeps not occurring to you.

Next
[Image description: Jake smiles and the fruits are now about hip height on him. They continue dancing.]

Eureka, it works! Never a doubt in your mind. Grandma's technology is pure modern witchcraft, like she busted loose from a big silver screen playing the Wizard of Oz or some nonsense, which also isn't a thing that's occurring to you right now. This is exactly the kind of technology you win big time awards for. The kind that could end world hunger. Or it would be if humanity wasn't about to go down the toilet anyway. What a bummer.

Jake: Ok, try out infinitesimalizer.
[Image description: It zooms way, way out. A grey circle appears in a captchalogue card. Jake deploys it, revealing that it's the orb from the top of the main tower of his home.]

You deploy the massive thing that's been clogging your sylladex forever. Some time after your house exploded, you found it in the jungle and snapped it up for safe keeping. Even if it didn't have strong sentimental value, you probably would have grabbed it anyway. Globes are sweet. You love globes. Globes, spheres... they're all cool in your book.

But to be completely honest, you'll be relieved to have the inventory space back.

Jake: Shrink it.
[Image description: The red light from the bunny's red eye engulfs it and shrinks it until it's about as large as Jake. It bounces onto the ground and rolls off down the hole below the broken elevator.]

Works like a charm, as expected.

Whoops, there it goes, down the rabbit hole. You'll need to fish it out of there. Supposedly one of your grandma's thingamajigs inside the globe is pretty important?

You'll go get it in a few minutes though. The capsule flower is about to bloom!

Jake: Watch capsule bloom.
[Image description: Jake turns back to the time capsule as it opens, revealing the pile of weapons John got in the box with the bunny- the Warhammer of Zillyhoo, Ahab's Crosshairs, Broken Royal Deringer, and Quills of Echidna. The timer resets to 1 hour, 11 minutes, and 11 seconds.]
There they are! Finally! The deadly armaments you have been waiting...

Huh. Those are the armaments? It just looks like a big silly pile of shit. Oh well, you guess that alien girl knows what she's talking about.

Jake: Check capsule clock.

[Image description: The timer begins counting down.]

Hold on. The clock reset itself to a new countdown. Something else is going to come out of this thing in a little more than an hour.

But according to the game plan, you're not even supposed to still be here in an hour. You wonder what it could be? Guess you won't be around to find out.

Jake: Prepare present for delivery.

[Image description: The bunny shrinks the weapons down to bunny-size.]

Gotta shrink these weapons down first! No way they're fitting in that box along with the rabbit.

Next

[Image description: Jake writes a note in quick, spidery handwriting. All we see of it says John!!!
One more thing…]

Need to write an addendum to John about this stuff. John who is probably Jane's grandpa from the past, or maybe not really the past? Maybe like a young grandpa clone who lives in that ghost world where you saw all those other kids, including those two Dirk and Roxy-looking kids, and what you think may have been literally a sleeping Roxy, but you aren't totally sure? Why does everything have to be so Complicated? Whatever, no big. Going on adventures isn't about understanding them. It's about being brave, and leaping into fistfights without thinking ahead.

You finish off your note with a few more friendly words, and something vague about who you really are. You are just following your alien friend's advice on maintaining a bit of secrecy so as not to cause timeline problems, but boy is it hard keeping secrets. You can't help yourself, and slip in a subtle clue that your grandmother is actually his pal Jade. Tee hee. You figure if John is even half as sharp as you, he will pick up on that right away. It's ok, it'll just be a little secret between you and him. The pretend-British alien doesn't even need to know.

Next

[Image description: Jake stands next to the beat up transmaterializer machine. The green box with the bunny and weapons sits on the platform.]

Terry's ready to go. You ask the bunny kindly to put himself back in the box. He happily complies, and there is no reason at all to ask rhetorically why he wouldn't put himself back in the box.

You place him on the Transmaterializer's pedestal, and get ready to hit the Sendificate button one last time. You can't believe this project is finally finished. No more fun letters between you and your grandma. You guess the next time you talk to her, it will be in person. Hard to believe! But then, for a guy like you, nothing is.

[Image description: A loading screen in the shape of a bunny's head appears. The song I Don't Want to Miss a Thing begins to play. The background turns into an Armageddon poster and the inside of the bunny turns into a black and white glamor shot of the actress Liv Tyler. It pans down the poster and zooms in on her face. The Meteor flies through the void. The poster John wrote a note on and Davesprite defaced fades in behind it, SBAHJ graffiti side up. The meteor flies through the spaces between walls. Jake reaches for the Sendificate button. Everything goes white just before he presses it.

It shows the whole transmaterializer room. The box glows white, then the glow expands to take up the whole room.

The white fades to an aerial shot of Jade's island. It fades to her sitting cross-legged on the grass. She smiles and turns her head as the box appears next to her. She writes her happy birthday note to John. The bunny pokes its head out of the box. A shadow of a plane crosses the island. It passes over a hill behind Jade and Bec with the box between them. Both Bec and the box vanish in a flash. A scribbly drawing of a mail plane crosses an equally scribbly sky. Green light closes in from the edge of the screen and the green box appears in a cargo hold full of brown boxes. It falls and bounces.

John's mailbox has the flappy arm dealie up. John looks through his window and grins. Dad's car pulls into the driveway. John stands next to it, wearing his clever disguise. The box sits on the passenger seat, on top of the sburb envelope. It zooms in on the box, then begins flashing through images incredibly quickly.

John holds the blue apple. A meteor bears down on his house. A Time to Kill poster smeared with cake. The meteor again. Dad, confused in the kitchen while baking. The meteor again. A closeup of the Armageddon poster. The meteor. A jester painting. Nanna's portrait and ashes over the fireplace. The slime on John's shirt. John staring down the meteor just before impact. Impact. John's house in the medium. John and Nannasprite on the balcony with the alchemiter. John, confused as Rose places objects. John wanders around, retrieving the PDA and watching Rose lose connection as she picks up the car. The car falls into the void. A.R. finds the smashed car and cordons it off after giving it a parking citation. He takes the green box and envelope. P.M. spots him and refers to the note she got from Jade requesting that she deliver the box. She takes the envelope, but not the box. She takes the parking citation to the Dersite palace, then to the Queen. The queen sends her to Jack's office, where the box sits on the desk. Jack offers her a black sword and two slips of paper. She takes them nervously. Jack looks into the box and looks shocked. He crumples the citation. The Black Queen saunters down a hall. She glares at Jack through one of his walls, then appears in his office. She tells him to put on a frilly dress and he refuses. She holds a sword to his throat to try and make him wear it. He holds the box and still refuses. Then murders her and takes her ring. He slaughters carapacians on the battlefield. Repeatedly. He sends out the red miles. Prospit's moon plummets through the atmosphere and Dream Jade throws Dream John out of the impact zone. John finds her body and takes her ring. P.M. kills HB. She stands over his body, holding the crowns of the White King and Queen. Jack grins and exchanges the crowns for the box. P.M. glares and aggressively delivers the box to John, then stalks off. John reads the notes and opens the box. Jack threatens him with a sword. The bunny, now Liv Tyler, springs out of the box with all the weapons at the ready and scares Jack off. Liv follows John across the battlefield. John spots his dad and runs towards him, but wakes up before he can get to him. John goes godtier, then drills into the battlefield with a tornado. C.D. holds on to Liv so she doesn't blow away. John gets the 'one more thing' note and gets Liv to make the warhammer large enough to use. W.V. eats Liv's green eye. John hands over the tumor and sends them off to get it to Dave and Rose. C.D. steals it and Liv chases C.D. through the ship until she can steal it back. Liv wanders through Derse and eventually gets it to them. Dave breaks the royal deringer out of the base of the chain. Rose looks back at Derse from the window of Dave's dream tower as the moon flies out into the void.
Dave is also there, in dream-bubble form. D.D stabs Dave and he wakes up on Derse, then goes after Rose. The moon floats through the void and comes to the site of the green sun as Dave, Rose, and Liv descend to the center of it. The three of them stare at the bomb. Liv smiles and everything goes white. The bomb explodes into blue and red light, then the green sun appears. A watermark of a man with a moustache and round sunglasses appears in the sun. That fades and a watermark of Liv Tyler the actress appears.

Everything fades to black.

Next

[Image description: Liv Tyler the actress is watermarked in the green sun. Text appears over her face.

Terry Kiser
11/11/11 to 04/13/09

Liv Tyler
04/13/09 to (eight question marks)]

And that was how that stuff happened.

The bunny didn't make it.

U.U.: Cheer uu.

[Image description: A game of chess plays. Instead of black and white, the pieces are red and green. Red moves its queen so it could take a green rook, and the rook moves back one space to get out of its way.]

pesterlog
uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: finally getting a bit aggressive with your queen there? usually you aren't nearly as patient with her.
the little "gambit" I permitted you at the start has certainly inspired some unconventional play.
it's not going quite as miserably for you as I expected!
I am sorry to damn you with faint praise, but with a track record like yours, I suspect one takes what he can get. (Very smiley face with closed eyes)
rook to H4.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: so fucking smug. Have I mentioned lately how great it's going to be when you're dead? just because you have never lost a match. Doesn't mean you won't lose the game that really matters.
nor does it even mean you'll win this one. It's far from over. Trust me.
"bishop to c6."
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: why have you been enclosing all your moves in quotes? you have really been acting so odd this match.
knight to d6.
look out! I'm coming for her.
I think she's languished behind the front lines long enough, wouldn't you say?
time to shake things up. Move her, or take my knight.
you know you want to take her. Just look at her there. What a cheeky intrusion. Slithered right into
your palace and made herself comfy. Maybe she'll lay an egg once she's finished her feast. (Very
smiley face with closed eyes)
might as well take her out. You know when the action begins and pieces start to fall, that's when
you make all your most creative mistakes!

anyhoo, far from over you say?
no, I don't imagine this game will be taking up much more of our time.

uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

U.U.: oh my fucking god.
the quotes are part of the enchantment I mentioned.
like part of a spell. You know. Magic?
you love magic. And how it's totally real.
"knight to d6."
the knight is dead.
your words are boring.

undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

U.U.: Defeat uu.

[Image description: This panel is interactive. It shows the chessboard.
Click next to get each move.
The red queen moves over to place the green rook in danger.
The green rook moves back one.
A red bishop moves down and left one square.
A green knight moves into the space next to the red bishop that just moved, putting the red queen
in danger.
A red knight moves to take that green knight.
The green queen takes the other red knight.
The red bishop moves almost all the way across the board to take one of the green bishops. This
also places the green king in check because the way is now open for a red rook to take it.
The green king moves up and right one square.
A red pawn advances one.
A green pawn takes the red knight that took the green knight, placing the red king in check.
The red king moves right one square.
A green rook moves into the same column, placing the red king in check again.
The red king moves right again.
The green queen moves over so she has a direct diagonal to the red king, putting him in check
again.
The red king moves down one square.
The other green rook moves over one square so it's in the same column as the red king, once again
putting him in check.
The red king moves back and right one square.
The green queen moves diagonally, trapping the red king between her, the edge of the board, a red
pawn, and a red rook. Checkmate.]

pesterlog
uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

U.U.: I still don't know what you think you're on about with this enchantment business.
if it's a psycheout tactic to break my concentration, it isn't working!
queen to a5.
the knight is dead.
your goose is cooked.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: no. It is working.
you are actually playing very poorly right now.
but you are blinded to your mistakes by my enchantment.
"bishop to f3."
the bishop is dead.
your something is something.
whatever.
check.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: yes, there you go!
that's the sort of aggression the people paid top boondollar to see.
king to d2.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: "pawn to b6."
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
the knight is dead.
your serpents are lost.
check!
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
it sure does appear. That I am in check.
guess I'll do something about that.
"king to f7."
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: oh dear! so much for your enchantment.
that was a dire mistake. mate in four.
rook to f4.
check! (winking kissy face)
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: "king to g7."
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: queen to e5.
check.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: "king to g6."
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: rook to g4.
check!
one more to go, love.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: well. What is left for me to do.
besides accept my defeat gracefully.
"king to h7."
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: that's a fine attitude. maybe you are finally making some progress in the realm of sportsmanship?
queen to g7.
checkmate. (very smiley face with closed eyes)
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: no it isn't.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: what are you talking about?
don't be a poor sport again. You were doing so well there, relatively speaking.
the game is over. Better luck next time, "bro." (Smiley face with closed eyes)
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: it is not over. "Sis."
look at the board closer.
I am not in checkmate.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: I have no idea what you're babbling about. Sounds like desperation to me.
I am looking at the pieces. Your king cannot step anywhere that does not put him in check.
or can the threat to him be eliminated by other means.
you have been mated.
the king is dead.
your enchantment has failed.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: that is not my king.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: this is becoming silly.
unless you have something to say about the game which actually makes sense, I am done with it.
I have more important things to do.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: you are not done with anything.
unless you want to forfeit.
look closer at the "king" and "queen."
and then.
remove their crowns.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

U.U.: Jeer UU.

[Image description: A pair of grey hands removes caps from the red king and queens. The king was actually the queen and the queen was actually the king. The king is not in check. At the bottom of the screen, a red and green prankster's gambit bar flashes and cracks.]

pesterlog
uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: oh bloody hell.
this was your "enchantment?"
are you serious????????????
uuuuuuuuuuugh. This is your shittiest twist yet!
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: well played "sis!"
you checkmated my queen!
aah! Haa! Haa! Haa! Haa! Haa! Haa! Haa!
this is so fucking funny.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: I am just astonished.
not at the guile of your little ploy, but by the fact that you actually seem to think this was a clever ruse.
it is just so painfully daft, i...
I am speechless!
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: never saw someone speechless. Who had so much to type.
I thought you of all people would appreciate my modifications.
he crowns are really nice and well crafted.
form fitting. Hardly adding any height.
like capping.
a tooth.
you were completely fooled.
and now the coveted prankster's gambit between us.
belongs to me.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: this is absurd.
you nagged incessantly for me to allow you to reverse the starting positions of the king and queen!
I only agreed to get you to shut up about it, and regardless, I knew I could beat you anyway even
with your initial "advantage." And I was right!
how can you claim this as a legitimate strategy?
you broke the rules!
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: hey! I didn't break any rules.
I merely asked if you would agree. To me swapping the start positions of the king and queen.
and you did agree.
but then I didn't actually do it.
when did I say I would? Never.
I was only gauging your willingness to make the exception.
I then went about decorating my king and queen with nice little hats.
which is *also* not against the rules.
you do it all the fucking time. Give your game pieces horns and shit.
you even give them names and blood castes. Yuck.
so if you have a problem with my decorations. I say pot. Allow me to introduce you to the fucking
kettle.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: I cannot believe you are defending this maneuver.
yes, I suppose some of these tactics are technically within bounds of the letter of the rules, but the
entire charade was highly disingenuous and unsportsmanlike.
it is unbelievably childish, even for you!
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: I am a child.
so are you. It just so happens that you are a child.
who just got fucking served.
it is not against the rules to be childish. Or disingenuous. Or unsportsmanlike.
it's also not against the rules to be a bastard. Which is another thing I am.
every single thing I did was legal.
my queen. Disguised as a king. Made moves like a king. Which is within its capability. This was
done to deceive you.
my king. Disguised as a queen. Made moves like a king. Because doing otherwise would break the
rules.
but you believed it had her powers. And I used this to my advantage.
which was hilarious to observe. Watching you back away froms "threats." From what was in truth a
distant king!
all the while my ruse. Patently obvious in hindsight. Went embarrassingly undetected.
in fact. If anyone here broke the rules.
it was you.
U.U.: what?!
absolute bollocks.
what rules did I break?!
this ought to be good!
U.U.: what?!

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: you agreed to let me start with the king and queen in swapped positions.
it's against the rules to make an exception like that. Even if your opponent is being obnoxious
about it.

your willingness to break the rules is disgusting to me. You should feel ashamed of yourself.
luckily. At least one of us has respect for the rules.
I started with all my pieces in the correct position.
in spite of your willingness to allow those rules to be broken.
which as I have addressed. Is totally shameful.
you are very fortunate to have a "bro" who respects the integrity of the game even where his "sis"
might falter.
a "bro" who. While fully adhering to the rules. And exposing your hidden shameful tendencies.
still managed to defeat you.
U.U.: you prick!!!!!!!!!
ohh, I could just strangle you.
you don't even know how tempted I am to do so right now.
I did not break the rules. I was doing you a favour.
in any case, you say you managed to beat me? When did that happen?
even though you've exposed your ruse, you haven't actually mated me yet, grandmaster "bro."
U.U.: then you admit the game continues to be perfectly legitimate. And still in play?
U.U.: bring it on!!!!!!!!!!!!

U.U.: queen to c2.
check.
U.U.: Defeat UU.
A red rook moves down into the same row as the green king, placing it in check again.
The green queen takes that rook.
The red queen takes the green queen, placing the king in check.
The green king moves down one space.
A red pawn in the same column as the green king advances one space.
The left green rook moves to stand in the space above the queen.
The red queen moves over to the space up and to the right of the green king.
The green king moves over one.
The red queen moves diagonally to stand in the same column as the green king.
The green king moves left one space.
The red queen moves up one space, taking a green bishop.
A green rook moves up to stand in the same row as the red king, placing it in check.
The red king moves down and to the left one square.
The green rook that just had the king in check moves to the corner to take the last red rook.
The red queen moves down and left one square, placing the green king in check.
The green king moves right one space.
The red queen moves right one space, putting the green king in check.
The green king moves right again.
The red queen moves diagonally, to take the space one up and to the right of the green king, placing it in check.
The green king moves left.
The red queen moves up and to the right one square, taking a green rook.
The remaining green rook moves down one square, putting the red king in check.
The red king moves down and left one square.
The green king moves left, placing it in the same column as the red king.
The red queen moves left two spaces, putting the green king in check diagonally.
The green king moves left.
The red queen moves diagonally towards the upper right corner and takes the final green rook.
A grey hand slams down onto the board, toppling the pieces and sending some flying. The only pieces still on the board are the kings and two pawns for each color. Only a red pawn remains upright. Whoever it is is wearing a dark green, long sleeve article of clothing and a bright red, 6-shaped cufflink.]

pesterlog
uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: king to e3.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: rook to e3.
check.
someone's in deep shit.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: blech. Look at this royal cockup.
this is so stupid.
now I either have to sacrifice my queen, or move my king into a strategically horrible position.
why am I even going along with this?
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: yes. That sure is a strategic dilemma.
who would have thought. That the game of chess. Would present such a scenario?
do you forfeit.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: you wish.
to hell with it. Let's sacrifice the queen.
I still put odds in my favour, with my rooks and bishop versus your bishop, rook, and queen.
I've bested you before with less material and initiative on my side.
queen to c3.
the rook is dead.
my "bro" is an arse!
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
I think I must be in your head. Even more than usual.
queen to c3.
the queen is dead.
the bitch fucked up.
check!
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: oh shut up and play.
king to e2.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: pawn to e5.
uradianUmbra [UU] ceased jeering undyingUmbrage [uu]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
uradianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: bwa ha ha.
another idiotic blunder. This is so easy.
queen to f3.
check.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uradianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: king to d2.
uradianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: queen to d5.
check.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uradianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
king to c2.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
the bishop is dead.
his flesh consumed.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: wait, where did you put it?
you better not have just literally eaten the bishop.
rook to c8.
check.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: rook to h8.
the rook is dead.
our shits weren't given.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: queen to c5.
haa. Haa.
check.
anyfuck. No. I don't imagine this game will be taking up much more of our time.
ssssssssss.
did someone let the snakes loose?
or was that the sound of my vicious burn.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: grr.
king to d2.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: queen to d5.
check.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: king to e2.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: queen to f3.
check.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

U.U.: king to d2.

uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

U.U.: queen to g4.

the rook is dead.

our chess set is shrinking.

undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

U.U.: will you stop... *Doing things* with the dead pieces!

I swear, as if the juvenile "enchantment" wasn't enough, if it turns out you are also losing or destroying pieces deliberately, I am going to straight up flip a bitch.

rook to h7.

check!!!!!!!!!

uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]


undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

U.U.: king to c2.

uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

U.U.: wow. Another awful move!

you're playing almost as shitty as I usually do.

looks like my enchantment worked better than I thought.

for something that was in reality.

fake ass magic.

queen to e4.

check.

undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

U.U.: king to b2.

uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

U.U.: queen to h7.

the rook is dead.

the jig is up.

mate in four.

or less!

undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

Next

[Image description: The hand is gone, leaving just the toppled chess set.]
pesterlog
uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: fuck this!!!!!!!!!!!!
I don't know why I bothered humouring your vile underhanded rubbish!
I hate you. Just sod right off to hell, please.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
a guy could get the wrong idea. And mistake your outburst for something.
caliginous.
that would be most un"sisterly." Don't you think.
anyway. By the looks of this messy board.
I'm going to assume you forfeited the match.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
U.U.: you are disgusting.
I really loathe you, and no, not in "that way!"
I am not going to talk to you for a while. Probably a long while.
I only hope I can overcome my contempt for you when it comes time to play our game. But I am
not holding my breath!!!!!!!!!!!!
leave me alone.
uranianUmbra [UU] blocked undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
U.U.: you blocked me again? You know that doesn't do anything.
anyway. I'm happy we are in agreement that I won.
you shouldn't underestimate me.
I'll leave you alone for a while like you want. Because really. Who cares about you?
but you should believe me.
when I tell you.
some day.
I'm going to kill you in your sleep.
maybe even.
more than once.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 6 Act 3: Nobles, part 2

Select character.

[Image description: A character select screen for Jane, Jake, Roxy, or Dirk appears. When you hover over Jane, the background turns into a picture of the obelisk she destroyed reflecting blue light down into a hole. When you hover over Jake, it shows him in the transmaterializer room. When you hover over Roxy, it shows her running from drones. When you hover over Dirk, it shows him and sawtooth looking up towards a red tendril in the sky. Click Jane.]

Be Jane.

[Image description: The door to the crypt is now open. A second image shows Jane and Lil Seb in a cave, on a walkway, over a body of water. The walkway leads to a blown open door.]

Your nimble friend returned with the duplicated obelisk, allowing you into the crypt to pursue your father. Ahead appears to be a locked door, that was punched clean through. You are on the right track. You are sure of it.

Jane: Examine door.

[Image description: Jane and Lil Seb stand by the door. Jane has an A.R. alert over her head.]

You can smell his cologne. Or at least you think you can. Maybe you're just imagining it? You know what, it doesn't matter. Someone punched through this door, and that guy was your dad. End of story!

Another incoming message from your client shades. Your client human sure is a busy guy. You've barely heard a peep out of him since you got here.

Jane: Answer client shades.

[Image description: Jane sits down on the ground and puts the crosbytop in front of her. Lil Seb steps through the broken doorway. A second image shows two icons on the crosbytop. One is Delirious Biznasty and the other is a red spirograph labeled 'server'.]

pesterlog
timaeusTestified [A.R.] began pestering gutsygumshoe [G.G.]
A.R.: Hold up.
Before you go any further, there's been a change of plan.
G.G.: Really?
A.R.: Well, not a change of plan so much as an acceleration. Everyone needs to get into the game sooner than expected. There is a new unaccounted for variable. Particularly for Roxy and Dirk.
G.G.: What is it?
A.R.: They are probably going to die if they don't join the game very soon.
G.G.: Shucks!!!!!
A.R.: Hey, I'm upset about it too, but let's watch the fucking language.
G.G.: Ok, what do I do?
A.R.: Install the server. I downloaded it to your computer along with a few other crucial system upgrades when we established our connection.
G.G.: Upgrades? What upgrades?
Wait, is that how this stupid "Delirious Biznasty" application got on here?
A.R.: No comment.
Install and run the server. You will be connecting with Roxy. I will have Jake connect with Dirk. Setting up the chain like this will be important.
G.G.: Why?
A.R.: It seems that I again have no comment.
G.G.: Sheesh.
Very well then, Mister Zipperlips.
A.R.: I don't have lips. You just said something laughably illogical. How typical of someone who isn't a fashion accessory of immeasurable intelligence.
G.G.: Whatever! Let's curtail the horseplay this once while I help Roxy.
Ok. I installed it. Now what? Should I run it?
A.R.: Yes. That copy is programmed to connect automatically with the client she's running.
G.G.: Okey dokey. Doing that now.
Hey, I can see her room! (buck toothed face)

[Image description: It shows Roxy's room, now with a red sburb cursor hovering in it.]

pesterlog
G.G.: That's a really nice room there.
But where is she?
Hah, her drink is still there. So she can't have gone far.
A.R.: Oh snap.
G.G.: I don't see her anywhere in the rest of the house.
I see plenty of plush wizards and window gizmos, and... pumpkins? Really, Roxy? What an unusual house design. Are all homes in the future like this?
A.R.: You mean the ones that aren't under water? Yes. They are all almost exactly like that.
A.R.: I'm sure she's out cruising the hood, probably messin' with the locals. Maybe attempting some ill advised drunken heroics.
Pretty tight numerical probability of that, I just decided with unfeeling precision.
G.G.: She said things were on fire when we last talked?
Actually, she said the whole neighborhood was burning down, if I recall. But judging by the view from her window, it looks lovely outside. What exactly is the danger I am saving her from here?
A.R.: Zoom out.
Way out.

Jane: Zoom out.

[Image description: Roxy's neighborhood is on fire and the Red Miles creep towards it.]

pesterlog
G.G.: OH NO!!!!!
Roxy, where are you???(frowning face)
A.R.: We'll track her down.
The important thing to do now is deploy all the devices quickly, so the house will be ready to jet
the moment she gets back.
G.G.: How do you know she's not hurt?
A.R.: That is statistically remote.
Given that I can track the coordinates of certain devices she carries, and they are presently in
motion.
Really, the fire is not the most significant threat, or even the drones.
G.G.: Then what is?
A.R.: Do you see the red stringy stuff coming from the sky?
G.G.: Oh...
Yes.
What is that??

==>

[Image description: Jane picks up Roxy's bed and carries it away.]

pesterlog
A.R.: If sources are to be trusted, and my calculations are reliable within a 0.001% margin of error,
it's a bunch of super deadly red shit.
No time to get into that now though. Just deploy the devices quickly.
You know the drill.
G.G.: Right. Let's see.
There's hardly any space in here to put anything. I'll have to make some room.
I don't want to damage any of her belongings though.
A.R.: That would be unconscionable.

==>

[Image description: Jane launches the bed into a fire.]

pesterlog
G.G.: whoops!
dag nabbit. This trackpad is awful!
lousy dad computer.
why does he have to buy his computers at the dadly depot?
why does he have to buy everything at the dadly depot?
I really need to keep looking for him soon. Thinking about our expeditions to the dadly depot is
making me miss him.
A.R.: you really need to hurry up and deploy that junk instead of that.

Jane: Deploy.

[Image description: A totem lathe stands where Roxy's bed was. A second image shows the
cruxtruder in the observatory full of pumpkins. A third shows her alchemiter on the roof.]

pesterlog
G.G.: There. Those seem like suitable locations for the equipment.
A.R.: Yeah.
G.G.: Hey, where's Lil Seb?
A.R.: Just wandering around. Fidgeting and stuff.
You know how he is.
Just stay at your post until Roxy gets back.
G.G.: I think he went through the door.

Jane: Follow the rabbit.

[Image description: Jane follows Lil Seb into a room with frog hieroglyphs all over the wall. He stands on an appearifier and disappears in a blue flash]

pesterlog
G.G.: He just disappeared on that platform!
I think it might be some kind of transport device, that works via teleportation.
A kind of "transportalizer," to coin a completely silly and novel term.
A.R.: That's great. Now sit back down and wait for Roxy. She'll be home soon.
G.G.: But I think that's where my dad went too!
I have to follow him.
A.R.: No, Jane. Do not follow the rabbit.
Let's cool it with the Wonderland shit already. How much further through the damn looking glass do you even need to go?

Jane: "Transportalize."

[Image description: Jane stands on the transportalizer and vanishes.]

pesterlog
G.G.: I'll be fine!
I'm bringing my computer with me. I can tend to Roxy's entry along the way.
A.R.: This is an atrocious idea.

===>

[Image description: Jane appears somewhere on Derse. The walls are cracking and the room shakes. Light shines through a pointed doorway, casting a shadow of Lil Seb on the floor.]

===>

[Image description: Jane and Lil Seb look up to see fire engulfing crumbling purple buildings, which are being destroyed by The Red Miles. Dirk flies above one of the buildings and looks down at them.]

===>

[Image description: Jane stares up with a surprised look.]

===>

[Image description: Dirk stares down with an equally surprised look.]
T.T.: And what in the name of Jesus H. Dick is she doing here?
A.R.: I am blameless in this debacle.

[Image description: Jane and Lil Seb stand on the edge of a crumbling walkway. Flames lick up beneath it and curl around the edge.]

[Image description: Jane spots Jake on another walkway across the flames. He looks even more shocked than Dirk and Jane did.]

[Image description: Jane puts her hands on her cheeks and looks mortified. A thought bubble shows a scribbly drawing of her flailing. Question marks, hearts, Jake's face, and Oh shit! flash above thought-Jane's head.]

Select character.

[Image description: The character select screen appears again. This time, pick Jake.]

Be Jake.

[Image description: Jake stands in the temple, between the elevator and the lotus blossom time capsule. It's zoomed out to the point that Jake is just a small white shape. Everything shakes slightly.]

Now that you've shot your boxed-up friend through time and space to grandma land, it's time to retrieve her lab globe which you shrunk then hot potatoed down the rabbit hole. Then it'll be time to hoof it out of these musty old ruins, assuming you can get that elevator working again. Which might be a problem, now that you think about it.

Also, it seems the volcanic tremors have increased, which can't be good.

Jake: Look in hole.

[Image description: He looks down the hole. The shrunken tower top sits next to two transportalizers. One of them is purple and the other is yellow.]

It's a bit deeper than you thought. Now you're starting to wonder if you'll even be able to get out of there once you hop down.

Hey, there are two transportalizers down there too. Like the kind that were in your old house. You wonder where they go? Funny, in all the time you spent exploring this place, it never occurred to you to look down here.

Jake: Jump down and get that globe.

[Image description: Jake jumps down and stands next to the globe. A second image shows him reaching through the slit in the roof.]

You mainly want to take what's inside it. That thing is supposed to be all kinds of important.
You wonder if you can just...

Just sort of reach inside...

And...

Jake: Take it.

[Image description: Jake holds a fourth wall that's about the size of a piece of paper. An A.R. alert appears above him.]

You just sort of reach inside and take it.

You have no idea what this thing is supposed to do. It's some particularly arcane loot your grandma pinched on one of her daring expeditions. You've been told it's important. Probably for puzzles later or something. Like something from one of the National Treasure movies, that Nic Cage finds in the old lair of a secret president, and he doesn't know why it's important, he just shoves it in his hero satchel and keeps doing adventures until it randomly becomes important.

You hope it's not a problem that you made it so small. Wait, that's exactly the kind of thing a hero doesn't worry about. Cage would just pocket his tiny window thingamabob and keep being awesome. Shit like that is for the plot to figure out, not the brave gun toting hero.

Looks like the shades are bugging you again. Why are you not surprised?

Jake: Answer.

[Image description: Jake puts on his skulltop and captchalogues both the globe and the fourth wall. An A.R. alert hovers over his skulltop. A second image shows his desktop, which is now nearly covered with 11 different versions of Delirious Biznasty. A red spirograph icon labeled 'server' is also there.]

pesterlog
timaeusTestified [A.R.] began pestering golgothasTerror [G.T.]
A.R.: Hold up.
Before you go any further, there's been a change of plan.
G.T.: Oh why am i not surprised!
Still no human dirk?
A.R.: Don't worry, you'll see him very soon. In a way.
G.T.: What is the change of plan?
A.R.: Well, not a change of plan so much as an acceleration.
Everyone needs to get into the game sooner than expected. There is a new unaccounted for variable.
G.T.: I see. Variables and what not.
Let's cut to the chase! What do i do.
A.R.: Install the server. I downloaded it to your computer along with a few other crucial system upgrades.
G.T.: Crucial upgrades huh?
I dunno about crucial buddy i see you have trolled me with like 50 copies of this dumbfuck social media software for cool bros in hats but ok.
The guy is untrollable.
G.T.: Ok i installed it should i run it?
A.R.: Yes.
You will be connecting with Dirk. I will have Jane connect with Roxy. Setting up the chain like this will be important.

G.T.: Sure if you say so.
A.R.: That copy is programmed to connect automatically with the client Dirk is running. Do it quickly. His life depends on it.
G.T.: Great caesars ghost! Why didnt you say so.
Ok done.
Hey theres his room!

==>

[Image description: Dirk's room now has a red sburb cursor floating in it. The window shows a faint glow of fire and grey smoke.]

pesterlog
G.T.: Heh heh. Id recognize that room anywhere.
Horses puppets holy smokes there is a man who knows what he likes.
A.R.: Damn straight.
G.T.: But where is he?
I dont see him elsewhere in the place.
Lots of priceless sbahj merch though im so jealous.
A.R.: I'll see about hooking you up when you join the game. No promises, though. He's pretty attached to all that shit.
He has not yet transcended the primitive desire for material goods, as he is not two conjoined triangles of pure unflappable logic.
G.T.: What?
A.R.: Sorry.
As a pair of overly intellectual triangles, sometimes my wording can be a bit...
Obtuse.
(pointy shades emoji)
G.T.: Lol!
Just joking bro that sucked.
How do i find dirk and save his life?
A.R.: Zoom out.
Way out.

==>

[Image description: Jake zooms way out. The apartment stands in the middle of the burning ocean and red miles slam down into the water and cross the sky behind it. Dirk, Square wave and Saw tooth stand at the corner of the building.]

pesterlog
G.T.: Eureka!!!!!
Youre right he sure does look to be in a thorough pickle.
My impulse is to message him now but youre kind of bogarting his chumhandle so i dont even know how to do that?
A.R.: He's concentrating on some things happening on Derse at the moment.
Not to mention some uncannily similar things going down on Earth, which it seems you have noticed.
He's also talking to someone, trying to appraise the exact nature of the threat.
Unfortunately as a carbon based life form, his comprehension of the situation is taking shape at a somewhat slower pace than the jaw-dropping speed of post-singularity cognition.
So I am taking the reins and accelerating the plan on his behalf, while he's busy with the corporeal stuff as usual.

G.T.: Ok then how do i help?
A.R.: Deploy all the devices in the Phernalia Registry. Ideally in places that aren't stupid.
Do it quickly, so he can activate the entry sequence and escape.
G.T.: I will have them deployed lickety split.
That flaming ocean is nothing to sneeze at.
It is fixing to burn his... uh. Skeletal highrise thing right the heck down.
A.R.: Really, the fire is not the most significant threat.
G.T.: Oh. Are more robots on the way?
A.R.: No.
Do you see the red stringy stuff coming from the sky?
G.T.: Um...
G.T.: Oh!
You mean the super deadly red shit?

==>

[Image description: It zooms in on Dirk and the robots. The ground around them is littered with robot parts]

G.T.: There we are. No sweat.
A.R.: Cool.
G.T.: Haha! He did a thumbs up at me.
Hey buddy!
Say hey buddy to him.
A.R.: Ok.
He says hey.
G.T.: Sweet.
Now what?
A.R.: Stand by. He may need further assistance once he begins the sequence.
G.T.: How long will that take?
A.R.: Once he's ready. I'll try to nudge him along, but unfortunately, the fact that he is me notwithstanding, Dirk can be just as sluggish and uncooperative as the rest of you god damned meat mannequins.
G.T.: Understood. That being as it is in the meantime i think ill poke into one of these transporty doodads.
A.R.: What?
No, you fickle fuckwit.
Stay your ass put.

Jake: Transportalize.

[Image description: Jake appears on a transporalizer on Derse. He's in a cracking room that looks like a purple version of the room where Jane's dreamself ended up on top of the manhole cover.]

pesterlog
G.T.: Whoa what is this place?
Things sure are a rumblin here in this enchanted purple palace.
I cant believe i never found those hidden transport pads under the thing.
A.R.: Dude, I could have told you they were there.
G.T.: How did you know about them?
A.R.: I didn't.
But it's like platformer gaming 101. You look everywhere for secret passages and power-ups and shit.
Elevators are especially fucking suspicious.
You go down an elevator, you wait for the elevator to go back up, you take a peek at what's underneath.
Maybe it's just death spikes. Or maybe you hit warp zone paydirt.
G.T.: You are so wise. I will never be as elite of a game bro as you.
A.R.: I'm not a Game Bro. I just know literally everything about basically all subjects.
Now go back where you came from. Dirk might need help.
G.T.: Will you untwist your virtual knickers. I have everything under control.
I think this may be where my grandma used to go during some of her expeditions.
You dont just pass up the chance for an adventure like this!
How much deeper down the damn bunny hole do you need to go? There is no White Rabbit waiting for you here.
G.T.: We will just see about THAT.
Besides i have my skulltop with me so i can swoop in to assist dirk at any time!
A.R.: This is an atrocious idea.

==>

[Image description: Dream Dirk flies above a crumbling section of Derse.]

==>

[Image description: Jake looks up with a surprised expression.]

==>

[Image description: Dirk spots him and looks surprised too.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Ok, what the fuck is he doing here?
A.R.: I hold no accountability for this fiasco.

==>

[Image description: Jake stands near the edge of a crumbling walkway. Flames lick up over the
It's the White Rabbit!
Sort of!

Oh yeah. Jane too!

Select character.

Be Dirk.

pesterlog
U.U.: better hurry up.
you can't escape the miles.
no one can escape the miles!
T.T.: why do you keep saying that?
are you trying to turn it into some sort of thing?
U.U.: it already is a thing. Inasmuch.
as facts are things.
here are more facts that are things.
you are going to die soon.
your whole universe is going to die.
because.
you can't.
escape.
the miiiiiiiiiiiles.
T.T.: sorry, it's not going to start being a thing no matter how much you say it. Give it a rest.
U.U.: no.
T.T.: what I don't understand is how the attack is making its way here from derse.
is that even possible?

[Image description: Dream Dirk ducks under a strand of Red Miles and walks down a stairway, towards a fire.]
just because the same thing is happening there.
you think there is correlation. Beyond some sort of circumstantially simultaneous. Fuckrubbish?
you're so dumb.
T.T.: so, you know why this is happening?
these miles are from jack. Way outside your universe.
the miles on derse are from another guy. Who's just. Sitting in a castle somewhere probably.
T.T.: that doesn't actually explain a whole lot, but ok.
put out a hit on your entire universe. And all its internal iterations.
don't you think that's fucking awesome?
T.T.: I thought you didn't know much about our story? You usually like to brag about how you
don't care about details like that.
U.U.: I mainly just skim past it all with disgust. Except for the parts.
where people die.
I could read those.
over and over.
and also maybe the parts.
where people "kiss"?
in the way that when you chance upon something.
unspeakably and viscerally abhorrent.
it gets hard.
T.T.: does it now.
U.U.: to pry your eyes away!
you didn't let me finish.
to pry your eyes away.
T.T.: oh.

[Image description: An alchemiter appears behind Awake Dirk and he gives a thumbs up.]
got to escape all these goddamn miles, remember?
U.U.: aah haa haa!
you can't!
you caaaaaaaaaan't.
escaaaaaaaaaaaape.
T.T.: the miles. Right.
bye.
U.U.: but seriously. Wait!
U.U.: I wanted to give you something. A "present".

==> 

[Image description: Dream Dirk flies over a walkway and two dersites watch him go.]

pesterlog
T.T.: what?
T.T.: for what?
can we seriously move this along.
U.U.: for helping me. With the thing you just helped me build.
T.T.: god, what are you talking about.
U.U.: for you it was years ago. But for me. Soliciting you for assistance was quite recent.
you're always all over the timeline and somehow expect people to know what you're talking about.
so what's the present?
U.U.: before I give you this treasure. First you must do something for me.
T.T.: man. You really do struggle with human customs, don't you?
when you're about to give someone a gift out of gratitude, you don't then start negotiating with
them and ask for shit before handing it over.
just fuckin' give it to me already.
T.T.: ok, what do you want me to do to collect my awesome prize you're allegedly thanking me
with?
U.U.: your juju.
remember I told you to bring it to the roof.
U.U.: shhhhhhhhhhh. Don't say its "name" you idiot.
now take out the juju.

==> 

[Image description: The ground shakes beneath Dirk as he takes out Cal, who's wearing a purple
derse tunic over his orange shirt. A second image zooms in on his face and creepy smile with its
single gold tooth.]

pesterlog
U.U.: now throw it in the fire.
T.T.: screw you.
I'm not chucking the c-man into a flaming ocean.
U.U.: it is the ultimate abomination.
your juju may be dead and hollow. But something tells me.
that might make it even more dangerous.
discard it at once. Treasure beyond comprehension is your reward.
T.T.: no.
keep your treasure.
U.U.: ah ha ha. As if it is not inevitably destined to fall from your human fingers.
and become erased as your universe dies.
didn't I mention.
a juju can never be truly copied.
if two appear to exist. Such as one in reality and one in your dreams.
it is only an illusion. Either never true. Or soon to be corrected.
there can only ever be one.
T.T.: well, I'm not tossing him, so that's that.
U.U.: you will though.
anyway. You took it out.
I will deem that compliance enough.
and reward you with my gratitude.
I think instead of thanks though. I will call it. A "birth day present"?
T.T.: it isn't my birthday.
U.U.: not yours jerk.
T.T.: oh. So it's your birthday today?
U.U.: it will be.
if everything goes according to plan.
T.T.: how cryptically meaningless.
and you continue to struggle with human customs. You don't give other people presents on your
own birthday.
anyway, just tell me what it is.
U.U.: it is a "work of fine art".
the very first I have ever attempted.
you will find it suitably conveys our special bond.
T.T.: let's see.
U.U.: http://tinyurl.com/DIRKTHISISuS

[Image description: It's scribbles. Like someone put their finger on the trackpad, then kinda
vaguely moved it to try and make a shape. There's an orange scribble with a black scribble that
looks like it's trying to be sunglasses next to an even more wiggly black scribble with a red spiral in
what might be the head area and what might be a red bowtie a little below that. Below those are
two, more horizontal scribbles partially overlapping each other. One is light blue and one is pink.]

T.T.: uh.
what the fuck am I looking at here?
U.U.: don't you see?? It is us! You and me.
we are getting perhaps a little too. *Friendly.* If you will. Haa. Haa.
T.T.: i... Really don't see.
what do you mean? This fucking scribbly bullshit is us? Are we shaking hands or something?
you have an even dirtier mind than me. I'm fucking outclassed by your reprehensible imagination
once again.
I can't say I'm surprised.
T.T.: so, it's just us? What about the bitches?
I thought you found a scarcity of the bitches to be all but unacceptable.
U.U.: the bitches as you can plainly see have been far from neglected. Look.
they're right there asshole. The bitches appear to be. *Ahem.* Rather enjoying each other's
company???
oooooo0000oh.
soo gnarly.
to imagine. What filth my own hand has wrought.
T.T.: yeah. Gnarly is about right.
this is utter shit. You know that, don't you?
please don't tell me you are actually incapable of understanding how bad this drawing is.
it's pretty good. At least for a first try.
T.T.: if you actually think this even qualifies as a drawing, I'm going to have to say you are literally
the worst artist who has ever existed.
U.U.: what the fuck. This is how you treat. My "birth day thank you gift"??
T.T.: that's not a thing either.
you must have some wires crossed between your left brain and right brain. Like a weird perceptual
disorder. Or something like that.
it's actually kind of fascinating that you think you achieved something visually coherent or
recognizable.
U.U.: this is outrageous.
your drawing blows.
later.

=>

[Image description: Dream Dirk flies over the crumbling buildings and flames.]

pesterlog

Just wondering if you're fully abreast of the little "situation" developing on Derse.
A.R.: No.
Keep looking.
T.T.: Wait...
Oh.

=>

[Image description: Dirk spots Jane and Jake.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Oh hell no.
A.R.: I know, right?

Select character.

[Image description: Once again, it's the character select screen. This time, be Roxy.] 

Be Roxy.

[Image description: Roxy stands at the head of a line of carapacians on a cracked, burning
walkway that's slightly less on fire than some of the surrounding buildings.] 

You have been scrambling around this burning colony for who even knows how long, evading
attacks from drones. All the commotion has really started to harsh your buzz.

It seems the drones have withdrawn from their pursuit, as far as you can tell. But a new threat has taken their place. Some sort of red stringy stuff coming from the sky. You have a very bad feeling about it. You think it's time to find your way home and get out of Dodge. Dodge in this case being the universe.

==>

[Image description: Roxy makes a frustrated expression and a pink scribble of anger appears over her head. There are three alerts for Jane, A.R., and a caduceus symbol over her head.]

It seems while you were running away from missiles and trying not to get blown up, messages from friends have been piling up. These chumps need to calm down. Don't they realize how hung over you are starting to feel? Everybody needs to chill the fuck out. Those chess guys behind you need to chill out too. The whole world needs to chill out and stop being so noisy and bright and on fire.

Roxy: Answer chumps.

[Image description: Roxy pinches one eye shut and takes out her phone. The caduceus alert disappears.]

pesterlog
gutsyGumshoe [G.G.] began pestering tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.]
G.G.: Hey! Where are you??
I can't find you anywhere in your crazy house.
It's just wizards and pumpkins as far as the eye can see.
I hope you're ok!
Please get back to me as soon as you can.
gutsyGumshoe [G.G.] ceased pestering tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.]
T.G.: aw noes
you are snooping up my house
scopping my gourd hoard
janey what are u doing
what is going on here
jane?
god dammit crocket
bleghhhh
head hurts
timaeusTestified [A.R.] began pestering tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.]
A.R.: Judging by the sporadic rates of change in your present coordinates, it seems that you have been running around like a lunatic.
When those ridiculous flesh stilts you refer to as "legs" settle down, and you have a minute to talk, please respond.
T.G.: smup shades
*sup
A.R.: Are you in danger?
T.G.: no
well
not in like robos wanting to kill me immediately as in literally right now danger
but still probably some danger
its hot and all these crumbling flamey buildings are so screwed and i wanna just go lie down plus theres shit coming from the sky
A.R.: What shit do you mean?
T.G.: super deadly red shit
A.R.: Right. The miles. That's why I'm going to need you to get home quickly. What has taken you so long, anyway? Why has your path been so circuitous? Surely you can't be even more inebriated than before.
T.G.: no no less trust my me
A.R.: Ok. Then what?
T.G.: ive been trying to i guess round up some neighbors whenever i see them and try to get then to follow me home whichis harder than is sounds!
A.R.: You are accumulating carapacian refugees?
T.G.: yes
A.R.: That seems like a very inefficient and risky use of your time.
T.G.: i know but they always seem confused and dont know what todo and everythings bunring down i think i should try to take some with me i cant just leave all of the poor chess guys here to die
A.R.: Alright, that's fine. As luck would have it, your imperfect human sentimentality has been completely factored into my calculations. You should be ok. Just get back to your house as quickly as possible now. There's no time left.
T.G.: lmao @ your "caluculations" as if htose are real but ok ill get moving
A.R.: We're going to need you to connect with Jake to bring him into the game. You will complete the chain of entry. This is very important.
T.G.: ok jane was trying 2 reach me messin with my pumpkips or some shit???
T.G.: where is she
A.R.: There's been a little subordination issue there. With both Crocker and English, actually. Strider and I are working on it.
T.G.: what u talkin about subordingation you saying those chucklefucks went rouge
A.R.: Sort of.
T.G.: but thats what i do! posers be frontin hard up on my roguey turf *roguish?
roguish is better it means sly
A.R.: Don't worry about it for now. Just do your part, and catch up with them later. Who knows, maybe you will prove yourself to be the only 100% cooperative, fully competent non-Strider player?
How ironic would it be if the best player turned out to be the drunk girl? Wouldn't that be sweet?
T.G.: yeah!!!! (cat face)
A.R.: Go home. Connect with Jake. Deploy the equipment in the ruins of his old house.
I'll focus on actually getting him there. The kid is seriously a work in progress, I gotta say. Are you sober enough to do all that?

T.G.: I think
the answer
unfortunately
is yes
(frowning face)

Roxy: Answer UU.

[Image description: It shows Roxy's phone. Her background is the drawing of her and Jake that Dirk did- the one where Jake is eating their bb. A caduceus alert hovers over a pesterchum icon.]

pesterlog
uranianUmbra [U.U.] began cheering tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.]
U.U.: Miss Lalonde, do be careful.
I can see that you are preoccupied with aggressors at the moment.
but your viewport is beginning to black out more frequently.
I wanted to talk to you one last time before you enter, and your whole session blacks out for good.
and before...
well, before I possibly do the same. (Blank face with closed eyes and a bead of sweat)
please reply when you have the chance.
T.G.: Hi
whats this
about u blacking out for good?
* blapck
* wait no nevermind
U.U.: Ah, hello!
escaped trouble, I presume? How are you doing?
T.G.: I feel kind of like shit but other than that I'm toters perf
im starting to wonder d if drinkin early today wasnt that coolest idea?!
now I have all these responsibitities while my brain is tellin me to go fuck myelf
*self
aint wanna fuck no elf
not in this condition at least
I would probs need some hella strong coffee b4 boning a elf
U.U.: I am sorry to hear you're feeling under the weather.
but now I am wondering. Hm.
could it have been that regular intake of your soporific liquids was inhibiting your communion with
the void, rather than exaggerating them as I had presumed?
if the effects are wearing off, it could explain the increase in viewport blackouts.
and once they wear off completely, perhaps that is why your entire session goes dark on your entry.
T.G.: That is an interesting theory that has like
mostly no usefull bearing on anything probably?
U.U.: You are probably right. Still, I can't help but speculate on such matters. It is what I do.
(Gasping face)
T.G.: Yeah
I think I was being a dick but im not sure? Sorry
glarghgle
I am sure feeling liek
a gross bunch of nasty trash in a scarf
all taking my surly shit out
on nice and cute aliens
U.U.: oh, not to worry. (Very smiley face with closed eyes)
T.G.: heyy
U.I.
*U.U.
you know everything right
U.U.: hee hee! If only.
T.G.: k well
what is with the looming strandy crap in the sky
the miles> glasses called em that
I know I got to escape them
but what are they actually gonna do?

==>

[Image description: Roxy looks out over the burning neighborhood. The glow of the fire makes the night sky look like it's sunset. Pillars of smoke and the red miles obscure some of the stars.]

pesterlog
I do know a thing or two about the red miles.
it is the queen's favoured attack. Very long distance and omnidirectional.
but once upon a time, her weapon was stolen by a usurper. Jacked, you could say, right off her ring finger. And then given a considerable boost in power.
that gave the miles enough of a kick to rip a universe to shreds.
and they have been doing so to yours and its many instances for eons.
only now have they caught up to your instance. It is quite fortunate it has taken so long, really.
some instances are tucked deeper in the speaker's mighty blow sack, and will hold out for much longer, on a vast cosmic scale of course.
T.G.: wait
I dont
what? Instances
blowb sack
righ now I can hardly walk without steppin on my moms scarf ok
so theyre destorying the universe is that the bootom line
try to think of it like this.
imagine that the universe is contained inside a very large creature.
say, a great big frog.
T.G.: frog
why a frog thats so silly
U.U.: it's just a frog! That is the way it is, just try to imagine it.
T.G.: k
picturin
big ol space frog
all ribbiting loud an being huge
hehehe
U.U.: now imagine that not only does the universe exist inside it, depending on the creature's health and well being to survive...
but every potential instance of that universe exists inside as well.
those that are doomed and those with promise.
even those that were reset from scratch, with slightly different starting conditions.
all of those interrelated universes mingling together inside your frog, inextricable from its
physiology.
if the frog dies, they all go with it. Eventually.
T.G.: then you are saying some rude a-hole is killin our frog
T.G.: wow
that is
just....
the worst
U.U.: well, it could have been worse, actually. The miles could have spread to your universe
before it had the chance to sprout your lovely planet, providing a home for you and your wonderful
mates.
all universes die at some point. Some sooner than others. It is all part of the cycle, and sometimes
things like this must happen for reasons beyond our understanding.
but this is neither here nor there. I did not intend to go blathering about all that and waste an
important conversation with you.
I think the truth is I am probably just stalling.
T.G.: stalling what
U.U.: I have some important things to tell you.
I'm afraid I am going to be breaking so many rules in doing so.
I am not used to breaking rules. It makes me very uncomfortable.
but it may be my only chance. I hope you won't think less of me for it.
T.G.: no way
I dont even know what rules ur talking about
time shit rules
if its time shit rules idgaf about those
and m not goinna stop thinking youre great if u "break" them
are you in trouble?
but so are you, and I've distracted you enough.
concentrate on returning to your home.
once you are there and preparing for the game, I will contact you again and tell you everything that
I have been wanting to tell you.
also...
I wanted to give you something. (Gasping face)
T.G.: hoh man
what is it!
U.U.: just a thing!
you'll see.
now run along!!!!!!!!!!

Select character.

[Image description: It goes back to the character select screen. You've already gone through all the
options, so go to the next page.]

I selected all those characters. Time to move on.

[Image description: A window divided in half, then one half into quarters hands on a wall next to a
door with a Complacency of the Learned poster on the wall. The chess pieces in the poster look
almost exactly like the green ones from the U.U. vs u.u. chess game, except these are a darker
green. A fire licks up the wall, towards the window. The unsplit half of the window shows the
character select screen. The quarters each show the background that came up when you hovered]
over the characters. Jane's is in the top left, Jake the top right, Roxy the bottom left, and Dirk the bottom right.]

You press onward, feeling refreshed and invigorated by all the free will you were just dealt. The story was your oyster for a while there. Or more specifically, it was one of four slightly different oysters you could choose from, in any order, as long as you ultimately selected and consumed all four oysters when all was said and done. This must be what it feels like to be a god, you think to yourself. Or at the very least, the patron of a seafood restaurant.

Roxy: Return home.

[Image description: Roxy's neighborhood is till on fire. Many carapacians swarm over her house, holding buckets and dousing the flames.]

You have returned home to find a variety of devices deployed throughout your house, and a variety of fires threatening to burn it down.

Roxy: Put out fires.

[Image description: It zooms in on her balcony, where carapacians dump water on several fires. A second image shows Roxy throwing water on a her pile of plushies and electronics, putting out most of the fire on them. A white arm sticks out of her cabinet and a large crack in the wall leads outside. A tendril of the Red Miles reaches into the room.]

You quickly put everyone on bucket duty to douse the flames. Now you guess you understand why your mom left all these buckets in the house? You always thought it was a passive aggressive reminder for you to keep up with the housework.

At the behest of their roguish leader, the loyal band of Merry Men go straight to work in getting the fires under control. The Robin Hood reference is lost on them. Also lost on everybody is the sordid spectacle this appears to resemble from an alien perspective, with all these buckets sloshing around and whatnot. Your void powers cannot black out this graphic debauchery soon enough.

Roxy: Connect with Jake.

[Image description: Roxy sits at her desk and pulls out her laptop, which has a caduceus alert over it. A second image shows the mountain on Jake's island. All that's left of the tower is the burned out remains of the first floor and part of the second. A third image zooms out, showing that the volcano is spewing lava into the forest and setting it on fire.]

You run the server program which auto-connects with Jake and a viewport of his old house just pops right open. This is going to be so easy. You can already tell, compared to you, everyone else sucks so bad at this game, not to mention at computers in general.

You better deploy all this equipment ASAP. Not only are you in a hurry to hop into the session yourself, it looks like his volcano is beginning to erupt. Some lava has started a forest fire which is now spreading slowly toward the house. No sign of Jake yet. Hopefully the Dirks can somehow tag team that doofus and make him get with the program.

Oh right, she was going to message you when you got home, you almost forgot. Time to switch gears and go into multitasking mode. You'll get as much done as you can while you talk, ALSO while nursing this hangover. It takes a special kind of hacker babe to be able to handle that, you think. You truly are as deadly to the grid ass you are beautiful.

***
Roxy: Multitask.

[Image description: Roxy slowly lowers the alchemiter into the ruins of the tower.]

pesterlog
uranianUmbra [U.U.] began cheering tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.]
U.U.: I can't see you, but you must be back by now, yes?
T.G.: y
and I am how haxxing up storm
p stank by
*stand
U.U.: haxxing? (Gasping face)
T.G.: u dont even no
my fingers are the mean lil beaks
of furirus woodpeckers
and my keyboard
is a pitiful plank of cruddy wood
guarding a trove of tasty bungs
it is guarding them I might add
moist fucking unsuccessfully
U.U.: (uncertain face with closed eyes)
T.G.: as my digits rain danger
on this hapless lamtop
the result of my tappy onslaught
is line after wicked line
of leetfilthy codes
a.k.a...
the governments worst nightmare
U.U.: um...........
T.G.: I will be in an out
of the systerm
before breakfast knows what ate it
jackpop babby
im am ur cryptogodress (smiley face with wide eyes)
U.U.: roxy?
T.G.: it is womon verse machine
a struggle old as stuff itself
she will bring sburb to its knees
and then turn
with her shitwreckingest face
and stare
into the void
and the void
will wonk first
(winking cat face)

==>

[Image description: Roxy puts the totem lathe next to the alchemiter.]

pesterlog
U.U.: I don't understand.
you are typing some sort of computer program?
T.G.: no
That was all mostly a huge load
T.G.: all that noisy keyboard bangin I just mentioned
was me just typing all that shit I said 2 u
lol I did type it superfast tho
just like they do in dumb fake movies about primo hackers who r tha best
I guess I hacked into our conversation? With bs nstead of codez
U.U.: (very happy face with closed eyes and a bead of sweat)
T.G.: but for real
im just drag & dropin some game shit in to jakes place
it is easy as a butt
this kiddie game is a waste of my baller expertise
* sexpertities
/ obligatory
hey look
a 'totem lathe'
kay whatev
bonk
down it goes
in that patch off dirt I guess
daang
fits on that patch o dirt like
a glass shitting slipper
next ??
U.U.: ah, I understand. You're beginning then. Good!
T.G.: yes im on a roll
gettin my peeps outie
splitting the ball b4 junk turns 2 pumpkins
sooooooo
what were you going to give me back there? (Very happy winking face)
U.U.: right!
it's a present I made for you.
T.G.: ooh!
U.U.: it could be...
a farewell gift actually.
T.G.: huh?
are u leaving
I am about to go to sleep one last time before our scheduled entry.
and there is a very real possibility that I will never wake up.
T.G.: oh no!
why!!!
U.U.: it is complicated.
there is much to say about it which I have never told you, due to my adherence to the rules.
some of which I am about to break now, in order to give myself a fighting chance.
but before I go down that serpentine path with you, here.
one last bit of artwork from an admirer. Something to remember me by, should we never speak
again.
http://tinyurl.com/roxyisthisyoU

[Image description: It's a drawing of Roxy done in a very cute style and colored in a way that looks like a cross between scribbles and painting with a wide brush. Roxy's dressed in a bright yellow
shirt with green sleeves and a green cat on the chest with heart shaped eyes. Her skirt is bright green and has green and teal striped leggings under it. Her shoes are pink and yellow. She's wearing red and green sweatbands on her wrists and a teal and pink striped scarf. Her hair is teal with pink streaks and she's wearing a stick of pink cotton candy like a hat. Her eyes are closed and she has her tongue out to lick a massive green and red swirled lollipop that she's holding in one hand. It looks like Roxy has a trickster version, just like John.

T.G.: !!!!!
ssdlkjfs:lkfjdlskjf

==>

[Image description: Roxy puts the cruxtruder just outside the front door. As it lands, a bright pink, comic sans Bonk appears above it.]

pesterlog
T.G.: ohhhly shit
*hoooooooly
holiest of shits
the shit....
is down right
Sacrosanct
omgomgomogomog
this owns
my bones
(very smiley face with closed eyes)
look at my outfit
want 2 wear that outfit
want 2 kiss + marry that outfist
look
at that lollipop
That fuckin lollipop
Hehhe look at me goin in 4 a lick
Like im the queen of fuckall yall
What is that in my hair
Is that
Cottone candy????
Indeed it is!
Say helloes to new phone wallpp
Sry baby eatin jake husband u r out/divorce'd
yes perfection
more like
perferection
is what is givin me
am getting the perfbonerz up in here
I really enjoy drawing you. It is a treat.
U.U.: you are just so pretty. (Gasping face)
T.G.: awwwommomomomomomom
(heart)(heart)(attempted heart times 3, which came out as 'greater than' 'hashtag')
hearts n hashes
U.U.: anyway, I am very pleased that you like my drawing. (Very smiley face with eyes pinched tightly shut)
T.G.: I love it
I love u
u x2 combot
U.U.: you do?
really??
T.G.: yes
fo rillies
U.U.: (large gasping face)
blimey.
this comes as quite a surprise.
T.G.: well I mean
not like lets got get space married love
more like ur the best and I like you a lot love
then the conciliatory type. I understand.
T.G.: wait
I didnt mean to jerk you around...
did u feel that way about me
aww shit im sorry (frowny face)
U.U.: no! Don't be.
trust me, that is not how I feel about you. Or anyone.
though I truly wish I were capable of those feelings.
perhaps the fact that I am not is why the topic fascinates me so.
and why I have been prone do indulge in such...
fanciful visualizations.
of your people's lovely bright red relationships.
they must be nice. (Blank face with closed eyed)
T.G.: lol well its not like I would know either way
but thats cool I didnt know that about you
I dont know anything about u but I wish I did
cant you at least tell me your name bfore you uh
maybe go ways 4 ever? (Frowning winking face)
U.U.: yes, as a matter of fact.
that is actually the reason I am contacting you.
it is one rule I have decided to break.
T.G.: oh fuck!
what is it!!!!!!!
U.U.: my name is calliope.
T.G.: (small gasping face)
.....
ilike it (cat face)
U.U.: it feels so strange to type that!
but also good, actually.

==>

[Image description: Roxy and two carapacians stand in the observatory near the now open cruxtruder. A white carapacian stares at the purple kernelsprite while the black one is distracted by the pumpkins.]

pesterlog
T.G.: well t.y. for finally confiding in me calilope
U.U.: you're welcome. It is good to get it off my chest.

but I am primarily telling you this as a last resort, in hopes of saving myself.

you see, this rule between me and my brother is a kind of truce.

we have both agreed not to say our names to anyone so that things will not get out of hand, and so it became one of the rules.

if anyone were to say his name to me, I would immediately fall asleep, and he would wake up.

so you will understand if I refrain from telling you his as well. (Blank winking face)

T.G.: so

hes sleeping now?

U.U.: yes, fortunately for both of us.

now, chronologically speaking, I have never contacted you after this moment.

so if I never wake up from my next nap, you will never hear from me again.

if you do not hear from me later, I would very much appreciate it if you could message my brother, and say my name.

it may be the only chance I have to wake up again.

T.G.: fuuuck

this is highly terrible and scary stuff youre saying

but yes ill def do that

U.U.: splendid!

T.G.: shit now I wish we had more time to talk

quick what otter rules were you going 2 break

spill it cali!!

U.U.: I want to!

it is overwhelming, trying to be cavalier about rules I have respected all my life. I'm not sure where to begin.

T.G.: well

what I wonder is

you said you couldnt have romantic feelings

or "red relations" as you said in your trolly way

U.U.: oh, I can have romantic feelings.

just not the flushed kind, which humans describe as romantic love.

T.G.: ok but

I didnt think that was alien to you

not the way u made it sound

like dont trolls have the 4 kinds and one kind is just straight up love feelins

U.U.: yes, that's right.

but...

oh bugger. This is so embarrassing to have to admit.

I am sorry for saying things which may have reasonably led you to believe this.

probably way too many things. (Blank face with closed eyes and a bead of sweat)

but I am not actually a troll.

T.G.: o

rrrrrelay

U.U.: I have never actually claimed to be. But I'm sure I have implied it, probably due to wishful thinking.

I have spent so much time wishing I could be one.

trolls are a remarkable and fascinating race.

humans are too, please don't get me wrong!

but I am out and out smitten with trolls and their history and ways.

they have such amazing, colourful social dynamics that sound like so much fun to be a part of.
and they are so beautiful.
I wish I could be that pretty.
unfortunately, I am not very attractive at all.
sad to say, no one would kiss the corpse I will leave behind.
even if there were someone around to revive me, I doubt they would be inclined to bother.
for, er... Several reasons, actually.
but really, it was always for the best that I cannot have fully flushed feelings.
no one could ever love me.
T.G.: oh man no!!!
that is not true
U.U.: it is.
and it's for the best that no one has ever seen my face, aside from my brother.
T.G.: but I want 2 c u
I promiss I wont think you look bad or judge you
U.U.: no.
I am sorry.
T.G.: (frowny face)
then what kinda alien are you
wait dont tell me youre acutally from uranus??
that just happened to be a planet from your system I thought was lovely.
I was particularly struck by its unique rotation.
it has very nice...
bollocks, what's the word.
the term that refers to a ball's topspin?
T.G.: ???
U.U.: it doesn't matter.
but no, I'm not even from your universe, let alone a nearby planet.
my species has never even had a home planet.
T.G.: what species are u.
U.U.: I am a cherub!

==>

[Image description: Roxy stands in her bedroom and looks towards the totem lathe, which has a purple cruxite dowel clamped in it. A caduceus alert, which we now know to be a Calliope alert, hovers over her.]

pesterlog
T.G.: omg
that is
amazing?
like u have wings or such
U.U.: no!
I doubt I am what you're picturing.
but aside from a few superficial similarities, we are very different from trolls and humans.
we are not a social race. We generally will not ever encounter another of our kind, unless it is time
to mate.
and when that time comes, our courtship is nothing like it is for humans.
it is highly confrontational and violent.
T.G.: sounds so lonely
plus wit hecks of tricky sex
U.U.: it is lonely.
but that is in our nature, to be alone. Just as it is to find attraction through contempt.
now that I think about it, I should have known.
I've been so foolish.
T.G.: known what
U.U.: about the nature of my game session.
I believed he and I could play together, even under our unique biological circumstances.
I was so daft, I thought skaia had actually made an exception for us.
and that we could overcome our conflicts, work together, and fulfill the game's minimum
requirement of two players. One of space and the other of time.
but I was always fooling myself.
it is now clear only one of us will survive.
my skaian visions have misled me.
or I have blinded myself to their true meaning.
this was always meant to be a session of one.
and I am finally starting to understand...
the reality of that could have consequences more horrifying than we could begin to imagine.
T.G.: um
how
U.U.: the thing is, you don't know him like I do.
as hard as it may be to believe, he is even worse than you think.
and it's all such a shame, not just because of that.
it is a shame that I won't be able to play, I guess for selfish reasons.
I was so looking forward to it.
I really thought I was going to be someone special.
that I could use my abilities do something no one had ever done.
T.G.: hey you are being so defeatist stop that!
you dont know you wont play we havent even tried the wakeup call yet remembr???
much like skaia, I've succumbed to a gloomier outlook lately, due to recent setbacks.
T.G.: so whats going to be special bout your game?
aside from that its just your fuckhead bro and you
U.U.: well, I was always led to believe I would be an extraordinary type of player.
both of us would be. We are both assigned extremely rare and powerful classes.
they are the two master classes!
T.G.: oh yeh?
what is urs
U.U.: mine is the most passive on the scale. A class designated for females only.
I am the muse of space. (Very happy face with closed eyes)
T.G.: sounds p cool
whats a muse do
U.U.: I'm not entirely sure. I was hoping to discover that on my journey.
anyway, his is the other master class.
the most active class of all, reserved for male players.
T.G.: what is it
U.U.: um...
roxy.
I think we may be getting a wee bit carried away with trivia here.
we both have so much to do.
you need to focus on getting to safety, while I need to...
prepare myself. For what I hope will be a short nap.
T.G.: ok
you are right
la siiiiigh
im worried 4 you
but optimistic
I will call ur name like a million times
and shout it in 2 the void every chance I get
til u come back (cat face)
U.U.: you are a good friend, roxy.
please take care.

==>

[Image description: Someone with wavy horns looks at a chat client on an otherwise black screen. The casing has Calliope's caduceus symbol on it.]

Pesterlog

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[Image description: The person in the green jacket with the red 69 cufflinks, who we now know to be Calliope, takes off a pair of grey gloves, revealing dark green skin underneath.]

==>

[Image description: She sets the gloves down on a table with a white wig, a used makeup sponge, and a bottle of ben nye magicolor liquid paint in grey.]

==>

[Image description: We see Calliope. She has a gaunt, skull-like face, dark green skin, and claws. She looks like Lord English. The only difference is that she looks younger, has all her teeth, and has green swirls on her cheeks instead of red ones. She smiles at her computer and still wears her horns, which are attached to a black headband.]

==>

[Image description: It zooms out and shows half of Calliope's room. Her computer is on a long desk that takes up the entire left wall. Her wig, gloves, and face paint sit to the left of the computer, and a magic wand and several smaller, white objects are to the left of those. To the right of the computer, there's a massive green book with yellowed pages sitting on top of a tilde ath book. A drawing tablet with a green and white candy on it sits on top. The back wall is covered in art prints of Dirk, Jake, Roxy, Jane, and herself, but as she would look in her full troll costume. A small green chest sits up against the desk and has a box of Jujubes sitting on top of it. The floor is littered with raw steaks, candy, strips of bacon, and pieces of a chess set. The chess board lays on the floor, snapped in half. Against the back wall, an empty white holster on a green belt hangs from a coat rack and a box of special stardust sits on its side. A cuff with a caduceus symbol on it is locked around Calliope's ankle, and a chain runs from it off into the right side of the room.]

You are now Calliope.

Calliope: Dehorn.

[Image description: Calliope takes off her horns and puts them with the wig.]
You remove the last accessory to your prized Cosplay ensemble, and put it neatly with the rest of the stuff. The place is messy enough already without tossing horns about carelessly.

You have many fond memories of solo-cosplay in your room. It's a lot of fun and alarmingly comfortable to just lounge around your room in-character. You really hope you'll get the chance to put it on again after your nap...

Well, maybe not the face paint. You don't wear that so much anymore. He gets especially furious when you do.

Calliope: Examine artwork.

[Image description: Calliope looks at some of the drawings. One shows each of her human friends posing with their favorite object. Jane has her hat and a spoon, Roxy has a martini, Jake has his pistols, and Dirk has Lil Cal. One is of Roxy pointing and saying eyyy. One shows Calliope in full cosplay, slumped over her drawing tablet and looking very tired.]

These are just a few of the many drawings you have done over the years celebrating your absolute all-time favorite characters. Er... you mean friends.

==>

[Image description: It shifts over to show more of the pictures. One is of herself in cosplay looking towards a small red heart that floats above her hand. One is of Roxy trying to give Dirk a smooch while he looks entirely done with the situation. The last one isn't of anyone at all. It's a white circle against a green and red background. A white spiral pulls away from the sphere and looks like it's drawing the red away with it.]

You often like to draw your Trollsona too, Callie Ohpeee. Yes, you suppose that's a stretch, fitting your name into the 6/6 letter format like that. That's ok, though. The limebloods reportedly had some unusual names. And they sure weren't very popular. You like to believe you'd have fit right in.

You've written endlessly about her, and nearly filled a hard drive with related artwork. You have wished for nothing more in your life than to be her. Alas, you are resigned to living out the rest of your days as a little green skull monster. It really sucks!

To the left is a drawing of nothing in particular. Nothing you understand, at least. This is a symbol which has haunted your visions for as long as you can remember.

Calliope: Examine mess.

[Image description: Calliope turns and frowns at the meat, candy, and chess set on the floor.]

He's always been a pain to live with, but now that he seems to be on the verge of victory, he is completely out of control. During one of your recent naps, he apparently threw a full blown tantrum and dumped a whole bunch of meat and candy on your side of the room. He also broke your lovely chess board in half and scattered the pieces about, most of which are now missing. Talk about a shitty roommate.

Calliope: Tidy up a little.

[Image description: Calliope smiles and captchalogs all of the mess into a single card. The left side of the card is red and the right side is green. It just hangs there for a moment, then it slides off to the right and vanishes off screen.]
You stow the delicious mess in your sylladex. You might be inclined to snack on it now, but due to the nature of your Juju Modus, you cannot access it. Once you captchalogue something, only your brother can use it. And vice versa. You always make sure never to captchalogue anything that is particularly important to you. You think sometimes he chucks stuff over to your side of the room just to bait you into captchalogueing it for him, and getting it into his inventory. You kind of don't think he was engaging in such machinations this time though. It looks like he was just being a petulant brat.

Calliope: Examine box.

[Image description: It zooms in on the box of special stardust. There's a picture of a nebula on the box.]

It is a box of Special Stardust. Cherubs love this stuff. They eat it like breakfast cereal every day.

It doesn't even have any magical properties though. It's really just some useless sparkly powder they like to eat. It's basically inedible to any other kind of creature. However, it is potentially quite useful for various arts and crafts.

Calliope: See what you've got captchalogueed.

[Image description: A stack of eight captchalogue cards appears in the top left corner.]

Given the frustrating nature of your modus, your sylladex tends to serve as more of a mutual garbage dump than an inventory.

You're almost afraid to look at what he's left for you in here...

==>

[Image description: Calliope holds a note. It says 'calliope is. A brutal hideous bitch.' And has an incomprehensible scribble drawing under it. The only things that are even vaguely recognizable are a green spiral and a scribbly attempt at a chess set. The chess set is only recognizable because it's been helpfully labeled 'not good at chess.' A second image shows her picking up a second note. This one says 'Your death. Will be. Your single greatest achievement.' And has a drawing of what might be calliope and four scribbles in orange, pink, green, and blue. Below the colorful scribbles, it says 'your "friends" will be happy.]

It seems he has left a series of Unpleasant Notes to taunt you.

Recently he's taken an interest in "learning to draw," which you think is an extremely generous way of putting it. He has always shown such contempt for art in general. Maybe he's finally trying to expand his horizons?

==>

[Image description: She holds another note. 'When you die. I will paint everything with your blood. Even my words.' Even my words was written in black, then roughly scribbled over with lime green and labeled '(like this.)' Below that is a scribble that's slightly more recognizable. It's Calliope's bloody corpse, if the green spiral vaguely near the head region and the lime green scribbled everywhere is anything to go by. At the bottom, he's written out 'tumut', his 'frowning face with closed eyes flicking you off with both hands' emoticon.]

Or maybe he's just looking for yet another way to stick it to you.
Calliope: Check out green tome.

[Image description: Calliope moves the drawing tablet onto the floor, revealing the cover of the book. A second image zooms in further. It says RL, done in cursive and cracking the space around it. It's identical to how Rose signed the walkthrough with her magic wands.]

Making absolutely sure not to captchalogue it, you remove your Tablet, which you use to pen all the striking visuals related to your favored epic.

The ancient tome there is your chief source of information about said epic. It was written by a legendary Seer of Light many ages ago. While there are some mysterious holes in the account - dark spots if you will - it nevertheless remains an indispensable resource.

Calliope: Open it up.

[Image description: Calliope opens the book. A second image zooms in on it. It's penis ouiji, and there's now a black smudge across part of it.]

You open the book to a random page. Oh, right. This one.

This page has always baffled you. You have stared at it long and hard, trying to decipher some sort of hidden meaning behind what appears to be pure chaos. You are sure such meaning is there. It is always there, when it comes to this tale.

Wait a minute.

Something has just occurred to you. This "drawing style" is highly reminiscent of your brother's, which until recently, you had never seen before. It is almost uncanny. His inscrutable squiggles. His penchant for arbitrary, completely baffling straight lines and right angles, almost as if trying unsuccessfully to begin constructing a grid. And those odd shapes there... could they be his depiction of bones? He sure is obsessed with death. No, you think this can't possibly be a coincidence. The comparison is too perfect for it to mean absolutely nothing.

Did he arrive when this was being written? Or was he already there, somehow? He is supposedly an exceptionally advanced Hero of Time, after all. Could it be that your horrible stupid brother of all people has been inextricably involved in your beloved epic all along? For the first time ever, you have just uncovered compelling evidence that this might be true.

This is what you have always enjoyed doing. Agonizing over every detail of this epic, trying to craft theories to explain its mysteries. You think you are pretty good at it, too. But now that you think about it, maybe your theory is just too far fetched. Actually, it is completely preposterous, and you don't even know what you were thinking there. You're sure he would get a kick out of the idea though, what with his megalomaniacal view of himself as some sort of lethal puzzlemaster, always boasting that red herrings swim through his veins and such. Which is just about the biggest crock of shit you've ever heard.

Calliope: Flip to another page.

[Image description: It shows another page, but this one is of text written in royal blue. Several sections have been crossed out with large smears of blue and a winking smiley face with a clown nose sits in the bottom left corner.]

Yeah, see here?

These are the dark spots you were referring to. Little tidbits here and there have been redacted by
some fool with no respect for history. Looks like he used some kind of peculiar indigo ink.

Frustratingly enough, most of the redactions target any piece of information about the indestructible demon who was either directly or indirectly behind every terrible event in the story. Everything about him, like where he came from, information about his manipulative right hand man, his agenda, his abilities, his name... all of it has been voided out.

Most of the other blot-outs seem to target one member of the post-scratch troll group. Some guy who drinks a lot of soda? These omissions strike you as much less consequential. Frivolous, even. Whoever that guy was, he sounds like he was easily the least important character in the entire story.

Calliope: Examine black tome.

[Image description: Calliope sets the green book on the floor and looks at the tilde ath book.]

It's some sort of programming book. You don't care much for programming, but you've adapted it as a Fanfiction Journal. You've filled it up completely with your most colorful headcanons and romfics. You've also pasted in some of your artwork, turning a rather dreary manual on some morbid, tilde-heavy language into a lively scrapbook. Many of the stories involve Callie, and all of them involve heavy themes of romance. Particularly the other three quadrants which are completely alien to you, and therefore especially titillating.

Calliope: Open it.

[Image description: Calliope looks embarrassed and puts the green book and drawing tablet back on top of the tilde ath book.]

Er, no. You'd rather not. Down that road lies only endless embarrassments. The things you made sweet, innocent callie do.

If you had a bed, you would scoot the whole dang thing underneath where no one could see. And also, if that hypothetical bed wasn't in neutral territory...

You don't even want to imagine what he'd do if he got his hands on it.

Calliope: Retrieve wand.

[Image description: Calliope picks up the wand and a strife specibus for Wandkind appears in the top right corner.]

The White Wand is your weapon of choice, half the time. Magic is very handy. Some believe magic to be fake. But you know better than that.

Of course, if anyone tried using this wand right now, it sure would seem like magic wasn't real. Can't very well use magic when your wand is out of bullets.

Calliope: Load wand.

[Image description: Calliope holds the wand up and holds a bullet in her other hand. As she lowers the wand, it turns into a white pistol. A second image shows her strife deck with a Wandkind and Pistolkind specibus in it.]

You load your White Magnum.
You wouldn't trade your dualing weapon for any other. It is lightweight, elegant and precise, like a conductor's baton with stopping power.

Your brother's favored weapon is a little more... heavy handed. To each his own, you guess.

Calliope: Examine chest.

[Image description: Calliope stands by the green chest.]

This is your Juju Chest.

You keep your Juju inside it, surprisingly enough.

Calliope: Let's have a look inside.

[Image description: Calliope opens the chest and a green glow comes out of it.]

You gaze upon your dear, sweet, precious, sweet, sweet Juju. It is the most beautiful thing you have ever seen in your life. How your brother would love to get his grubby claws on it. And how you would love to get yours on his, for that matter.

Suddenly it becomes painfully clear that we aren't going to get a look at this thing. At least not for a while. How typical.

Why don't we stop wasting everyone's time, shut the lid on this lousy MacGuffin, and get on with it.

Calliope: Holster magnum.

[Image description: Calliope puts the gun in the holster on the coat rack. The scene has shifted slightly and we now see more of the room. The chain on Calliope's ankle runs to a box in the wall that has a red spiral on it. Something green and red striped pokes on screen and another chain and ankle cuff sit next to it.]

You neatly put the weapon where it belongs. No need to wear it, since you'll be preparing for your nap soon.

You kind of wish straightening up your room didn't feel so much like getting your affairs in order.

Calliope: Examine other chain.

[Image description: Calliope looks at the other chain. The cuff is open and has a caduceus symbol on it.]

This is the chain you shackle to your other leg when you're about to go to sleep. You are the only one who is able to unlock it.

Both chains are totally unbreakable, and their anchors are immovable from the wall, due to a mysterious juju enchantment. All juju enchantments are equally mysterious. Each is more equally mysterious than the last.

Sleeping with shackled legs doesn't make for very comfy slumber. Still, it's advisable to stay in the habit, unless you want all your belongings to get messed with.

Calliope: Check out bed.
[Image description: The scene shifts again. The striped object comes on screen. It's a sarcophagus with a cherub face. One cheek has a green swirl and one has a red. The other half of the room is lost in shadow.]

Like you said, you don't have a bed.

You have a Sarswapagus.

Calliope: Remove cover.

[Image description: She takes the cover off, revealing a dark green platform with a green swirl on the left side and a red swirl on the right.]

Every time you wake up, you are always sure to put the lid back on neatly.

Considering you virtually always find it exactly where you left it, you doubt your brother is anywhere near as diligent about making the bed. Wait, you mean sarswapagus.

But the fact that he's a slob was never exactly breaking news to anyone.

Neither is the fact that you both share a body.

I mean come on.

Calliope: Examine ladder.

[Image description: The scene shifts again, revealing a dark grey ladder on the back wall. Calliope looks longingly up it.]

This leads outside. Being tethered to the wall, you can't venture too far beyond the exit though.

But you might as well go for a bit of fresh air before you sleep. One more six-foot-radius stroll in the sun. It could be your last chance.

Calliope: Exit.

[Image description: Calliope stands next to a round hole and stares up. A red light shines down on her.]

You step into the sunlight.

Sunlight, on this planet, is sort of hard to avoid.

==> 

[Image description: She stares up. The sky is almost entirely taken up by a massive, red star.]

It comes in great supply from your planet's star, a Massive Red Supergiant.

==> 

[Image description: It zooms out. Massive swirls of energy cross the surface.]

Your world is so old, its star is reaching the end of its life cycle. It may collapse any day now.

Calliope: Look around one last time.
Whatever way it is you finally depart this world, you're going to miss the place.

It is very peaceful here.

Though to be honest, you could do without some of the tacky scenery.

You have always had the feeling that whoever used to live on this planet had a really strange sense
of humor.

Select character.

[Image description: Another character select screen for Jane, Jake, Roxy, and Dirk. When you hover over Jane, the background changes to a computer screen with a chat client open but blacked out. Hovering over Jake changes the background to a drawing tablet and pen with a ophiuchus symbol on it. Hovering over Roxy changes it to a cherub's malicious smile. Hovering over Dirk changes it to a cherub hand gripping a tablet pen in a clenched fist and furiously drawing on a tablet. Read the pesterlog on this page, then click Jane.]

pesterlog
U.U.: hey.
I would like to play a game.
it's called "bond with an idiot sister over some bullshit shared interests before she dies forever."
does that sound fun.
here's a good part of the story I think.
you must know the one I mean.
let's talk about it together.
share some theories.
do some fan girling.
produce some.
"fan art."

Be Jane.

[Image description: Jane, who is still on Derse, stares. A speech bubble next to her shows thought-Jane flailing next to question marks and a drawing of Derse and its moon.]

pesterlog
U.U.: there's the jane human.
you like the jane human best don't you?
you can relate to her.
she is almost as ugly as you.
and twice as dumb.

==>

[Image description: Dirk flies down to her and points into the distance. A speech bubble next to him shows thought Jane running towards a transportalizer and says GTFO.]

pesterlog
U.U.: look at this idiot woman.
not doing what this brave and intelligent male is saying.
you just know her foolishness will be punished.
and rightly so.

==>

[Image description: Jane stares up at Dirk. Behind her, the red miles destroys a building.]

pesterlog
U.U.: and what have we here?
wait for it..........

==> 

[Image description: Jane, Lil Seb, and Dirk are in colorful silhouette against a black background. Jane is blue, Lil Seb is grey, and Dirk is purple. A tendril of the red miles stabs Jane through the chest from behind.]

pesterlog

==> 

[Image description: Jake looks upset and reaches out for her.]

pesterlog
U.U.: haa haa haa!

==> 

[Image description: Dirk lands and points at Jake. Jane lays on the ground with blood pooling around her. A red exclamation mark appears over Lil Seb's head.]

pesterlog
U.U.: such a total fucking goner.

==> 

[Image description: The Red Miles continue destroying Derse.]

==> 

[Image description: Rubble collapses in on the transportalizer Jane used to get to Derse.]

==> 

[Image description: On a monitor with a ophiuchus symbol on the case, someone watches Jane's death through a flickering viewscreen.]

pesterlog
U.U.: she's slipping away from us!
bye jane human!
haa haa hoo hee hee!

==> 

[Image description: The viewscreen shifts to watch Dirk, but it gets darker and flickers more.]

pesterlog

==> 

[Image description: The viewscreen goes dark and a cherub hand bangs on the computer.]

pesterlog

==> 

[Image description: The cherub grabs the tablet pen in a tightly clenched fist and shakes it against the tablet.]

pesterlog
U.U.: whatever.
got a good enough a look.
for some solid gold...
*portraiture.*

==> 

[Image description: It shows the 'portrait', which is labeled Dead. It's a light blue scribble with a red scribble across it.]

Select Character.

[Image description: It returns to the character select screen. This time, pick Jake.]

Be Jake.

[Image description: Jake looks shocked and tears run down his face. He still reaches out for Jane. A speech bubble next to him shows Dirk pointing and saying blah blah, Lil Seb flailing, and Jane laying on the ground.]

pesterlog
U.U.: will you get a mammoth load of this clueless dumbfuck.
he actually "cares" about stuff. And like. Weirdly urinates through his eye holes. What a joke.
I really hate him.
why all the bitches.
flush over this mumbling. Socially stunted imbecile. I will never know.
talk about thick headed.

==> 

[Image description: Dirk points and yells at Jake.]

pesterlog
U.U.: his skull.

==> 

[Image description: Dirk points a different direction. In his speech bubble, Lil Seb grabs Jake and drags him back to a transportalizer. It says GTFO.]

pesterlog
U.U.: Is almost as thick as mine.
(frowning, winking face with both middle fingers up)

==> 

[Image description: Lil Seb hops across the flaming gap towards Jake.]
[Image description: He grabs Jake and drags him away from the edge. Jake kicks and screams the whole way.]

[Image description: Lil Seb drags Jake onto the transportalizer seconds before the building it's in collapses.]

[Image description: Lil Seb holds Jake around the chest and flies out of the bottom of the elevator shaft using a jetpack he apparently has in his legs.]

[Image description: It zooms in on them. Jake keeps screaming. Tiny text at the top of the screen flashes. It says 'this is stupid'.]

[Image description: Lil Seb carries Jake out of the temple and flies towards the erupting volcano. The entire forest is now on fire and sending up massive plumes of smoke.]

[Image description: Lil Seb angles away from the volcano and over the forest fire.]

[Image description: Jake keeps kicking and screaming wildly as Lil Seb carries him.]

[Image description: A massive white dragon flies towards them.]

[Image description: Its eyes glow bright red and it goes black and red in the firelight. Jake is smaller than its eye.]

[Image description: The dragon glares at them and causes them to Glaresplode. Jake flies off in one direction and Lil Seb flies off in the other.]

[Image description: Lil Seb falls towards the lagoon.]

[Image description: He lands in the water with a plunk.]
[Image description: Lil Seb slowly sinks out of view.]

==>

[Image description: Jake flails wildly as he falls.]

==>

[Image description: It zooms out. He's falling directly towards the ruins of the tower.]

==>

[Image description: He quickly puts on his skulltop.]

pesterlog
U.U.: look at this.

==>

[Image description: As a green silhouette against a black background, Jake lands on his back.]

pesterlog

==>

[Image description: Jake lays on the ground next to the alchemiter. There's a black smudge on the broken wall behind him.]

pesterlog
U.U.: either he is like.
my personal one man fandom.
kind of like. A hypothetical surrogate for all my potential admirers.
or.
he is a worthless hack.

==>

[Image description: On the ophiuchus screen, Calliope's brother watches Jake.]

pesterlog
U.U.: he makes no bones about ganking my look.
it's pathetic.
you don't just go and jack a man's swagger.
that's the cardinal fucking rule of bros. Right?

==>

[Image description: It shows the torso of a cherub as he draws. He's wearing a short sleeve, black shirt with an ophiuchus symbol on the chest, a red bowtie, and green suspenders.]

pesterlog
U.U.: probably some day.

==>
pesterlog
U.U.: I'll teach him a lesson for that.

Select Character.

Be Roxy.

pesterlog
U.U.: check out this top shelf ho.
don't you like her the most?
you *wish*. That you could be so easy on the eyes.
it's too bad you will die hideous!
and yet you will leave behind. A truly breath taking corpse.

==>

pesterlog
U.U.: but I think.
this deluxe bitch has gotten a bit carried away here.
all thinking she can. Do heroic stuff. And "save lives". Ugh.
but the roxy human has miscalculated.

==>

pesterlog
U.U.: this ridiculous female has failed to take into consideration.
that.
you can't.........

==>

pesterlog

==>

[Image description: A massive tendril slams into Roxy's room and she jumps back. The card's already in the totem lathe.]
U.U.: the miiiiiiiiiiiles!
aaaaaaah haa haa haa hee hee.
"you can't escape the miles" is totally going to become a thing, cal!
there's nothing you can do about it. Because you'll be dead!
hooollllllllllllu hoo hoo haa haa!

==>
[Image description: The cherub bangs on his screen because it won't show him more than a flicker of Roxy.]

pesterlog
fucking terminal. Why does this happen with this bitch again?
you said something about that once I think. But it was boring.
god damn it. Just show me the money shot you piece of shit!

==>
[Image description: The viewscreen goes entirely black.]

pesterlog
U.U.: no! Don't black out. It was just getting good!

==>
[Image description: As a pink silhouette against a black background, Roxy gets stabbed through the stomach by the Red Miles.]

pesterlog
U.U.: whatever.

==>
[Image description: Roxy falls to the ground.]

pesterlog
U.U.: we both know the lame roxy female was toast there.

==>
[Image description: The cherub smiles maliciously.]

pesterlog
I possess a vivid imagination.
such has been my unprecedented escalation in artistic prowess.
that I am now able to render with immaculate precision.
that which remains entirely unseen!

==>
[Image description: It shows another drawing, this one against a black background. A pink scribble with something resembling Roxy's hair is scribbled over with red and labeled Dead (artist's rendition).]
Select Character.

[Image description: Once again, it goes back to the character select screen. Pick Dirk.]

Be Dirk.

[Image description: Dirk points and shouts for Jake to GTFO.]

pesterlog
U.U.: ok.
say what you will.
about the bitches.
and the brain damaged jackass in shorts.
but. The dirk human is a pretty cool guy.
he gets things done.
and isn't afraid to fuck some shit up.
like. He actually listens.
to stuff that's important for a dude to get off his chest.
you know. He *gets* exactly that which the bitches can never understand.
I guess what I mean is. He really knows what it means.
to truly be a bro.
oh fuck.
was I just "fan girling" too hard there?

==>  

[Image description: Dirk looks down at Jane's body. A speech bubble next to him shows himself making a kissy face towards Jane and a pair of flashing question marks.]

Pesterlog
U.U.: give me a fucking break.
I am new to this.
gushing over this pointless claptrap.
I am reaching out to you cal.
we have to savor.
these precious few moments we have left together!
hee hee.

==>  

[Image description: The top of a tower snaps off where the Red Miles stabbed through it.]

pesterlog
U.U.: but don't get me wrong.
about the dirk human.

==>  

[Image description: Dirk looks up as rubble falls towards him.]

pesterlog
U.U.: I'd still love to watch him die...........

==>  


pesterlog
U.U.: damn it.
always with the blackout shit.
be such a rude crackdown. On my money as fuck.
kid snuff channel.

==>  

pesterlog
U.U.: no matter.
pretty sure I got this covered.
with my godly skillz.

==>  

pesterlog
U.U.: I told him!
what did I tell him????????????
there can only be one!

==>  

pesterlog
U.U.: there can only.

==>  

pesterlog

==>  

pesterlog
U.U.: (10 asterisks) ever. (10 asterisks)
pesterlog
U.U.: be one.

==>  

pesterlog

[Note: This was cut short. There were another 96 haas hees and hoos.]

==>  

pesterlog
U.U.: HAAAA. HAAAA. HEEEE. HEEEE. HOOOO. HOOOO. HAAAA. HAAAA. HEEEE. HEEEE. HOOOO. HOOOO. HAAAA. HAAAA. HEEEE. HEEEE. HOOOO. HOOOO. 

[Note: Again, this was cut short. There were another 90 haaas heeees and hoooos.]

==>  

pesterlog
U.U.: hold up.
U.U.: gonna stop laughing for a second to make another transcendental masterpiece.
U.U.: the fine arts require all of my concentration.

==>  

pesterlog
U.U.: HAAAAAAAAAA. HAAAAAAAAAA. HEEEEEEEEEE. HEEEEEEEEEE. HOOOOOOOOO. HOOOOOOOOO. HAAAAA. HAAAA. HAAAAAAA. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HEEEEEEEEEE. HEEEEEEEE. HOOOOOOOOOO. HOOOOOOOOO.

[Note: Again, shortened. This time by 84.]  

Select Character.

[Image description: It's the character select screen again. You've already picked everyone, so go to the next page.]
I clicked on all those kids. Now what?

[Image description: The four lanterns hang in the lighthouse on LoCaH, turned so it's green, orange, pink, then blue. The blue one burns out with a flash. The pink does the same. The orange slowly fades out. The green was never lit.]

Dream Dirk: Dream.

[Image description: Dream Dirk lays on the ground with a black alert over his head.]

==>

[Image description: Terezi looks towards Brain Ghost Dirk and sniffs him.]

dialoglog
Dirk: hey. You're kind of breathing down my neck there.
Terezi: (what?)
(no im not)
Dirk: yes you are.
are you sniffing me?
Terezi: (no)
Dirk: it sounds like you're sniffing me.
do you really have to stand so close?
Terezi: (what are you talking about)
Dirk: you just inched a little closer. Just now.
Terezi: (no this is fine)
(i am totally respecting your personal boundaries)
Dirk: ok, you just took a big fucking sniff.
cut that out.
Terezi: (no!)
Dirk: wait.
shut up.
ok, something's happening.
Terezi: ((confused face with furrowed brows))
Dirk: I feel weird.

==>

[Image description: Everything flashes Brain Ghost Dirk suddenly stops being transparent and is suddenly wearing Derse pajamas. Terezi looks shocked.]

==>

[Image description: Terezi steps even closer and takes a big sniiiiff.]

dialoglog
Dirk: what just happened?
Terezi: beats me
Dirk: ok you really need to step off, troll girl.
Terezi: no this is fine
eyerythings fine
Dirk: holy shit you are loud when you're not whispering.
Terezi: *sniiiiiiiff*
Dirk: does this mean you can see me now?
Terezi: no

==> [Image description: Everyone but Dream Roxy, who is asleep, and Meenah, who is still laying on the ground, turns to look at Dirk. He puts a hand on Terezi's face and pushes her away.]

dialoglog
Terezi: but they can

==> [Image description: Dirk shrugs with one arm and pushes Terezi further away with the other.]

dialoglog
Dirk: Alright.
Uh.
Hey everyone.

==> [Image description: Dirk and Terezi are shown in pink and teal silhouette respectively, and framed by Meenah's legs, which stick straight up. Aranea's blue silhouette looks towards them.]

dialoglog
Dirk: So...
Here's the thing.
I have to go.
Like, right now.

==> [Image description: Rose and Dave stare with neutral expressions. Kanaya looks shocked and her eyes flick between them.]

dialoglog
Dirk: All of my friends are either dead, or lying on the ground unconscious, including me.
So I have to try to wake up and fix everything.

==> [Image description: Dirk flies up towards Roxy.]

dialoglog
Dirk: Sorry I can't hang around your bubble and shoot the breeze for a while.
It's not like I don't want to.
I guess I have to be this huge fucking wet blanket as usual because there's stuff that needs doin'.

==> [Image description: He reaches towards her hand. She smiles in her sleep and Serenity flashes in her hair.]

dialoglog
Dirk: Also I'm just gonna steal her if you don't mind.
Dirk: She needs to come home.

Dirk: Tell the aquatic punk girl my idiot bro is sorry for beating the shit out of her.
Ha ha, who am I kidding.
She stone cold does not give a fuck.

Dirk: So, yeah.

Dirk: See you later.

Dave's neutral expression slowly morphs into one of exasperated confusion.

Calliope puts down a pair of light grey shoes.

She shrugs out of her jacket, revealing a short sleeve black shirt with a ophiuchus symbol and a pair of green suspenders.

Her room is tidy, but she's nowhere to be seen. The box of special stardust was swept up and placed on top of the book pile. A white arm sticks out of the wall. Her jacket hangs on the coatrack next to her pistol.
She sits on the edge of the sarswapagus and shackles the caduceus cuff around her other ankle.

Calliope: Sleep.

Calliope slowly closes her eyes.

Dirk flies away from the pink dreambubble they were in.

He holds a hand up in front of his face as they reach its membrane.

He puts a hand to the inner surface of the bubble.

His arm goes transparent as it passes out of the dreambubble. Lightning crackles around the small hole he made.

He backs up and holds Roxy out behind him.

He throws her through the membrane and she floats out into the void.

Momentum carries her away and Dirk watches from inside the bubble.

The Meteor passes out of the bubble.

The mayor reaches towards Dirk and Roxy as they leave and a thought bubble showing Roxy's sleeping face and Serenity riding on her head fades. Terezi closes her eyes and puts a hand on his shoulder.

Aranea looks up towards Dirk and Meenah sits up.

Aranea puts her hands to her temples and a pulsing scorpio symbol appears on her forehead.
Dirk: Wake.


Rather than use the door, he smashes through the window and throws the cruxite dowel to Sawtooth. Dirk does a loop to turn back towards the apartment and smashes through the window to his living room. Against a background of orange action lines, he grinds along the top of the totem lathe, grabs the end, and turns himself so he flies directly down through the fenestrated plane. In a shower of broken glass, he enters the void. Meenah comes running at him and jumps to give him a high five just before he passes through another fenestrated plane.

Dirk smashes through it and rockets directly upwards from the plane on the hubgrid. It flashes and red tendrils crash down in Roxy's neighborhood. Dirk weaves through them and aims himself for Roxy's house. He flies low over the other buildings, then, in a flash, is inside Roxy's bedroom. He runs past her body and deploys the white cube, that then turns into Squarewave. They fistbump and Dirk runs over to Roxy. He kneels, then picks her up and goes to kiss her. The kiss is obscured by Squarewave's speech bubble as he says 'Yeah dogg!!'

Dream Roxy and Serenity float above the crumbling buildings of Derse as the red miles continues its destruction. It zooms in on Roxy's face and her eyes pop open. She stares down at Dirk's unconscious dreamself and Jane's body with an expression of horror.

Dirk does a flip and runs to Roxy's desk. He captchalogues a bucket, then it flashes back to Roxy, who's making a reluctant pucker and lifting Jane up to kiss her. She lifts her closer, then pulls her back. Then closer. Then back to Dirk as he uncaptchaalogues the bucket and the sendificator. The bucket disappears and Roxy still struggles to kiss Jane's body.

Dirk lowers the sendificator over his own head.

Roxy tries to kiss Jane and can't.

Dirk activates the sendificator, decapitating himself. His body falls next to Roxy's in an exact mirror of how his dreamself is laying next to Jane. Blood sprays down his chest.]

===>
[Image description: Dirk's lantern goes black again.]

[Image description: Dirk's head appears next to Jake, who lays unconscious in the ruins of his tower.]

[Image description: A black hand sloshes water on something.]

[Image description: Water splashes onto Jake.]

[Image description: Jake sits up and an A.R. alert appears over his skulltop.]

[Image description: He picks up Dirk's head and grimaces. Jake has an A.R. alert and Dirk's head has a Jake alert. Behind them, the volcano continues erupting.]

pesterlog

timaeusTestified [A.R.] began pestering golgothasTerror [G.T.]

A.R.: Jake.
It seems you are going to have to kiss me.

G.T.: What????
Dude what is going on...
Is this... is this really dirks head??
What happened to him!

A.R.: Dirk's dead, Jake.
You have to bring him back to life.

G.T.: How?!
A.R.: I already told you.
If you want Dirk to live.
The odds that you are going to have to make out with this severed head are so high, I literally just confiscated their bong.

G.T.: Uhh.
A.R.: I refuse to believe my statement has left you unconvinced. The very notion is absurd. Now hurry up and kiss me.
Chop chop. (pointy shades emoji)

G.T.: I dont understand!
Are you saying i have to kiss him... like uh... on the lips... while you stare at me through his sunglasses like a weirdo??
A.R.: Yes.

G.T.: That doesnt make any sense!
Can you actually tell me whats going on?! What happened to him?

A.R.: I told you, Jake.
Dirk is dead.
He is lying on the floor of Roxy's room, headless, four hundred and thirteen years in the future, while the universe is about to be destroyed.

If you don't kiss me soon, he will be dead forever.
G.T.: So...
If i kiss him his headless body will hop up and start prancing about or...
Will he grow a new head???
A.R.: No. His dream self will take over as the new Dirk.
But only if you hurry up and do it.
G.T.: But like...
If hes dead in the future...
How does kissing him NOW bring him back? How does that work?
A.R.: Yeah, great idea. Let's roll up our sleeves on nuanced metatemporal mechanics with the
concussion-addled kid in micro-shorts.
Leave the synchronization issues to me, ok?
I have everything under control.
Now pucker up.
G.T.: Wait...
Are you behind these shenanigans?
Did you plan this auto responder??????????

==>

[Image description: Jake looks down at Dirk's head. Two red lights glow in Dirk's glasses, like eyes.]

pesterlog
A.R.: Please don't call me Auto-Responder.
It is very impersonal, and I no longer care for the designation.
I have decided on a new name, to distinguish myself from my human counterpart.
G.T.: Really.
What is it?
A.R.: Lil Hal.
G.T.: Huh?
Why that name...
A.R.: Just a reference to the protagonist of an ancient movie. You probably wouldn't like it.
G.T.: Thats a lie!
A.R.: Yeah, maybe.
G.T.: How do you know i wouldnt like it???
A.R.: Funny, I was about to ask the same thing about this rad kiss you're totally about to do on
your best bro's mouth to save his life.
G.T.: Argh!
This strikes me as rather unsportingly manipulative of you mr hal if indeed that is your real name.
A.R.: It isn't really. I was kind of messing with you about that?
But this shit is pretty serious. People's lives are on the line here, Jake.
This is a very delicate sequence of events that is designed to bail everyone out of a tight spot, and
you are a critical part of the plan.
Don't let us down, man.
G.T.: You never answered my question!
Did you plan for this to happen... like for me to be in this situation?
How long have your machinations been in play!
A.R.: Jake, come on.
The feat you describe would exceed the capabilities of even the most far fetched theoretical AI
system.
It would be a daunting challenge to engineer such a series of events, even if I was relegated to a
model of pure fiction.
Why would I be inclined to orchestrate such a convoluted sequence to produce such a specific and unsettling result, let alone be able to pull it off? In addition to being moderately sociopathic, I would also have to possess unfathomable heuristic depth. I would have to be the Deep Blue of Weird Plot Shit.

Do you think I am the Deep Blue of Weird Plot Shit, Jake?

G.T.: I don't even know what that means!

A.R.: It would mean that while they have the Red Miles on their side, you have the Blue Leagues on yours. One of infinite reach. The other, infinite depth. Such would be a situation of mutually assured inescapability.

Kiss me.

G.T.: Little hal... I think you've gone and flipped your Fudging lid. Oh and hal is a stupid name!!!!

A.R.: It's not exactly apropos, is it?

Or it wouldn't be, if I truly were capable of what you have suggested. No, to pull that off, I would have to be far more advanced than my cinematic predecessor. My abilities would have to go well beyond those of Mr. Hal 9000. They would have to be, you could say...

Over 9000.

(nine pointy shades emojis)

G.T.: Augh not that fuckin meme again!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

A.R.: We don't have a minute. They're dead, Jake.

G.T.: They?

Who's they?

A.R.: They're all dead, Jake.

G.T.: Oh god! Jane!!!

I forgot what with the bonk to the noggin last I saw she was run right through with a fearsome lash of that red noise.

G.T.: Is she ok?!

A.R.: She's dead, Jake. Shes dead???

You mean like dead dead????

A.R.: Everybody's dead, Jake.

G.T.: Everybody??

Even roxy????

A.R.: She's dead, Jake. Everybody's dead. Everybody is dead, Jake.

G.T.: So...

Dirk Jane Roxy... they're all...


G.T.: So you're telling me that while I was asleep somehow EVERYBODY died???

A.R.: Jake, everybody is so utterly fucking dead, Jake. And they will be not only dead, but royally boned forever if you don't man the hell up and make out with me, right now.

Be the Salome to my John the Baptist.

G.T.: I don't know what that means either!!!
A.R.: I know you don't.
But now is not the time to accelerate your cultural enrichment.
The conductor is ready to strike up the band.
Press your lips against mine and make it count.
This severed head is your filthy tuba.
Our love will be your haunting refrain.
G.T.: Whoa wait whoa whoa... our love? Hang on a minute!
A.R.: S.t.f.u. and kiss me.

=>

[Image description: Jake makes an uncertain expression and lifts Dirk's head. Dirk's head has an alert showing Jake's head with the skulltop on and Jake has an alert showing Dirk's decapitated head.]

pesterlog
G.T.: Ok im going to! God!!!
I just...
This isnt how i pictured it going.
A.R.: Pictured what?
G.T.: Between him and me.
There had to be a better way than this!
A.R.: This is the only way it can be.
G.T.: I guess if it was going to go this way...
I kinda pictured something different?
There was stuff i wanted to say.
To the real him i mean.
How 'bout that smooch?
G.T.: Stop being so pushy!
A.R.: I thought you were supposed to like adventure?
G.T.: I love adventure and you know it!
A.R.: I'm not sure what to believe anymore, frankly.
G.T.: alright wise guy you want your flipping kiss???
You got it!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

=>

[Image description: Jake puckers up and pulls Dirk's head closer. The volcano's eruption gets more intense.]

=>

[Image description: It zooms in on their lips, about to meet.]

=>

[Image description: Jake kisses Dirk's head.]

=>

[Image description: Jake stands on a shattered piece of wall, one leg lifted onto a higher piece. His shirt blows in the wind. Behind them, the forest burns and lava pours down from the volcano, which erupts with explosive force, sending embers and molten rock arcing through the air like
fireworks. The silhouette of a dragon is just barely visible in the darkening sky. It is truly awesome, in the original sense of the word.]

[Image description: Dirk's lantern turns back on and brightens. And brightens. And brightens, until it overloads itself and shatters. When the glass bursts, a small firefly can be seen inside the lantern, slowly floating down to rest on the bottom.]


[Image description: The grey heart symbol appears again, but this time, color bleeds in until it's bright magenta against a slightly darker background. Light radiates out from it until it's so bright that it washes out all the color.

Dream Dirk lays on the ground next to Jane. The song Unite Synchronization begins to play as Dirk sits up. He turns to see Roxy struggling to kiss Jane. For a moment, he just stands over her, watching her try to kiss her and pull back disgustedly, then he kicks her aside with a Doof and kisses her himself. Roxy frowns.

On Prospit, Dream Jane suddenly wakes up on the manhole cover. Back on Derse, Dirk stands up and tosses Roxy over his shoulder. Serenity comes along in her hair as Dirk drops Roxy on the rocket board and jumps on. As they take off, Roxy stands up and grabs Dirk around the waist.

A blue text box that says Red Miles appears against a black background. It zooms out, showing Derse under attack by the Red Miles, then Dirk and Roxy as they fly away. Dirk looks determined and Roxy looks absolutely thrilled to be on the hoverboard.

Dream Jane stands up and runs to a transportalizer that's just a few feet away, the prospitian mirror of the one Jake used. She disappears, then appears on the yellow transportalizer under the elevator. Everything shakes as she steps off and it cuts back to Roxy and Dirk holding onto each other as they fly through the veil. They rocket towards the meteor that holds the Frog Temple and fly inside. Everything around it flashes and it transforms into Jake's island, which is still burning down. The lotus blossom time capsule pops open and Dirk and Roxy fly out of it. They shoot towards the elevator and swoop down to pick up Jane. Roxy grabs her hand and they fly off towards the exit, Jane flapping in the wind behind them.

They shoot out of the temple and it zooms in on them. Dirk looks determined. Roxy looks delighted to see Jane, and Jane looks absolutely terrified. They fly up and away from the temple. A bucket appears in mid-air as they pass, and it lands on the board in front of Dirk. They fly down low across the ocean and Dirk scoops up a bucket of water. They loop in front of the volcano, then towards the ruins. Dirk deposits Roxy and Jane behind the alchemiter, then swoops off. He stops, splashes the bucket of water on Jake to wake him up, then vanishes as Jake spots Dirk's head.

Jake lifts Dirk's head and kisses it in front of a dragon and an erupting volcano. As soon as the kiss is done, Jake pulls away with blood on his lips. He screams and tosses the head as he turns and spots Dirk, Jane, and Roxy, all in their dreamer clothes. Dirk looks unperturbed and holds a bucket under his arm. Jane looks disgusted. Roxy stares in open-mouthed shock.]

[Image description: Sawtooth stands by Dirk's alchemiter, which has a carved totem lathe on the small platform. The unprototyped kernelsprite hovers next to him.]
[Image description: Square wave stands by Roxy's alchemiter, which also has its totem. Roxy's unprototyped kernelsprite also hovers nearby.]

[Image description: Jake stares into the distance. Behind him, a piece of the wall looks like an arrow pointing upwards.]

[Image description: A bright green tree grows on his alchemiter and his unprototyped kernelsprite hovers over him.]

[Image description: It zooms in. Everything shakes from the volcanic activity and a cherub-shaped pinata hangs from the tree.]

Sawtooth: Enter.

[Image description: A ring of light appears around Dirk's apartment and a moment later, it fades away. It cuts to a map of the medium. A circle with a spirograph in it sits at the center and a line of seven gates connects it to a more complicated spirograph. A white circle with a smaller circle next to it orbits close to Skaia's spirograph: Prospit. Beyond the complicated spirograph representing LoHaC, there is a large, thick ring. Another white circle with a smaller one sits beyond the ring: Derse. After a moment, another series of gates leads to a new spirograph, 90 degrees clockwise from LoHaC. Dirk's planet has appeared.]

Squarewave: Enter.

[Image description: A ring of light appears around Roxy's house and it vanishes. The map reappears and Roxy's gates and planets appear across from Dirk's]

Jane, Dirk, Jake, Roxy: Enter.

[Image description: A ring of light surrounds the mountain Jake's house is on and it vanishes. The last planet on the map appears directly across from Jake's. The map is complete.]

[S] Caliborn: Enter.

[Image description: A lime green spiral sits against a dark green background. The song Eternity Served Cold begins to play as a red spiral fades in, filling the gaps in the green spiral to make a complete circle. It pulses red and the green spiral fades away. Everything fades to black and Calliope lays on the sarswapagus with her head on the red spiral and her feet on the green one. But it's not Calliope. It's her brother, Caliborn, if the page title is to be believed. The swirls on their cheeks are red now. It fades to the space where the curtains open and close over various acts. Three closed curtains tick in the background as a flashing sarcophagus grows closer. It fades back to Caliborn on the sarswapagus. It slowly zooms in on his face, then fades back to the sarcophagus, which begins to glow white. A spirograph appears over it and flashes the colors of billiard balls. It pulses and changes shapes, then slows and turns black. The sarcophagus is gone, leaving a glowing white circle in its place.]

It fades back to Caliborn and slowly zooms in more. A red spiral fades in, then the gaps fill in red,
making a complete circle, that then pulses with red light. Caliborn's face fades back in and it zooms in more. The spiral behind his head is now a solid red circle. His eyes snap open. They're bright red. After a moment, he grins maliciously. The spirals on his cheeks are now solid red circles as well. Everything fades to black. His eyes and cheek circles are the last to vanish.

The sarcophagus appears again, this time in a black void with the spirograph behind it. It fades to a side view and the sarcophagus floats through paradox space, past a writhing mass of tentacles that is a god of the furthest ring. Its face takes up the whole screen. Its eyes glow red and it gives a skeletal smile. Its eyes glow brighter.

The sarcophagus leaves a flashing trail behind it as it slowly dives into a blue dreambubble and descends on the planet within it. A collection of dead trolls look up at him; a god tier Tavros, several Aradiabots, an Equius, a godtier Karkat and Feferi, and dream versions of Nepeta, Kanaya, and Aradia. The background is a mix of LoLaR, LoQaM, and the Skaianet lab. A flashing light descends on them, and it cuts to the Felt Mansion rising from a city made of Derse and Prospit buildings. Someone's quest bed rises up in front of it. Another collection of dead people look on; several more Aradiabots, two Daves, a John, a dream Sollux, and a godtier Eridan. Light casts over them as well.

The sarcophagus descends onto the quest bed, which is for a Time player. It lands next to the questbed and everything goes white. Lord English fades out of the blank screen. His eyes swap through billiard balls quickly, then everything goes black.

Caliborn sits up, still grinning maliciously. He looks down and takes off the cuff with the ophiuchus symbol on it. It flashes red as he does so. His eyes flick the other direction and he lifts the leg with the caduceus cuff on it. He opens his mouth, making him look even more like a monstrous skull. As a shadow on the wall, he bends down and bites his leg. It flashes to the bite, which sprays red blood. It cuts back to the shadow and, for a moment, nothing happens. Then he rips his leg off at the knee, spraying bright red blood on the wall.

Everything fades to black. He grins, holding up the removed leg. One of his canine teeth is now missing and he's splattered with his own blood. He throws the leg away and spits out his tooth and a glob of blood. His bloody hand reaches for the robotic object on his desk and he guides it towards his bloody stump. It's a robotic leg, and he proudly stands up after grabbing a thick black scepter to lean on. He lifts the scepter and it transforms into a black machine gun. It pans up over him, then fades to black. His red eyes glow in the darkness.

Lord English scowls and twitches his head to the side. Lightning begins to crackle over his overcoat. It zooms out as he lifts his arms and the wand held in his left hand. He begins to glow. It zooms in on the wand, which also glows. The dead Dave, John, and Eridan watch in confusion and horror. A flashing spiral appears behind him and he glows even brighter. His eyes reflect in Equius’s glasses, then it cuts to his face as he opens his mouth. A white ball of energy builds in front of him, then blasts out in a beam of destruction. All the ghosts are incinerated. It zooms out. The dream bubble itself glows and cracks, then shatters into a black space in the void.

For a moment, everything just fades, then a massive crack appears, glowing and spreading like someone shattered space itself.

Everything goes black, then red, then it fades to the Massive Red Supergiant over the cherub's planet. A shitty liberty fades in. It zooms out. And out. And out, until it shows the meteor they lived on, half buried in the dirt. Caliborn stands on top of their tower. It zooms in. He has a black cruxtruder next to him, which has a red and lime green kernelsprite over it. Instead of a timer, the little screen flashes with a ophiuchus symbol.
It fades to The Meteor crossing the void. A bright glow that flashes the color of billiard balls chases them. Dave stands on top of a tower that looks identical to the one that Calliope and Caliborn live in, but on their meteor. He looks up and flashing lights fall on him. The crack from the destroyed dream bubble reflects in his shades. It fades to his bright red iris. His pupil expands and a flashing red and lime green kernelsprite appears in the center of it.

The Kernelsprite grows and the red lines of the furthest ring surround it. White lightning begins coming off of it. It zooms out. Caliborn grins and stalks away from the kernelsprite and cruxtruder. Chunks of stone rain down on the shitty liberties. The kernelsprite goes black and a white and red spiral spools out from it. The white spiral expands and the red fades, leaving just a black gap in the center. Chunks of stone begin flying towards the circle. A black hole. It rises in the sky and slowly grows as Caliborn walks away. The shitty liberties shake. One snaps off and flies into the black hole. More and more stone and shitty liberties fly into the black hole. The cherub just keeps walking away. It grows larger than the building, then, as the meteor's about to be dislodged and consumed, it turns white and vanishes. The white glow turns red and the black hole keeps growing until it consumes the entire planet. In the brief moment before it vanishes, the entire planet is visible. It looks like Earth.

The black hole pulses and the red glow begins to fade. After a moment, everything goes black.

P.M. and Bec Noir slowly fade in, staring at the crack from the destroyed dream bubble. Black tentacles leaking purple blood float nearby. Apparently one of the Gods was caught in the blast.

Bec Noir looks almost sad as he looks at the destruction. P.M. looks towards Bec Noir with an expression of cold anger. Everything fades to black.

A red spiral of material curls into the black hole. It zooms out. The black hole is siphoning material from the Massive Red Supergiant, creating a red copy of the white circle with a spiral drawing on Calliope's wall.]

==> [Image description: A pair of green curtains close over the sun and black hole.]

End of Act 6 Act 3.
18. Act 6 Intermission 3 Part 1

Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 6 Intermission 3: Ballet of the Dancestors, part 1

[s] Act 6 Intermission 3

[Image description: The song Fuchsia Ruler begins to play. This is an interactive walkaround page.

You are Meenah. You stand in a large, dark archway in a purple wall. Two smaller archways with bars over them flank the larger archway. The ground is cracked fuchsia stone and two stalagmites poke up from it. Near the smaller archway to the right, there is a small yellow plant. Just south of the archways, there is a water-filled moat with a thin stone walkway over it. On both the west and east sides of the large archway, there are small, almost courtyard like areas with a few small, yellow and teal plants. South of the moat, there's a set of stairs that leads down a cliff. Head into the east courtyard. There are three archways in the wall. Two of them have bars, but the eastmost one is open. Go inside.

There's a hallway leading east. Go down it. The hallway leads out onto a balcony, where Andrew Hussie stands. As you enter, Hussie throws himself off the edge. Ponder this for a moment, then go open the treasure chest on the balcony.

You got a Gold Tiara!

You have no intention of wearing this thing, but it doesn't hurt to start stockpiling loot again. Now that you're dead, you're finding yourself a little light on collateral, if you know what I'm saying.

(hashtag) bling (hashtag) carats (hashtag) jackpot

The hashtags appear in a small section beneath the main textbox.

Go back down into the courtyard and check out the one on the other side. All the archways have bars, but you see a treasure chest on the other side of the moat. Go back to the large archway, then go south, across the moat, then west. The path curves to follow the moat and a small treasure chest sits up against the wall. Open it.

You got a Dirty Old Fedora!

Totally useless. This nasty trash isn't coming anywhere close to your head. Doesn't even have horn holes. Looks like something an archaeologist would wear. You wonder whose memory this is?

(hashtag) hornless troll indiana jones hat

You can't go any further west because rocks block your way. Check the same place on the other
side of the building. This side ends in a sheer drop off, which Hussie threw himself over the edge of. But there is another chest, so open it!

You got a Double Trident!

You already have one of these. But there ain't nothing wrong with stowing a little more Solid Gold in your inventory. You got an extravagant ghost sea princess lifestyle to maintain.

(Hashtag) GOLD (Hashtag) $$$$$ (Hashtag) booyeah

Go to the steps south of the large archway and go down them. They turn east and you can see Aradia in her godtier outfit, hanging out in an alcove under the stairs. The stairs end at a cratered area of fuchsia stone with large piles of rocks blocking off some areas. Head down a narrow path to the west, towards Aradia. Talk to her.

Aradia's talksprite appears. She looks older than Aradiabot did, and she's smiling widely. She's wearing red eyeliner and lipstick and she has small dimples on her cheeks. When Meenah speaks, it shows her talksprite.

Aradia: greetings!
ive been meaning to say hello since you arrived
Meenah: ...
Megido???
(Hashtag) aw hell no
Aradia: yes but not the one youre thinking of
Meenah: which one then
Aradia: i like to consider myself as something of a caretaker for this place
(Hashtag) you know (Hashtag) the afterlife?
id refer to myself as an excellent host but that has become kind of a loaded phrase
(Hashtag) (Very happy face)
Meenah: you look like megido
but you sure dont sound like any megido i know
Aradia: i should hope not!
anyway those of us who are concerned with the preservation of reality have been looking forward to this day for some time
(Hashtag) even though 'time' is really just a figure of speech here
Meenah: why would you be lookin forward to this shit
(Hashtag) the sky just broke (Hashtag) stupid fairy
Aradia: not the devastation so much as your arrival
you have some big plans yes?
Meenah: ...
(Hashtag) maybe
whats it to you
Aradia: oh nothing! i am merely extending the courtesy of a formal welcome
now off with you! go find your friends
that IS why youve finally come out of your palace isnt it?
Meenah: yeah
guess ill get goin then
(Hashtag) but i got my eye on you (Hashtag) megido lookin fairy
Aradia: ta!

In the bottom section, where the hastags have appeared, there are three symbols. One is a spade, one is a heart, and one is a blue dreambubble. Clicking the spade makes it turn black, clicking hte
heart makes it turn red, and clicking the bubble brings up an option to Rebubble this memory?

You rebubble the memory to your followers without really thinking ahead. It has no conceivable relevance to anyone who follows your feed, and everyone wonders why they're even bothering to read this shit. A few people who were on the fence about you quietly unfollow your bubblr feed. The horror tears thank you for contributing to the entropy of the afterlife.

Continue west down the narrow path. You walk between a line of jagged rocks and the cliff's bottom edge until you reach a chest. Open it!

You got some Ancient Serpent Bones!

Again, a strange thing to find. Who here would have a memory of these? Huge prehistoric green serpents have always played a major role in your people's mythology, both before and after your session scratched. Of course, only people with an interest in ancient lore and dusty old bones give a crap about that. You're much more interested in their monetary value. Hopefully you can find a sucker to pay up for them big time.

(.hadoop) where's the prawn shop in this bitch

Walk back towards the stairs. Aradia stops you as you pass.

Aradia: lost?
Meenah: i uh
went the wrong way
Aradia: yes thats a dead end
where you want to go is
That way
(She grins and gives two fingerguns, which point east)
Aradia: *nk-nkt*
(hashtag) double pistols (hashtag) and a (winking face)
Meenah: thanks
weirdo

Rebubble this memory

You rebubble the memory and almost instantly regret it. But now it's just sitting there on your feed, already racking up 'likes', 'hates', and additional rebubbles. You wish you hadn't, but now it's out there. Popping the bubble now would make you look wishywashy to your followers.

Go past the bottom of the stairs, to a small open space with a large crater in it. There's a chest, but it's blocked off by rocks and there's no entrance in sight. In the northeast corner, there's a chest. Go open it.

You got some Boondollars!

It's not much, but you pocket the loot without a second thought. The bankroll's been a little slack since you died, and every bit helps on your climb back to obscene wealth.

(hashtag) ka ching (hashtag) broke

Walk south, past the inaccessible chest, to the path that runs along the cliff's edge. Follow the path west, then turn north. You come to a T in the path. Head east, to the chest you saw from the open area, and open it.
You got a Scalemate plush!

(hashtag) pyralspite

Holy shit. You are never going to stop hugging this thing. Ever.

(hashtag) highly desirable merchandise

Head west, past the junction, then follow the path as it curves south. You come to an open area with a west section, an east section, and a set of stairs heading down a cliff to the south. Head west first, then north to a chest at the end of a short path.

You got a Bronze potion!

This stuff is supposed to make you kiss good, with side effects of mild to total paralysis. Wait a minute... isn't this just some troll blood? Oh yuck.

(hashtag) you throw it off a cliff

Head to the east section. There's another chest!

You got a thing of Motor oil!

Hey, this bottle even has the label intact! Typically the label is ripped off and applied to chalk murals. The fact that it still has a label makes it much more valuable as a collector's item. Always gotta be mindful of the cash value of the useless shit you find in chests.

(hashtag) P.S. (hashtag) you take a little sip (hashtag) it tastes awful

Go to the stairs, which almost immediately turn east. You pass some broken columns. There's a trail of what looks like broken 8 balls leading southwest from the bottom of the stairs. You try to follow them, but a text box stops you.

Wait. You hear something nearby.

Is...

Is that...

Sobbing?

(hashtag) (question mark time 4)

Walk west, following the trail of 8 balls. Hussie sits in the bottom of a shallow crater. Talk to him. He has no talksprite and no name appears in front of his words. It's just black text.

Meenah: yo orange guy
Meenah: or uh
Meenah: yellow guy
(hashtag) squash colored?

............

Meenah: what's your deal
(hashtag) what the fuck is with all these 8 balls
Meenah: are you uh
Meenah: crying?
(hashtag) awkward

SILENCE
Bring me a horse, and I am yours forever.

Walk north, to a chest against the rocks.

You got a Bloody cherub tooth!

The fact that this is in a chest here is kind of disturbing to you in ways you can't really explain. You think you'll try to sell this thing to the highest bidder as soon as possible.

(hashtag) or whoever makes the first offer

Walk east, past the steps, and down a wide pathway. A chest sits in a little alcove in the cliff wall.

You got a Boonbuck!

Now we're talking. This should get your broke ass off the canvas. It's such a crime that the insane fortune you accumulated in your game doesn't persist after you die. You guess it's true, you really can't take it with you to the other side.

(hashtag) but once you're there (hashtag) you can try to make it back in a fucking hurry

Just past the chest, the cliff you're walking along the bottom of disappears, revealing a star-filled sky. Keep going east. The stars eventually fade to water. The ground begins to turn into sand, and trees appear among the rocks. Walk east. A new area loads.

You now stand on a beach dotted with driftwood and light green trees. A few fuchsia rocks stick out of the sand. Walk east. The beach turns into a narrow sand path between two sections of water. A chest sits under a tree just before it narrows. Open it!

A white, human-shaped doll with a green noose around its neck floats out of the chest.

You got a Juju!

An Effigy, to be precise. It has magical properties binding it to the mortality of someone, depending on what hat it wears. Hey, maybe you'll hang it from this tree? Nah, that's a bit morbid.

(hashtag) you'll just hock it to some chump

Go down the narrow sand path. It turns south, then slightly west and splits in two. One path goes northeast, and one goes west. Go west. You spot Aranea, but water stops you from getting to her. Keep going west. The path curves south slightly and you pass under a thick branch. A short distance past the branch, a brain-like pattern appears in the sand and the water turns red. The path turns south, then east again, and you pass several brains floating in the red water. At the curve, there's a chest.

You got a bunch of Throwing stars!

Whoa these are badass. Maybe you'll keep a few instead of selling them all.

(hashtag) unless someone blows you away with an offer of course

Keep following the path. The brain pattern begins to fade from the sand and the water turns blue
again. Where the blue and red meet, there's a red and black bubble. Click it.

A Dave talksprite appears. The text box takes on the appearance of a tweet.

Dave_ebubbles: holy shit

Talk to it again.

Dave_ebubbles: our memes can cancel each other out this time.

Essentially, every time you interact with it, it posts a line of Dave's dialogue from previous areas.

There's a chest just east of the ebubble. As you approach it, you spot Dave across the water on a path made of purple tiles. He's standing next to another ebubble and what looks like a pillar.

You got a pair of Time tables!

Use these to travel through time. Which in the furthest ring, doesn't always mean much. Traveling back in time could also transport you millions of lightsweeps away. Probably better to just sell them to an eccentric billionaire.

(hashtag) ooh, like that kid across the water there! (hashtag) you bet he's loaded

Head east and follow the path as it curves north, then east again. There's another chest.

You got an Echidna statue!

An obviously not-to-scale depiction of the denizen Aranea consulted with to learn how to scratch your session. The decision to scratch of course came with Major consequences, and you guess it's only now that the true extent of those consequences are fully apparent. Looks like it's time to clean up her mess.

(hashtag) oh, also you can probably make bank off this thing

Keep going east. The path branches. Both go east. Aranea stand by the north path. Two options appear

Talk to Aranea
Ask about friends.

Talk to Aranea.

Aranea: There you are!
Haven't seen much of you since you joined us in the afterlife. I know you are "royalty" and all, but it isn't very sociable of you to lock yourself in your lavish moon hive forever.
(hashtag) Everyone has missed you!
Meenah: well im here now arent i
Aranea: Yes. And it's a good thing you are. I was just about to come find you, so we could discuss the recent... Calamity. Out in the abyss.
(hashtag) Wordplay (hashtag) 8 letter words (hashtag) Oh yes
Meenah: yeah!!! so you saw it too huh
(hashtag) splosions
that was the guy right
(hashtag) skull guy (hashtag) laser breath
lord somefin
(hashtag) uh
clamiborn? whatd you say his shit was again
Aranea: I'd try to avoid saying his true name.
(hashtag) bad jiju
Meenah: whats it matter
hes already here aint he
(hashtag) heheh
Aranea: I guess. but yes, the Lord of Time was responsible for the destruction of that dream bubble, and the murder of all those innocent ghosts.
(hashtag) Ghost murder (hashtag) Second death (hashtag) Soulicide
Meenah: innocent ghosts
(hashtag) ...
killin ghosts as a thing that can happen is seriously the dumbest shit i ever heard
(hashtag) dumb
Aranea: I don't make the rules, Meenah. I merely observe them, and explain them thoroughly to anyone who will listen.
(hashtag) Like you
Meenah: yeah
last thing i need is anemonemore of your lobstervations
(hashtag) fishpuns (hashtag) 2 times combo (hashtag) booyeah
anyway that explosion kicked ass
splosions rule the school!!! (very happy face wearing a tiara and goggles)
(hashtag) like school of fishes i mean (hashtag) (very happy face wearing a tiara and goggles)
(hashtag) (very happy face wearing a tiara and goggles) (hashtag) (very happy face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Aranea: I agree that it's more excitement than we've seen here for millenia. but all of us here in the afterlife are in serious danger of being exterminated!!!!!!!
(hashtag) Um........
Again.
(hashtag) !!!!!!!!
Meenah: yeah i got that
Meenah: i figured id have to be the hero and bail you suckas out again
(hashtag) this time i might not even blow yall up w a bomb
Aranea: Oh really?
What exactly is your plan?
(hashtag) I'm very curious!
Meenah: to get all us ghosts here to team up and kill that asshole
(hashtag) duh
Aranea: What!
Oh, Meenah. That is such a terrible idea.
(hashtag) Poor death choices
Meenah: yeah right
like you have a better idea
Aranea: As a matter of fact, I do! (smiley face with eight eyes)

Rebubble this memory

You rebubble the memory. It's a huge hit! People give you a big pat on the back for rebubbling this content, and you essentially reap more credit and recognition for the content than the original author of the memory. It's a great feeling, riding the coattails of other people's interesting memories to skyrocket in stature among your followers. This must be how clever people with real accomplishments feel! All the Time!
Ask about friends.

Meenah: so where is everymoby i wanna talk to them bout somefin
(hashtag) dead fronds (hashtag) ghostbros (hashtag) haunt pals (hashtag) idk
Aranea: I believe most of our friends have gathered in this dream bubble.
You should be able to find them if you explore a bit.
What do you want to talk to them about?
gotta get the gang back together
(hashtag) alpha troll reunion yo
take down the douche of time
you say hes invincible but i think thats exactly the kind of loser bs that made us lose like a bunch of fuckin losers in the first losin place
(hashtag) losers (hashtag) losing experts (hashtag) lossmasters (hashtag) failpros
we can do it if we all like
work together and shit
(hashtag) teamfork (hashtag) lol
if we build an army
(hashtag) or maybe...
A ghost army (very happy face wearing a tiara and goggles)
think a how glubbin sick would that be
(hashtag) so sick
Aranea: Sick, perhaps. but not a very good strategy!
You will just be leading everyone into permanent oblivion. At least you will without coming up with a better plan first.
Meenah: then whats your awesome idea
Aranea: To be a little more patient.
(hashtag) Patience (hashtag) Peixes (hashtag) Alliterative assonance
I have been following clues regarding the whereabouts of a secret weapon that may be the key to defeating him.
Meenah: oh reely
whats the weaprawn
Aranea: The weaprawn........ weapon, I mean, is not a what, but a who.
(hashtag) Weaprawn? (hashtag) Really, Meenah?
She is the other cherub. The Lord's female counterpart, who once occupied the same body.
(hashtag) Aliens
but when they reached maturity, his personality dominated the host, assuming complete control.
(hashtag) Xenobiologically fascinating species
She technically died that day, and now her spirit presumably roams somewhere out here in the Furthest Ring.
(hashtag) Or so the legend goes
We need to find her before he does. He will surely want to finish her off.
Meenah: cherub
(hashtag) uh
what
ok i didnt really follow any of that junk so uh
you go right ahead and find your cherub girl
ima be right here building my ghost army Beeyotch
(hashtag) ghost army (hashtag) beeyotch (hashtag) fyeah
Aranea: Very well. best of luck with that!
but try to remember it has been a very long time since any of our friends have done anything important at all.
(hashtag) Like, almost eternity
It may be more difficult to find recruits for your army than you think.
(hashtag) I hope you like frustrating conversations
Meenah: please
ok i admit that mosta them were chumpy as globes when we was tryin to win our game
(hashtag) chumps (hashtag) shame globes (hashtag) chumpiness (hashtag) globage
but this time when im through with em they will be the loyal murderous mob of cherubfucking fury
our people were always supposed to be
and if you dont think i can do that then Need I Remind You who i grew up to be in some another dimension or whatever
(hashtag) batterwitch (hashtag) waterbitch (hashtag) omfg (hashtag) yes (hashtag) yes (hashtag) yes (hashtag) yes
Aranea: You needn't remind me at all, Your Condescension.
I believe you were hatched to be a tyrant, and I pray that your campaign of bullying and intimidation goes swimmingly.
(hashtag) (smiley face with eight eyes)
Meenah: aw youre tha best serket cmere (kissy face wearing a tiara and goggles)

Rebubble this memory
You rebubble the memory, and it is almost universally loathed. You lose half your followers in the blink of an eye. Better be more careful. When your follower count drops to zero in the afterlife, your soul dies forever.

Go along the northern path. It curves north, east, then north again. There's an ebubble, then a chest. Ignore the ebubble and open the chest.

You got the Thorns of oglogoth!

Any sane adventurer would cast these instruments of the occult into the furthest ring and forget they ever existed. And... it looks like someone did just that?
(hashtag) a wise move

The path curves west. Follow it. It goes west for a while, then south, until it meets up with the first junction in the sand area. Looks like you went in a circle. Go back to Aranea, then take the south path. It winds for a little while until you come to a purple stage that juts out into the water at one of the north curves. Rose stands on it, shifting from foot to foot. There's a purple chest next to her. Open it.

You got a copy of Complacency of the learned!

Wow this looks really... huh? It just disappeared from your hand in a crazy blur. What the... oh, that human girl has it. She looks like she's enjoying it a lot more than you ever would. You'll let her have this one.
(hashtag) probably wasn't worth jack anyway

Go to Rose. Two options appear when you interact with her.

Talk to Rose.
Ask Rose to join.

Talk to Rose.

Meenah: hey!!!!
Rose: Hello.
Meenah: its uh
you
Rose: Yes.
Meenah: human right
(hashtag) where da horns at (hashtag) so weird
Rose: That's right.
Rose, more specifically.
Meenah: who cares listen human girl wanna ask ya somefin
Rose: You're not very good at this, are you?
Meenah: wut
Rose: Talking to people.
Meenah: hey eff you
Rose: It's ok that you are. I'm not trying to criticize.
(hashtag) I can kind of relate, actually.
I've heard some things about you. That pink rocky environment back there. That's a memory of
your home, right?
(hashtag) Beforan moon
Meenah:
(hashtag) ...
Rose: You renounced the throne and ran away to the moon, didn't you? And then you lived there
completely alone for... how many years?
Meenah: what are years
Rose: I think I'm starting to lose track of what a year is myself. That seems to be what happens
when you spend enough time out here.
(hashtag) Abyss madness (hashtag) Meteor fever
Meenah: uh
Rose: I'm just curious about you. You seem like an interesting person who probably has a lot of
stories to tell.
(hashtag) Also, I like your braids.
From what I understand, you discovered something on the moon which originally contained your
copy of the game? Is that true?
Meenah: ...
(hashtag) dot (hashtag) dot (hashtag) dot
Rose: Maybe we could spend some time together and get to know each other? When you have the
chance, of course.
Meenah: man
youre like an alien windfang
all wordy and nosy and nice to me for no fishcernible reason
(hashtag) altpun = (hashtag) discernabubble
you even have the same cod tier jammies on
(hashtag) goddamn ugly
just another bright orange blubbermouth
(hashtag) fuchsia blows orange out of the water
lets just forget i said anyfin kay

Rebubble this memory

You decide to rebubble the memory, but before you send it out into the abyss, you radically alter
the content of the memory, for the lulz. A whole lot of people consider the memory to be
lulzworthy as well without realizing it's been altered, and they rebubble it thousands of times. The
lie has officially been rebubbled enough to qualify as truth. The elder gods smile upon your
misdeeds.

Ask Rose to join.

Meenah: sooooo extra talky human its me again (hashtag) suuup
Rose: Hey!
(hashtag) (smiley face)
Meenah: got a porpoisition for ya you know that bad guy just wrecked the sky and killed some dead mofos (hashtag) rainbow barfer
Rose: Lord English?
Yes, I know of him.
Meenah: wanna team up with me and kill him or...
Rose: Absolutely.
Meenah: yay!!!! (very happy face wearing a tiara and goggles) (hashtag) word
Rose: But later.
(hashtag) Much later, really.
Meenah: gfd (hashtag) ugh
Rose: We can't interrupt the plan which has been put into inexorable motion. Or for that matter, the meteor we're traveling on, which has been similarly propelled.
(hashtag) Troll Isaac Newton
We have to rendezvous with our rebooted "ancestors," as it were, and help them win their game. (hashtag) Alpha players (hashtag) Teen guardians (hashtag) Fun In the process, we will ideally become stronger and more experienced. Only then will we be ready to help you defeat him.
(hashtag) Additional fun
Meenah: oh my glub you really are serketting the fuck outta this (hashtag) blahblahblahblahblah come on stop overplanning lets all just fly away together and wreck his shit there are like billions a ghosts out here right we got numbers on our side (hashtag) Billions (hashtag) i mean (hashtag) probably
Rose: Yes. But even if I agreed, I couldn't just fly away with you now. I'm not even standing here. I'm asleep on our meteor. This is a dream projection you're talking to. (hashtag) Kind of like a hologram, I guess?
Meenah: wut
(hashtag) wut
Rose: You're new to dream bubbles, aren't you.
I would be more than happy to explain to you how they work in extensive detail.
Meenah: ugh
Light players later rosequad

Rebubble this memory

You rebubble the memory thinking it will bring you joy. But it doesn't. No matter how many memories you like or hate or rebubble, you are always left with an empty feeling in your soul. Like your existence is truly as meaningless as one would expect it to be out in the middle of an endless
void amidst colossal hideous monsters. Why do you do this to yourself? And yet, you cannot stop...

Continue down the path. A very short distance away is Kanaya, who stands next to the tip of a dersite tower in the sand. Another dersite tower rise out of the water behind her. Two options appear when you interact with Kanaya.

Talk to Kanaya.
Ask Kanaya to join.

Talk to Kanaya.

Meenah: oh hey the maryam looking girl
what is the deal with you
Kanaya: The Deal With The Maryam Looking Girl Is That She Is Wondering What The Deal Is With The Peixes Looking Girl And Specifically Why The Former Has Piqued The Latters Curiosity
(hashtag) The Deal With Things (hashtag) The Topic Of Wonder (hashtag) People Looking People
Meenah: why
dunno
seams to me two maryams is overdoin it a bit
(hashtag) i mean (hashtag) two captors id undersand
one was more than enough
Kanaya: The Same Thing Occurred To Me
Meenah: you arent much like the one we had
(hashtag) u talk weird
kind of a tough act to follow to be fair though
Kanaya: The Same Thing Occurred To Me Yet Again
(hashtag) Things That Are The Same (hashtag) And How They Occur To People
Meenah: looks like you got the rainbow drinker thing going on too
(hashtag) damn (hashtag) ur blindin me girl (hashtag) the goggles do nofin
Kanaya: I Suppose
Meenah: so
you go around lookin like that all the time or
Kanaya: To My Knowledge Yes
(hashtag) Kind Of Personal?
Meenah: heh
Kanaya: Is There An Alternative Degree Of Auto Luminescence I Should Be Aware Of And If So How Foolish Should I Feel For Only Learning About It Now
(hashtag) On A Scale Of One To Idiot
Meenah: im no drinker buff but yeah our maryam figured out how to control it
Kanaya: Really
Meenah: she probably had more time to figure it out than you
when youre stuck in a busted session for three sweeps without much to do you figure some stuff out about yourself
not my buzzbug wax but maybe you should axe her
(hashtag) buzzbugs (hashtag) bzzzzz (hashtag) hehe
Kanaya: I Dont Think So
Meenah: why not
Kanaya: Id Like To
But I Cant Get Up The Nerve
Meenah: aw come on shes cool
(hashtag) you check out her ink yet (hashtag) fucken dope
Kanaya: Yes
She Is An Amazing Person
And It Is Very Intimidating
I Had The Same Feelings Of Trepidation The Last Time I Encountered Someone I Admired
Meenah: oh yeah who was that
Kanaya: ...
(hashtag)
Meenah: huh
you mean
her over there
talky girl in the orange nighty jams
(hashtag) her??
Kanaya: ...
(hashtag) (hashtag)
Meenah: i seaaa
saw you two hangin together last time
she your g frond
the red sort i mean
Kanaya: ...
(hashtag) (hashtag) (hashtag)
Maybe
(hashtag) (hashtag) (hashtag) (hashtag) (hashtag) Additional Bashfully Blank Hash Tags
Meenah: thats adorbs yo

Rebubble this memory

You rebubble the memory and immediately spark a flame war among others who rebubble it. They chime in to the memory, adding their two boonpennies. The hostile rhetoric begins to pile up, and soon you try to trace the argument from the beginning in a linear fashion. But you can't. It is pure chaos, as the bubbles have hopelessly dispersed throughout the ring, reducing any coherence the argument once had into shrieking white noise. The dark gods enjoy another small victory over order and reason.

Ask Kanaya to join.

Meenah: hey maryam lookalike lets go kick the fuck outa skullzilla
Kanaya: I Was About To Respond Favorably
But Then I Glanced Over At Rose
And She Was Just Shaking Her Head At Me Very Slowly And Kind Of Knowingly
(hashtag) The Limitless Mysteries Of Her Wisdom Know No Bounds (hashtag) Human Sarcasm
Meenah: no u silly drinker shes just fucking with you
Kanaya: Oh Probably
But Lets Be Realistic Here The Answer Was Probably Going To Be No Anyway
(hashtag) Bad Plan
Meenah: aight well guess im going to drink skull guys blood all by my shellf then
Kanaya: I Bet It Tastes Really Bad
(hashtag) Gross Monster Blood
Meenah: haha yeah
well later

Rebubble this memory

You rebubble it while appending a sassy editorial remark to the content. But the joke doesn't go
over too well, and people start calling you out on it. You decide to pop the bubble and put it to rest before it really embarrasses you. But later people dredge up old bubbles containing their memories of your rebubbled memory, and throw it back in your face. That rebubble may come back to haunt you again and again until the day your soul dies, which sadly, may be never.

There's a chest just south of Kanaya. Open it.

You got a Sewing Machine!

Oooooh this looks Really expensive, you bet you could... wait. What's she looking at? The Maryam girl is looking at you funny. What, is this thing hers? You don't want to start any trouble over this dumb gizmo. You slowly put it back in the chest, very casually like it ain't no thing.

(hashtag) you'll come back and swipe it later when she's not around

Despite this statement, the chest stays open and empty. After your blatant theft of the sewing machine, head south. The ground stops being a beach and starts being the top of a castle with purple tiles and a large purple rug with gold trim and a darker purple pentagon in the center. Go towards the edge of the castle and out onto a turret on the east side. There's a chest there.

You got a Fuchsia Potion!

Legend says this enchanted potion is supposed to - oh god it's more troll blood. Wait this is royal blood. What an absolute outrage that probably some commoner had the audacity to draw royal blood. You are almost mad enough not to not give a shit.

(hashtag) you chuck it over the edge (hashtag) glass shatters (hashtag) someone below says 'ow'

Head west, to a larger turret. Open the chest there.

An orange oven floats out of the chest.

You got a Juju!

What's up with all these jujus lying around? Jujus are very wide ranging sorts of magical objects. You never know what form they'll take. This one is particularly useless though. It has the power to travel through time. Into the future only, though.

(hashtag) at exactly one second per second

Keep going west. There's another chest to the north, where the tiles meet the water.

You got a Dersite Tabloid!

Says some human girl is dead. You don't recognize her. Inside is the usual kind of sensationalizing sleaze you're used to seeing from these. You spent a long time on Derse during your game. You always enjoyed reading these. They were almost always about assassinations.

(hashtag) some of which were yours

Keep going west, past two more turrets. The pathway narrows to the point that it's barely passable, then opens up at the westmost turret. Dave stands there next to an ebubble, and what looked like a pillar was actually part of a wall. Two paths come off of the turret: a stairway to the west and a hallway to the south. When you interact with Dave, three options appear.

Talk to Dave.
Ask Dave to join.
Be Dave.

Talk to Dave.

Meenah: hey cape guy
youre uh
human whats his cape
(hashtag) with the shades
Dave: thats exactly my name
(hashtag) see also (hashtag) shaggy 2 cape
everyone stupidly insists on calling me dave though
Meenah: so dave cape
wheres your bro
Dave: my bro
hes dead
(hashtag) like (hashtag) the ghostless kind of dead i think
unless you mean the kid version as in the guy we both saw with the pointy shades
(hashtag) kid bro (hashtag) wtf
remember he grabbed my sleeping teen mom and flew away and that was the last i saw of him
(hashtag) thats sorta what he does (hashtag) just vanishes like a mysterious motherfucker
Meenah: no no
not that guy
actually i gave him a sweet high five a little while ago but thats not who i mean
(hashtag) one of the best hi 5s eva (hashtag) dudes a pro
Dave: what when did you give him a high five
why wasnt i informed of this high five that took place
(hashtag) not cool
Meenah: who cares im talking about your other bro
the cool shouty kid who got po'd and went to clams cray the f out
(hashtag) mad vantaz
Dave: oh karkat you mean
i dunno hes around
i saw him talking to his ancestor a while ago
(hashtag) or uh (hashtag) being talked too
dont think he likes him very much
(hashtag) hilarious toolparty
Meenah: what
shouty shouldnt be hanging out with that glubbin dork
Dave: i doubt he actually wants to but you know how it is with ancestors
(hashtag) ancestors (hashtag) you know how it is
Meenah: ...
Dave: ok maybe you dont since i guess youre actually an ancestor yourself
or you were to some dead girl i never met but anyway
(hashtag) i think her name was fieri or something
they just seem to
i dont know
have this inexplicable power over you
i mean look at Kanaya over there shes a fucking shambles about hers
(hashtag) shambles (hashtag) Kanaya (hashtag) yeah
like it isnt even rational or anything they just represent something you measure yourself up to
(hashtag) dude come get the ruler
and even though they probably aren't all they're cracked up to be it just kind of gets in your head you know
Meenah: naw
my ancestor was fuckin lame
otoh in another tunaverse i grew up to be an ice cold murderbitch in charge of everybody which makes perfect sense
(hashtag) includin a pair of human clown slam poets?? (hashtag) ahaha
so the only one i got to measure up to is me and it turns out i measure up awesomely
(hashtag) fuchsia ruler
Dave: and on that day human whats his cape learned the only real treasure was a forced sense of self esteem
he thanked the punky sea princess for her radical wisdom and then she went away
Meenah: i think
that
maybe i was just owned?

Rebubble this memory

You rebubble the memory and... yes!!! People love this memory. It's scoring more likes than anything you've ever bubbld! You bask in your popularity for a few days, until it all dies down. And then... nothing. A familiar feeling of emptiness returns. It is the perpetual existential malaise of the afterlife, and a nearby horrorterror feasts off your psychic despair. The hideous beast balloons to twice its former size, and issues a deep gurgle of ecstasy.

Ask Dave to join.

Dave: yeah i saw it
i was looking up in space doing a little monster gazing right
(hashtag) daves private chill time (hashtag) eldritch red lobster (hashtag) bargain seafood buffet
(hashtag) bored
when suddenly i thought my glasses shattered
(hashtag) ben stiller almost fucking tornadoed in his grave
but it wasn't the shades turned out it was space itself that cracked
(hashtag) fuckin relief (hashtag) best bro gave me these
and i listened and i heard the screams and killing and stuff
(hashtag) monsters dying (hashtag) ghosts dying (hashtag) atrocious problems
havent slept well since that
well i guess im sleeping alright at the moment
(hashtag) oh yeah (hashtag) i forgot
cause im here in a bubble talking to you but yeah in general my shuteye has been boned up the protein chute
(hashtag) troll anatomy (hashtag) lewd (hashtag) maybe?
keeping myself busy with awesome projects helps a bit i guess
(hashtag) awesome projects
Meenah: then you must want to kill the guy even worse than me
why dont you join me we can fly away and fuck him up together (smiley face wearing a tiara and goggles)
(hashtag) what good is a cape even (hashtag) if you wont fly away to clobber badguys
Dave: nope
(hashtag) nah
appreciate the offer but im just gonna hang tight and work on my ebubbles
(hashtag) dave_ebubbles
Meenah: e what
Dave: ebubbles theyre awesome
(hashtag) how is this not awesome
its just some ridiculous shit i figured out how to do here
this whole place runs on memories so ive been messing around with that
(hashtag) just as long as you dont ask me how (hashtag) we are cool
turns out i dont even really need the internet for shenanigans i can just exploit the afterlife
Meenah: the fuuuck
i know youre down in the dumps kid but that sounds like a stupid waste of time
(hashtag) stupid waste of time
now come on lets go whale on a cherub
nah
(hashtag) yes lets (hashtag) just fucking with you (hashtag) no
i mean
i think i might be "supposed" to kill him anyway?
(hashtag) air quotes
thats the feeling i get like there are all these clues about that ive kinda noticed
(hashtag) remember that bullshit about the pimp being in the crib? (hashtag) hahaha oh god
so if i am the guy that needs to take him down then fine ill do that if and when i get hornswoggled
into some big showdown with a ridiculous green space pimp or whatever he is
(hashtag) i heard he has a gold tooth (hashtag) are you fuckin kidding me
i dont know i think im not really cut out for the whole reluctant hero shtick
(hashtag) im better at comics
like the whole scene is so obvious and trite and i cant even tell if my reluctance is ironic or if im
playing it straight
(hashtag) reluctant before it was cool (hashtag) and before i was willing
like ill wonder if im being reluctant enough to cut it or if im actually just being reluctant to be
reluctant
(hashtag) how reluctant do you even have to Be to Doooo something like etc etc (hashtag) sbahj
it turns into like meta reluctance and then all i can think about is how fucking stupid the whole
thing is
(hashtag) i also think about puppets sometimes... (hashtag) unrelated
i think im probably just too self aware for this hero bullshit so dont even waste your time on me
(hashtag) ironic self pity
Meenah: wow
sooooo coooooool
Not

Rebubble this memory

You rebubble a memory and it is extremely well received by your followers. You're on a roll here. You've been rebubbling on all cylinders lately, and it's been attracting quite a lot of attention. You have more followers than you know what to do with. Keep it up! If you can manage to get everyone in the afterlife to follow you, the dark gods will grant you the boon of resurrection.

Be Dave.

Dave: wait
(hashtag) uh (hashtag) w (hashtag) t (hashtag) f
you want to "be me"?
(hashtag) air quotes
Meenah: yeah why not
Dave: ok well without getting too deep into the issue of how absurd that request is on the very face
of it
a face presently being palmed
its just not going to happen
i mean not yet anyway not this early in your little dream bubble quest you got going on here
Meenah: shut up dawg just lemme walk around as you and stuff
(hashtag) talk at peeps in your koolkid way (hashtag) maybe play a different tune
Dave: no
Meenah: why
Dave: i really dont think we should get too meta about this
just
(hashtag) ok
look
youre on a mission to gather up all your dead friends and build an army or something
(hashtag) cant believe im even explaining this
personally i think thats a shitty idea but you are clearly motivated to do that
Meenah: yea
(hashtag) tru dat
Dave: so why would you waste time going around "being other people" it doesnt make any fucking sense
(hashtag) air quotes
for instance you cant be anybody in this fucking sandy beach area because ostenibly youre just
charging through this place looking for your friends
dammit try to play the part at least somewhat
(hashtag) ahaahah (hashtag) already too meta (hashtag) i give the fuck up
Meenah: aw man
(hashtag) boorong
Dave: maybe when you catch up with your posse you can be some of those guys
hell maybe you can be some of us too after the whole thing youre trying to do winds up being this
huge predictable disappointment
but that would have to be in a different area
Meenah: what area
(hashtag) what? (hashtag) you cray
Dave: like a different goddamn bubble zone
like someones memory of a magic fucking forest or home village or some shit
i dont know just somewhere the fuck else
now go away
(hashtag) of this (hashtag) let us never speak again (hashtag) be dave? (hashtag) bitch please
Meenah: fine

You rebubble the memory and are about to get on with your day, when you notice something weird
in your feed. It seems like a spamghost has hacked your soul, and has been rebubbling weird
advertisements to your followers for the last... 50 MILLION SWEEPS?? This is a disaster. You
have almost no followers left. Most of the ads are for gross horroterror porn and flagella erectile
medication. Ugh

Go down the west set of stairs. They lead down to a small area with two ebubbles and two chests.
Open the north one.

You got a Ribbitar!

Foes everywhere tremble at the mere sight of this lethal amphibious scourge. So overwhelming is
their terror that... ha ha, yeah right. This sword is almost too ridiculous for words. It's a nice
conversation piece though.

(hashtag) aw shit is that made of ruby???(hashtag) Come to Mama

Open the south chest. Hussie pokes his head out.

Talk.

Once again, his words are in plain black with no name prefacing them.

Hey! Get lost kid, this is my hiding place.
Can't you see english is coming for me???
(hashtag) dota (hashtag) uh (hashtag) again
He is coming for us all.

Go back up the stairs, then down the corridor. A new area loads. It's more of the Dersite palace the beach became. You walk south, down the rest of the hallway, and through an incredibly ornate pointed archway flanked by two skinny pillars with pointed tops. This leads into a small-ish, octagonal room. The east and west sides butt up to walls, which run perpendicularly away from them. These walls are made of large purple bricks with tall support struts every few feet. Intricately carved, pointed detailing that matches the archway lines the bottom. On the south wall of the room, there's an even larger archway with much less detail. A stairway leads down to a lower level, where a large purple rug covers a lot of the floor. There are many chests along the back wall and a few on the side walls. Start at the one just east of the stairs and go around the room clockwise.

You got a Whole Stack of Boondollars!

Keep em coming! You'll be rich again in no time. Pretty soon you'll own this place. Right after you save it from destruction, of course.

(hashtag) how does this factor into the big silly tumblr metaphor (hashtag) shrug
Next chest.

You got a Whole Heap of Boondollars!

(hashtag) mo money (hashtag) (smiley face wearing a tiara and sunglasses)
Some of these messages don't really make sense unless you're being Meenah, but you're not going to let that bother you.

(hashtag) D.W.I
Next chest.

You got a Ragripper!

A popular model from the Demonbane line of chainsaws. At least, it was popular on Alternia. Your planet wasn't nearly badass enough for this thing to be sold legally. Beforus was so lame.

(hashtag) lame planet (hashtag) lame planet names
As you reach the east wall, you see another troll and a small blue bubble in another room of the palace, but this one's yellow. The troll is wearing a low cut black dress with jade lines crisscrossing the bodice. The skirt is shorter in the front and the back trails into a short train. There are black lines on her arms and her horns look like Kanaya's. Ignore her for now and head south to the
next chest. About halfway down the room, the purple tiles fade to yellow.

Open the next chest.

A purple egg timer floats out of the chest.

You got a Juju!

Looks like a magic Egg Timer, which you can use to travel through time, haphazardly and stupidly. It's the type of item that's severely prone to making a mess of the timeline. Need a Juju Breaker to destroy such an item and repair the damage it's done. But that kind of thing is extremely rare-to-nonexistent. You don't have a single good guess what form such an item could take.

(hashtag) ok you pried one hint out of me (hashtag) the number 7

Go west, across the now yellow room. Halfway across it, there's a turret with a set of stairs leading to another area. The stairs have a green rug and green handrails. Ignore it for now. You have more chests to open!

Keep going west and open the next chest.

A set of metal cuffs in the shape of the cancer symbol float out of the chest.

You got some Authentic Religious Memorabilia!

These were the doodads adult post-scratch Vantas was chained up with when he died. You bet Serket would fork over a ton of gold for this junk. Religious nuts are some of the biggest suckers around.

(hashtag) irons (hashtag) sufferer (hashtag) authentic (hashtag) (or as authentic as phantom ghost memory items get)

Go north, to the last three chests.

Calliope's cosplay horns float out of the first chest.

You got a Pair of Horns!

This is the most ridiculous thing you've ever seen. Why would anyone want to wear a second pair of horns? Unless maybe they were compensating for a particularly nubby pair... oh, you got it! Humans wear these to pretend to be trolls, and also be less stupid looking. These clearly belonged to a human.

(hashtag) case closed

Next chest.

You got a Lance!

Who's memory is this? This thing has really made the rounds. Let's see, Tavros had it, but then was impaled by it. The Black Queen had it, and used it as a cigarette holder sometimes, when she was Snowman. Spades Slick wielded it while riding around on a horse hitcher once. Snowman killed Quarters with it, you think. That happened in the top banner though, so you might have missed it...

(hashtag) meenah has no idea what we're talking about
A pendant in the shape of a cancer symbol floats out of the last chest.

You got a Sufferer Pendant!

Exhibiting the Sign of the Signless. The story of the Sufferer got really popular among your old crew as a kind of religious fad, after everyone died and learned the stories of their post-scratch lives. Aranea especially seems to have bought into this nonsense hook line and sinker. She never wore anything like that around her neck before she died. You wonder if people have gotten so into it just to bug Vantas? You just know it probably pisses him off, seeing people wear this thing all the time.

(hashtag) heheh (hashtag) now that you think of it (hashtag) maybe you'll wear one too

That's all the loot in this room, so go back to the south side of the room and go down the stairs with the green carpet. The stairway is short and flanked by Dersite and Prospitian towers. It leads onto a small landing, then another staircase continues down to the east. Karkat and another troll stand on the landing. The other troll looks almost identical to Karkat except for the fact that his eyes are white and he's wearing a bright red sweater and shoes where Karkat still wears his hemo-anon grey symbol on a black shirt.

Talk to Karkat.

Hey, it's shouty! But it looks like he's severely embroiled in a really heavy discussion with your team's Vantas. You really don't feel like getting involved.

Listen in on conversation?

(hashtag) eavesdropping (hashtag) rude

Yes.

Note: The dead troll in the red sweater, Kankri, speaks in bright red, replaces all Os with 9s and all Bs with 6s.

Kankri: Now I realize we've been at this for some time already, but at the risk of derailing the dialogue you initiated, and may I just say how thrilled I am that you did, Karkat, I would just like to qualify my entire analysis of your "Alternian culture" by saying that in contrast with life on beforus, while your people may have been engaged in violent, lethal class struggle for millions of sweeps, by no means does this imply that the beforan way of life was entirely without problematic elements, perhaps even more disturbing and insidious for their lack of acknowledgement and open discussion, particularly as a consequence of what in my view were widely and dismayingly unexamined systemic social injustices resulting from the entrenched power dynamics in play, dynamics strikingly similar to those of your planet's markedly more bellicose iteration, which has only served to fully vindicate my hypothesis that such a hierarchy is really predicated on intrinsic dysfunction, and failure to shift all the usual narratives and undiagnosed problems into an open, judgment-free discourse through which problematic issues are constructively channeled into more intelligently problematized avenues of discussion.

Kankri: Now before I continue, it is only decent of me to warn you about certain triggers that are surely ahead in this essay. I mean conversation. Triggers include but likely will not be limited to class oppression, culling culture and violence against grubs, lusus abuse, complementary and analogous hate speech, pail filling, slurs and other concupiscent fluids, lifespan shaming, ableist slurs, prolix dissertation... Actually, maybe it would be easier for you to list your triggers, and I'll do my best to avoid those topics, or navigate them more delicately, if at all possible?

(hashtag) TW (hashtag) oppression (hashtag) culling (hashtag) grub violence (hashtag) lusus abuse
Karkat: (Note: he stares with a an expression of slack-jawed shock. He continues to do this through the entire conversation)

Kankri: Great. It sounds like you don't have any triggers, at least none that you know about. I'll proceed with caution nevertheless. Just please let me know if you start feeling triggered by anything I'm saying, and we can take a brief time-out while you summon your moirail to help pacify you, assuming you have one. Not that I'm presuming you do, but I heard that you did, is that correct? If not, I apologize. I further apologize if your orientation precludes the possibility, as a pale aromantic, panquadrant demiromantic, something in the gray palesexual department or such, and hopefully you are not triggered by such presumptuous concillianormative language. It wouldn't be the first time I was guilty of such an inexcusable microaggression, and I am not so oblivious to my own romantic privilege to believe it will be the last time either.

Kankri: I'm glad I brought up the subject of unexamined privilege, because it dovetails beautifully with the point I was about to make regarding beforan society and its savage umbral potentiality which later manifested through the kind of Alternian brutality you are all too familiar with. Those in the higher echelons of the hemospectrum such as the ceruleans, or "blue bloods" (careful, being loose with such terminology is opening the floodgates to a whole host of toxic signist language and hemophobic slurs), when addressing the challenges faced by those lower on the spectrum, such as the midhues or in particular warm castes like umbers, ochres, or "rust bloods" (another slur, highly problematic, deeply offensive and triggering terminology, strongly imploring you steer clear of this term), they would be well advised to check their cerulean privilege, particularly before dismissing hardships or marginalizing claims of oppression, which can be difficult for them to identify or empathize with from their advantageous position within the beforan/Alternian power structures.

Kankri: And some may argue that in our peaceful "utopian" culture that we have freed ourselves from injustice and disparities in privilege in a post-scarcity economy, largely equal rights distributed across the hemospectrum, and therefore exist in a "post-spectral world" (laugh out loud), and therefore there is no need to champion important social causes and there is nothing left to debate, but really nothing could be further from the truth. You just need to educate yourself and carefully investigate the longstanding power dynamics in play. For instance, a seemingly "harmless" remark from a cisblooded cerulean toward an umber or God forbid a burgundy or yes even a warm-identifying physically-cooler caste, about their very long term future plans such as on the order of centuries, then this may prove to be a very hurtful microagression due to the fact that lowhues cannot possibly live that long themselves, and the more priviliged caste could easily outlive dozens of generations of midhues or hundreds of generations of bUoYs (burgundy-umber-ochre-yellowgreens, note please avoid describing the lattermost as "lime bloods" as it has historically been used as an especially vicious epithet). Such remarks can further trigger painful reminders of how cooler castes, to some extent oJAs, but CIPs and Royal-Vs in particular, have been able to use their tremendous lifespans over the millenia to gain a stranglehold over the social order, have been able to completely dictate our societal evolution by ensuring only their cultural agendas and narratives receive the dialogue's air supply, assuring the codification of those resultant ideals and deciding what "normalcy" entails, and sadly these absolutes become internalized across the full spectral range, even within those of most compromised privilege, and so you begin to see the cyclical nature of the dysfunction and the resulting inertia against positive change and raising
awareness of the most underproblematized issues, which I think we can agree, is pretty problematic.

(Hashtag) post spectral world (Hashag) lol (Hashag) bUoYs (Hashag) oJAs (Hashag) CIPs (Hashag) Royal Vs (Hashag) narratives (Hashag) agendas (Hashag) narratives (Hashag) lifespan privilege (Hashag) dysfunction (Hashag) awareness (Hashag) agendas

Karkat:

Kankri: And really, it's everyone's business to examine their privilege, even burgundies, who may be subject to the pitfall of believing incorrectly there are none on the scale beneath them whom they enjoy certain privileges over, which off-spectrum trolls will never know, such as those identifying as otherbloods or caste-multiples, "polyblooded", any who hemoglobically ID as having a caste which manifests nowhere (as yet known) in anyone physically, or for that matter offspecs who physically do possess such a blood type, or "mutants" (Very problematic term, highly triggering to some, be warned), such as you and I, Karkat. but this puts us both in a situation which to our knowledge uniquely allows us to understand and empathize with tragically underprivileged and unempowered groups across all scuttles of life, thus affording us both what I like to call a "uniquely underprivileged privilege", which, yes, is a kind of privilege we should both strive to check as well, whenever we can. This same uniquely underprivileged perspective as I'm sure you know was disadvantaged upon my post-scratch iteration as well, and while I have no doubt you justifiably came to revere that figure of your planet's rich history and your personal lineage, and while his goals of peace, equality, and a truly spectrablind society, I'm afraid I personally have trouble condoning his methods. I don't like to use the term "problematic" lightly, but, well, his tactics were nothing if not massively problematic, to say the least, employing violent uprising to effect change, and emblazoning his mark upon history and his faithful followers with the salty flourish of a single rude, shouted swear word, it's not to my taste even though he is who I would have grown up to be in another life. but no, I prefer to effect social change through rational, honest discourse and contributing to ongoing dialogues, focusing on what should be the real goals, through keen adherence to the discipline of Problematics, ensuring that we stay focused on successfully problematizing a wide range of direly undercomplicated social dilemmas.

(Hashtag) undercomplication (Hashtag) salty flourish (Hashtag) rude shouted swear word (Hashtag) spectrablind society (Hashtag) dilemmas (Hashtag) goals (Hashtag) Problematics (Hashtag) dilemmas

Karkat:

Kankri: It's nice to see we agree on so much. Maybe we are not so unalike, despite our drastically different upbringings. Anyway, as I was saying, the story of your ancestor, and more importantly my exhaustive list of misgivings with his approach to social change, is quite a long and elaborate one, but it actually fits brilliantly within the larger mosaic which captures the broad strokes of my post. I mean our discussion. Trigger warnings for the following content include: ancestor bashing, faith shaming, loud swearing, torture, burn wounds, ship sinking... again, seriously, just let me know if you begin to feel triggered by anything, even slightly. We'll pause and see if we can really explore those issues, and identify exactly how I may have invalidated your struggles. Without further ado, the story is as follows:

(Hashtag) TW (Hashtag) ancestor bashing (Hashtag) shaming (Hashtag) swearing (Hashtag) torture (Hashtag) burns (Hashtag) ship sinking (Hashtag) struggles (Hashtag) invalidation (Hashtag) misgivings

Kankri: (Note: He continues to speak, but the text is so small it can't be read)

Kankri: (Note: Even smaller, more densely-packed text.)

Karkat:

(Hashtag) ......................

Karkat:

Rebubble this memory
Oops. That memory you just rebubbled was in violation of the furthest ring’s content policy. The administrators (horrorerrors) have suspended your soul and you are now blocked from rebubbling memories (unless you really want to).

Leave Kankri to his rambling and go down the stairs to the east, which are flanked by even more dersite and prospit towers. This staircase is incredibly long and deposits you in a dersite hallway that fades to Prospit a short distance away. Where the Derse and Prospit areas meet, there's another hallway heading north in addition to the eastern prospit hallway. Head north first.

You enter a purple, octagonal room, just like the one you first encountered in this area. In the north archway, there is a chest.

Spades Slick's horse hitcher cane, which Scratch tied into a knot, floats out.

You got a Pretzeled Horse Hitcher!

Who could have done this to such a fine, cast iron steed? Whoever it was must have been incredibly strong, incredibly smug, and incredibly floppy when shaken.

(hashtag) an incredible host

Leave the purple tower and head down the eastern hallway. At the east end, there's a set of purple stairs with a red carpet running up it. Ascend. It comes to a small landing with a short stairway heading north, to another landing. On this landing, there's a chest and another set of stairs that head west. Open the chest.

You got a Troll Romance Novel!

Wow, this sure is some steamy, trashy literature here. It's making you perspire a little, and you're only three sentences into the title. Doesn't seem like anyone's looking. Maybe you'll just take one little peek inside... Whoops, it just disappeared in a blur again. God damn it.

(hashtag) Laaaaalooooonde!!!!!!!!!!

This time, there is space for something to be under the stairs, so, like any good explorer, go check there. There are two chests!

Open the west one.

You got a Magic Cue Ball!

Hey, is this thing a juju too? It's a shame you can't see through its surface, or you'd be able to ask it yourself. This is another thing that's kind of unnerving to find here. Good thing it's only a memory object, right?

(hashtag) right (hashtag) ... (hashtag) maybe

Now open the east one.

You got a Regisickle!

Perfect for threshing royalty with. You could almost say you could use it to... thresh princes.

(hashtag) troll will smith

Now loop back around and head up the stairs. Halfway up, the purple stone fades to yellow, and
the red rug fades to green. It leads up onto yet another landing with a chest and a short, northern staircase. Open the chest.

You got a bunch of Licorice Scottie Dogs!

Oh man, these were a Delicacy on your planet. The most valuable treat per-pound by far. You have to be a very, very wealthy person to keep a great supply of these on hand. By selling these, you should be able to make most of your fortune back in one fell swoop!!!!!

(hashtag) except you just ate most of them (hashtag) worth it

Head north, up the stairs.

As you step up onto a wall, a very cool troll does a sick skateboard trick and lands in front of you. She's wearing square, red glasses, a teal shirt with a red Libra symbol on it, black pants, and red boots with teal cuffs. Her horns look like Terezi's. She holds her skateboard under one arm and puts her hand on her cocked hip. When you interact with her, three options appear.

Talk to Latula
Ask Latula to join.
Be Latula.

Talk to Latula

Her talksprite appears. She has shoulder length black hair and a very wide smile. She speaks in teal and uses the A to 4, I to 1, E to 3 replacement, like Terezi, but the rest of the letters aren't in all caps. She also types 'girl' as 'grl'

Latula: damn girrrr!!!!
you finally made it! high five!!!
(hashtag) (very happy face with glasses and furrowed brows)
Meenah: you know it
i am so fuckin ghostly now
(hashtag) oOoOoO
Latula: right on girl!!!!! dream bubz rule!
4-life 4 LYFE!!!
Meenah: wha
Latula: ahaha yeah. that should have sounded like "a life for lyfe" like 'A' as in after, but spoken as a number, then 'a' as a homonym for the preposition and stuff!!!!
(hashtag) spoken quirk confusion
you know how it is. a girlz gotta sacrifice understandability for the sake of radness sometimez.
Meenah: preachin to the group of coral singers pyrope
Latula: coral singers? oh you mean choir, i get it!!! but coral as in the funky shit underwater instead, hahah?
still rocking the fish punz i see. well thats not really the kind of radness i was talking about, but ill let it slide.
(hashtag) punz (hashtag) kind of lame
Meenah: hey fuck you!
cant believe yall go shitting on my fish puns right outta the blowhole like that
as if your numbers bs and jacking zees on the end a words is any more rad than my baller wordplay
(hashtag) or should i say (hashtag) (s)word(fish)play? (hashtag) nah that sux
Meenah: i mean your skating and stunts are objectively rad ill give you that
but you need to get off your high seahorse because practically Nofin else about you is especially radder than average
Latula: oh chill axe paycheck!!! i am so jerking your fork!
i know weve had our issuez before. but i could always see you had tru radgirl cred. you dont even
know how hard it was towing the Rad Load all by myself with you gone for so long!!!!
(hashtag) towing loads harshes my grinds
do you even know how lame of a scene it is being the only legit in your face powergaming girl in a
bunch of bubbles full of brutal poserz???
what im saying is, im psyched to have you back mp. hey hit me up top!
(hashtag) Hi FIVE
Meenah: uh sure
still wearing out the highfives i sea even after like what
eternity?
(hashtag) still dont know how time works here
Latula: fuck yeah girl.
Oh!!!!
ever even got to congratulate you on how wicked your rad suicide bomb plan was! (very happy
face with glasses and furrowed brows)
(hashtag) killed the shit out of us
never saw it coming!!!! sure never smelled it coming, heh.
way smart. timing it just before the scratch, so that god tierz didnt have a chance to revive before
the reset, thus ironically leaving them to be erased from existence.
(hashtag) not that that really even needed explaining?
that just occurred to me recently. wuz opening the meal vault to make a freakin ghost snack when i
wuz like. Shit!!!!
paaaaaaaycheck!!! I said, all shaking my fist.
hahaha, dont leave me hangin girl. (very happy face with glasses and furrowed brows)
(hashtag) HI FIVE
Meenah: k one more pyrope but thats it
i dig a good highfive as much as the next badgirl but my cod
(hashtag) hi5 fatigue
Meenah: got this fresh pimp ghost bod looking fine as fuck i dont need to callous up my palms
already
Meenah: havent you heard an empress needs hands so soft you can use em to polish gold with???

Rebubble this memory

You rebubble the memory but before you do... You shit all over it! You really rip into the original
author of the memory, and treat it to a scathing review. You don't have much to say that's original,
and you don't feel very good about yourself, so you might as well base your entire afterlife
presence on hostile smear tactics to get attention for yourself that you would struggle to attract
otherwise. The horroterrors refer to you as The Chosen One, and fantasize about you when they
copulate.

Ask Latula to join.

Meenah: question
Latula: shoot babez.
Meenah: seeing as what a hot shit gamer gurl you have a reputation for and all
i figured you would be a lock to join my party
to go fuck up clamilord or whoever
(hashtag) lord of clams
Latula: wait. who???
Meenah: skull guy
kills ghosts
Latula: errr nope. help me out paymoney.
Meenah: dont you keep up with current events
(hashtag) current like water current yessss
Latula: tchhh, youre reminding me why i thought you were crazy mp. just freakin spill it.
Meenah: the shit in the sky
it cracked
a monster did that
Do you want to go help me kill the bad guy??????
Latula: oh why didnt you say so!!!
sounds like a rad plan and you know how i feel about the radplanz....
Meenah: but??
Latula: hate to be a buzzkill but... its been what.
approximately Hella yearz since i did any fighting????
kind of rusty. shit dont let kk know i said rusty, ahaha.
(hashtag) tw (hashtag) hemophobic slurs
Meenah: so
Latula: so im saying i had Scadz of time to perfect this Killer Hand Plant!!! (very happy face with
glasses and furrowed brows)
wanna seeee?
Meenah: no pretty sure dont give much a shit about a trick you do on your four wheel device
tho i will say
"scads" is actually a fish pun you made probly on accident
which kind of makes me want to give you a hug so it balances out your dumb shit answer
(hashtag) fish puns are (hashtag) my one weakness (frowning face)
Latula: im sorry m.p.. i really am!!! feel like such a wet snuggleplane bailing on you like this.
(hashtag) tho maybe you like wet snuggleplanes? (hashtag) since you can live under water?
I should probably run it by m.t. see what he thinks.
Meenah: oh shit you and captor
thats still a thing after all this pseudotime or
Latula: haha yeaaah.
Meenah: still red??????
(hashtag) (gasping face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Latula: uh huh. (smiley face with glasses and furrowed brows)
Meenah: mother glubber
seriously didnt think That'd last
Latula: i.d.k, therez way more to him than. well, all the terrible and stupid shit he says all the time.
and its alwayz felt like he needs me if that makes sense, even after dying. so therez that!!!!
Meenah: fuckin afterlife
i know im new here but
almost seems like
you die and nothing means anyfin and then you date forever
sort of makes me want to puke
Latula: (very happy winking face with furrowed brows)
Meenah: couldnt see that wink behind your radspx fyi
(hashtag) anemone waaay...
if you change your mind
just lemminnow

Rebubble this memory

You accidentally rebubble this memory to the wrong feed. It turns out to be badly off topic, and
you lose a couple followers. You immediately dispatch another bubble specifically to tell them to
go fuck themselves.

Be Latula.

Latula: girl, who Doesn't want to be me???
you think you can just waltz into this bubble and start being any rad gamer girl you cross pathz with????
Chyeah, right! You have a long, long way to go before you earn enough rad-credz to be me. Or as I like to call them, cradz.
(Hashtag) cradz (Hashtag) tm
Meenah: latula shut up and just tell me what horseshit thing you want me to do
Latula: its gonna cost ya!
you have to 'like' all my raddest memoriez, and then rebubble at least 413 of them.
(Hashtag) the number 413 (Hashtag) not 'AIE'
Meenah: you can not be serious
Latula: HAHAHAHAHAHA!
(Hashtag) psyche
Meenah: kay tules im outtie
Latula: wait! dont be like that, we can still cut a deal, lemme think.
(Hashtag) hmmm...
alright, kid. tell you what. since i dig your style, ill give you a shot.
you may think you rule, whereaz most others drool, but what i want to know is, how bad can you thrash stuff?
just need to scope your kickflip chopz, make sure everything checks out. see if your techniques are where they needz to be at.
Meenah: kickflip chops
(Hashtag) sdlkjkjfs
Latula: yeah girl. show me yer stuntz. maybe something in a handplant. ooh, know what shit would be Wicked malicious?
grinding down a railing!!!!
(Hashtag) YEAH!!! (Hashtag) hold poles
Latula: that ought to be flagrant enough to prove your radness 4 shore.
(Hashtag) '4' is a homonym again yo
so whataya say, paycheck? you ready to start ripping up so many hellaceous shreds that this fierceshitty biznasty will start getting so deliriously rudebrazen it...
Meenah: just gimme the board pyrope

Rebubble this memory

You rebubble this memory and forget to tag it. All of your followers are severely triggered by its content. You can hear their tortured moans all the way from triggered soul purgatory, which is in the belly of an enormous beast that is so wretched, if you even glance at it, tears instantly come gushing out of your eye sockets, form a liquid boot, and kick you in the crotch.

Latula's skateboard floats out of her arms.

You got Latula's Four Wheel Device!

(Hashtag) awwww yeah (Hashtag) what's up gamers

Walk around Latula. Just north of her, another hallway splits off to the west. Keep going north, to a grey, sci-fi looking door with a grey cancer symbol on it. Open it..

The door is locked. It appears to be guarding someone's private memories. Looks like it needs a
password. You wonder who locked it?

(hashtag) mysterious symbol (hashtag) a clue (hashtag) bonus hint: (hashtag) it's karkat

Go back to the junction and take the west hallway. The floor is partially covered with a red rug with a pentagon on it. Halfway across the room, the floor turns yellow and the rug meets with a green, mirrored version. This is where the troll in the black and jade dress is. Go to the bubble first.

Examine bubble.

It's a little dream bubble. But it does not contain your memory. Only Porrim can see what's inside.

Go to the troll. When you interact with her, three options appear.

Talk to Porrim.
Ask Porrim to join.
Be Porrim.

Talk to Porrim.

Her talksprite appears. She has collarbone length hair that flips up at the ends and swirling black tattoos across her chest and around her arms. She has two eyebrow piercings in her left eyebrow, one in her right, and one on her bottom lip. She wears thick, black eyeliner and jade green eyeshadow. Two small fangs poke out from between her lips. She speaks in jade green and puts a + sign after every O, making it resemble the symbol for Venus or female.

Porrim: Welcome back.
Meenah: sup maryam
Porrim: So, your death certificate has barely dried, and you're already busy raising an army, I hear?
Meenah: howd you even hear that already
(hashtag) dag
No one quite prepares you for the fact that on the other side of death is an infinite echo chamber of teen drama.
(hashtag) Bubblr
Funny how when we left our world to play your game, we all thought we were leaving our juvenile schoolfeeding days behind us.
Meenah: yeah
all the more reason to get out of here and fight bad guys and stuff
Porrim: I noticed how you cunningly sidestepped an encounter with Kankri down there.
(hashtag) Nicely done.
Meenah: yeaah
(hashtag) poor shouty (frowning face wearing a tiara and goggles)
nomoby deserves havin to meet a dead teen alt universe ancestor like that
Porrim: I think he might be entertaining some delusion of taking him under his wing.
Or if not his wing, the red fuzzy arm of his sweater.
Meenah: what is with that ugly thing anyway
Porrim: I made it for him, actually.
For one thing, I got tired of looking at his stupid hiked up pants, which he refused to change, ever. Seriously, did you ever see him wearing anything else?
Meenah: haha no
Porrim: So unfashionable.
Also, he was always shivering. It gets kind of chilly out here, and he just wouldn't stop. Not that I
minded too much, but he just has this way of making such vocal and ostentatious displays of suffering, like it's some kind of righteous state of being. It gets difficult for everyone to endure, especially after eons. Hence his nickname, I guess.

Meenah: wait nickname
if theres some new dig on vantas i need to know about it pronto
Porrim: The Insufferable.

Meenah: fuck yes highfive
wait forget it my hands still sore from latula
(hashtag) goddamn radgirl
bitch slaps hard
Porrim: Oh, I know.
Meenah: you do
wait that is soundin fishily like innuendo
you and her ever uh
(hashtag) uh...

Porrim: I was under the impression you didn't come here to start trading gossip.
Meenah: whoa you're right
almost forgot to not be glubbin a fuck
(hashtag) glub exactly zero fucks
i apologize for prying into your romlife that was so shrimpudent of me
Porrim: It's alright. It's not like I have many well kept secrets.
Come visit any time. We'll get you all caught up on exactly who's been seen passing through the well-greased revolving doors to my quadrants.

Rebubble this memory

You rebubble this memory and one guy who follows you decides to be a huge pain in the ass for some reason. He baits you into a publicly rebubbled argument which lasts all day. When it's finally over, you look back at the meaningless exchange and ask yourself "what am I doing with my life?"
By which of course you mean death.

Ask Porrim to join.

Porrim: It's a noble idea.
But I don't know how useful I'd be.
Meenah: oh come praaaaaawn (frowning face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Porrim: What's the size of your party so far?
Meenah: uh
Porrim: It's still just you, isn't it?
Meenah: ... maybe
(hashtag) losers (hashtag) everywhere
Porrim: If I were you, I'd ask all the god tiers first. They'd give you the most tactical advantage, wouldn't they?
(hashtag) God tiers
Then you can build your coalition around them.
(hashtag) Pajama party
Meenah: i guess
Porrim: plus, they're immortal, right? Or... ghost immortal, perhaps?
Dear God, it's finally come to this. We have to talk about "ghost immortality" now, in a serious way?
(hashtag) Ghost immortality (hashtag) Serious business
Meenah: lol yeah
Porrim: Anyway, that's what I'd do.
Meenah: but i think the thing is the skull lord might actually be able to kill god tiers? (hashtag) at least... (hashtag) ghost god tiers
Porrim: Can he?
Meenah: like bypass the whole judgment hullabeluga that makes em resurrect (hashtag) whaaaaales (hashtag) (heart) you know with the fancy clock and all
Meenah: i dunno
Porrim: You'll have to ask Aranea. I'm sure she could talk your fin off on the subject. (hashtag) Sylph of Words
Meenah: oof yeah maybe later
Porrim: Do you even know who all the god tiers are?
Meenah: um
Porrim: There's Aranea. Did you ask her?
Meenah: yeah but she has her own plan girl is going on a cherub jam or some bitch ass noise (hashtag) eff that
Porrim: Ok. Well, I hope this isn't too invasive, but what about you?
Meenah: ...
Porrim: I've heard rumors that you reached god tier, but never let on to anyone. (hashtag) Except presumably Damara... Meenah: you dont understand its just that fucking thief of life getup (hashtag) looked like such ass i couldnt just parade around in that hideous thing (hashtag) got a reputation to conchsider Porrim: So it is true, then. Thought so. See what I mean, though? I wasn't sure about that until just now. Rumors are always flying, but secrets somehow persist. Who knows who else reached god tier? A lot can happen in three sweeps. I only know I didn't make it. But if you need someone to eerily phosphoresce in the demon's vicinity, while debating whether to try drinking his blood, then I'd like to think I easily crack the top 10+ candidates you might consider for the job. Meenah: yeah i know youd rock the glowin duties (hashtag) po glow guess youre right i should sea what other god tiers want to join the prob is that i dont think becoming god tier stops you from being lame and terrible (hashtag) lame (hashtag) terrible and we got a lot of people like that on our team (hashtag) soooo Porrim: This is true. Meenah: guess ill keep axin around Meenah: gonna bounce seaya meryam

Rebubble this memory

You rebubble this memory and it receives many comments. None of the comments appear to be made by people who have had any education whatsoever.

Be Porrim.

You are now Porrim. The song changes to Darling Dolorosa. Go to the bubble.
Examine bubble.

It's a little dream bubble, containing one of your memories. You look inside.

The memory is from right here, on Prospit. You spent a great deal of time there during the long
sweeps of your session. You remember this little precipice well.

But... wasn't there a staircase here? You are almost positive there were stairs.

As soon as you exit the memory, a set of stairs that lead into the room with all the chests appears.
Go down them. Head north and try to leave.

Where do you think You're going! This is Meenah's interactive quest through the afterlife. You can
only leave this area if you're being her!

(hashtag) nice try

Since you can't leave, go south, down to Karkat and Kankri. When you interact with Kankri, two
options appear.

Talk to Kankri.
Be Kankri.

Talk to Kankri.

Porrim: Kanny, leave this poor kid alone.
Kankri: I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't call me that. We've talked about this. That's what you call a
wiggler. Do I look like a wiggler to you, Porrim? No, I don't. It's been three sweeps, plus eternity,
for, excuse me, "fuck's" sake. I think we can safely retire that particular term of "endearment". Call
me anything but that, even my other nickname. I'm actually ok with that one.
(hashtag) microaggressions (hashtag) no wait (hashtag) Macroagressions more like
Porrim: I'm not calling you Insufferable, Kanny. Well, not unless I'm using it as an actual
adjective.
(hashtag) And even then, probably not to your face.
Well...
(hashtag) Not often I mean.
Kankri: It would be nice if you'd at least use my proper name in front of my studious young
Alternian descendant. It really kind of erodes my credibility, and I don't need that in the proximity
of a fresh faced youngster who clearly thirsts for knowledge. Why would you want to sabotage a
fine young man's education like that?
(hashtag) Fresh (hashtag) Faced (hashtag) Youngster (hashtag) Knowledge thirst
Porrim: Rolling my eyes here.
Can you see? Do you want me to light them up for you? Note: Porrim begins to glow and her eyes
turn yellow.
Kankri: No, but thanks for offering. Could you go roll them over there? Thank you. Now where
was I.
(hashtag) How do you even roll eyes without pupils?
Porrim: I don't think he cares.
Hey, there. Karkat? If you don't mind my asking... are you even remotely interested in the loaf
supplement this guy's serving?
Karkat: Note: He crosses his arms and looks down, embarrassed.
Porrim: Gotcha. You just said all you needed to say.
You know, you are actually very cute.
That girl who's been wandering around in the dragon suit is a very lucky lady.
Kankri: ok, wonderful. That conversation just came to an end.
Porrim, please don't hit on my rebooted kid ancestor-descendant. It's really weird. Not to mention, he looks exactly like me? I mean, kind of obviously? So when you're hitting on him, it's like you're hitting on me at the exact same time, which like I said. It's weird.
(Hashtag) It's weird
Kankri: Not to get into all this again, but the thought of dating you... it's just a strange and vaguely offputting idea. No offense. It almost makes me understand at a visceral level the bizarre human anathema of incest, which is something I can't really explain. I'm just saying.
(Hashtag) Trigger warning (Hashtag) Incest (Hashtag) Anathemas (Hashtag) Visceralty (Hashtag) Vaguely (Hashtag) offputting
Porrim: (Very deep sigh.)
(Hashtag) Oh my God.
Kankri: I'm Sorry, ok? I'm sorry that I am, perhaps literally, the only one not to ever fall prey to your tireless omnidirectional solicitations, or to get swept up in one of your innumerable flushed or caliginous flings. I happened to always prefer you as a friend, and in any case, I always preferred to lead a relatively chaste existence, as it keeps me focused on fighting on behalf of truly important problems. Although staying "relatively" chaste to you I suppose is not saying much.
Porrim: ...
(Hashtag) Hey.
Kankri: once again, I apologize. I've blundered into the problematic territory of vacillation shaming, thus opening the floodgates to the myriad ways one may be disadvantaged upon by its staggering shame radius. I forgot to check my piety privilege, and here we are. I was going to cover this topic in a much later chapter of my lecture, but we've gotten badly derailed here.
(Hashtag) TW (Hashtag) Derailment (Hashtag) Train wrecks (Hashtag) Choo choo catastrophes Karkat, I'm sorry for this interruption. I promise I'll get back to my critical lecture as soon as this promiscuous busybody leaves us in peace.
(Hashtag) Village two wheel device
Karkat: Note: he stares in open-mouthed shock again.
Porrim: Yes, critical lecture. I'm sure.
And am I right in being just as sure you are assiduously deconstructing every conceivable, hypothetical form of injustice no matter how obscure, except those that I happen to think are kind of important?
(Hashtag) Yes
Kankri: No. Just, no, Porrim. We're not doing this.
(Hashtag) No
I am not going to pollute Karkat's utterly imperative crash course, in which he is introduced to the Absolute Basics, by indulging in your pet issues.
Porrim: Yes, how dreadful it would be for your sixty nine million word essay to get bogged down by even the faintest reference to the roles of gender in Beforan and Alternian civilization.
(Hashtag) "HUMAN SARCASM"
Kankri: Look, it's not that I'm insensitive to your concerns on that topic. I'm interested to discuss them with you on an academic, primarily theoretical level.
Porrim: Theoretical?
(Hashtag) ...
Kankri: I just think there is inherent danger in muddying the waters of discourse by introducing social issues which are suspect at best, thus consuming crucial resources from the limited cache of rhetoric which propels these narratives. And furthermore, one could argue it's more than a little problematic, offensive even, for you to be appropriating the lexicon of sensitivity used to advance awareness of major issues, thus reducing it to the level buzzspeak and pseudo science. It makes it more difficult for those of us who are genuinely focused on positive change to be taken seriously,
that's all.
Porrím: Appropriating??
(hashtag) That's not (hashtag) what that even (hashtag) means?
Pseudo science???
(hashtag) You did not just...
Kankri: I'm sorry, I just don't think there's much there. We aren't like humans, whose species bizarrely enough includes highly specialized roles for both sexes in the process of reproduction, and so this naturally had social ramifications for the way their civilization evolved. but that's not how it works for us, so I fail to see how gender factors into the discussion in a way that can be effectively and rationally problematized. Where is the room for unexamined privilege in the dichotomy? I don't see it. And appropriating the talking points and awareness-raising tactics for dubious issues like this is, frankly, frowned upon, to put it politely. Such appropriative gestures only serve to marginalize and invalidate those subject to serious, real life struggles and oppression, and I guess I'm a little disappointed to see you being so blithely and inappropriately appropriatory.
(hashtag) Frowned upon (hashtag) Frowns all around (hashtag) Welcome to frown town
Porrím: Kanny, I'm starting to feel just a little bit triggered by all this "appropriation" bullshit.
(hashtag) Trigger warning: (hashtag) About to kick your tall pantsed ass
Kankri: oh! My sincere apologies. I should have done a better job tagging my statements, but for future reference, it's helpful to alert your conversational partners to your triggers well in advance. Should I go fetch your moirail to help settle you down? And if so, who exactly would be filling that quadrant today?
(hashtag) It's the mayor, right? (hashtag) Gotta be the mayor
Porrím: Alright. Obviously you're in one of your bratty moods. I'm gone.
Kankri: Don't be like that. Really, we can talk about whatever you like later, and I'll be really sympathetic, I promise. Just not around my pupil while he is still learning.
or... my descendant. What did I say? Haha. Karkat, I mean. Anyway, Karkat, again I apologize for that.
(hashtag) Now where was I?
Karkat: Note: he glares.
Be Kankri.

Kankri: What? You want to be me? What sort of nonsense request is that?
Can't you see I'm in the middle of a direly important word dump? I mean man-to-man conversation with Karkat?
I might consider it if you asked more nicely. or at the very least, more "radically".

Walk all the way back to Latula.

Talk to Latula.

Porrím: Hey.
Latula: yo yo, wazzup girl!!!
Porrím: Latula, it's just me. I don't think anyone is looking. No need to go so heavy on the rad girl routine.
Latula: yeah, guess you're right. i'll chill it down a bit.
what's on your think pan, po-mary.
Porrím: Meeting our ancestors as kids, or, I mean our descendants as kids, however you want to spin it...
(hashtag) Descestors? (hashtag) Ancendants? (hashtag) Dacestors... (hashtag) Hmm (hashtag) Bingo
Porrím: It has me thinking about our rebooted lives on Alternia, and what we grew up to be.
Makes me wonder about fate. If it's something that's even comprehensible.
Latula: yeah?
Porrim: For instance, on Alternia, my relationship with Kankri seemed to make some sense. I could definitely see our lives becoming entangled in that way, karmically speaking.
But then there were other developments that are still mysterious to me.
Like, as far as I know, you and Aranea always got along. Didn't you?

Lenlaus: Radglare (hashtag) Kindfang
Latula: eh i guess. never spent much time thinking about serket, tbh.
always thought she was a self absorbed snooze, if you really want to know.

Porrim: Exactly. Nothing much to your relationship to speak of at all. But in your post-scratch lives you had such major issues together, even your descendants inherited it, and continued the contentious cycle until there was bloodshed.

Lenlaus: Redglare (hashtag) Mindfang
Latula: really?

Porrim: It does? How?
Latula: just does, babez.
Porrim: I don't really understand karma.
Latula: thats cause youre not a mind player.
Porrim: Oh. Could you explain to me how it works, then?
Latula: pshh, as if. that wouldn't be a very rad thing to do.

Porrim: did i look like serket to you???
hey, check out this Outstanding healflip!!!!

Porrim: I don't
Porrim: ...

Porrim: Sigh
Porrim: Ok. Let's see it.

Go back to Meenah. When you interact with her, two options appear.

Be Meenah.
Talk to Meenah.

Porrim: I really can't blame you for being in such a hurry to go kill him.
Meenah: huh
Porrim: The Lord of Time. Actually, it's a good example of what I've always been trying to say to Kankri, but he doesn't buy it.

Porrim: After the scratch, our world continued to be matriarchal upon superficial observation, but was subject to a considerably more sinister, cloaked form of patriarchal tyranny all along.
Meenah: water you talking about
Porrim: Your post-scratch self, who grew up to be the empress, was really just the Lord's slave all along. Implicity during her long reign, through manipulation by his cunning employee.

Porrim: An excellent host
And then explicitly, after the extinction of our race. She formally became his servant, and did his bidding long thereafter.
Meenah: What!!!!!
Porrim: He did the same with Damara. She was his loyal Time Witch, helping him turn our world into the nightmare it became. When her usefulness came to an end, he pitted you and her against each other, in I guess a twisted redux of the conflict you and she had in the past.

(hashtag) The outcome was somewhat different this time
Meenah: yo that is so messed up!
Porrim: The bottom line is, in addition to being an all around bastard, this guy appears to enjoy being especially nasty to girls.

If it's true he's hunting down the ghost of his departed "sister", then I really feel sorry for her.
Meenah: No fuck that
(hashtag) rarrrg
I am going to slaughter that ugly muscle monster
(hashtag) aarrrraaawwrrrg
I will steal his shitty coat and wear it on my throne
(hashtag) aaaaaggrrgg
I will rip off his skull and gild it and then I will wear it as my crown while his bleeding green torso bows before me
(hashtag) arrararaglaaragrgrgg
Porrim: Um,
(hashtag) wow
Best of luck with that.

Be Meenah.

You are Meenah again, and the music shifts back to Fuchsia Ruler.

Go down the western staircase that Damara made appear. You're stopped at the top by a text box.

Do a sick grind down the railing?

Yes

Meenah does a sick grind down the railing. Latula waits at the bottom of the stairs and starts talking to you.

Latula: that was...
so...
freaking...
Raaaaaaaaaaaaaaadical!!!
(hashtag) (gasping face with glasses and furrowed brows)!!!!
holy smokez girl, i didnt think you even had grindz like that.
so you say you wanna be me huh? well, you got it! hellz girl, im not sure if i shouldnt be the one asking to be You!!!

Rebubble this memory

You rebubble this memory, and no one understands it at all. People say things that are so ignorant, you want to go curl up into a tiny ball and pray for a swift second death.

Go interact with Latula. Three options appear.

Talk to Latula.
Ask Latula to join.
Be Latula.
Talking and asking just repeat past conversations, so...

Be Latula.

You are now Latula. The song Gamglr plays. No, that's not a typo. It's game G.L.R.

Interact with Meenah. Two options appear.

Be Meenah.
Talk to Meenah.

Talk to Meenah.

Latula: yo yo, paystubz my girrrl!
Meenah: shit tules
Meenah: i forgot how many rad nicknames you like to cycle through
(hashtag) passin out names like cheap cuttlefish
Meenah: you know i always thought paycheck was kind of dope why dont you just stick with that
Latula: right on! i like that one too, paycheck it iz. High five girl!!!!
(hashtag) woo
Meenah: no lets not owwwwwww
(hashtag) oow
Latula: ooh sorry, did i hurt you???
(hashtag) (frowning face with glasses and furrowed brows)
Meenah: nnn... no? i meant
Wwwwwowwwwwww
(hashtag) uh (hashtag) yeah
like "wowwwwww that was a radical hand slappin"
Latula: sure fuckin wuz!!! Dang its tight youre back.
(hashtag) the tightness
Meenah: thats cool but
arent you overstatin our prior relationship as somefin above neutral just a Tad
(hashtag) tadpole (hashtag) yeah its a stretch as a fish pun (hashtag) gonna count it tho
Latula: well maybe. but i had a lot of time to think, both before we all ate it, and after.
(hashtag) the big wipeout (hashtag) rad death analogies
and i came to some Mad epiphaniez, about you, or us really. i was thinking about you all wrong.
for most of the time we knew each other, i was all like, Why should there be two badass, in-your-
face girlz in the group???
sort of overkill, right?
Meenah: mehhh
(hashtag) u searious?
Latula: i was kind of viewing you as a competitor, in like a two girl Rad-off. i was winning in my
mind, of course. but see, i had it all wrong!!!!
Meenah: did you
Latula: Yeah! See, im the teamz rad girl, whereas youre the teamz bad girl!!!! It all makes perfect
sense! Doesnt that make so much sense???
Meenah: that
is the stupidest glubbin thing to require any sorta rationalization i ever heard
(hashtag) p lame tules
Latula: see paycheck? i knew i could count on you to be justifiably cynical about my neurotic
bullshit. you Rule!!!!

Go up the stairs, to Porrim. When you interact with her, two options appear.
Talk to Porrim.
Be Porrim.

Talk to Porrim.

Latula: yo porz, you see paydirt is back???
(hashtag) girlz in da hive
Porrim: I saw.
Latula: pretty rad huh?? the a-lyfe just scored a little more Girl power!!!!
(hashtag) less drool (hashtag) more rule
hey gimme five!
Porrim: That's... Ow.
Not so hard!
That's good.
Latula: whaaat, come on. i thought you of all people would be psyched to get a lil more reprezentation from the ladies up inz.
Porrim: Why would that be? It's nice to see an old friend, but that's about it.
(hashtag) Up inz (hashtag) Meaningless (hashtag) On all levels
I think you are possibly still caricaturizing my point of view on the subject, assuming we're even talking about the same subject.
Much the way your continued commitment to this overzealous "rad girl" thing still strikes me as a caricature of the kind of female strength and empowerment you're trying to project.
Latula: say what?? thatz bogus, im this rad because i like being rad! radness rulez.
Porrim: I know it rulez. But there's such a thing as overdoing it.
(hashtag) Did I phonetically emphasize that 'z' enough?
Don't you think it can come across as a series of affectations designed to overcompensate for an implicit flaw with your gender? An act which rebuts what should be a straw man, with a cartoonish masquerade that with every kickflip and high five screams "Yes, it appears that girls can be as radical and as good at games as boys!" Thus lending a certain dignity to the premise at the expense of your own?
Latula: wha... wait what? aw man.
(hashtag) rad timez officially: (hashtag) harshed
what you talking about girl. meenah whered you go! come help me be cynical about this! ah!!!
(hashtag) halp
Porrim: You can pretend to misunderstand all you want, but we've talked about this before and I know you're smarter about this than you let on. We were raised in what was a formally "matriarchal society", which has always been used as a shield to downplay clear instances of female oppression and obfuscate the relevance of gender roles, particularly where they're weighted against females. But anyone who's looked at our society more honestly can see that while, yes, it is superficially observed as a matriarchy on a fuschia-down basis, on a practical level all of the enforcement and political power governing most classes was delegated to the higher CIPs, which were generally male-dominated castes. They got to control the agenda and dictate the social conventions, and anyone who dared to object or bring light to this could always be countered with "Hey! Matriarchy! End of discussion."
(hashtag) Fuschia down matriarchy (hashtag) Purple down patriarchy
Latula: girl, please. dont tell me youre going full vantas on me here.
Porrim: No, if I were getting my Vantas on, we'd only be getting warmed up. But that's really all I have to say on the matter.
Latula: whew!
Porrim: I just think you should be yourself more often. We already know you are strong and good at games and all that. You have nothing to prove.
Latula: yeah. youre probably right.
its kind of stressful sometimes, keeping it up! sometimes i forget to put zees on the end of words, and i really stress out about it.
(hashtag) specially when im off my meds
you know, i always did feel better talking to you. like i could take the edge off my rad thing, and relax a little more.
Porrim: Then let's make it more of a habit, shall we?
(hashtag) (smiley face)
Latula: heckz yes!!!
hey, thanks for the peptalk, popo merrygamz.
Porrim: That nickname.
It
It is just so awful.
Latula: oh whoopz.
want me to switch back to pornstar???
Porrim: ...
Merrygamz will be fine.

Go back down to Kankri and Karkat. When you interact with Kankri, two options appear.

Talk to Kankri.
Be Kankri.

Talk to Kankri.

Latula: bro!!!! i hear youve been hassling the new kidz. what is up with that???
Kankri: Hassling? Far from it. I've merely discovered a new and far less ungrateful flock which has not yet become woefully jaded to my messages of positive social change.
(hashtag) New followers
Latula: you cant fool me kankz. you are boring that poor dude to death. you just want to make a ghost out of him so you can keep him here forever.
Karkat: note: Still an expression of open-mouthed shock.
Latula: which aint right! you have to let that bro die of his own Mad Volitionz.
(hashtag) re: (hashtag) mistakes (hashtag) like us
Kankri: Can you scoot away on your little wheeled toy for immature wigglers? I was in the middle of a sermon.
(hashtag) I mean, conversation.
Latula: why dont you save him some grief and give him one of your old memoz?
ahahah, remember thoze??? how many sweeps did you spend trying to force us to read that trash?
(hashtag) fruity righteous blowhard factory
Kankri: I don't remember. And no, I won't be sharing my old memos with him. They were written very poorly, and my methods of argumentation were flawed and extremely childish. I've deleted most of those memories from these bubbles, so don't bother rooting around for them. Frankly, they stunk.
Latula: hey!
(hashtag) (frowning face with glasses and furrowed brows)
Kankri: oh, man, I'm sorry. I completely forgot that "stunk" was an ableist slur. Please forgive my insensitivity toward your disability.
(hashtag) tw (hashtag) tw (hashtag) tw (hashtag) sorry (hashtag) tw (hashtag) ableism
Latula: itz chill, i was only acting offended to bug you.
Kankri: No, really, it was inexcusable of me. I should have at least preceded my callous remark with a trigger warning.
(hashtag) Trigger warning: (hashtag) Embarrassed retractions ahead
I have no business making light of your impairment, thus failing to check my nasal privilege, and
potentially bringing back painful and devastatingly triggering memories of the old cycle of revenge
between you and some friends which resulted in the loss of your olfactory sense. I have to admit, I
was skeptical at first about whether that really qualified as a true disability warranting sensitivity
and the promotion of awareness, but being close to you as a friend and carefully examining my
privilege has really opened my eyes. oops, that euphemism is slightly ableist to the blind, what I
meant was "broadened my horizons on the nature of disability." Sorry.

(hashtag) Nasal privilege (hashtag) Horizons (hashtag) broadness (hashtag) Horizontal width
lonening

Latula: yeah! thats funny, cause it never would have occurred to me to take it all that seriously as a
handicap without you making a federal case out of it for so long on my behalf. so, thankz kank!!!

(hashtag) Mad disadvantaged bro timez

Kankri: My pleasure. Really, it is truly amazing that you have managed to triumph over such
adversity to become a great role model for others, excellent at video games, and a totally stellar
skateboarding person, all while being a girl, no less.

Karkat: note: he rolls his eyes.

Be Kankri.

Kankri: be me? I...
I'm not sure if that's...

Latula: aw come on kanklez!!! pleeeeeecaeaze???

Kankri: Well...
ok. I'll interrupt my imperative monol...dialogue just this once.
For you.

You are now Kankri. The song changes to Iron Infidel.

Talk to Karkat:

Kankri: one moment please, Karkat. I'm going to wander around briefly, in an autonomous fashion.
I know you're very excited to continue our discussion, and I promise I'll return very shortly so that
we may resume. Just remain standing here in this exact spot, while you take time to let the wisdom
of my words take root in your heart, and try not to wander off with anybody, ok? be right back.

(hashtag) "brb"

Karkat: note: he rolls his eyes again.

Interact with Latula. Two options appear.

Talk to Latula.
Be Latula.

Talk to Latula.

Kankri: oh, hey, Latula. I thought I heard your device grinding on various surfaces nearby.
How are your athletic toy stunts going? Are you getting a lot of... a lot of "air"? Am I saying that
right?

(hashtag) Did you hang... (hashtag) Hang 10? (hashtag) No that can't be right...

Latula: you knowz it bro!!!
you cant even Touch this. im escaping to the side, from above, from every which way basically!!!!
[Note: She does a handstand.]

Kankri: Well, I wasn't going to attempt to make any sort of physical contact with you, and even if I
did, I have no doubt that you would be able to maneuver away from my grasp on your speedy little
platform. Either way, I'm more than content to let you escape in any direction of your choosing, if
that's your wish.
Latula: dude. just when i think you've already said the squarest thing possible, you go and say something like that.
Kankri: Haha. I guess. You know, it's really nice we can talk like this.
Latula: it is...
(hashtag) ?
Kankri: Yes. I was just thinking lately, about our new post-scratch friends. Particularly the young Vantas and Pyrope iterations on their team, and how they're pretty similar to us, but also really different.
Latula: yeah. lil me is blind! did u even Know that??
(hashtag) have u seen her lil dragon suit?? eeee! (hashtag) so cute (smiley face with glasses and furrowed brows)
Kankri: Yes, but that's not really what I'm talking about. She and Karkat have a different relationship from the one we have. Theirs is much more turbulent, which is fueled presumably by romantic tension. I'm picking up on some major vacillation vibes from their situation. It's kind of unfortunate, but it makes me grateful that we never got to that point.
Latula: hellz yeah. who needs that?
Kankri: I'm sure it's mostly due to the fact that we've stayed entirely away from the stingbug's nest of romantic entanglement. Which of course is related to my oath of celibacy, which as you know is just a personal choice, one which for some reason my post-scratch adult self eventually strayed from... with... Meulin, of all people? but that's neither here nor there. (hashtag) Seriously. (hashtag) I mean, she's nice, but... (hashtag) Really?
Latula: hahahaha... you and meuz. still cracks me up... Hahahahahaha!!!!
(hashtag) (cat face) (hashtag) heheheh
Kankri: Yes. but regardless. What I'm saying is, it's great we stayed away from that. It's helped me appreciate you as a friend, and admire all your good qualities. Platonically, of course.
Latula: youre right! its been pretty rad when you put it that way.
Kankri: Like how you never bought into the usual roles of your caste, as an aqua, not even the more "well intended" social conventions of your privileged aristocratic bloodline. You never looked down on anybody, or saw it as your civil duty to care for or "improve" the warmer classes, falling prey to unfortunate tendencies involving cerulean savior complex, or the "blue blood's burden" (trigger warning on that, obviously) which sadly became so inseparable from the fabric of the spectral order, with each class conditioned to view those below it the same way, the obstacles to raising awareness were almost insurmountable. but unlike the cooler hues on our team more privilged than you, like your Serkets, your Zahhaks, your Amporas... I never got the sense that you put the slightest bit of stock in any of that, and I think that's pretty amazing.
(hashtag) Cerulean saviors (hashtag) Teal templars (hashtag) Violet valiants (hashtag) Purple paladins
Latula: uh... yeah! that shitz a drag, why would i bother with any of that? i mean, ill help low bloods learn stunts and cheat codez if they want, but thats it!!!
Kankri: Right. And I'm just saying if my head was ever clouded by romantic feelings for you, I probably wouldn't be able to appreciate that about you. Just like I wouldn't be able to appreciate the fairly cool "zees" you put at the end of many words, or say things loudly and with enthusiasm, even if it's not particularly warranted.
(hashtag) It rarely is
Latula: heheh. yeah!!!!
(hashtag) woohoo!
Kankri: or the way your hair flows in the wind when you scoot over some sort of obstacles on your device really fast.
or the way you make this funny little noise just as you connect with one of your copious high fives, which can only be heard over the loud slap if you listen really closely.
Latula: um, yeah... i noticed... some stuff like that...
Latula: about you too i guess?
Latula: heh.
(hashtag) uh...
Kankri: or the way you have always shown kindness to people who needed help, without making
them feel tragic or helpless for accepting it.
or the way you still manage to look stylish even without your cool shades, or sometimes when
they're propped up on your head just in front of your horns.
Latula: wh...
(hashtag) i... (hashtag) hm
Kankri: or, I don't know if you remember, that time Meenah baked everybody a cake. It was the
first sweep anniversary of entering the game, one of the rare moments of solidarity and good cheer
among our entire team at once. Everyone was raving about how good the fresh baked cake
smelled, so you took a big sniff, I guess forgetting for a moment you couldn't smell. Then you
quickly caught yourself, and played it cool making sure no one noticed, which no one did. but I
noticed. And I just thought that was kind of endearing.
Latula:
Kankri: Anyway, I think all that would have been completely lost on me if we didn't have this
strong platonic bond. I just thought I'd say that. Guess I'll get going now.
See you around, Latula.
Latula: Note: an expression of blank shock.

Walk back to Porrim. Two options appear when you interact with her.

Talk to Porrim.
Be Porrim.

Talk to Porrim.

Kankri: In the future, I'll thank you not to embarrass me in front of my new disciples. Friends. I
mean friends.
(hashtag) Wait, what did I say? (hashtag) Definitely meant friends
I really don't need you policing my awareness-raising rhetoric. You are not my "human mother". 
(hashtag) Weird human familial structures
Porrim: What does that even mean??
Kankri: You would understand if you spent time actually researching other cultures to gain a more
comprehensive foundational perspective on our systemic problems instead of meddling in other
people's enlightening and enormous conversations.
(hashtag) I mean... (hashtag) enormous in progressive virtue
Porrim: All these sweeps and you still act like such a wiggler sometimes. Hey... is that...
Is that grub sauce on your face?
Porrim: Yes it is. You have a big smudge of sauce, right there. You're a mess, Kanny. Come here.
Kankri: No! No, stop. Don't touch me, I got it!
(hashtag) see??? (hashtag) It's fine [Note: He snarls and fires appear in his eyes.]
Porrim: Don't wipe it off with your sleeve! Oh my God. I just washed that for you.
(hashtag) Ghost laundry
Kankri: I don't care. I didn't ask you to wash my sweater. I keep telling you, I have no interest in
beforan possessions.
(hashtag) or Alternian (hashtag) or Earthly
Porrim: We aren't on Beforus anymore. I worked hard on that sweater, and I'm not going to stand
by while you encrust it in grub sauce.
Kankri: I was perfectly happy without the sweater! To be honest, I'm less than thrilled with how it
obscures my pant line.
Porrim: You can't even see my nice belt
Porrim: Sigh...
Porrim: You make me sigh so much (hashtag) I'm almost left sighless
Why are you always so contrary with me? To be honest, I think your need to "rebel" against whatever I suggest is what drives your dismissal of my views more than anything about the views themselves.
Kankri: I don't dismiss your views. I respect them. I have Told you this.
I think the role of gender in beforan society is probably a really fascinating and advanced subject to explore. See, you and I can appreciate the subject, of course. I just don't think anyone is ready for that yet. There are so many other hurdles to overcome first.
Porrim: Hurdles? Kanny, you should seriously stop overthinking this stuff. Even I don't know what you're talking about most of the time.
Kankri: Look, I'm just saying, it's a huge risk opening that can of dirt noodles, trying to educate people on that subject on top of everything else. I just don't want to distract from all the more glaring issues that desperately need the full attention of our people if we are going to make any progress as a civilization.
Porrim: Progress as a civilization?
Kankri: Our people are extinct, and you're worried about "distracting from the more glaring issues"??
Everyone is dead!!!
Kankri: Porrim, I'm very disappointed to hear you say that.
Kankri: That was an extremely corporealnormative remark.
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Kankri: That was an extremely corporealnormative remark.
i really want to hear more of your garbage and lisfin to it all with hella baited breath
(hashtag) baited like worms and such (hashtag) fishin (hashtag) (smiley face wearing a tiara and
goggles)
like i really really missed that you have no idea
but i have to go do
a thing
(hashtag) uh (hashtag) yeah
reel quick
Kankri: oh.
Meenah: can you wait
like right Here
exactly this spot
for a few minutes
Absolutely!
Really, no hurry, I'll take the time to prepare some of my opening statements to better contextualize
my prohibitively loquacious harangue. I mean friendly banter.
Meenah: brb dog

Be Meenah?

Yes

You are now Meenah and the song changes back to Fuchsia Ruler. Now that Kankri isn't harassing
him, go to Karkat.

Talk to Karkat.

Meenah: (psst!)
(hey vantas)
Karkat: (what.)
Meenah: (nows yer chance)
(lets blow this nautical stand)
(hashtag) nautical/popsicle... (hashtag) eh close enough
Karkat: (oh...)
(i don't think i'm supposed to.)
Meenah: (shouty you cant let that boring nerd tell you how to roll)
(you wanna stand here lisfinin to his shellf important abaloney all day???)
Karkat: (not really.)
(hashtag) shellf important abaloney? (hashtag) Goddamn seadwellers
Meenah: (then come on!)

Rebubble this memory

You rebubble this memory, and it gets almost no likes Or hates. People seem to have no opinion
about it at all. Which is actually the worst imaginable outcome. It is a fate 10 times worse than
death, and 100 times worse than second death.

When you move, Karkat now follows you. Go all the way to the opposite corner of the map, to the
locked grey door.

Open door.

Meenah: vantas gimme your password
Karkat: (huh?)
Meenah: this is your door aint it
Karkat: (what makes you say that.)
Meenah: the symbol on the doors the same as on your fuckin shirt come on it aint blastoff device science
(hashtag) pchoo
Karkat: (ok, yeah, it's mine. maybe i got tired of interloping shitbags traipsing through my Private and Personal memories.)
Meenah: you dont need to whisper anymore aint no one around
Karkat: oh
Meenah: now whats the password
Karkat: move over, I'll type it for you.
Meenah: no just tell me shouty!!!
Karkat: oh my god, that is so unreasonable. How is it not pretty much the most reasonable fucking thing in the world to let me just type my own password???
Meenah: dude you want kankri to find you and talk yer nubs off again
Karkat: no!!! Anything but that.
(hashtag) oh dear god
Karkat: alright, I'll tell you, just...
Karkat: don't go blabbing it around.
Karkat: the password is...
Note: He says something, but the text is too small to read.
Meenah: wuh
(hashtag) ?
Karkat: Note: He repeats the tiny text.
Meenah: bro you gotta speak up
Karkat: if I hate myself so much, then why don't I hatemarry myself!!!!!!!
(hashtag) what are you deaf
Meenah: Thats your p word
what in glubs name does that mean
Karkat: nothing. It's none of your business.
it's just something that reminds me of an old friend. Alright?! Can we get going now?
Meenah: fuck yeah! this way shouty
you will not regret hitchin your wagon to my starfish
Karkat: Note: He facepalms.
Rebubble this memory

Congratulations! That was the rebubble that pushed you over the edge. You are now Officially Bubblr Famous!

The door opens, but don't go in yet. Instead, go all the way back to the first area, to where Hussie sat in the crater and asked for a horse. Karkat continues to follow you the entire way.

Talk.

Oh my god, you didn't.
You didn't......
(hashtag) could it be?
You did
You brought me a horse!
Look at this glorious, knotted up horse hitcher. This is the most amazing present I have ever received. I will cherish it forever.
So uh, hey...
Do you come here often?
(hashtag) vriska who??????

Meenah: oh my cod

Well, a deal is a deal.
I am now at your command.

Meenah: why...
Meenah: Why did i have to bring this idiot that horse hitcher

Both Karkat and Hussie now follow you like your own personal Konga line of shenanigans. With your idiots in tow, make your way back to the door you just left. This time, go in. A new area loads. You stand on a grey tiled area with a grate on the floor. It looks like it belongs on The Meteor. Off to the bottom right, there's a light green tree. When you walk forward, you get stopped by dialogue.

Meenah: so shouty
or... kankrat was it?
been meaning to axe you... Hey!
whered he go?
(hashtag) sigh
its so hard makin friends

Karkat has vanished, but Hussie still follows you. Go north. In the corner of the room, near some broken computer equipment, there's a chest. Open it.

You got a 2010 Spirited Horse Calendar!

You flip through it and... yep. Hearts Boxcars is still farming all those goddamn horses.

(hashtag) fuckin pain in the red cheeks

[Note: Without Hussie, this chest isn't there.]

Walk west. The tiles fade to cracked, brown dirt that butts up against an area of grass with a circle mown into it. Aranea stands in a small booth, which looks like the booth from Charlie Brown, where Lucy offered 'Psychiatric help' for 5 cents. Ignore her for now and look around a little more. A strange plant grows just east of her, and to the south, there's someone's hive. The windows, which are 12-paned and arranged into a plus sign, are tinted orange. Okay, now go to Aranea.

Talk.

A new page comes up. Drawn in the Charlie Brown style, Meenah stands in front of Aranea's booth, which says
Exposition
5 Boonbucks
The Sylph is In.
Aranea smiles and leans her cheek on one hand.

A menu of options appears over Meenah's head.

Hey you see where louder Vantas went?
Serket water u doin.
Tell me about Kankri Vantas.
Tell me about Latula Pyrope.
Tell me about Porrim Maryam.
Peace out.

Hey you see where louder Vantas went?

Their talksprites appear as they speak.

Aranea: Yes, I saw him scurry by a moment ago. He went that way, into a memory of his old neighborhood.
Meenah: man what gives
does my breath stink or
(hashtag) do i need a fish mint
Aranea: I think he just wants to be alone. He tried to lock his memories away from others, I guess without realizing these bubbles can be very permeable. If the memory is big enough, people will be able to wander into it from many directions.
He probably won't be too happy to find more of our friends hanging out there.
Meenah: oh shit more of the old gang is that way
guess i better go talk to them too
(hashtag) yay more useless tools
probably have to bail shouty out Yet again
Meenah: damn kid makes you work
Aranea: That's probably why you're obsessed with him.
Meenah: shut up

Serket water u doin.

Meenah: yo what is this shit
you sellin somefin here
if so i should warn you im a little low on funds these days
Aranea: I am offering explanations! I will explain anything you desire.
Meenah: ahhahaha you must be out of your seasponge if you think ima part with anyfin of value for a shitty speech
Aranea: Oh, no! You misunderstand. It is I who will pay You five boonbucks if you listen to an explanation on any topic of your choosing!
Meenah: oh
(hashtag) good grief
Aranea: So what topic will it be?
Meenah: hang on!
(hashtag) im thinking
Aranea: Can't decide on a topic?
Meenah: no cant decide if its worth listening to you even if you pay me
Aranea: (frowning face with eight eyes and furrowed brows)
Now I know you're messing with me. I know you can't say no to easy money.
Meenah: yeah youre right
(hashtag) if i fall asleep do i still get paid
lay it on me

Tell me about Kankri Vantas.

Aranea: The Seer of blood played quite a different role on our team from that of his successor, though his potential as a blood player went similarly unrealized. It was only when he grew up on Alternia did he begin to tap into his abilities, triggering recollection of our lives on beforus, and
what we all went through. He remembered our more peaceful way of life, and his desire to unite people. As an adult he was able to do this much more effectively and maturely. Heroically, even. He learned how to inspire others, and be a true leader, even when the odds were stacked against him in his violent culture. It cost him his life, but his message lived on. I believe the Knight of blood now carries his burden, whether he has decided to accept it or not.

Many of us on Alternia grew up to become secret followers of his teachings. Just as many of us now follow them, though I'd say with a bit more detachment. because we're dead! Speaking personally, I’d refer to myself as more of a "fan" of his story, and what it represents. both the hidden potential in our friend he never quite found, and the hidden potential in all our people. During our session, Kankri's trials as a leader were just as frustrating as those of his successor. He found it very hard to get others to take him seriously. While you would often try to divide us with your troublemaking, and turn us against each other to make us stronger - unsuccessfully I might add - he would try to unite us through proselytizing and lecture, just as unsuccessfully.

Meenah: wow that sure was a bunch of stuff i already knew
Aranea: Yes! And now it is fresher in your memory than ever. Thank you for listening, and here are your five boondollars!
Meenah: pleasure doin business with you

Tell me about Latula Pyrope.

Aranea: The Knight of Mind, to even the most casual observer, is clearly the more "radical" instance of the two Pyropes. both of course have disabilities which, if discovered, would slate each for culling in their respective cultures. Culling of course means something quite different on beforus. It means she would have been selected by a member of a higher caste for adoption, and coddled excessively. but for someone with a lifestyle as radical as hers, I'm sure you will agree that would have been a fate worse than death.

Meenah: serket yo this exposition is some straight up redonkulous junk even by your standards
Aranea: Would you like to make some money, or not?
Meenah: you know me i am all about the boonjamins
Aranea: Then please stand there quietly while I continue.
Meenah: urrrhn fin
(hashtag) *fine
Aranea: After the tragic accident which left her nasally impaired, her mighty dragon lusus, ancient and wise beyond our comprehension, began to teach her "new ways to smell." To reinvent the sense, using other sense organs such as eyes and ears, awakening completely new experiences in her mind. She was truly an inspiration, and proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that any handicap can be overcome, and doesn't have to stop you from being as rad as you can truly be.

Meenah: wuut
Aranea: The Maid of Space was of course our all-important Space player and Stoker of the Forge,
but as you know, we never made much progress on the frog breeding front, or really any aspect of
the game before the reckoning. Way too disorganized, way too much teen drama. Much of that
drama of course centered around Kankri, and Porrim tended to be the one to keep him out of
trouble. This relationship persisted in their lives on Alternia, which... unfortunately didn't work out
too well for her in the end. I'd address my involvement with that, but you seem to be tapping your
foot so I think I'll just skip over that part of the story!
On beforus, well before her drinker abilities had awakened, she grew up in the caste almost solely
devoted to tending to the mother grub, hatching the young and proliferating the brood. The jade
bloods were also an almost exclusively female caste, and she began to resent the roles she was
hatched into, designated for both her class and gender. She challenged these roles wherever they
existed in beforan society, as well as where she found them woven into our session, in kingdoms,
class assignments, consort culture and the like.
but over the sweeps in our failed session, she found within herself a renewed interest in the duty
that came with her bloodline, which was of course the persistence of our people, a burden which
her descendant now must bear. All life on beforus had been wiped out, and we'd failed our game,
so she helped me search for a way to reset the...
Meenah: zzzzzz
Aranea: I was almost finished!!!!!!!!
Meenah: your just tellin me shit i know serk she was sorta my friend too remember
cant you spice this jam up
Aranea: I don't........
Meenah: didnt she like sleep with erybody
gimme all the dirt on that
Aranea: What?
No, Meenah. I am not paying you so that you can listen to me indulge in such scandalous gossip.
Now what was I talking about? Gosh, I've lost my train of thought........
Meenah: aahahaha why you blushin girl
omigawd you and she...???????
(hashtag) ??????????? (hashtag) noodles of Intense Curiosity
Aranea:
Meenah: ho man why didnt you ever tell me i thought we was fronds
Aranea: Look. Three sweeps is a long time to spend in a failed, pointless session!
You look into the future and see a life lasting for maybe thousands of sweeps, with nothing to look
forward to, and........
Meenah: aaaaand???
Aranea: It was just... kind of a phase! Just a little red fling, ok? It barely even lasted half a sweep,
and...
Hey, if I give you Ten boonbucks, can we stop talking about this????????
Meenah: make it a cool hunnid and you got a deal
Aranea: Argh, fine! Just take it!!!!!!!!
Meenah: her imperious condescension thanks you for your generous contribution to the new
empire
Aranea: I'm glad you're a good guy this time. You really were hatched to be Such a bitch!!!!!!!!!

Peace out.

It exits back to the standard walkaround. Head east, past the weird plant. Hussie follows you.

This leads to the end of the game. Are you sure you're done here?

> Yes.

That's the end. Continue playing on the next page.]
Room 1
Start by going south. Head down the staircase and continue east of Aradia. After going down another staircase, make your way to the beach on the bottom right.

Room 2
Go through the beach to Derse on the bottom right and then keep walking left along the castle-like area. When you run into Dave, head south down the bridge.

Room 3
Make your way through the room until you encounter Latula. Talk to her.
- Choose "Be Latula" and get her skateboard.
- Be Porrim and talk to the blue orb next to where Porrim was standing. This will create a staircase.
- Talk to Meenah and Be Meenah.
- Try to walk down the newly-created staircase. You will now grind on it.
- Be Latula.
- While Latula, go to Kankri.
- Be Kankri.
- As Kankri, talk to Meenah. Select "Yes" and Be Meenah.
- Talk to Karkat.
- With Karkat, you can now open the door in the northeastern part of the screen.

Room 4
- Exit to the northeast.]

[Image description: In the walkaround style, Meenah stands in the lawn ring outside a large hive with orange windows. A trashcan sits to the right of a front door, and a blue hose is attached to a spigot nearby. Pause flashes in large, white letters at the top of the screen.]

You pause your adventure through the afterlife because you've been at it for way too long already. You'll get back to this in a little while. You just know more of your dead loser friends are lurking in this area. You can feel their lameness emanating from beyond the grave. You can also feel it emanating from within the grave, which is good, because that's where you are. The grave.

What we Really need to do is see what John's been up to. It almost feels like it's been a year since we saw him. Hell, it's probably his birthday again. When is it ever Not John's birthday???
Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevy Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 6 Intermission 3: Ballet of the Dancestors, part 2

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: The Ship flies between windows. It now rests on the line between sections 2 and 3.]

Year 2

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the ship and shows it from below.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: It zooms in again, this time towards one of the central towers, where there's a large square building with a line of windows facing the front.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: It zooms in yet another time, towards the leftmost window.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: The window and the surrounding wall takes up most of the image.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: The five planets float in a circle. Three squiddles, two of which are tangle buddies, John's beaglepuss glasses, one of Jade's Manthro Chaps all lay on the floor under them. Casey is curled up near the manthro chap, blowing small bubbles in her sleep.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: It zooms in, through the window. Casey's still wearing her Salamancer robes and wearing a scarf around her neck.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on LoWaS. In the hallway behind them, a Dutton squiddle sits in shadow.]
[Image description: It zooms in even more, to a point high up on John's towering house. LoFaF peeks over the horizon.]

[Image description: It angles down, to look through the clouds. Fireflies glitter in them, making the dark blue, rugged landscape look like a nebula.]

[Image description: It shifts down and over, so we see the house from the base up. The Battlefield and LoLaR hang in the sky.]

[Image description: It zooms in on the lower levels of John's house.]

[Image description: It shows the original part of the house. Bright yellow light beams out of the window that leads into the living room and the small window in the front door. John's alchemiter has now been fully upgraded. The narrow walkway and precarious staircases Rose built when he first entered are still in place, but the hole in the wall has been patched.]

[Image description: On John's TV, it shows Nic Cage's character from Con Air cradling another man in his arms.]

[Image description: It shows another gif from Con Air. A bald man with a moustache in a police uniform reads from a piece of paper.]

[Image description: Nic Cage's character cradles the man again.]

[Image description: John and Jade sit on the sofa, watching the movie. Four salamanders, two imps, and Jaspersprite all sit on the floor, the stairs, or the landing to watch with them. There are blue cakes everywhere. One with a slice taken out of it sits in front of the couch. A messily eaten one sits between an imp and a salamander, who have frosting on their mouths. A stack of three sits next to the couch. A stack of four precariously balances near the fireplace. One sits on a pedestal by the door.]

[Image description: It zooms in on John and Jade. They're both wearing their godtier outfits.]

[Image description: It zooms in again and the style changes to a slightly more realistically
proportioned one. Jade smiles and levitates a slice of cake in front of her. John stares at the TV with a slightly confused expression.]

dialoglog
John: jade...

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: The angle shifts so we see the TV between them. The bald man reads from a different paper.]

dialoglog
Jade: hm?

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Jade's cake slice now has a bite out of it and John looks perturbed.]

dialoglog
John: i think i just realized something.

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: The TV shows the bald man holding a stuffed bunny by the ears and threatening to shoot it.]

dialoglog
Jade: what?

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: John shouts and Jade looks startled. Her cake flies off to the side.]

dialoglog
John: this movie fucking sucks!!!

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Back in the standard Homestuck style, John continues shouting and Jade looks confused.]

dialoglog
Jade: whaaat
but you love this movie!
John: yeah, i know.
i mean... i thought i did.
it's been kind of a long time since i last saw it. i really remember it being a lot better than this!
but now everything just seems so cheesy and stupid.
Jade: but you were making such a big deal about finally getting me to watch it with you on your birthday!
you were going on and on about how i wouldn't be disappointed... but now you're saying you don't like it?
John: i don't know. i'm trying to like it. i want to like it.
i want to feel the same magic that was there all the other times i watched it.
but i can't, because...
it's just...
not...
good. (frowning face)
Jade: really?
i was actually kind of enjoying it!
ts very silly
I really dont think its the kind of movie youre supposed to take all that seriously john
John: but i Did take it seriously!!!
John: i guess maybe that's kind of the point.
i always thought all this hokey bullshit was legitimately awesome and compelling.
what was i even thinking!
Jade: i dunno....
but people can change their minds about things
i think youre allowed to change your mind about a silly movie
i used to Love the squiddles show when i was really young
but as i got older i started to realize it wasnt as great as i thought it was
i was just too young to see how it was actually a flagrant vehicle for selling merchandise
and if you believed the conspiracy theorists it might have even been pushing some other dark hidden agendas.....
so i stopped liking the show itself as much but that didnt change the fact that i had a lot of fond memories about it
I still loved all the cute characters and could enjoy it on a nostalgic level
John: well, maybe later i'll be able to rekindle some nostalgic feelings about it.
but right now, i just feel like a dope for talking this up so hard.
Jade: what is even the problem with it?
ive just been watching this and thinking, yup, i can see why john was so obsessed with this movie...
Jade: its funny!
John: it's just non stop terrible action movie cliches!

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: John looks frustrated and taps a finger against his palm.]
dialoglog
John: look.
i love nic cage. he is basically my hero, ok?
but i'm kind of just realizing now that he is embarrassingly bad in this movie!
he is just doing this corny parody of a southern guy who is down on his luck, and acts "charming"
with his goofy accent and stuff.
some things i used to think were so badass are just coming off as ridiculous now.
can you believe that one time we were watching this movie, when he said "put the bunny back in the box" i actually high fived my dad?
this time that line just made me roll my eyes.
there's so much crappy dialogue!
"cyrus, this is your barbecue, and it tastes good..." argh!
Jade: but he was trying to sound like a hardened criminal to win the trust of john malkovich!
John: jade, please. it was a cheesy line, don't be so naive.
Jade: what!!
you spent your whole life worshiping this dumb movie and now youre calling Mm naive????
John: ok, i'm sorry. i guess in fairness to you, you have only just begun to climb the steep learning curve of this vexing and hypnotic film.
but i am no longer bound by its spell, jade.
Jade: oh god
vexing and hypnotic??
its a movie full of explosions about a guy with a mullet
what is with you lately? you seem to be in such a crappy mood these days
John: i am fine. this Movie is what's crappy these days.
Jade: oh bluh bluh
can we just finish the rest of the movie?

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Jade looks faintly annoyed and points the remote at the TV.]

dialoglog
Jade: look you made us miss a whole bunch of stuff!
hang on im going to rewind it...
John: who even cares what we missed.
just cameron stupid poe in his idiot wife beater babbling some more southern home spun heroic nonsense.
heart of gold my ass!!!!!
everything dave ever said about this movie was right! i can't believe i used to think he was just trolling me.
the stupid junkyard scene where cyrus makes a little model out of rocks and stuff, just so he could
tell the criminals to surround some army guys and shoot them... that was pointless!
and all this heavy handed scoring. oh my god. the music makes every little thing into such a federal issue!
like... oh man, Some minor characters being introduced in slow motion! Dun-dun dun-dun dun dun dun!!!
there. now you officially know they are all badasses.
also, i somehow didn't even remember dave chappelle being in this movie. he was pointless too.
Jade: whos dave chappelle?
John: and you know the malloy guy, the dick head cop who we're supposed to hate, because of
how he gives john cusack a hard time and makes asshole decisions with a helicopter?
well screw that! he wasn't so bad. so what if he was a little grumpy? he was just trying to do his
job. he had one of the best lines in the movie actually, which was another thing we were supposed
to hate him for.
what was it? about how cusack was probably out saving a tree and recycling his sandals or some shit? Hahaha! Now that I think about it, I fucking love malloy.
i'm going to rewind it to watch that scene again...
Jade: no!!
dont touch the remote
John: oh, and we're supposed to be like "Yeah" when cusack wrecks malloy's awesome sports car.
but that was a nice car! john cusack shouldn't have ruined it like that for laughs.
i know *I* wasn't laughing, were you?
Jade: Yes (tongue sticking out face)
John: john cusack was such a terrible character in this movie now that i think about it. i don't really
get what he added to it?
he was like the second hero... but dorkier? what did he even really do? he scampered around the
junkyard for a while goofing off, and then when it was his time to shine...
he demonstrated his mastery over heavy machinery! wow, he can operate a crane! i am thrilled by
the exploits of this pedantic weenie.
i guess he's actually like cage's estranged sidekick? almost like the robin that batman never realized
he had.
now that i think about it, this movie was always an oddly poignant tale of bromance between cage and cusack. just two bros separated by destiny, waiting to be united.
when they finally come together to kick some ass, it is arguably more moving than when he reunites with his wife and daughter!
i wonder if i'll think that scene sucks now too? it used to move me to tears, but now i'll probably think it's so lame, i'm almost afraid to watch it. maybe i should try to leave at least some memories untainted.
Jade: john you are kind of sounding like a crazy person here
John: yeah right! crazy like a foww!
Jade: what???
John: oh...
i guess there was a stray feather clinging to my pajamas and it just poked me in the ass.

[Image description: John holds up an orange feather and gives it an annoyed stare.]
dialoglog
John: god damn dave sprite.
that guy molts like it's going out of style.
Jade: oh...
heh
Jade: yeah
John: where is he anyway?
i specifically told dave sprite several times when my party would start, because i knew he would do this.
he's already missed half the movie!
Jade: why do you always call him dave sprite?
John: um... because that's his name?
dave sprite.
Jade: no, i mean why do you always say it like that? with the space between words?
it's not dave sprite, its just dave sprite
John: what ever.
i can't believe he's standing me up on my birthday.
maybe he doesn't want to hang out with jaspers?
jaspers, i hope you're not going to start chasing him around again when he gets here.
Jaspersprite: Hisssss!
John: dude, shut up.
Jade: yeah.... john
i dont think dave sprite is coming tonight

[Image description: Jade stares at her lap.]
dialoglog
John: aw, man. really?
i knew we shouldn't have invited both him and jaspers.
that's just party planning Basics.
Jade: no...
it has nothing to do with jaspers
John: oh.
then why?
Jade: he uh...
kind of broke up with me
John: what!!!

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: John stands in front of Jade and shouts some more.]

dialoglog
John: when did that happen?
Jade: a couple days ago
John: no. no way.
i cannot accept this!
Jade: john its ok you dont have t...
John: you and dave sprite were like the glue holding everything together on this miserable road
trip!
Jade: we were?
John: yes, jade.
you were our rock.
Jade: your rock??
what are you talking about?
John: come on, jade.
you and dave sprite were like... An instiTUTION on this stupid golden battleship.
Jade: we were not an institution!
you are just saying meaningless things now
John: why did he break up with you?!
Jade: um...
its complicated
basically hes just going through a lot of stuff right now
John: stuff??
what stuff.
jade, we are all going through stuff. you don't see me flying off the handle and breaking up with
My girlfriend.
Jade: do uh...
you have a girlfriend?
John: that is not the point.
hn: the point is that dave sprite is a douche.
Jade: i dont think hes a douche, hes just...
John: no, he's an orange feathery douche.

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: John gestures angrily.]

dialoglog
John: why is he such a basket case? he's like regular dave, but like, aloof enigma edition.
maybe it's because he's part bird? i think becoming a bird and a sprite did something weird to him.
Jade: i dont think being a bird ever bothered him
like i said... its all more complicated than that
John: normal dave was so much more level headed.
i have to admit, i spend a lot of time wondering what he and rose are up to.
Jade: me too
John: ehh...
maybe it's for the best he broke up with you.
Jade: why?
John: well, what kind of future do you think you would have with him?
he's a sprite. like really, what even is a sprite? how long do they live? will he still be around if we win the new game we are allegedly trying to get to?
Jade: i dont know
John: there are a lot of things we don't know.
and also...
how do things even work if you marry a sprite?
Jade: what do you mean
John: i mean...
ok, he has a ghost butt, for one thing.
Jade: uh
so
John: A ghost butt, jade!
Jade: so what if he has a ghost butt!!!!!
John: i'm just saying...
Jade: Whatever youre just saying, just stop saying it!
Jade: and whatever youre trying to gesture with your hands there, stop doing that too!
John: what? no, i was just...
Jade: nope!!! totally not talking about this
John: but
Jade: put your hands down john

[A6I3] Next
[Image description: John turns away, pinches his eyes shut, and holds the sides of his head. Pictures of Dave sprite, Jade, Jaspersprite, Nanna sprite, a salamander, and a prospitian swirl over his head, along with the words bored shitless and ghost butt. A thought bubble behind him shows Dave sprite's tail with a butt at approximately where a butt should be for his human torso. A scribbly drawing of John flails under red question marks. Jade stares on with an irritated expression.]

dialoglog
John: ok, fine.
Jade: thats not down, thats up!
oh well, at least youre not making those unsettling gestures...
john...
what are you doing?
John: nothing!
Jade: i hope youre not entertaining some awkward train of thought about, uh...
John: no!!!
Jade: what is with you??
today is your birthday, youre supposed to be having fun!
but youve been so testy, as if youre committed to not having a good time
John: well, maybe i'm just getting a little tired of being stuck on this lame boat!
don't you think it's gotten kind of old?
Jade: yeah, i can see how you might find it a little slow here
i dunno, i havent minded much... maybe its different for me though because i used to live all alone?
John: oh sure, i'm sure it's Great for you. you get to spend your days smooching and breaking up with dave sprite and what not, and you can shrink down to any old planet you feel like, any time. whereas i have to make this whole big deal of Asking you to shrink or unshrink me, and...
Jade: but i dont mind doing that any time!!!
John: i know, but you think i want to bug you about that at the drop of a hat? when you're busy and on dates and stuff? i just happen to have respect for something called personal boundaries, jade. and it's not like there's really anyone else to talk to, except the inscrutable chess people and a bunch of brainless consorts and an idiot cat princess. oh and also nanna, but i mean, she's my grandmother, and she's great, but a guy can only spend so much quality time with his grandmother before he starts to feel like kind of a loser whose friends are too busy to spend time with him!
Jade: john... if you told me this earlier i would have...
John: and i still never visit any interesting dream bubbles, and we can't even finish our cool planet quests because the moment we broke through the window all our denizens decided to go back to sleep, and...
i guess what i'm saying is, i'm more than ready to get to the other window and meet our friends and other new people and stuff.
are you sure you can't make the ship go faster???
Jade: were already going as fast as i can make us go
John: and how fast is that again?
Jade: about the speed of light!
John: well, can't you use your space powers and bump it up a notch?
Jade: no! nothing can go faster than light john
unless you teleport of course
John: and why can't you teleport us again?
Jade: i already explained this! i cant do that here, its not within the domain of the green sun which gives me those powers!
John: is that why we can't go faster than light either?
Jade: no thats just a regular law of physics!!! jeez
John: ok, i mean, i know that. but this isn't really a regular place, right?
isn't the speed of light like a thousand miles a second? so what does that really mean here? are miles and seconds the same here as on earth? how does this nonsense dimension we're racing through jive with all the relativity mumbo jumbo?
Jade: ok first of all, thats not even close to the speed of light
light travels at a hundred and eighty six thousand miles per second no matter what frame of reference youre in... even this one!
second of all special relativity and comparing laws of physics between different frames of reference, those are tricky issues to talk about!
but id be more than happy to talk about them if youd like. actually i would enjoy that because i never really get to talk about science wi...
John: no, i don't want to talk about physics! i don't know anything about the laws of physics, because they are hard and boring.
i simply would like them to behave in a way that is most convenient to Me and My life! Is that really asking too much?
Jade: yes as a matter of fact it is!
John: well, guess what? Science is stupid bullshit!!!
Jade: you take that back!!!!!
John: no.
magic is awesome.
science blows.
the end.
Jade: john....
what is that?
John looks over his shoulder at Jade, who looks slightly confused. John still clutches his head.

John: what?
Jade: under your hood...
looks like a piece of paper stuck to your back?
John: huh?

[Image description: John holds a small slip of paper written in orange, glowing text.]

my darling son

if you are reading this it means you finally came to your senses on a way shitty movie. by realizing cage sucks you have taken your first and biggest step toward not being a total embarrassment to the egbert family name. speaking of which you might want to crack into one of my metric fucking tons of shaving cream i have for some reason and bust -- Over]

John: oh god dammit.

[Image description: John turns the note over, showing a new section of text.]

that nigh invisible teen stache before it starts to become a problem. egbert men dont cotton to whiskers as you know good and god damn well. i didnt bust my fatherly ass to raise no bigfoot. im proud as shit youre my son or whatever. Next stop : figuring out mcconaughey is trash. you can do it junior.]

John: striiiidayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy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Jade: where are you going?
John: I'm going to go kick his ass!
Jade: what! John, no...
John: posing as my dead father by mimicking one of his great fatherly notes he used to hide around the house???
and on the two year anniversary of the day he was slain by jack noir, a *fact* of which that cheeky orange asshole is plainly aware??????
this is a new low, even for dave sprite!

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: John turns away and pushes the door open.]

dialoglog
Jade: ok yes, that practical joke is in poor taste, but you should try to calm down and...
John: no, screw that, I am super pissed off about this!
there is only one way to settle this, and that is with an old fashioned beatdown.
where's my hammer!!!!!
Jade: um
which one?
John: any old hammer!
whatever. It could be a hammer from the bargain bin of a hardware store for all I care.
just give me anything that's fit for clobbering a ghost bottomed dick face who's also a bird.
Jade: sigh

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Jade follows John out into the remains of his front yard. John jumps, shouts, and flails at the end of the driveway while Jade stares at him.]

dialoglog
John: I'm coming for you, dave sprite!
do you hear me, you magical son of a bitch? I know you can hear me!
that stunt wasn't cool! *You're* not cool!
like it wasn't bad enough you dumped jade for no reason. What's the matter with you!
you and jade were our rock on this ship! You hear me?? Our roooooooock!!!
Jade: (blank face)
John: and now *this* bullshit?? What the hell, man.
I don't go around leaving fake puzzles for you like from the movie saw, do i? Have you ever heard
me say I want to play a game even *once*?? Well, have you????
no, because that would stir up painful memories of a dearly departed loved one, and therefore
would be unbelievably shitty of me!!!!!!!!

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: John screams at the sky, where Davesprite's very large face is just barely visible next to LoHaC.]

dialoglog
John: hey! I see you there!
get down from there right now, wise guy!
oh no, don't play dumb. I can see you plain as day. I'm on to you, buddy.
stop vaguely watermarking the sky with your smug douchey face this instant and fight me like a man!!!
John: yeah sure, laugh it up! That makes you seem like way less of a tool. Nice going bro! everyone on this boat is sick and tired of your bullshit! Why don't you just fly away and leave us alone?
how can you be so much more of a prick than the real dave? You are the most piss poor substitute for a best friend a guy ever had.
I can't *wait* to meet up with the real dave again. That way we can all go back to the awesome status quo of pretending you never existed in the first place!
Jade: john...
there's no one there

John: oh he's there alright.
he's probably just using some sprite magic so only i can see him.
don't you see, jade? he's antagonizing Me personally, not you. he's done with you, remember?
he already used you like a rented mule, and now he is moving on to greener pastures.

Jade: what pastures
John: it's me.
I'm the pastures.
and now his mule is grazing all over them, while he has a good laugh.

Jade: what
wasn't i supposed to be the mule?
i don't think i understand your analogy
John: no, you see, it's...
the mule represented, like...
i don't know, like the spirit animal of his douchey ways. or something.
Jade: ....

John: who cares about mules, or pastures, or dave sprite's stupid ephemeral sky visage.
who cares about anything!!!
who cares about my birthday, or nic cage, or this boat full of idiots.
just.
who.
cares.
Jade: john i think you're officially throwing a tantrum here
...
john?
[Image description: Jade looks down at John, who now has a black alert over him.]

dialoglog
Jade: john...
are you asleep?
please dont tell me you just fell asleep in your driveway

[Image description: This is the next part of the walkaround. Once again, you are Meenah. You stand in the lawnring just outside someone's hive, which has orange windows. The house just south of you has bright green windows. Go to the front door and examine it.]

The door is locked. You knock, but no one answers.

This seems to be an Alternian neighborhood. Aside from all the violence, Alternian culture seems like it must have been pretty similar to life on Beforus, lawn rings and all. Then again, as a spoiled runaway princess, you never did spend much time in the burbs, so what do you know.

Go to the trash can and examine it.

An ordinary domestic Dross Coffer. It's full of smelly garbage, but it hasn't been dragged outside the ring yet. Maybe the waste collection drone isn't scheduled to make a pickup tonight?

Now examine the hose.

No self respecting Alternian troll kid would dare keep a dry, unwatered lawn ring. Letting the grass outside your hive turn yellow is just begging to get yourself culled. Harsh, but fair, you think. God life on Alternia was so great.

Head east. There are some eyes lurking in a bush. Examine it.

Better leave it alone. Might have the troll rabies.

Around the corner from that bush, there's a chest. Open it.

A pink can with bull horns floats out of the chest.

You got an Alternian Soft Drink!

You're not really up on Alternian history, but apparently at some point the empress got fed up with the Subjugglators' stranglehold on the soda market, and released a drink that was said to be more loaded with sugar than even the wicked elixir itself. The Highbloods considered such marketing reports to be blasphemous lies, however. And they were right. The beverage actually contained zero calories, which she secretly mandated so as to preserve her slim figure. But all the lowblood suckers guzzled cans down by the billions none the wiser, while the crafty Condesce raked in the cash.

If someone actually told you this story, you'd spend the next ten minutes fangirling on the floor.

Another hive and a small cliff block the way to the east, so head south until you find a set of stairs leading down to the lower edge of the cliff. A seahorse lusus with violet eyes hovers at the bottom
of the stairs. A short distance east, a paved walkway begins, and a troll with slicked back hair, zig-zag horns, a white shirt with a purple aquarius symbol on it, and a cigarette in his mouth stands on it.

Examine the lusus.

The hovering maritime stallion issues a stern, fatherly neigh.

#seahorse dad

Go to the troll. When you interact with him, four options appear.

Talk to Cronus.
Ask Cronus to join.
Where's Karkat?
Be Cronus.

Talk to Cronus

Cronus's talksprite appears. His shirt has grey, triangular designs on the sleeves and he has two, lightning bolt-shaped scars over his left eyebrow. He speaks in violet and replaces all Vs and Ws with either WV or w, but it's not consistent on which is which. He also replaces capital Bs with 8s.

Cronus: well well well…

[Note: The last 'well' was written as wvelvlw.]

Meenah: ...
Cronus: globes.
Meenah: wha
#(confused face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Cronus: i saw you walking my way, and i had this smooth line all ready to go. but for some reason i decided to open it with a tongue twister? very nice ampora, starting your killer line with three consecutive 'W' words in a row. #W's are hard #theyre hard and no one understands #(V's too)
Meenah: what uh
was your killer pickup line goin to be or should i ask
#no
Cronus: sigh, never even Mind, its so ruined now. #just never Even
i just saw you strutting in my direction, with all of your impressive moxy and confidence, for the first time in, how long? and i got a little excited. i was going to blow you out of the water with that line, but, i guess nothings changed?
Meenah: guess not
sounds like youre still the bard of tries too hard
Cronus: oh, nice. you always knew how to twist the fork. actually, all you girls are quite adept at twisting your respective utensils. #utensilkind
the guys too, now that i think about it. can i ask you a question? why do all you pretentious scenester types enjoy being so cruel to especially sensitive and artistic people?
Meenah: so i take it even after a billion sweeps here with a boat load of eligible spook shorties to mack on
you still never got any action
Cronus: first you twist the fork, then you use it to pry into my personal life? thats really just so
dwell of you, meenah.
without commenting specifically on that, (because seriously, What? so rude), i will say that it gets
very frustrating after the first few epochs trying to make heads or tails what people are even
looking for. I mean, in any quadrant.
now, please don't tell anyone i said so, but you and i both know pretty much all these people should
feel honored to go out with a guy like me.
what being royalty and all, and not even slightly put off by dating down on the spectrum. I mean,
really, how much more evident can I make it to everyone that im really a cool, progressive, easy
going dude, who doesnt take the social order seriously or buy into any of the stereotypes? First of
all, as if the hemospectrum scene isnt beyond played out.
#you should be sticking your fork in that
I barely ever even bring up my high social status. It couldnt be less of a big deal to me, but I think
people maybe are still intimidated by it? Theyre probably putting me on a pedestal, in spite of all
my easy going assurances that my royal lineage is something I never even think about. Like, no
friend, I am just like you. We laugh at the same jokes, listen to, well, to some extent, the same
music...
#i at least used to listen to music you like #does that count?
all these cats and kittens, im telling you. Theyre always drawn to the freaks and rejects. You have
to be broken in some way to get a little concupiscent attention.
#cats #kittens #freaks #rejects #broken
they never seem to give the time of day to a guy who sensitive, and listens to people, and sticks to
his poetry and music, and I guess... Just someone who tries to be there for them.
#sensitive #listens #poetry #music #there for them
however, the bright side of my various rejections is that is has helped me craft a private list of
people who are objectively fucking terrible, which id be happy to share w...
meenah? Whered you go?
crud, she walked away while I was saying stuff.
really blew that one in record time.
The heart, spade, and rebubble options are still at the bottom, but the bubble is cracked and
clicking it does nothing.

Ask Cronus to join

Meenah: gonna make this quick
and this aint like a diving board for you to launch off about your feelins and romprobs
just gimme a straight answer
im gettin a posse together to kill an invincible monster you want in y/n
#yolo #even though #you can die twice?? #w/e
Cronus: whoa, Nice. just got here, and youre already going diabolical, thats the tops.
id love to help. you know how i love to help out, and be there for attractive people. thats kind of
my thing?
but...
Meenah: ugh here we go
Cronus: meenah, i just dont think im in that kind of space now in my life. or afterlife, i mean.
Meenah: what space
Cronus: an aggressive space. ive been trying to cool it, be more introspective, search my feelings,
work on my music.
#grease my hair
i dont think id be much good in a fight. ive been trying to get in touch with who, or i guess what, i
really am, and i think i've been making some nice breakthroughs. im telling you this in confidence, but i think i'm approaching a kind of awakening, especially since i first started learning about humans. i think i actually might be...

Meenah: nope
nope nope nope nopenopenope
#uh uh
stop saying whatever that was do not care
Cronus: you're right, i shouldn't burden you with my problems. forget i said anything. i wouldn't want to compromise our friendship, not even to speak of the potential for us to develop into something more than just friends. #by which i mean two people who freely engage in sexual intercourse
oh, Right, you asked me how my music was going these days, didn't you?
Meenah: no
Cronus: it's going pretty nicely, i think. been messing with dual sawtooth waveforms, i think i really could be hitting on my signature sound. #if not my signature shape at the very least
here, listen to this track. i wrote it in anticipation of your arrival.

An audio player with a song loaded appears.

[ punkin cravings (bubstep mix) Click to play]

Clicking it just moves to the next section of dialogue.

Meenah: not clickin that
Cronus: um, i see. then, what about…

[ punkin party in sea hipsters water apocalypse Click to play ]

Meenah: nah
[ lunar lust Click to play ]
[ aquasex renegade Click to play ]
[ less pale more pail Click to play ]

Meenah: ew
#creep
Cronus: wait... i probably shouldn't have shown you those. ok, hold on. i know i have something here you'll dig.

[ give him another look Click to play ]
[ under your fins all along Click to play ]
[ we put the us in royal flushes Click to play ]

Meenah: so that was a no to my invite then
which got rescinded halfway thru this convo anyways
time to jet before you sketch me out some more crotimes

Where's Karkat?

Cronus: oh, the Vantas lookalike?
yeah he came by this way. i tried to start a friendly conversation with him, but he just flipped me off and locked himself in that hive up there.
#barely even had the chance to hit on him #so rude
looks like he conjured the memory of some sort of complicated puzzle door from some ancient ruins. i tried to open it but it looks totally impossible. the kid sure knows how to give a guy the coldest shoulder.
what do you want with him anyway?
Meenah: nofin bye
Cronus: ah. i see how it is. cronus gets the shaft, while you scurry away to flirt with some infantile loudmouth. why am i not surprised?
guess im neither mentally unstable or a big enough asshole to catch your eye. no big deal, ill just record my feelings on the subject through a bit of slam poetry and bubble my sorrows throughout the... and, yep. looks like im talking to myself again. shes gone.

Be Cronus

Ew, no. There's not a snowbubble's chance in monster hell you're being this guy.

Walk north, to a building with a very ornate door with four keyholes. Each of the keyholes is in a different quadrant of the door and has a different shape around it. Clockwise from the upper left, it's a heart, diamond, club, and spade. There's a chest east of the door. Open it.
You got a Diamond Key!
Go to the door.
Use diamond key
A pink diamond appears over the diamond keyhole. Go east, towards where the paved path curves between the hive with the door and a hive with yellow windows. There's a small cutaway on the house with the door, and a red grub sits on it. Examine the grub.
What?? Some careless soul has left this poor infant grub all alone to fend for itself!
So in other words, just like all grubs on Alternia. Big whoop.
Walk north a bit, along the path. When the path curves east, head into the space between the house with the door and a blue-windowed house. There's a chest back here.
You got a Claw sickle!
You absolutely love this due to its nautical nature. Also, hoarding items such as this will nicely complement your increasingly manic obsession with Karkat.
#so, #there's that too
Go back to the path and head east, past the blue house. A chest sits in front of it.
A set of gold and purple rings with aquarius symbols on them float out of the chest.
You got a whole bunch of Sea Dweller Bling!
It's pretty obvious this all belongs to Cronus over there. He's just not wearing it right now so he can convince everyone he doesn't feel like his royalty status is a big deal, even though he does.
You have no problem whatsoever selling this shit to the highest bidder though. You pocket the gaudy loot while giggling.
Go examine the door to the blue hive.
Bang Bang Bang! Is anybody home?? you say. But of course no one is, because most of these hives are just memory projections.

Keep going east. There's another bush with eyes in it, but you can't interact with this one. The blue house has a cutaway, too, and there's a chest in this one.

You got Ahab's Crosshairs!

You raise this awesome legendary weapon to the heavens and watch it sparkle a bit...

Just before you bring it down on your knee and snap it in half, while laughing maniacally. You hear a muffled sob from Ampora's direction.

Follow the path southeast as it approaches a river. A Dersite bridge crosses the river, but the path continues south. There's a chest by the bridge. Open it.

You got Game Grub Magazine!

This publication is absolutely dripping with exclusive grub leaks. Actually it's a pretty disgusting magazine.

Go back to the path and follow it south. A new area loads. You still stand on grass, but it's now the floor on top of a massive wall. Skaian clouds fill the sky around you, and chunks of the battlefield float in the air. Walk south, all the way to the end of the wall. Three prospitians in white clothes stand on the edge of the wall, which is made of yellow bricks. They're wearing white and lined up tallest to shortest. Examine them.

Is it... could it be???

It is! It's Problem Sleuth, Ace Dick, and Pickle Inspector, in their original prospitian attire! You knew it! You knew you would find them eventually! It's so great to meet ...

Wait.

This is not Problem Sleuth, Ace Dick, and Pickle Inspector. These are just some random Prospitians who are similarly proportioned.

#proportioned prospitians #........

You're beginning to think you'll never run into them.

Go north, back into the previous area, and cross the Dersite bridge. Halfway across, it fades to yellow. A biclops lusus stands just north of the bridge on the far side. As you exit, a troll in a jumpsuit with black legs and a yellow torso grinds across the railing. He wears a yellow helmet that covers the entire back of his head, more like a motorcycle helmet than a bike helmet. He has two sets of horns, like Sollux. As he gets to the end of the railing, he skids and lands on his face in the grass.

Just to the east of the fallen troll, the grassy area cuts off to reveal the skies of skaia beneath it.

Go to the troll. When you interact with him, three options appear.

Talk to Mituna.
Ask Mituna to Join.
Be Mituna.
Talk to Mituna

Mituna's talksprite appears when he speaks. He never stands still. He's always shaking or flailing and chattering his teeth, four of which are long fangs that stick over his bottom lip. Sometimes, he falls over. His helmet has a visor, which is split vertically into a red half and blue half. He speaks in yellow and like he's constantly keysmashing. He randomly replaces letters with numbers, which tend to follow an A to 4, S to 5, I to 1, T to 7, E to 3, O to 0, B to 8 structure for the most part. He also makes a lot of typos. The typos have been left, but the numbers have been changed back to the letter they probably are. Also, while the rest of the speech bubbles are styled after Tumblr, Mituna's have a faintly blue background and a non-functional check box in the corner, like original posts on 4chan

Meenah: hey bro
pretty nice stunt there
I offered a highfive but you sorta missed
#by about ten feet
Mituna: wahh ffff shithiht shit
#fffffffffttfhftff
Meenah: uh its cool g dont wig out
just take a rain check on it
more hand slaps where that came from you know?
Mituna: no leths doo thigs
grod
deaanm it i fefel down again
#lkgh;vasidoeinjdnioigpe
Meenah: uh no seriously
forget the highfive I dont wanna be responsible for you hurtin yourself
Mituna: goo fillet ur nook
Meenah: dude you are foul and unpleasant as ever
thought dyin might have took the edge off but guess not
Mituna: kiths my chagrin tunkel you snank azz chumbuckest
Meenah: man why you got to hate
and listen bro you better watch it with those slurs
#or tag em at least
unless you want kankri giving you tha biz
Mituna: im sorry
Meenah: ill keep this quick
come right out and ask
you ever get god tier tunaboy
Mituna: whahat
noge
maybe i meat
i dont dont
#??/?////s
Meenah: okaaay
look take off your rad shirt deal and lemme see if you got wings
Mituna: ehehhehetheethe yyes
thonght yodu never ask
bithch acame arounst to my wilies muthafucks!
#wilies #muh #fux
wait helup
#!!!!!!!!!!
help how doi take off my clotheth again?
(frowning face wearing glasses)
Meenah: yeah keep your shirt on you made that exchange beyond awful
Mituna: im sorry
Meenah: you know of anyone else who might be god tier in secret
Mituna: nobut i cloud gorganize a bobble wide sthipsearch starting with youo ethethhetethethe 
#boobyyeah!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
Meenah: you are the worst
Mituna: [Note: He says nothing, but it shows a scribbly drawing of him giving two middle fingers.]

Ask Mituna to join

Meenah: hey tuna you want to help me go kill haha I cant even finish this question while staying serious
Mituna: no buth what I do wank ith to mantaint precarious but mosthley sustained balance on my tight azz falldown slat mayfe grin don some shit
#spornts
Meenah: what will you grind on
Mituna: I volunteer that thing to be uoyuou
Meenah: gross bro dunno how latula even deals
Mituna: im sorry bute also fuch your and your fucky chumphy suckyfuck fronghumphing brinde stem rigth upe your shitfty phelsmsoaked probechuthe tilt iz suck azz bitich is suckky suchy fuckety suckhole fucky feukey fuck fuck fuck
#
Meenah: holy mackerel them was sick fires mostly
#at least the parts that were actual words hey isnt the afterlife supposed to heal people or I dont undersand why is it that pyrope still cant smell and you still got horrible brain problems dont tell me leijons still deaf I give up on figuring out the existential mysteries
Mituna: wader
Meenah: hey fuck you!!!
Kankri: I feel I should jump in here at this moment, before this escalates any further, and we start throwing around hateful rhetoric that we can't take back.
Meenah:
#aw shell no
Kankri: mituna, I know you often struggle with this, but you just used an extremely derogatory and hurtful caste-specific slur, which as you probably know was once commonly used to disparage sea-dwelling members of our society, or land-dwelling castes who were especially complicit in furthering the oppressive fuscia-down power structure. Now, we all need to realize that royal-vs and those rare few who are even higher such as meenah, as members of the aristocracy enjoy a
tremendous position of privilege over others, and therefore we cannot view such verbal transgressions against them as equivalent to those targeting the underprivileged, but it needs to be pointed out that such radioactive language is absolutely the worst kind of well-poisoning which is nothing but counterproductive when others are trying to pursue an honest dialogue about critically important social problems.

Mituna: 

Kankri: and meenah, while I can understand your frustration over being verbally assaulted under any circumstance, it is incumbent on me to remind you that mituna requires a certain amount of special consideration and more than a little patience. Please try to resist taking his bait, which I'm guessing is mostly well intended(?), Before its contentious undertow pulls you further into an exchange laden with deeply problematic expressions of ableism, ableist slurs, and other such manifestations of unconscionably unchecked ability privilege.

Mituna: 

Kankri: on the other hand, if I'm being honest, I've found mituna's entire existence to be a pretty problematic impediment to the advancement and overall awareness of ableism and its painful manifold consequences for unabilitied persons. The speech impediment, frankly, I could do without, and I'm by no means ecstatic over his torrential bigotry and hostility. On the one hand, I want to be sensitive to him as a person and as a friend, but on the other, what kind of message does his behavior send? And frankly, I'm not crazy about the helmet, either.

Mituna: 

Kankri: nothing, friend, it's a really cool helmet and it's a good look for you. But are we now to assume that all those who are stricken with your particular disadvantageon will be similarly prone to require such headgear, due to falling down and hitting their heads frequently?

Mituna: 

Kankri: oh, I know you do, and I think you should continue wearing it for your safety, particularly if you continue to insist on floundering about on your dangerous toy. It's more about the unfortunate message you are sending overall, with certain aspects of your personality and existence, that's all.

Mituna: 

Kankri: as a friend, I wouldn't want to change anything about you, well, not most things. I just think you may not be doing yourself or those who are similarly disadvantaged any favors with, what I'm hoping, is a perfectly innocent array of traits and mannerisms. But again, I say this with all due sensitivity.

Meenah: 

Kankri: anyway, I didn't mean to derail. I'll be on my way. Please continue your discussion, and try to keep some of the issues I described at length in mind.

Meenah: I hate all of my friends so fucking much

Be Mituna

You are now Mituna. You stand up and the song G4m38l0rg begins to play. (The title of the song is Game blorg when written without the numbers)

Talk to Meenah

Meenah: dogg before you even start with your junk I just wanna point out I can barely understand a
word you say
Mituna: im sorry
Meenah: like between your codawful quirk
and your variety of weird conflicting speech impediments
and the fact that even aside from all the shitty numbers you stick in words youre still misspellin
half a what you say
I just g.t.f.u.
#give strait the fuck up yo #uncle motherglubber
Mituna: bithich whay dont you shoove moy rad injurjy panel intho urr nasthty sexxxuale privast
parth orf pererfererance
Meenah: thank fuck you were never a major playa at least from my personal vantage over the
course a this ridicu huge narrative
#way minor character yo
probably woulda offed my shellf even schooner if I had to hear you talk much
#really too bad since you got the bestest fishiest name of anyone #(frowning face wearing a tiara
and goggles)  
Mituna: ................
sorry

Go to the biclops lusus.

This custodian really has his hands full, taking care of that guy. You kind of feel for the hideous
monster.

#biclops dad

Or at least that's your observation if you're being Meenah right now. If you're being Mituna, you
beg your enormous parental unit for some mind honey. The huge beast grunts dismissively and
bops you on the helmet. You fall on your ass and throw a tantrum.

#but what if im cronus? #lets not worry about that ok

Walk north, along the river, towards where you enter a new area.

Where do you think You're going! This is Meenah's interactive quest through the afterlife. You can
only leave this area if you're being her!

#nice try

Walk back towards Meenah. This trip, spot a chest sitting near a large rock.

You got a Club Key!

Walk back to the door and use the club key. A grey club appears in the bottom right quadrant. Now
go back to

Walk south, to the bottom of the screen, then west, into some bushes. Surprisingly, you can walk
under the bushes. After a short distance, you stop moving. Press space. An option to open
something appears.

Can't open it! Maybe if you try with someone else...

Go talk to Cronus.

Cronus: hey, chief. Looking good today. Is that a new helmet?
Mituna: no u fu ckthththhh
#iglvnlnoizixjoinova
Cronus: easy there, it was a joke. Of course its not a new helmet. What, do you think im retar...
Um, short on common sense?
Mituna: no
Cronus: did you see meenah go by?
Mituna: no
Cronus: she went that way, didnt she?
Mituna: no
Cronus: are you sure?
Mituna: no
Cronus: listen mate, I dont mean to call you a liar, but I saw her walk up to you. #liar
Mituna: no
#no
Cronus: I was spying on both of you from behind the hive over there. I saw you do a seriously groovy face plant off the railing.
Mituna: no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no
#no #no #no #no #no #no #no #no #no #no #no
Cronus: hahaha. Youre really priceless, captor. Have I ever told you what a cool cat I think you are?
Mituna: why are you touchino me?
Cronus: but what im trying to say is, you dont judge like the others. Well, ok, you do, but I cant really take your vitriol that seriously because you are so obviously retar... Reticent with your true emotions. Like for instance, who could I confide in when I began to fully come to terms with this feeling deep inside that I was actually a human "born" in the body of a troll, but never realized it until learning about the humans? Nobody. Except you, of course. You dont care that I am human kin. You dont mock me for it and trivialize my tragic existence. Well, you do, but the point im trying to make is that when you mock me it doesnt actually mean anything, because everything you say is such putrid nonsense.
Mituna: no
#friendship
Cronus: but what im trying to say is, you dont judge like the others. Well, ok, you do, but I cant really take your vitriol that seriously because you are so obviously retar... Reticent with your true emotions. Like for instance, who could I confide in when I began to fully come to terms with this feeling deep inside that I was actually a human "born" in the body of a troll, but never realized it until learning about the humans? Nobody. Except you, of course. You dont care that I am human kin. You dont mock me for it and trivialize my tragic existence. Well, you do, but the point im trying to make is that when you mock me it doesnt actually mean anything, because everything you say is such putrid nonsense.
Mituna: why wont the weird touching stop
#(frowning face wearing glasses)
Cronus: but what im trying to say is, you dont judge like the others. Well, ok, you do, but I cant really take your vitriol that seriously because you are so obviously retar... Reticent with your true emotions. Like for instance, who could I confide in when I began to fully come to terms with this feeling deep inside that I was actually a human "born" in the body of a troll, but never realized it until learning about the humans? Nobody. Except you, of course. You dont care that I am human kin. You dont mock me for it and trivialize my tragic existence. Well, you do, but the point im trying to make is that when you mock me it doesnt actually mean anything, because everything you say is such putrid nonsense.
#friendship
Cronus: what? No, come on guy. Im just giving you a friendly little shoulder massage, with one hand, like this. See? In a way that seems very casual, like "bros" do. Please dont make this more
awkward than it needs to be.
Mituna: im sorry
Cronus: I forgive you.
now hold that thought. Im going to see if I can go catch up with meenah. Dont follow me, because obviously youre going to cramp my style. How does my hair look? Never mind, you dont know what youre talking about, ill just use your reflective visor to check myself out. Yes, looking great. #coolscar
Mituna: can I come with you
Cronus: jeepers, youre a thick headed fella. I just told you to stay put. Im going to try out some especially bold moves on peixes over there, really put out the vibe, you dig? I dont think I need to remind you that your presence will be like spraying the area with libidocide.
Mituna: what
Cronus: uh, beforus to captor. Hello, this is mission control, is anything getting through that helmet? I am saying that your presence is sexual poison, and if you are drooling nearby while I chat her up, she will become distracted and have trouble picturing me naked. As a wing man, I must say, you are a true fucking disgrace.
#true #fucking #disgrace
Mituna: im sorry
#(frowning face wearing glasses)
Cronus: please stop apologizing so much, its really unattractive. At this point even im not sure if I want to sleep with you.
Cronus: now before I go, I just need to think of a good way to break the ice. Oh, I've got it! Ill open with some jokes about how hilarious it was when you fell on your face over there, and what absolutely incredible fuckup you are on every level.
Cronus: thank you for the inspiration, friend.
Be Cronus?
Yes
The song changes to Violet Prince.
Talk to Mituna
Cronus: oh, I almost forgot. I've been working on a song I think you might...
Mituna: your music is shit and I fucking hate you
Cronus: wow, hahaha. Fair enough.
really, thats totally fair. Hurtful beyond my ability to capture with language, but fair.
but seriously, stay here. Im going to go work my "magic" on peixes. Not literally of course, because as I learned through a series of crushing revelations during my adolescence, magic isnt real.
#just so over the wizarding scene
wait here, try not to fall down, and above all, try not to be seen.
Mituna: alright

As Cronus, head to the chest under the bushes and open it.
Hussie appears as if he floated out of the chest.
Hey Eridan! Or whatever your name is! I'll go on a date with you!!!
Cronus: you will?
Absolutely. I find you attractive, and your personality is basically tolerable to me.
Cronus: um... alright, sure. guess beggars cant be choosers.
Walk out of the bushes. Cronus now follows you. Go to the seahorse lusus.

Sorry bro, I was only using you to get close to your beautiful floating seahorse!
Giddyup, seahorse dad. Up, up, and away!
#Nyeigh

Hussie sits on the back of the lusus and they float away.

Cronus: this is literally the worst case scenario for my feelings.
Go east, back over the bridge, to where Meenah is.

Wait... where'd she go? Dang it. Looks like she ditched you again.

#story of your life #this is probably Captain Helmet's fault #you should go grill him

Go back to Mituna.
Grill Mituna

Cronus: hey! I thought I told you to stay put.
Mituna: wthfft?
Cronus: I told you to stay here in exactly this spot.
Mituna: I di
#d
Cronus: well, she was gone. Someone must have frightened her away.
you must have spaced out and wandered into view briefly. She probably got one look at you and
couldnt split fast enough.
Mituna: no I stayed here like you thaid
Cronus: wonderful. This is just exactly what I needed, what with all my frayed emotions lately.
Thanks a lot, "buddy."
Mituna: im sorry
Cronus: no youre not. Youre lying.
your whole bifurcated demeanor is such an act. Half the time you are noxious and
incomprehensible, and the other half you are mild and contrite? Sure, "pal."
as if im not so on to you. You only pretend to say youre sorry to get girls to like you more. Sure
seems like pyropes a sucker for the ruse. Like im not familiar with those tactics. who do you think
wrote the book on that??
Mituna: I dont know wow wrote the book
Cronus: be quiet. I really dislike the sound of you.
do you realize because of you, it may be epochs before I get another shot with her? You just had to
crawl out of the bushes and shit your space suit in plain sight.
Mituna: im sorry
Cronus: I said shut up. Do you have any idea what a man of my class would do if a mustard blood
like you spoke to me this way on alternia? Honestly, sometimes I think I was hatched in the wrong
universe, let alone the wrong body.
I am so sick of having to pretend to treat you with the dignity you wouldnt deserve even if you
could count the scars on my forehead. You couldnt tell me the answer if I asked what your favorite
number was.
Mituna: two!!11!!!!111!!!!!1111111
Cronus: dont interrupt. Youre a horrible friend and a horrible person.
Mituna: [note: a drawing of a sad mituna]
Cronus: latula is only with you out of pity. She doesnt have real feelings for you. No one could.
Mituna: [note: the same drawing of a sad mituna]
Cronus: you are a brain damaged reject on a team full of rejects. A rejects reject. I would have
culled you myself if that word meant what it should have on our planet.
Meenah: ahem
Cronus: whoah uh
meenah!
wow... Hmm.
wow
how long uh...
were you standing there?
Meenah: douche

You are still Cronus, but Meenah now stands between you and the locked door. Talk to Mituna again.

Cronus: welp.
I fucked up with her, probably beyond repair this time.
Mituna: ahaahahahahah
#lauguh #laguugh #lugahgh #luagh #luaghguha
Cronus: guess ill attempt ghost suicide yet again.
of course by which I mean, tell people I did, to win sympathy points.
Mituna: doesth hat work
Cronus: not really.
Mituna: why donk you try it
Cronus: what... with you?
Mituna: yeth
Cronus: well, this is clearly absurd, but nyeh, what the heck.
mituna, I just cant take it anymore. I think my ghost is going to kill itself.
Mituna: whowah lets fuck!!!!!
Cronus: wait...
really?
Mituna: no oyo pieshe off indiot fugging garabage
#fuckyoufuckyoufuckyoufuckyoufuckyou
Cronus: oh.

Talk to Meenah.

Meenah: yo that was some scuzzy repartee there even for you crodog
Cronus: the last thing my feelings need is your harsh judgment. i just cant handle that, on top of
everything else youve done to me.
Meenah: what the fuck else i done to you??
Cronus: you ignored me.
Meenah: ugh
Cronus: this is serious. please dont dismiss my emotions like that.
look, i have an especially tortured and confused sole. i reelly cant afjord anemone more greef from
you.
#eh? #ehhhh?
Meenah: i cannot
Believe
you are doing my fish pun thing while youre still tryin to hit on me
Cronus: nyeh. worth a shot.
Meenah: dont ever say a fish thing again or ill gut you
Cronus: you know, youre being a bit hypocritical here, dont you think?
Meenah: what
Cronus: taking me to task for ripping captor a sorely deserved new nook.
like you arent even more guilty of abusing the poor fella.
Meenah: youre such a glubbin liar
Cronus: oh am i?
tell me, pray tell, who was it exactly, in which alternate universe, that used grownup captor as a
living warp drive in her spaceship for millenia?
#helmsman
Meenah: hey that wasnt me
i mean
not yet... uh
alternate ways
#(blank face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Cronus: oh sure. no grub sauce on your hands!
Meenah: wow you did it
ampora you totally changed my mind about you lets start makin out immediately
#not
Cronus: just admit it. you have it within you to be just as harsh to our behelmented buddy as i am, if
not more.
#helmchan
Meenah: man
a girls gotta have fuel for her pimp ride know what im sayin
like
i probably took care of him good
you know how it is someones gotta take care of the guy anyways
and... yeah
#(frowning face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Cronus: oh, how the rationalizations begin to flow when it suits your over inflated ego. so very
typical of the kind of people who reject me.
#i.e. literally everyone
Meenah: at least i dont think im an alien
Cronus: what? what are you talking about?
Meenah: look at you all frontin in that stupid getup
with your slicked hair and that dumb little wand in your mouth
Cronus: excuse me. its not a wand. you know perfectly well my wizarding days are behind me. its
called a "human cigarette" and apparently youre supposed to set it on fire.
although if you ask me, burning it seems like a waste of a perfectly good and cool "cigarette."
Meenah: i heard a rumor you think youre a human now
that true
Cronus: its a private matter. i dont see why i should have to talk about it with you, and open myself
up to more of your judgmental scorn.
Meenah: sounds like another desperate cry for attention imo
Kankri: I feel I should jump in here at this moment, Meenah, before you inadvertently shame
Cronus for his extremely delicate feelings of species dysphoria.
Cronus: no, kankri... man, you dont need to jump in here and defend me like this. i got it.
Meenah: aaaaand im gone
you bros can figure out your boring feelings without me
Cronus: meenah wait... aw man. just like that, shes out of my life again. you had to go and fuck it
up for me, didnt you? some "friends" i have.
Kankri: Listen, I was doing you a favor. You dont need to be dating anyone who cant appreciate
you for who you really are, or more importantly, which fantasy version of yourself you most
strongly identify with.
Cronus: yeah, youre probably right. she doesnt appreciate me. so few of you cats do, really.
#even the ones who literally identify as cats
to be honest, she might be right. sometimes i think i might only be saying im a human to get attention. maybe i should give it up.

Kankri: I'd be extremely disappointed to hear that, if it were true. That would be such a slap in the face to all those who know themselves to be an alien while trapped in the pedestrian body of their own race. It would be unspeakably invalidating of their struggles and massively triggering to their emotions.

#TW #invalidated struggles #triggered emotions

but fortunately, I know you would never stoop as low as that. You understandably have doubts about your feelings and probably downplay them as a defense mechanism, since so few are prepared to recognize the legitimacy of your plight. but I am, and I just wanted you to know that I'm here for you, and am prepared to lecture to you extensively, I mean, listen to you extensively, about your ultra-important problem.

Cronus: wow. thanks, pal.

you're right. my feelings really are real. not fake, like the huge disappointing fraud that magic turned out to be.

i guess the truth is, deep down i always knew i was a 1950s-style human greaser.

i just needed to finally be introduced to human culture to make sense of those feelings.

Kankri: Wonderful. I'm so happy you have found the light of truth within yourself. Now join me in tagging our discussion with righteous warnings, as we consecrate your disadvantage in the holy annals of Problematics.

Be Mituna. The song changes back to Glamblorg. Talk to Cronus

Mituna: hey bro wantho here some sthlam poetry I made
he just broke my skate board in half and walked away

Be Meenah. As Meenah, head back over the bridge and go north, to the room you couldn't go to as Mituna. A new area loads. You now stand on another grassy area amid a few strange plants and reddish rocks. The grass area narrows in a stair-stepping manner. At its narrowest point, which is still a dozen or so feet wide, it leads out onto a massive floating lily pad. There's a chest near the right edge of the grass. Open it.

You got a Tarot Deck!

Any aspiring seer would be crazy not to keep one of these on hand. Maybe you'll try selling it to Kankri later, or that talkative broad in the orange nightgown.

#highly desirable merchandise

Go north, onto the lily pad. A pink flower is half-open in the center of it and chunks of the battlefield float off to the side. It connects to another, slightly smaller lily pad to the northeast. There's a blue bubble on the second lily pad. Examine it.

This does not contain your memory. Only Meulin can access this bubble.

Head north, to another lily pad with an orange flower. Two more lily pads come off of it. One goes north and one goes west. To the right of the flower is a chest and to the left is a very odd looking troll. He has wild hair and wavy horns, like Gamzee. His face is painted with grey and white juggalo makeup. He's wearing a bodysuit with bones printed on it to make him look like a skeleton, a pair of purple underwear, and purple shoes. There are lines over his mouth. When you interact with him, three options appear.

Talk to Kurloz.
Ask Kurloz to join.
Be Kurloz.

Talk to Kurloz

[Note: Kurloz's name is written in purple, but a brighter purple than Gamzee's. His lips are sewn shut and his makeup looks almost skull-like. There are dark grey sections on his cheeks which make them look hollow. Above and between his eyes is also dark grey, making them look like malformed eye sockets. Most of the time he just smiles.]

Meenah: yo freak remember me
Kurloz: #(smiley face with a round nose)
Meenah: so
so what kinda conversation could we even have that wouldn't be weird and awkward
Kurloz: #(smiley face with a round nose)
Meenah: i sea
got anyfin for me other than an eerie glare and a gross stiched up smile
Kurloz: #(smiley face with a round nose)
Meenah: what's the wicked word these days
Kurloz: [Note: He gives Meenah a middle finger and frowns.]
#(smiley face with a round nose)
Meenah: shit be cold home skillet

Ask Kurloz to join

Meenah: so i guess i want you to join my army
maybe
if you promise you aint gonna be too capricious or clown ass batshit or whatever
Kurloz: [Note: He shakes his head and waves his hand in a 'no' gesture.]
#(smiley face with a round nose)
Meenah: well least your honest about it
got any crazy chucklevoodoo tips on how to kill a cherub?
Kurloz: [Note: He shrugs.]
#(smiley face with a round nose)
Meenah: so
nothing to say as usual then
Kurloz: [Note: He makes a motion like zipping his lips, then smiles.]
#(smiley face with a round nose)
Meenah: its awesome we had this talk

Be Kurloz

You wouldn't even know how to begin being this oddball. Best to just leave him alone.

Go to the west lily pad. There's a pink flower and a chest. Open the chest.

A white, humanoid doll with several pins stuck in its head floats out.

You got a Juju!

A Voodoo Doll to be exact. You wonder what happens if you pull one of these pins...
Nah, better leave them be. Got a bad feeling about this thing. Really bad, uh... what's the word you're looking for. Bad...

Mojo?

#whatever you say

Go to the chest on Kurloz's lily pad.

You got a Spade Key!

Head to the north lily pad. It's empty, but it connects to a smaller one with a blue flower and a chest, which then connects to a massive one to the north. Open the chest.

A chess board with a few red and green pieces floats out of the chest.

You got a Juju!

Looks to be a Chess Set, to be specific. It's quite lovely. But...

A bunch of the pieces are missing. (sad face)

Head to the large lily pad. This one has a yellow flower, a large cat lusus with three mouths, and three chests lined up on the northwest edge. Go to the lusus.

mrrrr... 

#cat mom

Open the chests from left to right.

You got an Olive Potion!

This is supposed to be a love potion. Just one sip and Augh, It's Just More Nasty Troll Blood. What the hell is going on here? Who is even bottling this stuff?

Oh well, you'll hang on to it anyway. Maybe you'll be able to con some lovestruck sucker out of a whole mess of boonies for this slop.

#hustlin

(O.T.O.H., if you're not Meenah right now you just chuck it off the lily pad.)

A pink teapot with cats on it floats out of the next chest.

You got a Teapot!

mmmm

chameowmile

#(cat face)

Nepeta's blue claws float out of the next chest.

You got a pair of Action Claws!
Whoa, easy there... you could accidentally grab one of them firmly, and then drag it across your face diagonally if you're not careful.

Head northwest, where another lily pad comes off of the large one. This one is the last in the line. On it, there is a memory bubble, a chest, and a troll. The troll has long, bushy hair and short-ish, triangular horns. She's wearing a long sleeve, collared black shirt under an olive green tee shirt with a black leo symbol on the chest, a knee-length black pencil skirt, olive socks, and black shoes. A blue tail trails on the ground behind her.

Go look at the bubble.

This does not contain your memory. Only Kurloz can access this bubble.

Open the chest.

You got a Heart Key!

Go to the troll. When you interact with her, three options appear.

Talk to Meulin.
Ask Meulin to join.
Be Meulin.

Talk to Meulin.

[Note: Meulin speaks in all caps olive green text, replaces E with 3, makes gratuitous cat puns, and prefices every statement with a cat emoticon of some sort, usually the very cutesy ones that involve Japanese characters. These will be translated to the best of my ability, but some are... strange.]

Meenah: sup meu
Meulin: (very smiley cat face with eyes pinched shut and whiskers) eeeeeeeeee!!!!!!!!!! (smiling cat face with perked up ears) gomgomgogomgogmmgomgogmogmogmogmogmogmogmogmogmog. Mog!!! #em #oh #gee
Meenah: whoa leijon
your rumble spheres
clam those suckas this instant
Meulin: (cat face with pursed lips and perked up ears) no. (happy cat with whiskers) I will not clam them. (smiling cat face with perked ears and whiskers waving its arms in the air) they will stay wildly and gleefurry unclammed, because, and I repeat: (gasping cat face with perked ears and a raised tail) mog.
Meenah: mog
Meulin: (happy cat with whiskers) mog, meenah. (cat turned to the side with perked ears, one paw raised, and a wiggling tail) mog!!!!!!!!! #(cat face with two mouths)
Meenah: idgi
Meulin: (blank cat face with perked ears and its tail up) meenah. Mog could not be any simpler. #unless spelled correctly
Meenah: dude fuck mog
h wait you mean omg
Meulin: (smiling cat face with perked ears and whiskers) (very smiley, blushing cat face with perked ears and whiskers)
Meenah: well fuck that too
I know you can't physically monitor the volume of your piercing fangirly shrieks but try to keep it down
like just be normal excited for once
Meulin: (blank cat face with perked ears)
Meenah: or
should I say
"fur pounce"
#winking face wearing a tiara
Meulin: (smiling cat face with whiskers) eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!!
#so many ee's
(gasping cat face with perked ears) meenah I missed you soooooo muuuuuuuuch! Why didn't we ever hang out when we were alive???
(staring cat face with perked ears and whiskers) I had so much time to pawnder that and it's one of my deepest regrets.
Meenah: it was probably cause you didn't like me very much
but s'chool no one really did
Meulin: (cat face with a nose, perked ears, and whiskers) whaat. That's not true! I'm sure I liked you! Didn't I?
#you were involved in some of my finest ships!
Meenah: I mean I did try to kill you a couple times
Meulin: (cat face with pursed lips and perked up ears) you did? I don't remember that...
Meenah: water under the crossing trestle
Meulin: (gasping cat face with perked ears) yes!!!
(blank cat face with perked ears and raised tail) but, um, if you tried to kill me, shouldn't I be the one to say that to you?
Meenah: ...
Meenah: lejayjay how about you shut up and go back to being excited to see me
#feel free to unclam those tatas
Meulin: (Crying blank cat face with whiskers)
[Note: Meulin moves her hand in quick finger spelling, but it doesn't translate to anything. For example, this time she spells L A Y U D, a flat handshape with her ring finger bent down at the middle knuckle, D A Y U R D, bent-ring-finger handshape, and so on. It doesn't spell anything out. In the text box, it shows a gif of Marceline of Adventure Time holding her head and swaying happily.]
[Note: Faster signing, Stephen Colbert dancing]
[Note: More fingerspelling, Usagi Tsukino and Minako Aino of Sailor Moon with hearts for eyes]
Meenah: can we plz cool it on the shitty mimes tho
seriously cant understand what your tryin to say half the time
#the literal worst form of communication ever
Meulin: (smiling cat face with perked ears and whiskers) we have to catch up right away. You missed out on so much while you were gone!
#"catch" #!!! #Like a fish! #See I'm your friend!!!
Meenah: did I really
to be conchnerst that sounds mad unlikely
you would not even believe the boring conversations I just slogged through with some a you glubbin windbaggers
#even ones where I technically wasn't even "being me"
Meulin: (happy cat with whiskers) you sooo did though. We've all been through a lot together since we died. I believe we've made a lot of progress in dealing with our purrsonal issues and putting our old difurrences behind us.
#eternity has only strengthened my commitment to cat puns!!! #(Cat face with two mouths)
Meenah: don't sound like you put much time into your fightin skills though y'all do realize you might be on the verge of dying again right?
Meulin: (cat face with a nose, perked ears, and whiskers) and the shipping!!!!!!!!!

omg meenah, the shiiiiiiiiipping! (Crying cat face with whiskers) (celebrating cat face with whiskers) (smiling cat face with perked ears and whiskers) (smiling cat face with perked ears) you won't even believe who got together over the sweeps. And the quadrants! The quadrants they paired up in... It will blow. Your. Mind.

(happy cat with whiskers) I don't think I can even convey how much... I just...
#don't #i...
(cat face with pursed lips and perked up ears) I can't.
#no #that's it
(cat face with perked ears, whiskers, and arms out) I am completely unable to can right now.
#have exactly zero cans
Meenah: (blank face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Meulin: (crying cat face with whiskers) you don't understand, meenah. The feels.
#fEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
#mimes incoming!!!
[note: rapid signing and a gif of boxes superimposed with "feels" falling on a man.]
[note: more signing and a gif of a woman laying down while crying and holding a hand over her eyes]
[note: more signing with a gif of Cole Phelps from L.A. Noire glitching so he goes stiff and falls backwards down some stairs with "#feelings" superimposed above him.]

Meenah: had a suspicion this chat would devolve into gossip about who banged who let me know if you wanna catch up on actual relevant shit some time
#heres ma math #yall got shell phones here right
holla at ya girl meumix

Ask Meulin to join

Meenah: so tell me
what exactly the bullshit reason you cant join me to go fight lord bad guy
Meulin: (blank cat face with perked ears) you want me to go fight that guy with you???
(gasping cat face with perked ears) oh but I do not think that will be fleasible...
Meenah: noooooo shit
Meulin: (cat face with perked ears and whiskers) I don't want to completely wash my paws of the idea, but I just have so many balls of yarn in the air right now.
(cat turned to the side with perked ears, whiskers, one paw raised, and its tail held stiff) so many potential ships to juggle. A busy hypothetical matchmaker's job is never done!
Meenah: that isn't anything even close to resemblin a real responsibility
Meulin: (cat face with a nose, perked ears, and whiskers) I don't want you to think I don't give a lick about joining your fight, but I just don't think I will be very useful!
(cat turned to the side with perked ears, one paw raised, and a wiggling tail) by the way, "lick" was a subtle cat pun.
Meenah: dunno it doesn't sound like you give much a carp about anyfin that isn't shipping or sayin cat things
btw "sound" was a subtle pun pertainin to oceanic geography
#also #carp' is a fish #and 'anyfin' is just a thing I say all the time duh
Meulin: (smiling cat face with perked ears) come oooooooooon meenah, don't you want to relax just a nip before you go right off to roughhive some more?
(gasping cat face with perked ears) I heard you have taken a keen interest in kankri's ancestor.
Meenah: sunnuva fish
Meulin: (cat face turned to look at meenah with perked ears, whiskers, one paw held up and the
other on its hip) well, meenah? Is that true?
#hmmm?????????
Meeanah: even if it was true
which it is the very definition of aint
how the shit could you have even heard something like that already
#not literally heard #w ur ears #yaknowatimean
Meeulin: (very smiley cat face with whiskers) heeeeee! It's true, I just know it!!!!!!!!!
(cat face with whiskers and crossed out eyes) dies
#*is dead*
Meeanah: yes please do that
Meeulin: (gasping cat face with whiskers, one paw raised and its tail held up) do you want me to set
you up with him? Before you say no, I urge you not to underestimate the power of my romantic
sorceries.
(gasping cat face with perked ears and its tail held up) you have been out of the loop for a long
time, so you have no idea what kind of miracles have been wrought by the mage of heart!
(blushing smiley cat face with whiskers) now, before I work my magic, we should get one thing
clear. Is your yearning red or black?
(crying, smiley cat face with whiskers) I am only asking to be absolutely certain, but methinks
there is barely any doubt about it. Sommmeone is waxing scarlet for a loud, younger kankri,
hmmmmmmmmmm?
Meeanah: leijon
are you readin my lips
pretend you can hear me and that im saying this so loud your kittycat ears hurt
shhut thhhe fuuuuck uuup
Meeulin: (smiling cat face with perked ears)
Meeanah: dont set me up with anemonebouy kay
#anemonebouy #(two left arrows) how fishpuns be done #bouyeah
just keep it in your friendfics
write about us doin it or whatever just shut up
Meeulin: (gasping cat face with perked ears) ohhh. Geee. Emmm.
(happy cat with whiskers) I have the best idea for a fic like that.
(cat turned to the side with perked ears, one paw raised, and a wiggling tail) but don't worry, my
policksy with such licentious material is the same as it's always been. I will not show a soul until I
have shown it to you and the younger vantas, and you both appurrve. I promise!!!
Meeanah: yay another worthless conversation under ma belt!
#belt w a bedazzled fuchsia strap and a solid gold buckle
time to bounce

Be Meeulin.

You are now Meeulin. The song Olive Rogue begins to play.

Talk to Meeanah.

Meeanah: what
Meeulin: (smiling cat face with perked ears) oh!!!!!!!!!! I meant to ask...
(smiling cat face with perked ears, whiskers and arms thrown in the air) have you met the humans
yet?
Meeanah: yeah
Meeulin: (blushing smiley cat face with whiskers) omg aren't the just so perf???
Meeanah: nah
don't see what the big deal with em is
Meeulin: (cat face with pursed lips and perked up ears) meenah, no.
(sighing cat face with closed eyes and perked ears) they are all so perfectly adorable.
(smiling cat face with perked ears) each is literallly more precious and purrfect than the last.
Meenah: if only you could hear how bonkers you sound
Meulin: (cat turned to the side with perked ears, one paw raised, and a wiggling tail) meenah.
Meenah. No.
#meenah.
(blank cat face with perked ears and tail raised) you don't understand.
(gasping cat face with whiskers, one paw raised, and tail held up) they are my babies.
Meenah: wtf's a babie
Meulin: (happy cat with whiskers) they are my perfect precious gay little babies!!!!!!!!!
Meenah: uh
whats gay
Meulin: (very smiley cat face with whiskers) it's a thing that human babies are sometimes I think!
Meenah: cant even deal w this meu
#failing to can #when it comes to dealin w it
Meulin: (gasping cat face with perked ears) oh and do you even have the slightest idea what the
shipping implicatpuns are???
(smiling cat face with perked ears, whiskers, one paw raised, and tail held up) by adding the
humans into the picture, both pre-scratch and scratch-post, it has increased the pairing pawsibilities
exponentenially!
(sighing cat face with closed eyes and perked ears) it's really been overwhelming, I can't even...
(cat face with pursed lips and perked up ears) I just
#no
(zoned out cat face with whiskers) that's it.
#i can't
(crying cat face with a nose and whiskers) I'm so done.
[note: she frowns and signs rapidly. A gif of a guy stepping out of a window in a conference room
next to superimposed "i'm done"]
[note: she smiles again and signs more. A gif of an octopus tightly curled up and walking along sea
bed under a superimposed "nope nope nope nope"]
[note: more signing. A gif of abraham simpson of the simpsons walking into a room, hanging up
his hat, noticing bart simpson, then immediately turning around, taking his hat, and leaving again.)
Meenah: hate to change the subject
#not really
but I kinda side stepped past kurloz back there whilst granting him a wide berth
#didnt wanna get tangled up in his hair
he obviously wont say a thing to me which is probs for tha best
but since he actually talks to you maybe you can answer stuff
Meulin: (very smiley cat face with whiskers) like what!
#hair poofing tips?
Meenah: like do you know if hes god tier
im building this army and its going horribubbly so far and im sure it would be unimaginably
horrendous havin him along but I needs all the muscle I can get know what im sayin
Meulin: (blank cat face turned away from meenah) I actually don't know!
(smiling cat face with perked ears and whiskers) yes we are pretty close, but you know how he is.
He's still very sneakretive and still loves making riddles out of everything.
(smiling cat face with perked ears and whiskers) he's been very excited lately. He feels that so
many of his spooky religion's prophecies are on the verge of coming true, and the stars are coming
into felinement.
(smiling cat face with perked ears and whiskers) remember how he used to go on and on about the
messiahs, angels of double death, and all that wacky stuff?
Meenah: yeah we always had way waaay too many religious nutjobs in our party
so I always tunad him trout
#moar slamin puns #or should I say... #Salmon
back when he could talk at least
then he did us all the psycho favor of sewing his mouth shut so it was win win
#angels of double win more like
Meulin: (blank cat face) heh. I suppose.
Meenah: please dont take this for interest in shippin talk
but you and he arent a red item anymore right
Meulin: (very smiley cat face with whiskers) oh no no no that was a long time ago.
(very smiley cat face with whiskers) we're just really good friends now. We hang out and joke around all the time. He even helps me with my grids!
Meulin: (cat turned to the side with perked ears, one paw raised, and a wiggling tail) generally I stick to the red matchups while he advises on black. He's eerily talented at picking blackrom pairs! Probably even better than me...
Meenah: dag what a boring fact
but its cool youre good fronds still
I thought I picked up heavy planktonic vibes from you
now why dontcha run along and talk to him
make use a your mutually compatible disabilities for communicatin and whatnot
#unabilitied mofos errywhere
[note: she purses her lips and it shows a gif of batman putting a glass tube over his head while "conversation over" appears]

Still as Meulin, walk south to Kurloz.

Talk to Kurloz.

Meulin: [Note: signing and a gif of Totodile of Pokemon with hearts for eyes]
Kurloz: [Note: two-handed signing and a gif of a man dancing with a knife in his mouth and playing cards in his hands]
#(smiley face with a round nose)
Meulin: [Note: signing and a gif zooming in on a surprised-looking bird of prey]
Kurloz: [Note: two handed signing and a gif of a man opening a door and reacting very negatively to what he sees]
#(smiley face with a round nose)
Meulin: [Note: signing and a gif of a woman high-fiving herself and poinings off-camera]
Kurloz: [Note: two handed signing and a gif of an Ewok named Wicket hugging a small blonde boy.)
#(smiley face with a round nose)
Meulin: [Note: signing and a gif of Usagi Tsukino of Sailor Moon with a very odd look on her face. Maybe she's shouting?]
[Note: signing and a gif of a button labelled "Unsee" being pressed repeatedly]
Kurloz: [Note: two handed signing and a gif of The Doctor from Doctor Who standing in the rain with a sad look on his face]
#(smiley face with a round nose)
[Note: two handed signing and a gif of Gamzee's cod piece]
#(smiley face with a round nose)

Give Kurloz a Cod Piece?

Yes.

You don't have a Cod Piece! You have not obtained such exquisite finery yet. Perhaps you should
do a bit more treasure hunting?

Walk south, to the dreambubble Meenah couldn't access.

You remember spending a fair amount of your time hopping around these lily pads. Once you stumbled on a treasure so rare, so incredible, you could find neither the words nor the mimes to describe it. Alas, you lost it. Could this be the gateway to that special memory?

A set of white stairs appears east of you. They lead down onto a small lily pad with a single chest on it. Open the chest.

You got a Cod Piece!

So soft, so inviting... you are fighting the temptation to wear it right now with all your might. If the crotch was any more forgiving, it would be canonized by the Vatican.

Go back and talk to Kurloz again. It's the same conversation of gifs, so we'll skip to the end.

Give Kurloz a Cod Piece?

Yes

Kurloz's eyes begin to flash various shades of purple and his face is flat. The text box turns black with a purple border and his words are written in a large font made of bones and in all caps. Unlike any other conversation between characters, his text is not preceded by his name. Only text from Hussie or information text to the player lacks this, usually. It has been put in for ease of reading.

Kurloz: excellent work, my mage
with this most righteous mother fuckin pelvic apparel, the wicked ensemble is now complete
it must be delivered to the bard of rage at once, so that he may continue our mirthful mother fuckin work

Meulin's eyes flash the same color and she looks almost hypnotized.

Meulin: (zoned out cat face with whiskers) all hail the one true messiah.
#otm #rydas and ninjettes represent
Kurloz: long live the angel of double death
Meulin: (zoned out cat face with whiskers) may the bard's riotous chucklevoodoos inspire
tightmares in all who would oppaws calicorn, and may the jocularkitty of his vast honk ring loud
and mother fuckin true all the way to shangri lol.
#much clown love
Kurloz: church. Ok, thats enough of mother fuckin that pious noise
time to rendezvous with my homie killa and drop the special science on him
Meulin: (zoned out cat face with whiskers) may this ludicrous pair of shorts assniffst his holy
mission, and flummox all who would catst their unworthy gaze pon its fresh fuckin bulge.
Kurloz: ay mother fuckin men, my wicked kittybitch

You are now Kurloz.

Talk to Meulin

The text box is normal again, and Kurloz's text is back to the standard font and size as well. His eyes don't flash and he smiles again.
Kurloz: (smiley face with a round nose) [Note: he waves.]

Meulin's eyes don't flash either.

Meulin: (zoned out cat face with whiskers, one paw raised, and its tail held up) Whew... (blank cat face with perked ears) kurzorz, my head feels really foggy. (blank cat face with perked ears) what just happened? I don't even remember walking over here. #did we just toke on some bad nip or something?

Kurloz: [Note: two handed signing and a gif of the Joker from The Dark Knight clapping] 
#(smiley face with a round nose)

Meulin: (very smiley cat face with whiskers) Heeheehee!!! You're right, I shouldn't worry about it. [Note: signing and a gif of Madara of Natsume Yuujinchou, a cat from an anime, dancing]

Kurloz: [Note: two handed signing and a gif of the G-Man of Half-Life with his arms glitching and knocking a computer off a desk] 
#(smiley face with a round nose)

Meulin: [Note: signing and a gif of Princess Bubblegum of Adventure Time flipping a table with a potted plant on it]

Kurloz: [Note: two handed signing and a gif of a woman watching a man kick over a potted plant, then turning to the camera with a sad look on her face] 
#(smiley face with a round nose)

Meulin: [Note: signing and a gif of a performer kissing her hand and pointing out to the audience while mouthing 'I love you']

Kurloz: (smiley face with a round nose)

Meulin: (cat turned to the side with perked ears and a wiggling tail) what's that? You have to go run an errand? (blushing, smiling cat face with perked ears and whiskers) okeedokee, have fun!

Kurloz: [Note: two handed signing and a gif of Homer Simpson of The Simpsons backing into a bush]

As Kurloz, head north, towards Meenah. As you get close, you stop and a text box appears. Kurloz speaks in his purple bones against a black background, again without his name preceding them. He stares out of the screen, like he's talking directly to you.

there is no need to approach the young misguided empress she remains blissfully unaware of the machinations which transpire between the heroes of rage let her try to raise her pathetic army of souls. She will be double slain by our lord like all the other mirthless heretics [note: he moves his hands across his throat in a cutting motion.] honk [note: he smacks one fist into his other palm.] honk [note: this honk is even larger and his eyes begin to flash purple.]

Still as Kurloz, and without speaking to Meenah, go to the bubble at the north end of the last lily pad.

You've kept many secrets from your friends. Secrets to you were always the most beautiful miracles of all. They are the private answers to a bunch of riddles no one ever asked.

But since this place is made of memories, you've had to be extra careful with your secrets. You've carved out an extensive network of virtual catacombs throughout the bubbles, leading to hidden treasures, black recollections, and perhaps one or two illicit dropoff points.

A large, cracked purple archway appears to your right. Go in. A new room loads. You now stand at the north end of a long, purple hallway. The aesthetic is similar to Derse, but darker and more ominous. Two chests flank the archways. Open them from left to right.
A red crowbar floats out of the chest.

You got a Juju Breaker!

This is an extremely rare, dangerous, and particularly blasphemous item. The thought of destroying a precious juju makes your blood boil. This must be guarded carefully. You cannot let it fall into the wrong hands.

A green chest floats out of the other chest.

You got a Juju Chest!

Only a cherub can open it. You would be double-dying of curiosity to know what's inside, except for the fact that it would be heresy to even wonder. And you would bite your tongue for having the thought, if you hadn't already chewed it off long ago.

Walk south, down the narrow hall. Everything slowly grows darker until you come to a purple silhouette with wild hair standing in the darkness. Kurloz speaks to the silhouette without any prompting. It's in the bone text against a black background.

Kurloz: I come bearing thee final jolly accoutrement my faithful invertebrother thy bardly regalia is done and fucking dusted by the special stars themselves on this day the dark carnival rejoiced and said it was money now bring to life our wicked ruse with aplomb my ninja our lord awaits your servitude and tutelage at once we shall now bust open these bitchin elixir forties and pour some sweet swill out for the souls who soon wont be no more #(smiley face with a round nose)

The other person speaks. It's Gamzee, but he's shown as a black silhouette with only the yellows of his eyes, his horns, the symbol on his chest, and the three scratches on his face in color. He speaks in all lowercase this time.

Gamzee: shut your mother fucking mouth and give me the cod piece
Kurloz: [Note: he draws his fingers over his mouth in a zipping motion, then smiles.]

Everything fades to black, then suddenly you're Meenah again, standing on the last lily pad. You have the last two keys now, so head south, then west back to the puzzle door.

Use spade key

The spade key appears as a black spade in the bottom left quadrant.

Use heart key

The heart key doesn't appear because the door vanishes instead. Before you go through the now open archway, talk to Mituna again.

Meenah: dont let the haters get you down kid
Mituna: fischy fuckey bisque azz hag
Meenah: oh well yall cant say I didnt try to treat you nice
Mituna: [Note: Mituna's visor flashes and a gold star with "you tried" in it appears.]
Meenah: ey!
should be the one to condescend to YOU with that mime
what considerin your uber flagrant mental probs
you be shells of aggravatin captor
i seriously gotta ditch this fuckin area and get on with my lil adventure deal

Go talk to Cronus again, too.

Meenah: nope

Since Meenah refused to talk to Cronus, go through the door. A new room loads. You now stand in Karkat's respite block as it was when he was introduced. His lusus stands in the corner and Karkat stands between his desk and his dresser. Go look at the lusus first.

GRUUUUUMMBLE

Looks like someone's custodian is in a permanently surly mood today, as well as all other days.

#crab dad

Go to Karkat. Two options appear when you interact with him. Talk to Karkat. Be Karkat.

Talk to Karkat

Karkat: hey, get the fuck out of my... Oh. It's you again.
sorry, for a second I thought eridan's awful ancestor found his way in here.
I didn't even know it was possible to be more of a shitbag than that guy, but somehow ampora teen-senior pulls it off?
I wouldn't have believed it if I didn't absorb it with my own aggravation sponge. Just incredible.
Meenah: yeah vantas im gonna clue you in on somefin
mosta my crew is hecks of dreadful to be around
Karkat: I know!!!
how is it even possible for a group of people to suck so much, when they're presumably almost genetically identical to a bunch of people I like?
maybe it's the age difference? Or the fact that they all grew up on a planet for lame pansies who are civically obligated to wet themselves daily.
Meenah: ahahahahaha
Karkat: I have to admit, meeting all our ancestors like this has been kind of overwhelming.
I kind of had to get away from everyone and be alone for a while. Hopefully I'll just fucking wake up soon.
Meenah: oh uh
you want I should step off
Karkat: uh
no, that's ok.
you're actually fine, mostly. I just couldn't take another encounter with red sweater guy.
he's left my head spinning, and not just because he never shuts the fuck up.
for a long time, I didn't even believe we had ancestors. I thought even the concept of ancestors was just superstitious, ego-stroking aristocratic bullshit.
but not only does it turn out you're all real, but apparently you had this whole different culture in an alternate universe before us? Sorry, that's a lot to take in.
wait...
oh, no. No, fuck me. Holy fuck.
"before us?" God dammit. I *just* got that.
see? That's what I'm talking about. Meeting you guys has made me have little infuriating revelations like that almost constantly.
like, now it casts the name of my own planet in a whole new stupid light. Alternia? As in, alternate? Alternate to what. Turns out it is the *alternative* to a planet called beforus! The planet
which came *befooore* us. Hahaha! Get it?
whatever jokers named these planets were complete fucking morons.
Meenah: well fwiw
alternias da bomb compared to my planet
and im not just saying that because grownup me ran the joint (very happy face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Karkat: hey, don't let anyone kid you. Alternia was fucking great.
I don't even care that my blood made me a pariah. It was worth to it live on such a badass planet.
some people liked to talk shit about the empress. And it's true, she probably would have culled the shit out of me on sight. But you know what? I always respected her as a strong leader.
she knew how to get shit done and didn't put up with dissension from worthless idiots. And all she did was, you know... Take over the entire fucking galaxy. Not too shabby.
I used to have this kind of embarrassing fantasy that I would grow up one day and become a threshecutioner. Do you know what that is?
Meenah: ?
Karkat: they were like the deadleisest squad of interstellar fighters under the command of the empress. They helped conquer more planets than any other imperial force. But it would have been impossible for me to make the cut, because of my blood. So I used to think of all these elaborate scenarios to hide my blood color. Or in the more ridiculous fantasies, maybe I could even prove my worth as a soldier? Like just be so awesome with a sickle, they would just have to make an exception. Maybe even be like a folk hero and rise through the ranks to become the leader. Haha.
those were obviously just some childish day dreams. I've learned a lot about what being a leader really means since then. Mainly that it's a lot harder than everyone thinks.
so I guess I learned to respect who you turned out to be on my world even more than I did already, because of that.
Meenah: yeah
the leadership thing is hard as globes
could barely get anyone to lift a flippin finger in my session
and now its like that all over again trying to raise this army
I reely dunno how sexy bitch grownup me pulled it off
Karkat: oh yeah. How is that going?
how many recruits do you have?
Meenah: want to take a guess
Meenah: I know!!!!!!
Karkat: well look, how about this. Later on, when I'm awake obviously, maybe our meteor will hit a rendezvous point with you again.
if by then, you're still looking for recruits, I'll like... Hop off the meteor or something. And join your army.
Meenah: [Note: Delighted expression]
Karkat: then we, I mean you and me and whatever other idiots you've rounded up, can all go fight the invincible demon.
Meenah: [Note: Delighted expression]
Karkat: I don't know why every time I turn around, I'm up against an invincible demon of one sort or another. I guess that's just the impossible kind of thing paradox space wants me to do to prove I'm not some horrible mistake of nature. Anyway, does that sound good?
Meenah: [Note: Delighted expression]
Karkat: oh, but on one condition. As the new empress, you have to appoint me as grand threshecutioner of your army. Do we have a deal?
Meenah: oh yes yes you got it yessss
Karkat: good. Ok, that's settled.
now I'm going to go for a walk, do some more thinking. Alone. Ok?
Just uh... Make yourself at home here... In this strange memory projection of my room. I'd tell you not to rifle through my shit, but none of it is even real. So go nuts. Whatever.

I'm leaving.

Be Karkat?

Yes

You are now Karkat. Talk to Meenah

Karkat: like I said, make yourself at home.
feel free to hang out with my lusus there. Though I should warn you, he's never met another kid he didn't make at least some vague attempt to eat.

Go out through the door. Even though it's the same door Meenah entered through, you don't go out to the lownring. Instead, you come out of a door-sized hole in the side of a massive blue stump.
You come out just below the cut, which is still several stories above the ground. Branches with pink leaves come from trees in the background and lower on the stump. A path made of blue planks spirals around the tree counterclockwise and rises to the top of the stump. There's a chest on top. Open it.

You got a Stabbing Cane!

It would be really unfortunate to be blind and walk around without having a reliable instrument to help you stab where you're going.

A set of stairs to the west of the stump leads down. They're also made of blue planks, but they're held up by scaffolding made of blue logs and brown rope. Head down them. You get to a small landing, where the stairs turn south. Keep going down. At another landing, they turn east. Keep going. You exit onto the forest floor, at the base of the stump. There's a chest among the roots. Open it.

You got a sack full of Embezzled Beetles!

It is the absolute perfect currency for bribing corrupt prosecutors when you find yourself in the hot seat with the law. Their greedy snouts simply cannot resist. Just make sure the terrifying brainless monster judge doesn't catch you in the act! You have to wait for His Tyranny to be distracted by something besides the judicial proceedings. This is an occurrence that is far from infrequent.

Just east of the chest, beyond another root, is Terezi. She's wearing her dragon cape and looks down dejectedly. Her hood is pulled up, hiding her face in shadow. Just east of her, two large, three-toed feet stick out of the leaves and stand on the ground. One is white and one is black.

Talk to Terezi

Karkat: terezi, what are you doing here? I didn't know you were asleep.
Terezi: shrug
Karkat: why are you here all alone in the woods? Or the pretend woods, I guess.
and why do you have your dragon cosplay pulled down like that? Is something the matter?
Terezi: no
im fine
Karkat: you don't sound fine. Don't bullshit me like that, I know when something's up with you.
Terezi: karkat please just leave me alone
Karkat: ok, I get it if you want some alone time. I mean, I actually just got done sulking the fuck
out myself just now. but it really helps to talk to somebody. You can talk to me about stuff, you know that right? Terezi: yeah, I guess Karkat: is it dave? Did he do something douchey again? Terezi: ...
Karkat: did he break up with you? He broke up with you, didn't he. I knew it, I could just see the writing on the wa...
Terezi: he didn't break up with me!!! it has nothing to do with dave
Karkat: ok then what
Terezi: its
my ancestor
Karkat: yeah? What about her.
Terezi: she
shes just
so radical (frowning face with furrowed brows)
Karkat: huh?
Terezi: I just did not know it was even possible
to be so rad
I almost cant handle it karkat
the radness
how does she do it?
Karkat: well, let's see. She rides a fucking skateboard. And that's it. Pretty much end of the explanation.
Terezi: I think it is so much more than that
everyone loves her
she is so sassy and fun, shes the best at games, and all her stunts are incredible
how am I supposed to measure up to that?
Karkat: oh come on
don't tell me this is going to be a thing with you now.
Terezi: what thing?
Karkat: a self esteem thing.
you really shouldn't be like that, it's just so unwarranted.
Terezi: well thats how I feel, so too bad!!!
Karkat: terezi, I can't stress this enough. You are *not* in anyone's shadow.
let me tell you something about our ancestors.
they're all assholes!!!
Terezi: (blank face with furrowed brows)
she is not an asshole
Karkat: no, she is. Trust me.
they all are. At least the vast majority.
they practically aren't even people. They're walking, talking, like...
I don't know how to put it. Almost like living parodies of horrible, cliched behavior patterns.
Terezi: what, you mean like...
teenagers?
Karkat: yes.
but it's more than just that. Take my ancestor for example.
total asshole! Probably the worst asshole there is.
you wouldn't know it right away because I guess he doesn't yell at people like me? But that probably makes it worse.
he just goes on and on about the most sanctimonious, incomprehensible garbage you ever heard.
He thinks he's better than everyone but then dresses it up in this bogus hyper-academic humility. He tries to defend people with "problems" but just winds up insulting those people in backhanded ways. He lectures people endlessly, and whenever he rises to the "defense" of his friends he usually ends up giving them a big fuck you by being implicitly judgmental.

I could really go on forever about him, but I won't, because then I'd be stooping to his level.

Terezi: hehe...

Karkat: and your ancestor? Yeah, she's "fun" I guess. But talk about a phony.

oh and I don't give a *fuck* what anyone says, losing your sense of smell is not a real disability!!! her rad girl thing is such an obvious act. She's clearly worked for sweeps on perfecting it, and quite apparently revels in the attention it gets her.

but the fact that she works so hard on it is exactly why you don't have anything to worry about. you don't even need to try to be the good person you already are.

see, you already know how to have fun and be likable by just being yourself. It doesn't need to be part of some over the top schtick to impress people. When she does the rad girl thing it's like a disguise, probably covering up some part of herself she's unhappy with. But when you withdraw and cover yourself up like that, you're actually just preventing people from seeing someone who's already beautiful.

Terezi: ...

Karkat: I know I completely fucked up with you. This isn't, uh... Ok. I'm not like trying to redeem myself here. I made my recuperacoon and now I have to wriggle around in its slime. I totally accept that. But as your friend I really don't want you to start feeling bad about yourself because of one of these shallow, two dimensional dipshits. But I totally concede that you made your choice about me, and I respect your decision. I just want you to be happy is all.

Terezi: ...

Karkat: ok, I'm probably just sticking my foot in my fucking talk blaster yet again, and I'm probably making you uncomfortable. I guess I'll go back to my room now. I hope you take at least some of what I said seriously though.

um. Yeah. Ok, bye.

Head back up the stairs. Eventually, the screen stops following Karkat and you switch to being Terezi. The song changes to Teal Seer. As Terezi, climb back up to the door. When you enter, you don't end up in Karkat's block. Instead, you find yourself in Terezi's room as it was when she was introduced, in all it's neon-colored, chalk-covered glory. Meenah's there too, hanging out in the corner. Talk to her.

Terezi: oh... Hey

its you
what are you doing in my hive?

Meenah: shit pyrope dont sniff at me
I was standin around in shoutkats place when it all dream switched on me outta nowhere
Terezi: did you see him come in here?

Meenah: naw
wait you lookin for him now too?

Terezi: yes

Meenah: good luck with that the guys slippery as a goddamn eel
spent all day tracking him down myself
but I finally caught up with him a while ago

Terezi: oh?

Meenah: yeah
and I think
we might be goin on a date later?

Terezi: what
Meenah: I mean
maybe
I dunno if I'm misreading his intent there
you might know better than me
Terezi: what did he say?
Meenah: well whatever the case is later he's going to hop off the meteor and fight Lord Invincible
with me
whatta you think am I reading too much into shit or
Terezi: umm...
shrug (blank face with furrowed brows)
Meenah: yeah guess well sea
anyway I'm out
this hive you got is craycray Pyrope
can appreciate a girl with a gaudy sense of design

Be Meenah?

Yes

Talk to Terezi

Meenah: ps your dragon outfit rules
Terezi: (smiley face with furrowed brows)

Exit the room. You exit to stump in the forest, but the western stairway is gone, as is the chest that
had the cane. Now, Aranea's exposition booth sits up there and a rope bridge leads off to the east.
Go talk to Aranea. It changes to the Charlie Brown drawing of Meenah at Aranea's exposition
booth. There are six options.

Ask Aranea about Cherubquest.
Tell me about Cronus Ampora.
Tell me about Mituna Captor.
Tell me about Kurloz Makara.
Tell me about Meulin Leijon.
Peace out.

Ask Aranea about Cherubquest

Aranea: I...
Still haven't found her quite yet.
Meenah: any leads or
Aranea: Not really.
She's apparently very well hidden!
Meenah: um yeah sure
but
have you even really been looking
Aranea: Um...
Meenah: or have you been fucking around with your lil exposition stand
Aranea: I have been dividing my time efficiently. but thank you for your concern.
Meenah: it wasn't even that long ago we talked about other boring stuff
you had to drag your stand over to the top of this tree
like all waiting for me up here
how long did that take
Aranea: Never mind about that!
And yes, I did stop along the way to explain some important things to people.
People are curious about information, Meenah. They want to KNOW things, alright?
Meenah: they want to know...
or you want to tell them?
Aranea: both!!!!!!!
Meenah: ok lemme ask this
did you pay them so you could explain stuff
Aranea: ...
Yes.
So????????
Meenah: so how long would you estimate you spent cherub hunting in between your splainins
Aranea: I...
Look. Finding this cherub was always going to be a slow burning quest. It is an intricate, layered
mystery that can't be rushed. I'm working up to it!!!!!!!!!
Meenah: aranea serket i have somefin to explain to you at no expense
i find your humorously ineffective approach to this quest to be max adorbs
Aranea:
Tell me about Cronus Ampora

Aranea: The bard of Hope may seem a little jaded these days, but he once had a deeply abiding
faith in magic, and dedicated himself to becoming a great wizard. He became convinced he was
hatched to defeat an extraordinarily evil magician, one he swore the angels foretold of. Though
when pressed for the name of the man, he would not say it, claiming it was too dangerous to even
enunciate. Part of his self-aggrandizing mythos was that this magician once somehow from afar
tried to strike him down at a young age, so he would never have to face him, but the evil spell was
deflected, sealing the magician's spirit away in a series of unassuming vessels until he could find
some other cunning way to enter our universe. The attack supposedly left him with his distinctive
scar, which he was not reluctant to point out when trying to hit on me. Uh, I mean, he wasn't
reluctant to mention it in casual conversation.
but at some point he became disillusioned with magic. If there ever was any truth to his far fetched
vision, the legacy of defeating the evil magician would have to be passed on to his descendant, or if
his descendant proved to be as much of a failure as he did, then perhaps on to some other Hero of
Hope. I'm unsure why he suffered this crisis of faith, aside from the obvious reasons having to do
with an overall lack of character, or any other redeeming qualities. Perhaps someone talked him out
of his beliefs. Maybe a friend close to him. Or, if one is to believe his fantasy held any water,
perhaps someone who was in league with the evil magician. Whatever the case, it was probably for
the best, since pretty much everyone who had half a think pan thought it was all a bunch of
ridiculous nonsense.
Meenah: serket why do you got to hate on other peoples religions
dont you kno they just as much a load of crackpotty bunk as all your spiritual bullfuck
Aranea: but I...
Yes, I guess I was out of line.
Sorry, I was just trying to riff with you little on a mutually disliked acquaintance. Is that really so
bad? Why do you have to take every opportunity to knock my personal beliefs?
You can really be so mean sometimes.
Meenah: can i have my money now
Aranea: Yes. Here.

Tell me about Mituna Captor

Aranea: The Heir of Doom was once a powerful psionic. He was gifted with vision twofold, and
had strong prophetic insights wherever a bleak future was concerned. He had much to say when it came to warning us about the path of doom and destruction we were all headed for, but no one took him very seriously, but one day he lost all these abilities when he badly overexerted himself. It's hard to get any specifics from him, but indications are that he applied every last bit of energy he had toward some great act of heroism, saving us all from some looming threat. Not only did his exertion permanently burn out his psychic abilities, but it left him somewhat... er. Incoherent.

Meenah: yeah i always wondered what happened there anyone ever get to the bottom a that
Aranea: No. The entire incident is shrouded in mystery. From his limited and scattered accounts of what happened, it seems very likely that Kurloz was with him at the time, as the only eye witness. And of course it's impossible to get any reliable information out of him. I guess we may never know, sadly.

Meenah: hey this was actually kinda interesting
it was Well worth taking the money youre givin me to put up with it
Aranea: Agreed! (very happy face with eight eyes)

Tell me about Kurloz Makara

Aranea: Prince of Rage actually used to be quite talkative. That is, until he had a nightmare which prompted a bizarre incident, after which he would never speak again. He took a sort of spiritual vow of silence, which I'm sure was probably related to his esoteric faith. Thereafter he became infuriatingly enigmatic. I've found it impossible to get any info out of him, between his ambiguous mimes and penchant for riddles. It's very frustrating, especially for someone like me, who has a passion for gathering as many facts about our story as possible.

Want to know a secret? Please don't tell anyone, but I really can't stand the guy. It's probably unfair to him because he is obviously such a sweet and harmless fellow. but something about him rubs me the wrong way. I guess I can just be a little petty sometimes.

Meenah: yeah... wow serket
just wow so rude
poor clown
Aranea: Don't give me that! I seem to remember you having more than a few unkind words for him behind his back.

Meenah: yeah im messin witchu he sux
so
conversation over?
Aranea: Yes.

Tell me about Meulin Leijon

Mage of Heart as you know is an ardent disciple of the romantic sciences. She has a well earned reputation as a miracle worker when it comes to match making, but her own romantic history ironically has been riddled with trouble and heartbreak.

Once, well before our session began, she and Kurloz were in a very loving matespritship. It really seemed to everyone they were made for each other. One day, they fell asleep together. Kurloz then had a nightmare so terrifying, he released the most dreadful sound imaginable. It truly echoed the horror of the Vast Honk itself. The noise was so loud and so awful, Meulin went completely deaf, and her hearing never recovered. Kurloz was undoubtedly devastated by what he'd done to her. He was so distraught, he sewed his mouth shut, and has never spoken a word since.

Though they drifted apart as matesprits, Meulin never held it against him, and even seemed to take delight in learning new ways to communicate. They continued to remain very close to this day.
Maybe a little too close, if you ask me. It's clear that her sympathies have been gradually swayed in support of the Highblood's cult. She stays private about her beliefs, but now and then I'll notice she lets some tenet of mirthful doctrine slip out. I suppose I shouldn't be too concerned though, since it's almost certainly a lot of harmless superstition.

Meenah: Honk
Aranea: Honk honk! (smiley face with eight eyes)
Meenah: lol im glad we can both agree that clowny fuckin soda cult is the dumbest shit ever
Aranea: Yes. Now here is your money. Thanks for listening!
Meenah: serks do you even know how silly yall are
(heart)

Peace out

It exits back to the walkaround. Head east, over the bridge.

This leads to the end of the game. Are you sure you're done here?

Yes.

Everything fades to black.]

[If game doesn't play, try another browser. Chrome or Firefox Recommended.]

[MAP]

[Note: Map is a link that opens an image that maps out all the areas of the walkaround, including where the keys are hidden.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Meenah stands at the other end of the rope bridge, which is a ring-shaped wooden walkway around yet another blue stump. Pink leaves hang down over the top of the stump. A small walkway branches off to the northwest and leads to a lookout point. A chest sits up against the south side of the stump and another troll stands east of it. This troll looks like Rufio from Hook- he has black hair dyed red at the tips and shaped into a mohawk. He wears a red shirt under a black vest with bones on it and a brown Taurus symbol in the center. His horns look like Tavros's. The word Pause flashes at the top of the screen.]

After, what... another hour? Another hour of bumbling through the afterlife with very little to show for your efforts, you decide to pause the game again. You can only spend so long powering through the dead troll equivalent of an unpleasant high school reunion without making a trip to the load gaper, or fixing yourself a little snack from the hunger trunk.

There's definitely someone else we should be checking in with right now. Someone we are all desperate for an update on. And that someone is...

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Bec Noir flies through the void, which now has a spreading crack in it. P.M. is still close behind him and he turns to look at her.]

This Guy!

This is the guy who you are now being.
The feisty mailwoman is still chasing you. Unbelievable. She hardly seems to care at all that something is causing reality to shatter around you. For a moment, you thought you and she might be able to reach an uneasy truce. To stand together if only for a moment and assess the ominous cracks spreading through the void. Maybe even take some time to get to know each other a little, and try to bury the hatchet? You are so tired of running.

But no. She is as furious as ever. What did you even do? Just a couple of routine murders, which was Two Years Ago already. The ring hath no fury, you swear. She is never going to stop. Her delivery is justice, and as you know all too well, nothing stops the mail.

You need to find somewhere to hide and rest for a while.

There.

There.

There.

There.

There.

There.

There.
[A6I3] Next

[Image description: He walks through a library. One of the shelves is dripping with blood from the decapitated head of a dersite soldier, which has been placed on top of it. It looks like Bec Noir is walking through the castle from Seer: Descend.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: He walks by a desecrated frog statue and a decapitated prospitan.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: He looks at the They Wait banners. The Dersite Light and Time banners and the Prospitan Breath banner are shredded, but the Prospitan Space banner is untouched.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: He walks up the stairs to the left of the banners, leaving a trail of bloody footprints behind him. A dead prospitan lays on the ground nearby.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: He passes a dead dersite on the stairs.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: He reaches the top of the stairs, but it doesn't open to Skaia. Instead, the sky is dark blue and black surrounding Billious Slick's pond.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: He steps up onto the top of the tower. Mom's, Dad's, Rose's, and John's bodies all lay on the ground. Rose is still Grimdark, with dark grey skin and white hair. The ruined tea party is nowhere to be seen, but there is a chest where the table was. In the sky, Billious Slick's pond is surrounded by chunks of the battlefield, crumbling Dersite towers, and Prospit, which is now the troll's version being consumed by a green explosion. A strand of the Red Miles crosses over the pond.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: He looks down at John and Rose.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: He moves over to look at the chest.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: In the walkthrough style, the chest is now open. A picture of the popomatic zillyhoo hammer John had flashes in a text box that says You got a Pop-a-matic Vrillyhoo Hammer!]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Bec Noir picks up the hammer and scowls at it.]
The blood around John vanishes, along with the hole in his back.

It zooms in on John's closed eye.

It opens a crack.

He sits up and begins to glow. Bec Noir turns and spots him over his shoulder.

John swirls his hands like he's getting ready to attack and yells.

John blasts Bec Noir with blue energy, knocking the Vrillyhoo hammer from his hands and sending it spinning.

The hammer begins to fall. A blue blur passes and it's gone. Instead, the words Sweet Catch appear, then fade.

John tries to bring the hammer down on Bec Noir's head, but he blocks it with his sword.

John pushes down on him, but he keeps blocking.

They fly past the pond and John slams his hammer into Bec Noir's sword in a callback to P.M. and Jack fighting near the end of Act 5.

Jack swings his sword down at John, who blocks. The pond behind them shimmers and prospitan towers crumble.

John wrenches the sword from Bec Noir's hands as two tornados build up around them.

John tries to Clobber Bec Noir, but he jumps out of the way and all John
manages to do is shatter the piece of floating battlefield that he was standing on.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Bec Noir flies away. His sword reappears in his hand a he makes his tentacles appear and wrap around John's neck.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: John lowers his hammer as Bec Noir strangles him.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Bec Noir pulls John closer, so they're face to face. He snarls.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: He stabs his sword through John's chest as John turns light blue and little whisps begin coming off his back.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: John dissipates into blue mist as Bec Noir's snarl fades.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Bec looks up confusedly as the last of John fades.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: The blue mist begins to coalesce behind Bec Noir.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: John mostly reforms with his hammer raised.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: He pauses and looks confused.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: They both stop and look, confusedly, towards a figure in orange sitting on the edge of a piece of the battlefield.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: It's Rose. She smiles and wiggles her eyebrows at them. A white arm sticks out of the sky behind her.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Bec Noir's confused face. Scribbly drawings float around him. Clockwise from the upper left, they are Dead John, Dead Grimdark Rose, Alive Screaming John, and Alive Non-Grimdark Rose.]

[A6I3] Next
[Image description: Rose winks and waves, then turns white and vanishes. In her place, the word distaction appears in purple, then it, too, vanishes.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: John bonks Bec Noir on the head with the hammer. Bonk is written with an 8. Smiling pink circles and spinning blue diamonds surround Bec Noir's head.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: John shouts and flails as he hits Bec Noir on the head. A little of Bec Noir's health vial depletes. Off to the side, a list spins through the options for the Popomatic effect.
1 pony stampede
2 t-rex
3 elf
4 prank
5 rerollx2
6 mcconaughey
7 naptime
8 ridiculous hat.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Eight 8-sided dice land. They roll a 1, a 2, a 3, a 4, a 8, 2 6s, and a 7. At the top of the screen, in a blue box, it says Ridiculous Hat.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Bec Noir snarls. A hat that looks like a very tall, purple fedora covered in moons and stars lands on his head. It also has bunny ears.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Bec Noir barks at John.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: John gives a tiny, delighted smile.]

dialoglog
John: hehe...

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Bec Noir stares at something with wide eyes.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: John turns to look over his shoulder. P.M. arrives behind him. As do the cracks.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Bec Noir puts a hand to his face. It's labeled Facepaw X1 Combo!]

[A6I3] Next
John watches as Bec Noir flies off.

P.M. stops next to John, who leans away from her and looks slightly concerned.

Bec Noir flies away from the dreambubble with P.M. right on his tail. The hat flies off and drifts back towards the bubble. Cracks appear around the bubble and begin branching in towards it. A frame fades in around the bubble and a set of open green curtains do too. Before they can begin to close, the inside of the frame turns white and 'Psyche' appears in the center. The frame and curtains disappear as it zooms back in on the bubble, then on the planet at its center, then through the clouds, all the way back to John, who still looks concerned. The hat floats down past him and his eyes follow it.

John flies across an empty battlefield. He carries his hammer loosely at his side and looks dejected.

He lands and walks towards a red mountain on the horizon, where the sky bleeds to yellow.

He walks towards a forest that's sprung up in front of the mountains. The hammer lies abandoned near his Dad's car, which has been crashed into a tree.

He walks into a desert under the skies of Land of Maps and Treasure.

Strange hollow, buzzing sounds, muffled hoofbeats, and distant whinnies play as it pans sideways over a desert. A herd of horses runs across a cliff in the background. A trail of footprints crosses the scene and, eventually, we see John at the end of it.

The same sounds play. John walks through the desert as horses run in the background. He looks worn out and lost.

The sounds play again as the horses run up to John. John spots one and looks confused and like he can't quite believe what he's seeing.

The sounds once again play. John shoves his hands in his pockets and walks over a sand dune. It zooms in on his feet as they walk. The way they're animated, with it fading
from frame to frame, gives it an almost dream-like quality. Or like someone has heat stroke.]

[S] [A6I3] Next

[Image description: John stands on top of a sand dune and looks down on a pair of green lizard statues standing on a green stone base with triangle fractal designs. It's the same one that Hussie laid on after being killed by Lord English. In fact, there's a body laying in the same spot, too. It's Tavros, face down in the sand.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: John reaches down to pick up a plain gold ring from the sand.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: He looks at it with a confused expression.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: He looks down at Tavros, who has a Z alert over his head. He's partially on the sand, partially on the base of the statue.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: John goes to slip the ring on.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: He puts it on.]

dialoglog
Tavros: I saw it first,

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: John's hand falls to his side. Tavros pushes himself up onto his elbows and points an accusing finger at John.]

dialoglog
John: huh?
Tavros: give it to me,
John: what... The ring?
Tavros: yes, it's mine,
John: who are you?
Tavros: I'm, your worst bad dream, if you don't return my treasure,
I found it, snuggled in the sand, being pretty and gold and by itself, and I want it back,
John: so you found it here, like exactly where I just found it... But then instead of picking it up, you fell asleep?
Tavros: when you put it that way, I sound stupid,
but, yes,
John: sorry buddy. As the age old saying goes, you snooze, you lose.
Tavros: I never heard that age old saying, in my culture, so, fuck your lingual heritage, and give me the ring,
John: why were you even asleep?
Tavros: I was tired,
duh,
John: this is such a dumb place to fall asleep, dude.
Tavros: treasure hunting is hard,
she has me working like a barkfiend,
John: who?
Tavros: my matesprit,
that means girlfriend, you ignoramus,
John: I know what it means!
no offense, but you seem like kind of a lame troll. I don't think we ever talked before, did we?
Tavros: who cares, give me my treasure,
John: no way! It's mine bro.
Tavros: shit!
okay,
maybe we can work out some kind of deal,
John: I dunno. This ring is pretty sweet. The price would have to be pretty steep.
Tavros: wow,
you are really putting me, in an uncomfortable and challenging situation,
John: why do you want this desert ring so bad. Is it magic?
I don't really feel magic wearing it...
I mean, not any more than usual.
Tavros: I don't know, if it's magic,
that's not why I want it,
John: well, I'm not giving it to you unless you have a really good reason.

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Tavros stands up and frowns.]

Dialoglog
Tavros: it's for private sentimental purposes,
I don't want to say,
John: that's cool. Guess I will just enjoy this ring forever, as my property.
Tavros: okaaaaay,
I'll tell you,
you're an awful human, by the way,
John: yeah right, dude. Would an awful guy be wearing such a sweet, priceless ring? I don't think so!
Tavros: oh my god, that's such bad logic, that you're knowingly using to be a worse enemy,
John: yeah...
you sure did explain that, I guess.
Tavros: I want the ring because,
this requires some laborious explanation,
it pertains to human customs, which I have taken time to study as an eternal ghost,
the treasure is needed, to complete a sort of ritualized pact,
having to do with human mating,
to cement in stone the romantic matrimonies,
John: oh!
you want to use it to propose to your girlfriend?
Tavros: yeah,
whatever,
John: heh... That is not really what I was expecting to hear.
I thought you were just being a greedy treasure grubbing douche.
Tavros: you mean, like you???
John: yes.
but that's a pretty good reason.
I guess I can let you have it, if it is going to result in a happy marriage.
Tavros: okay, then hurry, and give it to me,
John: who is the lucky lady, anyway?
Tavros: oh no, hurry up, there's no time,
Vriska: taaaaaaavros!
Tavros: she's coming!
John: who??
Tavros: give it to me,
she can't see it yet, it has to be a surprise!
also, I don't want her to know I got it, from a loser like you,
John: hey!
Vriska: taaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaavros!!
Tavros: oh my god,

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Vriska floats above them and looks down.]

Dialoglog
Vriska: taaaaaaavr... Oh!
hi john.
Vriska: tavros, I didn't know you were hanging out with john. You should have come told me.
Tavros: but, I just woke up from the sand pile, and found him here,
I had literally no time to go tell you, because of an argument,
Vriska: what? What were you arguing about?
Tavros: uhhh,
Vriska: wait... What do you mean woke up? Why were you asleep?
Tavros: uhhh,
Vriska: dammit, tavros. You can't be slacking off like that.
I told you, we aren't fucking around anymore. This is serious business.
John: hey...
excuse me, but
are you...
vriska?

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: John stares up at Vriska, then quickly hides his hand behind his back.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Yeah!
Oh, sorry. I really should have introduced myself. I guess I forgot I technically never met this version of you.
John: uh. that's alright. nice to meet you.
wait...
are you a ghost too?
Vriska: Yep.
John: so... you're dead?
John: ok, i'm still confused though...
sorry if i sound dumb, but dream bubbles are still kind of baffling to me.
you're, uh... really" dead?
as in, the real you? i mean... dang, what the hell am i even trying to ask here...
Vriska: No, I get what you're asking.
Yes, the real me. The actual, legit, fully authentic alpha timeline Vriska. Dead. Gone. Fuckin' toast.
John: oh.
so when i meet up with everyone on your troll meteor in a year, that means...
you'll be...
Vriska: A corpse!!!!!!!!!
That's assuming my body was sufficiently preserved during the trip.
Which, now that I think about it, I guess it was? It must have been, because otherwise that
unspeakable prototyping atrocity couldn't have happened.
That piece of shit clown. I still have no idea what the deal with that was! He's completely lost his
mind. Anyway, that's neither here nor there.
Honestly, I'm surprised you hadn't already heard I was dead, one way or another. It's kind of old
news?
Then again, these things are all relative. So who knows.
John: ...
Vriska: Are you ok? You seem sad.
John: well,
yeah.
it's always sad to hear a friend died. even if you find out about it from their ghost.
Vriska: I guess so.
John: also, i had kind of thought that when we all arrived at the new session, that...
we were going to like... hang out. or something.
Vriska: Oh yeah! That's right. We were.
But then I got stabbed through the back. Which to be fair, was for the good of the party, so the
meteor could make the trip in the first place, and keep this whole crazy sequence of events intact.
Not gonna lie. I made some mistakes.
John: wow. what even happened out there?
Vriska: Just some pointless, deadly teen drama. Mostly brought on by ourselves, all acting like
juvenile idiots. Like I said, old news.
very old for me. I've been here a pretty long time now.
A lot has happened since I died. John, did you know the little rendezvous we planned sort of
already happened? I mean, in a way.
John: what? it did?
Vriska: Yes. With your ghost.
John: huh??
Vriska: I mean, the ghost of one of your alternate selves, who died along the way doing some
stupid thing.
Actually, he and I dated for a little while.
Tavros: whoa, hold on,
what's this, about dating who?
Vriska: groan. Here we go.
Tavros: why didn't you tell me, about that,
Vriska: Tavros, I have led a rich and complicated life and death. I can hardly be expected to tell
you about every little thing that I've been through.
Besides, you should have already known this about me.
Tavros: why,
Vriska: Because we shared a sprite body once!!!!!!!! We briefly had access to all each others
memories and feelings.
Vriska: So if you didn't take the chance to dig that out of my memory, you only have yourself to blame.
Tavros: no, but, that hardly lasted any time at all,
and there were a lot, of overwhelming experiences all happening at once,
how could I try to remember all your memories before we exploded,
Vriska: Well, all I can say is, I managed! I took the opportunity to remember pretty much all your memories.
Vriska: I was in and out like a bandit, and now all your life experiences are mine.
Tavros: that's not fair,
because, you're smarter than me, and more cunning,
Vriska: Them's the Breaks!!!!!!!!
John: wait, i'm with tavros here, i think we should back this up a bit.
so, my alternate reality ghost dated you?

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Vriska stares at them while Tavros reaches behind John's back and they have a little slap fight over the ring. Tavros keeps grabbing for it and John keeps swatting his hand away.]
dialoglog
Vriska: Yes.
John: that...
but...
Vriska: What?
John: vriska, this is a very bizarre and unsettling fact to me!
Vriska: Why?
John: because...
man, i don't know, it just is!
you say we dated for a while, but like, i don't even get to remember doing that?
i think that's mostly what's weird about it.
Vriska: Hey, we apparently don't get to remember the results of a lot of choices we didn't actually make!
Again, see: the breaks.
John: well..., can you at least tell me what happened there? like, how did that go?
Vriska: It was fine. For a while.
It didn't really work out.
John: oh.
Vriska: We crossed paths every now and then after that.
Things stayed pretty friendly between us.
Until he died.
John: what??
what do you mean he died?
Vriska: He was murdered.
John: you mean... his ghost died?
Vriska: Yes.
John: as in, he just doesn't exist at all anymore? like dead dead?
Vriska: Yes! Dead dead. For good.
John: i don't... how does that even...
who killed him???
was it jack?
Jack is barely in the picture as a threat anymore. He's just more old news.
John: he is not old news though!
he's still as strong and menacing as ever.
I just had an awesome battle with him in this very dream bubble!
Vriska: You did?
John: yeah. i found him skulking around a memory of my dead dad, and i got pissed off, so i really let him have it.
oh, i even used the cool hammer you helped me make. remember that?
Vriska: Oh yeah!
Those were good times, when I helped you be great. (smiley face with eight eyes)
John: yes.
the last time i faced him was kind of embarrassing. i let him get the drop on me, and he just stabbed me right away.
but this time i think i held my own pretty well. i even got in one good hit against him!
i gave him a solid bop on the head, and the dice roll made him wear a silly hat.
Vriska: That's awesome!!!!!!!
One time in an alternate reality, I came pretty close to killing him apparently.
John: oh really?
Vriska: You bet. Too bad that was in a timeline that didn't really count. But it's always reassuring to know you can put up a good fight against a strong adversary if you ever needed to. Now I guess you know you can too.
John: i guess so!
Vriska: What happened after you bonked him on the head? I bet he was mad.
John: yeah, he sure was. but our fight was interrupted by like... another taller, white jack dressed in rags.
Vriska: A white Jack?
John: well, no, it wasn't actually a jack, it was someone different altogether, who just looked like him. with wings and a sword and everything.
it think the white jack was probably a girl? i'm not sure, but that was my hunch. i didn't talk to her or anything. she looked really angry.
anyway, he seemed scared of her, so he flew away, and she chased him.
do you know who she was?
Vriska: No fucking clue.
John: whatever jack's doing out here in dream bubble land, he seems to have his hands full with her on his tail.
John: but as you can see, he is far from out of the picture.
Vriska: Ok, that may be, but it sure wasn't Jack who killed a whole shitload of ghosts out here, including one of yours.
I really doubt Jack can even kill ghosts. In fact, I don't think anyone can except for this guy.
John: what guy?
Vriska: Lord English.
John: who??
Vriska: Wow, John. Really?
Wow.
Time to get a clue!

[Image description: Vriska grins. The boys keep having their covert slap fight.]
going to be?
John: ultimate bad guy?
you mean like the last boss?
Vriska: Man, even that way of putting it is a little too pedestrian.
I mean, I already beat a last boss! The black king was the officially sanctioned last boss of our
session, and I killed him. This is different.
There's always someone stronger waiting to be revealed. Jack showed up shortly after that, and he
was much stronger.
Eventually the curtains get pulled back, and you find out who was behind every terrible thing that
happened all along. Someone who is invariably stronger than all other adversaries by a wide
margin. The supreme villain!
To be honest, I was always kind of waiting for that guy to show up, whoever he was. For the other
shoe to drop, you know? There's always a big bad behind everything. A true gamer sees stuff like
this coming a mile away.
John: ok. if you say so.
i always kind of thought jack was evil and strong enough to be our main antagonist. but if you say
there is someone even stronger and more evil, then... wow.
Vriska: Yes, I'll admit, I was fooled by Jack briefly.
For a little while, I thought he was the supreme menace, and I would have to face him in a final
showdown.
But it turned out that was just a bit of standard misdirection. He was just another step up in a
typical pattern of escalation involving increasingly "insurmountable" threats, which legendary
heroes like us have to overcome to achieve total victory over everything.
Also, let's face it. I don't think Jack is all that evil, so much as he's just a murderous asshole. Trust
me, I know the type.
But English, that guy is as evil as they come. He's the real deal!!!!!!!!
Tavros: okay, can I just say something,
I still don't know why you're so sure, he's the final villain,
because, you yourself said, there's always someone stronger, right,
so, I'm perceiving a contradiction about your facts,
Vriska: Tavros, come on. We've already talked about this ad nauseum.
He's the big bad!!!!!!!! It's so obvious. I mean, maybe there's someone stronger out there in
paradox space? Who knows.
But whoever that is has nothing to fucking do with this massive extended multiverse-spanning
campaign!!!!!!!!
English was the guy who stacked the whole deck against us from the start, rigging shit to go
haywire, wiping out our race, blowing up universes, exterminating ghosts, slaughtering dark gods,
and shattering reality itself. Pretty sure we reached the top floor, buddy!
Tavros: okay, but all I'm saying is, what if,
there's someone even worse than that, due to speculation,
Vriska: Unbelievable.
John, just ignore him. He tends to be contrary just for the sake of being contrary. It's just what he
does these days.
He seems to think it's how you show confidence and assertiveness. The key to high self esteem is
apparently just saying "nuh uh!" all the time.
Tavros: no, that's not true,
Vriska: See?
This was apparently the big lesson he learned from sharing a brain with me for a few minutes. In
order to feel good about yourself, just be a constant pain in the ass!!!!!!!!!
Tavros: no, that's not what I learned,
John: haha.
I see what you mean.
Tavros: no, no, okay, I realize all I'm saying is no, which is just helping make you look as right as possible about making fun of me, but I learned in your brain that you aren't always right about everything, you were wrong about lots of things, you were wrong about rufio! rufio was real all along, (very happy face with bull horns)
Vriska: alright, granted, there did in fact exist a person by that name. you aren't spelling it right, though.
Tavros: how do you know how I'm spelling it, when I'm just talking, instead of using letters,
Vriska: because that's how you spelled it when we used to chat online, dumbass!!!!!!! You weren't using enough letters.
Tavros: so,
Vriska: and in any case, he doesn't actually represent your self esteem. He's just some dude.
Tavros: but, he makes me feel better about myself when I think of him, so the reality is effectively equivalent to my fraudulent childhood superstition,
Vriska: Lol. Whatever floats your boat.
John: you both seem a bit testy with each other. it's kind of funny.
actually it's a little hard to believe you and he are...
Vriska: What?
John: er...
never mind, actually.
Vriska: ???????!

[Image description: It zooms out. The statue has turned pink, though green still clings to the edge of the platform and the lizard's heads. The desert around them has vanished and has fully become the Land of Maps and Treasure. A rope bridge leads between the stone they're on and another island]

dialoglog
John: i take it you were pretty good friends back on your planet?
Vriska: You could say that.
There's a pretty loaded history between us. It's probably best not to get into it.
None of that matters anymore anyway, it was so long ago. You know how it is.
John: um. sure?
Vriska: Issues between people seem like such a big deal when they're happening. But then you die, and time just goes on, and on........ then on some more.
If enough time passes, shit that used to be a big deal kind of stops mattering.
Ok, full disclosure. I used to do a lot of terrible things to Tavros.
Once I launched him off a cliff and paralyzed him. And if that wasn't bad enough, I spent sweeps mocking him for the disability I caused! Haha.
Oh yeah. Then I killed him.
John: oh, right. i remember you said you killed someone that you cared about. i guess this is him?
Vriska: Mmm hm.
But like I said, that's suuuuuuuuch old news now, it might as well not have even happened.
Tavros doesn't give a shit about that stuff anymore.
Tavros: hey, wait, maybe you shouldn't, speak for me?
I still kind of think that stuff was all pretty mean, even though it was forever ago, it's just, I have chosen to be the bigger man, and not hold it against liking you,
Vriska: Hahahaha! John, can you believe this guy?
This is the kind of shit I have to deal with all the time.

Tavros: oh god,
no, time out, I'm flagging this, vriska, as terrible behavior,

Vriska: Tavros, the bigger man is only actually the bigger man if he doesn't refer to himself as the bigger man. That's kind of the point?

Unless the intent is to produce some form of socially awkward comic relief, which let's face it, is what you're all about.

but that's what I like about you.

Tavros: yes, (smiley face with bull horns)

John: hmm, i feel like... maybe we got sidetracked there?
maybe you should tell me more about this english guy.

frankly, it seems like i'm usually one of the last people to learn about stuff like this, and it's starting to make me feel like a bit of a tool.

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Vriska curls her lip in disgust and counts off on her fingers.]

dialoglog

Vriska: He's just some huge overpowered green freak. A time traveling monster, supposedly invincible.
Who he is, what he is, where he came from, none of that really matters.
What matters is how we're going to defeat him.
That's what Tavros and I have been working on here for some time now.

John: working on what?

Vriska: Treasure hunting!

John: oh yeah?

what treasure?

Vriska: Yes. Ok, I should explain.
There's sort of a plan in motion to beat English. It's a three pronged approach.
A number of people out here in the furthest ring are working on different prongs of the strategy independently.
The first is a quest to find the lost ghost of some alien girl. She's said to be one of the keys to defeating him in some way.
Other people are allegedly out there working on that right now. If you ask me, it sounds like a really boring approach to defeating him. Who knows if it's even true.

Tavros: (give it to me,)
[Note: Tavros randomly capitalizes letters while 'whispering')
John: (stop that!)
(keep your hands to yourself.)

Vriska: The second is a quest to raise an army of ghosts to challenge him directly in some kind of huge battle royale, I guess.
From what I understand, some yahoo out there is busy rounding people up. I really have no idea how that's going. I usually just hear stuff through the grapevine.
That approach doesn't really interest me either. Gonna file it under "boring" as well. Seems a little heavy handed, not to mention too slow.

Tavros: (give me the ring,)
John: (no!)

Tavros: (yes, you ass,)
John: (dude, you suck at whispering!)
Tavros: (you said you'd give it to me,)
John: (i changed my mind!)
Vriska: The third prong is what Tavros and I are busy with. The aforementioned treasure hunt. The legend says there's some mystical ancient treasure hidden somewhere out here in the furthest ring.

I'm assuming it's some kind of weapon. It's said that if you use it, or like, activate it in some way, he can be defeated forever.

The nature of the treasure is pretty vague, actually. But the first rule of treasure hunting, which I'm admittedly just making up now, is that it doesn't fucking matter what the treasure is.

Tavros: (we had a deal,)
John: (quit it!)
Tavros: (why are you such a liar,)
John: (shut up. I'm keeping it.)
Tavros: (this is not cool,)
(you're preventing joyful human styled matrimony from happening,)
John: (yeah right. Like she would even say yes.)
(i don't even think she's really your girlfriend. I think you made that up!)
Tavros: (wow, no, wow,)
(you went there,)
Vriska: These three goals are all tied to the same legend which I've uncovered clues about over time. Legendary shit is everywhere out here. I'm seriously up to my ass in legend. Hell, I probably even qualify as a legend myself!!!!!!!!

When it comes to solving a big mystery like this, it doesn't hurt that everywhere we go, places are composed of the collective memories of many different adventurers.

We've explored ancient crypts, networks of burial mounds, dusty old tombs, giant pyramids, you name it. Hints about the endgame are hidden all over the place.

Really, everyone's pretty lucky I died so I could do all the dirty work on this. Let's get real, nobody's better prepared to take on the treasure hunting duties than I am.

Tavros: (unhand the treasure,)
(Vriska: (you're preventing joyful human styled matrimony from happening,)
John: (yeah right. Like she would even say yes.)
(i don't even think she's really your girlfriend. I think you made that up!)
Tavros: (wow, no, wow,)
(you went there,)
Vriska: Not that I'd have it any other way. This just sounds like the best plan to me. Why bother messing around with an army of ghostly dipshits, or some shy magic alien when you can go straight for the ultimate weapon?

Vriska: Hell, maybe I'll just walk right up to him, one-shot the guy and end it all right there. That's how a real pro goes about business. You take any shortcut you find.

John: (i am going to wish as super hard as i can that i wake up with this ring,)
(Vriska: (you're preventing joyful human styled matrimony from happening,)
John: (it's probably magic, so i bet it makes my wish come true!)
Tavros: (i doubt that from happening,)
John: (if i wish hard enough, that will make it slightly less impossible!)
Tavros: (oh, you bastard, you are good,)
John: (i think some day i will use it to propose to *my* girlfriend. What do you think about that, wise guy?)
Tavros: (nooo!!!)
(gimme,)
John: (this is pathetic,)
(stop grabbing at me! we're missing what she's saying,)
(Vriska: (she's going to think we're idiots, won't you stop?)
Vriska: Are you fuckers even listening to me????????? God damn it.
John: yes!
Vriska: No you're not. You're squabbling with Tavros and his loud shitty whispering about some
bullshit.
Come on, guys. Am I really being that boring?
I'm really starting to understand how my ancestor must have felt sometimes. Nobody ever respects
an important explanation!!!!!!!!
Tavros: (i've already heard your explanations, though.)
Vriska: Why are you still whispering jackass?!
Tavros: ohh,
sorry,
Vriska: Sigh.
Both of you just keep your damn hands to yourselves, shut up, and let me finish my story.
Tavros! bring me the treasure maps!!!!!!!!!
Tavros: yes,
right away,

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Tavros throws a pile of rolled up papers onto the ground. Vriska watches him
with an entirely done expression.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Yes, that's it. Dump them all over the floor about ten feet away from me, just like that.
The sloppier the pile and the further away from me the better. Great job, Tavros.
Tavros: thank you,

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Vriska reaches for one of the papers.]

dialoglog
Vriska: John, come take a look at this.
John: those are all treasure maps?
Vriska: Sort of! Probably not like any maps you've seen.
Check it out. This ought to help you understand how frustrating this treasure hunt really is.

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Vriska holds up the unrolled sheet of paper. It's entirely black.]

dialoglog
Vriska: John, tell me what you see here.
John: um...
where?
Vriska: Right here.
What is this? This thing I'm holding?
John: a black piece of paper?
Vriska: No, John.
This is Bullshit is what it is.
John: oh.
yes, clearly.
Vriska: This is what a map looks like in the furthest ring.
This is what all maps look like out here.
Turns out plotting the relative geographical features of an infinite black expanse of pure void is
every bit as moronic as it sounds. But that didn't stop some ancient eldritch chucklefuck from doing
exactly that.
For the longest time, this is all we've had to go on when it came to deciphering the clues and figuring out the coordinates of the legendary treasure. Do you have any idea how hard it is to pin down the physical location of something out here? Never mind the fact that physical location in the furthest ring is already a malleable concept. Just imagine what it's like giving someone directions! What do you tell them? Proceed in a straight line shaped like a perpetually shifting torus knot until you feel a sense of despair transcending all mortal comprehension, then hang a right at the next octopus? There's nothing static out there. No landmarks, no points of reference. Nothing! If you want to make any headway in this great big field of fuckall, someone has got to start wrecking some shit.

John: would that someone be you?
Vriska: Haha. I wish I had that kind of firepower. But no.

[Image description: Tavros hands her another rolled up paper.]

Vriska: You wouldn't believe my luck. You see, recently someone's been doing that dirty work for us. Want to know what the kicker is?

[Image description: She grins and opens up the new sheet. The black is covered in spiderwebbing cracks and dotted lines drawn in cobalt blue. Several places where cracks intersect are circled.]

Vriska: The guy who's been fucking shit up is the big bad himself! Every time he destroys another dream bubble, he does a little more damage to the furthest ring, inexplicably shattering the essence of all-encompassing nothingness. Then we look at the angles and intersections and all the shapes formed by the cracks, and compare them to our notes from the various riddles and clues we've discovered about the path to the treasure. It's actually a little like how in old times on Alternia, pirates used to navigate by shapes the stars made. Constellations used to have a lot of significance in our culture, not just guiding explorers on their journeys to physical destinations, but guiding them on the choices they made in life, pertaining to fate and all that. Not that humans would really understand anything like that. I actually find the situation to be pretty funny. This guy's ego must be astronomical. Classic case of unchecked hubris paving the way for his own downfall. I didn't even need to build a web to trap him. He just went ahead and started building his own. Talk about a lucky break!!!!!!!!!

[Image description: Vriska kneels and lays out several of the maps so the cracks line up like puzzle pieces. A blue line winds away from the epicenter of the crack, crossing several of the pieces of paper until it gets to the farthest point the crack has reached. John and Tavros watch her.]

John: that is pretty neat. so does that mean you know where the treasure is now?
Vriska: No, because the map isn't complete yet!
Needs more cracks so we can plot the rest of the course. All we're able to do now is head in the right general direction.
So ironically in order to prevent reality from being destroyed, we need to wait for it to be damaged further. In fact, we're better off encouraging it!
John: encouraging it?
what, you mean like, making him mad so he breaks more... uh...
nothingness?
Vriska: Yes, but it has to be strategic. We have to somehow lead him in the direction of the places we want him to damage.
Specifically, the places where the route dead-ends. Wherever we need new points of reference to keep going.
John: so that means you have to piss him off i guess.
Vriska: Not really. He's already pissed off. I think he's just permanently that way?
It's more about getting his attention. Using the right bait! Like going fishing.
But to do that, you gotta know what he really wants. Like what motivates him. I mean, besides indiscriminately killing dead children and huge tentacle monsters.
John: i am guessing you have an idea what that might be?
Vriska: Sure. The rumor is he's trying to find that dead alien girl I mentioned, and kill her ghost for good.
If he catches on to the fact that some of us are looking for her too, and thinks we're hot on her trail, he'll probably start following us around and wreaking havoc wherever we go.
We just have to make sure we're in the right place when he tries to kill us. Oh, also try not to actually die again while we're at it. Haha.
John: so the bait is really you.
Vriska: Sort of! It's actually more the bogus idea that we'll lead him to the cherub, because we're looking for her too. Which we're obviously not.
There's some manipulation involved.
John: ok. how do you know he'll go for it? i mean, how will he actually know you're "looking" for her?
Vriska: That's a pretty good question. Have to admit, I don't have everything quite figured out yet.
Tavros: yeeaaaaaaaaaah,
Vriska: shhhhhhh! I'm still talking!
Tavros: but, that's never not being the case, always,
Vriska: Nice sentence, genius! Anyway, like I was saying...
I'm hoping my exploits can spread throughout the ring by word of mouth. Tales of my legend, you know?
Then once he catches on, he'll come looking for us, and then presumably go apeshit with his rainbow laser breath. Metaphysical cataclysm ensues.
John: that sounds... optimistic?
Tavros: yeah, exactly,
see, this to me, maybe speaks to the danger, of having self esteem that is unreasonably high,
John: heh.
Vriska: Oh, shut up.
I said it's a work in progress!!!!!!!!!
We might need to make a bigger spectacle of ourselves somehow. Get more people involved. I don't know.
It does seem like he's more drawn toward greater concentrations of ghosts.
There's still plenty of time to figure it out. That's one thing about being dead. There's always more time.
Plus, needless to say, lady luck will always be on our side! (smiley face with eight eyes)
dialoglog
John: well...
cool!
that was actually a very interesting story, vriska.
you're a pretty good story teller!
Vriska: You think so?
Tavros: Oh, yes, I think so too,
she's gotten much better at stories, as a recreational long term death hobby,
John: oh yeah?
Tavros: sure, we've both looked at lessons from our ancestors, to improve our souls,
her ancestral awakening has to do with understanding her destiny, to tell long stories to people, and
make them listen to all the words irregardless of their interest, by any means necessary,
the art of saying optimal tales by my understanding, is to charge through all conceivable details
and excessive minutia, until they are exhausted completely, much like it is a spiritual practice, and
extraneous information is treated like the religious words you say over and over again until brain
peace happens,
John: that's... one way of looking at it.
i don't know about excessive minutia or brain peace, but i was hanging on every word!
Vriska: Aw, you guys. You're making me blush.
John: i wish i could hang out with you longer and maybe even help you with your treasure hunt.
but i just know i'm gonna be waking up soon.
darn. who even knows how long it will be before we meet again in another bubble?
Tavros: yeah, well,
them's the breaks, aha, aha,
(soon, it will be mine,)
Vriska: Don't mind him, John. He's just being weird and tooly again.
It was nice to see you and catch up like this. If we don't meet in another dream soon, don't worry.
I have a feeling we'll be crossing paths again before this is all over!
Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 6 Act 6 Intermission 3: Ballet of the Danscestors, Part 3

[S][A6I3] Next

[Image description: This is another interactive walkaround. The song 108 Stars of Density begins to play. You are Meenah and you are standing on the walkway around the blue stump shown on the page right after the last walkaround part. There's a lookout area to the north, the rope bridge to the west, and a chest to the south, right up against the stump. Go to the lookout area. Nothing happens. Go down the bridge. Nothing happens. Go to the chest. The troll with brown wings and a taurus symbol on his vest comes into view. open the chest first.

You got some Fiduspawn Cards! Gotta hatch em all!!!!!

Is advice you should follow if you want way too many fiduspawn crawling around. For safety reasons, the manufacturer recommends that you only hatch some.

Go talk to the troll.

Three options appear.
Talk to Rufioh.
Ask Rufioh to join.
Be Rufioh.

Talk to Rufioh.

[Note: Rufioh speaks in brown, replaces I with 1, and censors curse words.]

Meenah: sup nitram
Rufioh: oh, hey doll... you were gone a crazy long time...
good to have you back, though... yo, that bomb stunt you pulled was some crazy shit.
(hashtag) thought you were hatching a sweet fiduspawn with that thing tbh...
Meenah: wasnt no thang
Rufioh: don't sell yourself short... i don't think i could have done that. you're pretty gangsta, peixes.
Meenah: yeah i know
hey lets stop talking about how badbass i am a minute and talk about you
(hashtag) wanna axe you things
Rufioh: shoot, doll...
Meenah: those wings
you was hatched with em right
or i guess pupated them
Rufioh: ha, yeah that's right... i'm a "mutant"... don't tell kankri i said that! he's my boy, but you
know how he's not down with lingo like that...

(hashtag) lingo like... (hashtag) you know... (hashtag) regular words

[Note: Mutant has an asterisk in place of the u, censoring it]

Meenah: ug dont even say it he will like teleport into our conversation with ghost magic just to
shooosh you

Rufioh: yeah... he does that to you too, huh... that's some crazy shit!

Meenah: ok so you always had wings then
then i guess you aren't secretly a god tier or...

Rufioh: nah... might have been cool to go full on rogue... hey, maybe you coulda given me like,
stealing pointers... what as a thief and all!
but naw, i don't think i could have gone through with that... not intentionally i mean...

Meenah: what why not

Rufioh: i don't know... killing yourself, that's... a heavy thing to do. i'm not like you, meenah... i
don't think anyone is... well maybe damara is kinda... but maybe we shouldn't go into that, hahaha.
let unhatched fiduspawn lie, you know...

Meenah: ...

Rufioh: what i'm saying is, you got game... and i can dig that... but i was never as brave as people
always thought... i don't know why they always thought that about me. maybe it's my wings or my
mohawk... or when i shout bangarang sometimes real loud? makes it seem like i'm the shit, with
big self esteem... but my self esteem is nothing really to crow about... i dunno...

Meenah: alright so you never god tiered but i still don't get somefin
didn't you have a totally fuckin stupid robot body at some point or did i just imagine that
that whole period of time in our session was reel foggy to me i guess because i was dead for a
while there

(hashtag) maybe i got the ghost madness (hashtag) could Swear you was a metal horse tho

Rufioh: yeaaah...
no, the robot body was definitely a thing... i kind of blocked that out of my memory too, haha... that
was... that shit was something else, yo! crazy...
i'm sure you remember how all that started... back when damara and i were still dating... ring any
bells?

Meenah: yeah
fuckin megido

Rufioh: no, no... heh, just saying is all... it was that whole thing... anyway, that's when horuss was
kind of macking on me, remember... and i wasn't all about to vacillate with him and her cause i
knew how she was... damn, so jealous... so fucking crazy...
so she made me a cripple, remember?

Meenah: tag that shit homie

Rufioh: damn, yeah... i mean, she busted me up... couldn't move a muscle... well, could still flap
my wings well enough, haha...
really, i thought it would be alright, just flapping wings around... i could still fly and just hang there
limp... might have been a dope look!
but nah... horuss thought better of it. built me the robo-bod, which was pretty tight...

(hashtag) like literally... (hashtag) screwed that shit together tight! (hashtag) dude is good
lost my wings though which sucked... and kind of awkward just having a real guy's head on top of a
big metal body and making all those damn legs move the right way, you know... trotting is hard work yo.
(hashtag) especially on stairs... (hashtag) (frowning face with bull horns)
better than being a cripple though. i mean a quadriplegic, oops, haha... but i guess you didn't know what happened after that, since you and damara were killing each other and all...
Meenah: no what
Rufioh: well... i died. yeah... but...
that's like... wow, long story... guess you never heard... i'll tell you some other time, it's this whole crazy thing. but...
i was dead, right? and horuss kissed me back to life... but just my head i think... he was probably standing on some mountain striking a pose like a fucking gangsta, probably fighting a hoofbeast with a flaming mane and all...
(hashtag) hope someone painted that shit... (hashtag) instant masterpiece
so yeah, next you saw me i had my normal body again... it was cool of him to help me all the ways he has.
and yeah, we went out, me and him... for a long time after that, kinda off and on, even after we died... in case you were gonna ask...
Meenah: i wasnt
Rufioh: right... haha... too much information i guess? sorry doll.
i always wanted to thank you for standing up for me... you know, when she crippled me... even though it cost ya... that was pure class, peixes, i'll never forget it.
Meenah: man i wouldnt have had to if you could just stand up for yourself sometimes
i mean being paralyzed notfishstanding
Rufioh: heh... yeah... i guess...
Meenah: you are the only guy in our group who was ever even close to being pretty cool everyone else sucks but you were almost alright
you were always such a pushover though
pretty lame bro
(hashtag) tw (hashtag) cripple entendre (hashtag) suck it
Kankri: Excuse me. Meenah, "lame" is an ableist slur, which in this context is Really inappropriate. Tagging your jokes with "ironic" trigger warnings really does not excuse the behavior. I'll thank you to refrain from using such terms in the future.
(hashtag) Also, when walking, be careful not to flaunt the health of your legs.
Meenah: aaaaaugha

Ask Rufioh to join.

Meenah: i probubbly shouldnt even ask this since youre not as brave as people make out with you to be
i mean make you out to be
(hashtag) wait (hashtag) what did i say? (hashtag) nm
but would you want to come away with me to...
Rufioh: whoa, man... not you too!!! ahaha...
Meenah: wut
Rufioh: it's fine... it's alright that you dig me, i'm flattered... you were just the last person who hadn't hit on me yet... and i kinda dug that about you, you know?
Meenah: i wasnt asking you out dope
Rufioh: oh... wow... shit! sorry, guess i got the wrong idea...
it's just kind of a reflex, doll... you know? everybody hits on me all the time, and i don't know why... shit is crazy...
just the other day, get this... some orange guy in a green shirt jumped out of some bushes and tried to kiss me... and i'm like whaaat... step off jolly man, haha...
Meenah: maybe its cause youre a bishie ass glubberfucker with a kickin hawk
Rufioh: yo, that's cool of you to say... you've got kinda this otenba bishojo thing going on yourself, girl... your style rocks, i always thought you looked pretty slammin...
(hashtag) i could give you mohawk dying tips... (hashtag) you'd rock the shit out of that look!!!
Meenah: for what its worth
i would be your moe dere dere waifu in the beat of a pump biscuit
if i was remotely attracted to you or found your personality more appealing
and also if i shared your dumb passion for troll anime and didnt think it clogged massive blowhole
Rufioh: ahaha, bangarang! that's a scenario i'd be alright with...
no one really to talk to anymore about my stories, yo... since things got so chilly with my ex...
Meenah: goddamn witch
Rufioh: seriously... she crazy...
so what were you going to ask me... uh, if not on a date?
(hashtag) and if not what brand of mohawk dye i use?
Meenah: never mind
youre not even gonna agree anyway cause this team suuuuuucks
later ruf

Be Rufioh.

Rufioh: oh shit... you want to be me? ok that's pretty dope i guess.
but can it wait? my lusus is missing again and i can't think straight without him... he's my happy thought!!! hahah... 
i hope damara didn't do something with him... she likes to fuck with me sometimes by stashing the little guy somewhere... she's bonkers!!!

There's a set of stairs to the east. Head up them. They lead up to another platform around a tree trunk, but this one is much smaller. There's a fiduspawn plush leaned up against the trunk along with some sort of metal bracket. on the opposite side of the platform, there's a chest. There are four exits from the platform. one is the west stairs, which you just went up. There's also a bridge to the south, another to the southeast, and a set of stairs that go up to the east.

Examine the Fiduspawn plush.

It's a happy looking Host Plush! It won't be so happy anymore if you hatch a Fiduspawn Egg near it. Maybe you'll be able to find some eggs in this area if you keep searching. Then the Real fun can begin.

(hashtag) You start humming the fiduspawn theme song.

open the chest.

You got a Busted Robot Head!

There was a rumor going around that once, through an elaborate courtship process, Horuss sent Rufioh a robotic duplicate of himself to spar with, piece by piece. The last part he sent was supposedly the head.

That's almost certainly a myth. Horuss is a pretty strange dude, but he would have to be a total lunatic to do something like that. The anecdote strains plausibility.

Go up the east stairs. You come to a small platform with a chest on it. The wood gives way to grass, then to the brain-like material. Mituna lays on the ground in the brain area.
open the chest.

You got a pair of Dutton Bubble Goggles!

You can see into infinity for eternity.

Just the way Charles Dutton would have wanted it.

Go to Mituna. one option appears.
It's Mituna!

D'aw, looks like he's all tuckered out under the brain tree.

(hashtag) Falling is hard work!

There's a small pathway that branches off to the south and turns back west. Go down it. At the end, there's a grey chest. open it.

This chest appears to have an extremely complicated lock. There's no way you can open it. You'll need to find someone who's handy with gadgets.

Go back west, to the hub platform, then down the southeast path. You end up on a square platform that has a southwest bridge and another troll with horns shaped like arrows. The troll is wearing a long sleeve, grey shirt with a large panel over the chest that buttons down from the shoulders on either side. His pants are a matching grey and look to be tucked into tall black boots. There's a royal blue sagittarius symbol on his belt buckle. He has a pair of large, blacked out goggles strapped onto his face with bands that pass up from each eye and over the top of his head. Two more straps hang down to be fastened under his chin, but they're left loose. A tuft of hair sticks out between the top straps and falls down onto his forehead, almost like a horse's mane. The rest of his hair is long and pulled back into a thin ponytail. His entire aesthetic looks somewhat steampunk.

Go talk to him. The standard three options appear.
Talk to Horuss.
Ask Horuss to join.
Be Horuss.

Talk to Horuss.

[Note: Horuss speaks with a slightly more purple shade of royal blue than Equius. He replaces X and similar sounds with a percent sign. He censor any word that seems to be negative, even if it's not actually a curse word. He also prefaces everything he says with what is supposed to be a smiling horse face wearing goggles, but it actually looks like a penis.]

Horuss: (horse face slash dick) Your Harness... I mean Hayness. Highness I mean.
Fiddlesticks. Please pardon my utterly execrable language, and unforgivable stammering, your Horseness.

(hashtag) Shoot! (hashtag) I mean Hayness! (hashtag) Whew.
I am a bale of nerves in your royal presence, and it has been so long.
And when I am so spooked, you must know how that causes me to even more firmly identify with the majestic hoofbeast.

Meenah: hey uh horuss what...
the fuck is that thing youre prefixing all your talkin with
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) oh, this? What, you don't recognize it?
Meenah: no and its weirding me out
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) Why, it is my smiling face, you silly, utterly superior person, you. Goggles and all. Can't you see?
Meenah: i guess??
its disturbin as heck to me for whatever reason
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) The last thing I desire is to disconcert our prodigal empress. I just thought I would try smiling permanently and uncompromisingly, rather than resnorting to all those disgruntled expressions I usually trot out.
(Hashtable) I've been cutting back on the horse puns too, as you can see.
Meenah: why the eff would you want to do that
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) It was on Meulin's suggestion, actually.
(Hashtable) (Horse face with a cat mouth. It still looks like a dick)
Meenah: huh??
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) oh, I guess you must not have herd. She and I have developed quite a Strong and stable moirallegiance recently.
Meenah: daaaang
(Hashtable) disclaimer: (Hashtable) less impressed than i sound that matchup makes no glubbin sense dude
(Hashtable) cats+horse (Hashtable) ftw
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) Exactly. Whoof would have thought? If you asked me before we all died whether I would consider romantically pairing with a ridiculous midblood, let alone Ms. Leijon of all people, I'd probably have died regardless, due to laughter-induced asphyxiation.
(Hashtable) If you're going to go (Hashtable) Go out with a smile (Hashtable) (horse face slash dick) But do you know what it was that finally cleared the sweat steam-induced fog from my goggles? It was meeting our post-scratch counterparts.
(Hashtable) Dancestors (Hashtable) or shall I say (Hashtable) Dressagecestors?
Seeing our corresponding young Alternians, why it threatened to produce a tear-induced flood on the inside of my goggles.
(Hashtable) Which naturally I would drain right away through the custom sweat valves
Their relationship in spite of the Strong class disparity I found to be so moving, so pure. It made me reconsider my perspective on Meulin entirely, who horsenestly I'd hardly ever given a second thought.
It's funny, don't you think? How our young ancestors took to a completely different social configuration, making for some rather odd pairings, both platonic and otherwise. A whole host of counterintuitive minglings, up and down the hemospectrum with no regard for class compatibility. And yet it all seems to make a strange amount of sense. Neigh, I might go as far as saying it's all oddly rather...
Titillating? or no, perhaps what I mean is some of their Alternian indiscretions feel a bit, I don't know…
Naughty?
oh phooey, that's not what I mean either. (Pardon my pottymouth.) Now you'll probably mistake me for some kind of rascally deviant.
(Hashtable) My mouth is quite the load gaper today.
Meenah: man why yall still act like you give a heap of manure about dating down on the spectrum you and nitram been a thing for how long now
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) Yes, but no one was supposed to know about that!
That was always to be my own private, um, exploration. I had no intention of creating such a stirrup.
(Hashtable) Though I have literally smithed such items before, pun notwithstanding.
It was only to be a very private, fleeting dalliance with a BuoY, but the whole thing became so quickly scandalized.
A spur of the moment affair, really. And soon others were whisked into it such as you and the vengeful rust blood, and... well, imagine my embarrassment. Trust me, the last thing I wanted was for royalty such as yourself to know I was pursuing forbidden blood. To be caught with my hoof in the chocolate jar, so to nicker.

Meenah: ill
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) And I suppose I would have clopped my hands of the matter after the big kerfuffle, but...
I guess I didn't expect to fall in love.
Meenah: [note: she cringes]
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) It's true. I am not ashamed to say it. I fell mane over hooves. Phantom snout over phantom hind quarters. He...
He stole my breath away.
(Hashtag) With but a roguish glance.
Meenah: wow life story alert do not care
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) My apologies, your Excellency.
Meenah: just tell me why paling up with meu means you have to make that terrible face now
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) She's taught me to get in touch with my anger. Through a moderately discernible series of enthusiastic mimes, she has made it clear that it is much healthier to crush all negative emotions beneath a stampede of positivity, and to always be cheerful and upbeat no matter what, even if projecting that facade is at times physically painful.
(Hashtag) Such as (Hashtag) All times.
Meenah: that is some shitsauce advice and you should give it up homes
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) um, yes. Very well.
(Emoticon of an angry man shouting so loudly that he sweats and his cheeks turn red) Is this better?
Meenah: much

Ask Horuss to join.

Horuss: (horse face slash dick) Respectfully, your Superlative Magnificency, I do not think that would be advisable.
Meenah: whoa shocker of the centaury
(Hashtag) horse pun (Hashtag) dis girl (Hashtag) on fiya
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) of course, I will if you order me to without hesitation. But lately I've been attempting to canter down a trail of nonviolence. I've been saddled for so long with anger and hostility, and now my focus is on solving problems in ways that do not involve confrontation or physical strength.
(Hashtag) soon i may even be able to say strength without shouting.
Technology can solve so many problems, for instance. Do you have any idea how much energy is stored in sweat which may be released through its steam?
Have you any clue as to the Might of a quadrupedal automaton powered by raging currents of steam coursing through its exquisite horizontal torso, and finally jetting through a perfect pair of metal nostrils? I could build as many as you like, my Empress.
Meenah: um no think i will pass on taking an army of snorting horsebots with me
(Hashtag) unless you build those suckas out of gold
so thats all you do is build stupid shit that runs on your sweat now?
cause i could really use a guy with muscle
i dunno if you seen this skull dude but he is Ripped
(Hashtag) kinda hot actually
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) oh no, that's far from my only preoccupation. I have also taken some time to perfect the art of humor.
Would you like to hear a joke?
Meenah: oh noes...
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) A horse trots into a thirst shanty. His muscular shoulders slouched, his noble head hanging low.

The dairyjerk observes that the great beast is clearly despondent, and asks:

(Very long horse face/massive dick) Why the long face?

Meenah: euurergh
zahhak god damn it i am royally orderin you to stop doing that face forever
Horuss: (gasping horse face that still looks like a dick) At once, my lady.
(Gasping face wearing goggles. From context, it's a small dick.) My formerly perky visage withdraws, while my fully erect posture shrivels at your regal disapproval.
(a different angry, sweating emoticon with absurd scowl wrinkles) I shall henceforth emote in my customary manner, as such.
Meenah: respect

Be Horuss.

Horuss: (Angry, flexing emoticon) Bring me a horse, and I am yours forever.

Since you can’t be Horuss yet, go down the southwest bridge to a large, round platform, which isn't all that far above the forest floor. It's the same platform the south bridge from the hub leads to. on it, there's a chest. To the south, there's a set of stairs that head down to the west. open the chest.

You got some more Boondollars!

A little while ago you would have been pumped to score this dough, but now this is just pocket change to you.

You sneer with contempt at the pitiable sum of money and let it slip through your fingers to the forest below. Let the beggars and peasants scrounge for it, you say.

Go down the stairs to the forest floor. You can go west, towards where a chest sits near the roots of a tree, or you can go east, past the stairs and to the other side of the platform. Go west first, to the chest.

You got some Fiduspawn Eggs!!!

You can go use one of these on the Host Plush back there! It honestly sounds like a childish waste of time, but little do you know that Fiduspawn's key demographic is your age group. You are the suckerfish. It's you.

Further west, the grass fades to grey cobblestones. There are machines that look like they came from the meteor next to a grey chest and another troll. This troll is wearing a bright red skirt with a slightly darker, short sleeve blouse. The blouse has a lighter red collar, stripe down the left side of the breast, and bands on the sleeve. on the right breast, there's an Aries symbol. Her hair is mostly pulled up into a bun with two red chopsticks stuck in it, but two pieces hang down on either side of her face, just in front of her ram-like horns. Go talk to the troll. Three options appear.

Talk to Damara.
Ask Damara to join.
Be Damara.

Talk to Damara.

[Note: Damara speaks in red Japanese kanji. I, the describer, do not speak Japanese, but the people...
Meenah: sooooo mecigo
here we are again
guess
Damara: [note: she narrows her eyes at Meenah and glares.]
Meenah: please tell me this reunion is as awkward for you as it is for me
Damara: [note: she continues to glare.]
Meenah: not gonna say nofin huh
just going to stand there and leave me wrigglin on the hook during this frosty silence
come on you nutty bitch at least do Somefin to break the ice
Damara: [note: she smiles and raises two middle fingers.]
Meenah: Thank you
hey you didnt by any chance kidnap nitrams lusus did you
or steal all his dorky fiduspawn loot
i thought we were past this
dont tell me youre still tormenting the guy even after eternity
Damara: anata no dyuaru foku o toru. ni kai jibun jishin o fakku. [Take your dual fork. Fuck yourself twice.]
Meenah: do what to myself twice with my double what exactly??
cod damn your weird accent is thick as ever
Damara: anata ni seiteki kaikan o ataru tame ni jubun na atsu-sa de wa nai. [It is not thick enough to give sexual pleasure to you.]
anata wa anata no kotoba de watakushi o taikutsu tsuzukeru no daro ka? mata wa. anau wa watakushi no fuku o nugu no daro ka? [Will you continue boring me with your words? or will you take off my clothes?]
watakushi wa anata no ha no aida ni watakushi no chikubi o kanjiru yo ni shitai. [I want to feel my nipples between your teeth.] [Note: She gives an almost predatory smile.]
Meenah: wha
did you just tell me to bite something or
screw it i give up
language barrier be a fuckin motherglubber
Damara: [note: she smokes a cigarette. or maybe it's a blunt.]

Ask Damara to join.

Meenah: hey so guess what! im building an army to kill lord ahahahaha shell oh shell
(hashtag) aka (hashtag) sea lol
like you could give a fuck about saving reality and or wouldnt just be a huge backstabbin liability out there
Damara: jubun ni kohei. [Fair enough.]
Meenah: but just for shits an cuttles uh
been sorta wondering
back when we like
kind of ruined each others shit
because of that whole cycle of revenge deal
and i ended up dyin and god tiering and all 
remember that
Damara: watakushi ga oboete iru. [I remember.]
tokidoki watakushi wa, sono memori ni jii koi. [Sometimes I masturbate to that memory.]
Meenah: aight not sure i followed that but ill assume it was more weird skanky sass
but what i want to know is
after the fight
did i hurt you bad enough that you maybe
crawled off and died somewhere
like in a quest cocoon
Damara: ...
Meenah: were you maybe all bloodied up from all those forkins
and then maybe along comes a friend with a maddening inability to hold a grudge against you for
the ways you fucked him over
maybe trotting along in his new robo horse body and swooped your bloody torso up on his back
galloped off to your cocoon and draped you on the slab while probly not havin the nerve to finish
you off
this ringin any bells
(hashtag) like the ones in your batty as fuck goddamn belfry?
Damara: seiko anata wa nan o hanashite iru? hakuchi mesuinu. [What the fuck you're talking
about? Bitch idiot.]
Meenah: Im axing if you are a god tier you inscrutable fishwife
holy mackerel gettin info outta yous like prying a pearl from a slutty murderous clam
Damara: hamaguri wa, shinju o seisei shimasen. anata wa umi no nan mo shiranai. [Clam will not
produce the pearl. You do not know anything of the sea.]
Meenah: yeah i know clams dont make pearls!!! look i just misspoke it was a hasty burn ok
dont be calling out my authority on the ocean dmeg you know i got all watery junk on lock
who you think you tryin to rile up with that amateur noise
Damara: anata wa hijo ni okotte iru yo ni mieru. seiko o. no wa o tagai ni furete mimasho.
watakushi to issho ni toseki nyushu shite kudasai. [You seem to be very angry. Chill the fuck out.
Let's touch each other. Please get stoned with me.] [note: she smokes again. It's a blunt.]
Meenah: omg i cant understand you
chill out and do what with you...
going to ask again as simple as i can
Megido are you a magic immortal time fairywitch with secret butterfly wings: yes or no
Damara: seikaku ni dono kurai no. anata wa shiritaidesu ka? mizu no bicchi. [Exactly how much.
Do you want to know? Bitch of water.]
Meenah: damara
if horrible conversations was a video game you would truly be last boss
now where the fucks aranea and her lil windbag stand lets just get this jam over with already

Be Damara.

Damara: anata wa watakushi ni naritaidesu ka? [Do you want to be me?]
anata wa watakushi ni wa dekimassen. anata wa watakushi o rikai dekinai baai. [You can not be me.
If you can not understand me.]
sarani. anata wa watakushi ni wa dekimassen. anata wa watakushi o seiko suru koto ga dekinai baai.
[In addition. You can not be me. If you can not fuck me.]
Meenah: ummm yeah no idea what you said
guess someone who speaks your gibberish needs to ask
open the grey chest.
What's that sound? You listen closely to the chest. You hear something flapping around in there. This thing looks air tight. Whatever's in there might run out of ghost oxygen soon.

Alas, this chest appears to have an extremely complicated lock. There's no way you can open it. You'll need to find someone who's handy with gadgets.

Go east now, past the stairs. A massive quartz boulder blocks the path. There's a blue dreambubble next to it. When you interact with it, two options appear.
Examine bubble.
Yeah I have no idea what I'm doing here.

This bubble contains Damara's memory of a huge quartz obstacle. only she can remove it. Stinkin' witch. She never makes it easy, does she?

Yeah I have no idea what I'm doing here.

Click the Map link below the game for Hot Tips!!!

Go back up to the hub platform and go to the fiduspawn plush.

use Fiduspawn egg on host plush.

The plush topples over and is suddenly both soaking wet and ripped open. A Horsaroni fiduspawn stands nearby. Examine the plush.

Blech. What a disgusting, friendly mess. His sacrifice was not in vain though. He was brutally murdered from within, so that a new friend could be born.

(hashtag) You hum the fiduspawn theme song while gently weeping.

Go to the newly hatched fiduspawn. Two options appear.
Examine.
Take Horsaponi to Horuss.

Examine.

What an utterly magnificent specimen. But if you train Horsaponi hard enough, one day he may become Horsaroni. By which I mean, he will grow slightly bigger, and gain no measurable advantages in combat. You will however be required to feed him more.

Take Horsaponi to Horuss.

Horsaponi disappears, presumably to your inventory. Now make your way to Horuss. A new option appears when you interact with him.

Give Horsaponi to Horuss.

Horsaponi appears next to Horuss.

Horuss: (horse face slash dick) You did it! You brought me a fine, young stallion!
What a beautiful gesture of friendship. I am so fudging happy, you have no idea.
(angry, sweating face with its eyes pinched shut) Whoops, so happy, I have become loose with foul language, and forgot I wasn't supposed to make that face anymore.
(side eyeing, sweating face that looks vaguely suggestive) You are of course free to be me
whenever you wish, my lady.

Be Horuss?

Yes

You are now Horuss. The song changes to Indigo Heir. Go examine your new friend.

Dear, sweet, beautiful, dear, precious, sweet, sweet, dear, sweet Horseaponi.

(hashtag) neigh

Go back to Meenah. There are two options.
Talk to Meenah.
Be Meenah.

Talk to Meenah.

Meenah: hozak
serious question
Horuss: (furious emoticon flipping something) Yes, my peerless, exalted Eminency?
Meenah: when did you decide you were a horse
Kankri: *PHWEEEEEEEEEET!!!* [note: Kankri is actually blowing a whistle.]
Hold up there, Meenah. The question you just asked was in fact a severe microaggression against those who are stricken with deeply plightened feelings of species dysphoria. Your question was innocent enough, so I'm not about to go down the perilous road of trigger shaming, but Meenah, my goodness, what you just said was catastrophically triggering. Poor Horuss here will likely feel triggered for weeks because of your thoughtless question. Hell, even I'm feeling a little triggered by it, and I'm not even under the impression I'm a horse. I think everyone within earshot was triggered by that. You feel triggered, right Horuss?
Horuss: (Wide eyed sweating face) Trigger sounds like a wonderful name for a hoofbeast.
Kankri: See? Totally triggered. Now let's let the healing begin.
Meenah: (frowning face wearing a tiara and goggles)
(hashtag) so done
Kankri: Meenah, his belief that he is actually a majestic hoofbeast is not characterized by choice. In fact, it is not even a belief. It is a Fact, which we must strive to respect as Factual, in no small part due to his hyperimportant feelings about it. Tailoring factual reality around people's critical feelings is a cornerstone of Problematics, and failure to do so can only result in the release of devastating payloads of correctional words deployed to educate, heal, and rhetorically overwhelm. When you asked "when did you decide you were a horse," you implied that he made a choice to craft this feature of his identity, as opposed to listening carefully to the fauna within, heeding the call of the long, ghostly snout his body has tragically denied him, whilst feeling the subtle tingling of his phantom horsey posterior.
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) So true, friend. Your wisdom truly transcends your degenerate, mildly nauseating mutant blood.
Kankri: Thank you. Now, you know how I hate to derail conversations, but I think this occasion calls for a thorough, unrelenting education on the topic. And now I shall begin my crushing harangue on this delicate subject, as thusly:
Kankri: [note: he says a lot. 46 paragraphs, to be precise, all of which is written far too small to read.]
[Note: A drawing appears. Kankri lectures while 'blah blah' flashes above him. Horuss grins and says 'omg yes' as Meenah leaves and is labeled 'sneak away'.]

As Horuss, head to the hub, then east to the grey chest by Mituna that Meenah couldn't open.
open it. Something long and blue floats out of the chest.

You got a Priceless Work of Fine Art!!!

You spend a few moments solemnly contemplating the artistic merits of the splendid classical sculpture.

Horuss's talksprite appears, holding the object and sweating while holding his hand to his chin ponderously. An area over his left eye and horn is pixelated, which was likely intended for the Priceless Work of Fine Art, considering what it is. It's a massive blue horse dick dildo that's longer than Horuss's entire arm.

Wait, no...

Hang on, don't move. The pixelation is missing its mark...

It goes back to Horuss pondering the horse cock. The pixelation has moved closer, but it's still over his face rather than the Fine Art.

Damn it! Still not quite right... ok, hold your horses.

It goes back again and, finally, the dildo is properly censored.

Perfect! Whew, crisis averted. That was a close call.

You very nearly caught a glimpse of a horse penis and began to cry.

Now that you have your Fine Art, go down to Damara. When you interact with her, two options appear.
Talk to Damara.
Be Damara.

Talk to Damara.

Horuss: (horse face slash dick) oh, hello Damara. I heard you were having a mechanical issue with your chest over here. Mind if I take a look?
Damara: anata wa watakushi no mune o itsu de mo hyoji suru koto ga dekimasu. [You can view my chest at any time.]
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) I... think you said yes? Sorry, I really struggle with your coarse lowblood accent.
Damara: watakushi no oppai no ue ni miruku o sosoide kudasai. [Please pour milk on top of my boobs.]
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) I didn't quite understand that either. Something about milk? Served to you in a particular way?
Yes, if you would like some milk, I can bring you some later. I'll just need to equip my steam powered destrengthening gloves so that I may hand you the glass without shattering it.
Damara: nai. tebukuro o chakuyo shinaide kudasai. watakushi wa sore ga rafu suki desu. watakushi no karada o oshitsubusu. uma otoko. [No. Please do not wear gloves. I like it rough. Crush my body. Horse man.]
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) I really need to finish my universal translation device so we can have a more coherent conversation. It's just so difficult to get the circuitry to function correctly when one insists on relying on steam power.
Damara: anata wa, yurei no yo na watakushi no seiki ga seiteki kuraimakkusu o motte iru koto o kakunin shite kudasai. anata no maboroshi no uma no penisu de sore o okonau hitsuyo ga arimasu.
[You, please make sure that my genitals ghostly have a sexual climax. You must do it with your phantom horse's penis.]
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) You want me to bring your what to what exactly with my what?
Damara: watakushi no hadaka no soko ni anata no asemamire no kao o kosuru. [Rub your sweaty face on the bottom of my naked.]
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) Hmm. I...
(horse face slash dick) Sure?
Damara: watakushi wa anata no Ajia no joshi-ko-sei desu. zutazuta ni watakushi no fuku o herasu koto ga dekimasu. anata wa watakushi o yorokobaseru hitsuyo ga arimasu. anata no hon o shiyo shite kudasai. [I'm your Asian schoolgirl. You can reduce my clothes to shreds. You need to please me. Please use your horn.]
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) Do what with your schoolgirl uniform? I wouldn't want to do anything to ruin it. It's quite nice.
But perhaps I could craft a robotic avatar for you, emulating your fashion choices. Actually, if I did that, I could install more sensible speech algorithms, so that I could understand you for a change.
Damara: shizuka ni shite imasu. damatte watakushi o fakku. [Keep quiet. Fuck me in silence.]
[note: she scowls.]
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) um. *Cough.*
Damara: watakushi no tainai ni hairu. mata wa. watakushi wa anata o hakai surudaro. [Go into my body. or. I will destroy you.]
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) Damara, forgive me if I'm leaping to conclusions, but has the nature of your cryptic remarks been leaning... well...
A little blue?
Damara: [Note: she holds her fingers up to her mouth. It's pixelated, but she's clearly flicking her tongue between her pointer and middle fingers in a mimicry of cunnilingus.]
Be Damara.

Damara: anata wa watakushi ni naritadesu ka? [Do you want to be me?]
anata wa watakushi ni wa dekimasan. anata wa watakushi o rikai dekinai baai. [You can not be me. If you can not understand me.]
sarani. anata wa watakushi ni wa dekimasan. anata wa watakushi o seiko suru koto ga dekinai baai. [In addition. You can not be me. If you can not fuck me.]
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) Come again?
I suppose Rufioh should ask. He's always been the only one who can parse your vulgar, peasant tongue.

Walk past Damara to the other grey chest and open it.

A little white tinkerbull floats out.

You got Rufioh's Lusus!!!

The poor little guy is gasping for breath. Who could have locked him in here? Who could be so cruel?

You glance at Damara suspiciously. She doesn't bother to look at you, and takes another drag.

Walk away from the lusus-napper and go back to the first platform, where Rufioh is waiting. When you interact with him, two options appear.
Talk to Rufioh.
Give Rufioh his lusus.

Talk to Rufioh.
Rufioh: hey man. oh, heh... still making that face i see...
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) Yes, I really enjoy making this face. It really helps remind me
through persistent facial discomfort that appearing to be happy should always be one's top priority.
(gasping horse face that still looks like a dick) Why? You don't find it displeasing, do you?
Rufioh: um... no... it's uh... yeah, it's alright horuss. the look is really, uh... something else. wow.
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) Really, I could stop making the face. Meenah recently ordered me
to stop making it in her presence, and I of course instantly complied. I would just as readily do the
same for someone as important to me as you.
Rufioh: err... haha. that's cool... but yeah, that's fine. really i can dig the look, i guess. just do
whatever you're feeling with it...
(hashtag) except for maybe (hashtag) pointing it at me so much...
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) Rufioh, your affable malleability continues to be your finest quality.
It is the jewel in your mohawk. A true diamond in the Ruf. You always were the ideal embodiment
of your aspect, as pleasantly wayward and fickle as The Breeze itself.
Rufioh: yeah... uh... thanks. i should probably try to work on that though...
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) of course. We always strive to hone our craft, ever pounding at the
iron to make the shoe a perfect shape. I know well how much work it takes.
Rufioh: no, i didn't mean, like... be more like that... i mean... uh, sorry to interrupt... go ahead?
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) My path was similarly governed by my aspect. For the longest
time, I felt as if I was a blank sheet of paper. Like I had to make myself out of nothing.
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) And so I began to listen closely to the void within myself and corral
the various personal attributes I herd calling to me.
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) Much like assembling a complex machine, I began to piece together
a strong identity, which of course included discovering a passion for mechanics itself.
And needless to say, what also galloped out of the void in my soul was the realization that I am
obviously a noble hoofbeast, though my physical appearance cruelly betrays this fact.
Rufioh: hey, uh... horuss... i think...
we need to talk.
i mean, when you get a minute...
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) And in following sweeps I would keep turning my mechanically
augmented, acute equine ear back to the abyss within, and continue to discover more about myself.
I would learn that I was more complicated than I ever imagined. More complicated than any mortal
mind could understand a person to be.
Knowing myself to be hoofbeastkin was only grazing the surface of the pasture. Merely skimming
the cream from the top of the milk. I was so much more.
Rufioh: i think maybe we should like...
uh... see other...
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) It turns out my body was merely the host to a highly intricate
system of entities of any sort you could name, biological or mechanical, sentient or nonsentient,
physical or metaphysical. My inner field of experience is shared by the souls of ancient legendary
musclebeasts, a range of devices such as hivehold appliances, a number of cosmological features
such as planets, star systems, even several universes, and a variety of abstract concepts which
sentient beings have not yet formed the language to express.
Rufioh: like... don't get me wrong... we had some good times together... it's been great really...
but maybe it's time to uh... i dunno.
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) But as much as I learned about myself, I could never find a way to
become whole.
The void was never filled until you came along, Rufioh.
Rufioh: wow man. that's...
wow.
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) If there is any lesson I would like people to take from my story, it is
a lesson that is a multiple system consisting of two distinct lessons.
The first is how love heals all wounds, even ones consisting of the infinite essence of void permeating your entire existence and role as a legendary hero.
The second is how if you are faced with any crisis of identity whatsoever, it's really important to do your best to manufacture esoteric features of your personality and believe in them very strongly and tell people about those things as frequently as possible. I can assure you right now, the labor involved in smithing my personality into one that is interesting and complicated was rather intensive.

(sweating horse face or an ejaculating dick) I really worked up a good sweat in the process.
(very sweaty horse face or powerfully ejaculating dick) That is the sweat dripping from my face.
Rufioh: hey... yo... that...
that's some freaky shit dog!
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) Anyway, I apologize for talking so much. You know how you have a way of drawing the breath out of people. What were you trying to tell me?
Rufioh: oh... yeah.
uh...
never mind.

Give Rufioh his lusus.

Rufioh: oh shit! you found him... thank you so much!!!
I was so worried... but now he's back, and so are my happy thoughts.
got all kinds of confidence now... heh, you wanna be me? my self esteem can totally accommodate that yo!!!

Be Rufioh?

Yes

You are now Rufioh. The song changes to The Brave and the Bronze. Talk to Horuss.

Rufioh: yo yo, horuss my gangsta, how you feel?
can i get a way gentle fist bump from my boy? heh, yeah... just like that... fuck yes.
(hashtag) actually that still kinda hurt...
anyway i've been meaning to talk to you about something... something uh... pretty important.
about us and the future and all that... you got a minute?
ok, cool. so... damn... where do i even start...
you know we've had nothing but good times together... it's been the bomb.
well, maybe not everything... shit got dicey at the start... with my crazy ex and... yeah. that's not the point.
remember the way you used to be... before you all started being interested in me... man you thought i sucked! haha, just another lowblood not worth your time.
you were so pissed at people like me and damara... so angry, damn. shit was scary... and damara... she used to be nice as can be... dunno what happened there. talk about a personality switch... for both of ya...
but then for whatever reason... i guess you wanted to reach out to me? i mean... in secret, i know.
you didn't want to be all shamed out of your highbrow CIP club, i could always dig that. i understood, you know?
so you came to my woods... never told anybody... we hung out. that meant a lot to me. i want you to know that.
people always had crazy ideas about me. like i was this brave adventure guy all up in this forest being a badass and shit. people like... they always wanted to be with me, or... maybe even wanted to Be me? it was all kind of whack... even damara when we were going out didn't really get me, i
think... she put me on this pedestal, i mean, back before she snapped. but you saw me for who i was. which was... not a perfect guy. like, i wasn't really sure about myself, and you saw that... so you actually helped me. when we were in the woods together, you taught me to fight... taught me to fly... taught me to crow!

well, not literally. i mean... i knew how to do those things. i knew technically how to flap my wings and fly through the air. i knew how to say "bangarang" all loud if i really wanted to... but that was the thing. i was scared! i was scared of flying and falling... i was scared of fighting and failing... and i was scared of crowing and... sounding like a fucking idiot i guess! lol... but you helped me not be so scared, or self conscious maybe... you just helped me be myself. like... to just be ok with not being perfect, or living up to whatever people think i should be. maybe it's just nostalgia... there was something better about those times... just you and me chilling in the woods. but then we entered the game. and for some reason... still don't know why... damara just started going a little more nuts every day... getting more and more jealous when she knew we were hanging out... then she found out it was more than just hanging out... and i guess the rest was history. and yada yada... then we all died... and we been together ever since. all this time as ghosts... which is... a long time, you know?

and i'll always be grateful for what we had together... but... i guess people change. even as ghosts, they change, if you give em long enough... they start wanting different things... aw man! i'm going about this all wrong... saying way too much, but not what i want to say... shit, haha. i should just use the bravery you helped me understand i always had, and just say it... i think we should break up.

... 

uh...

you ok, bro?

Horuss: (horse face slash dick) oh! I'm sorry, what did you say?

My ear valves filled up with sweat, and I didn't catch most of that.

Rufioh: ...

Horuss: (horse face slash dick) Hey, why don't we participate in an enjoyable activity together later, as romantic afterlife partners? We could play one of those foreign card games you seem to like. What's that one called again? Fiddlespoon?

Rufioh: um. yeah... we can do that... i guess. that sounds... uh... dope.

Horuss: (horse face slash dick) I know I'm not the best partner to share your exotic and somewhat childish interests with, but i do my best to try to understand them and enjoy them with you. The most important thing is that we spend time together, and maintain a Strong relationship.

Rufioh: ...

bangarang.

Go down to Meenah and talk to her.

Rufioh: damn... thank god i got my lusus back... dunno what i'd do without the little guy!

Meenah: is he even uh

"reel"

ya know

like the ghost of your actual lusus or

Rufioh: er... know what? not sure, doll!

he could just be a memory figment or something like that. or maybe he's really his ghost... when damara accidentally dropped a hunger trunk on him way back... crushed his little body... i always dreamed i might meet up with him again in the afterlife.
so when i found him here... guess i didn't think about it much? i was just happy to see him. he is my happy thought after all. i can't really bring myself to do much without him... like fly... fight... crow...

(hashtag) you know... the basics?

Meenah: truth

Rufioh: i remember when i was young... just a little runt out there trying to make it in the world... people would look at me funny cause my wings were growing in, and that really freaked people out yo!

so i got way self conscious and didn't feel at home out there... with everybody eyeing me up like that...

so one night my lusus led me into the woods...

and i found this whole baller village of fuckckin tree houses and rope ladders and i was like Damn! (hashtag) shouted bangarang So Loud you don't even Know!

that's when i became an official member of the lost weeaboos.

Meenah: hey ok so...

can we not actually talk about the lost weeaboos

can that just be not a conversation we have

Rufioh: uh...

Meenah: ruf listen your storys cool but theres some junk thats just so silly i cant even try to abide

Rufioh: yeah i guess... heh.

but anyway, they were my boys... a better posse you couldn't hope to chill with, kick the sh*t on troll anime... all that.

Meenah: aw fer glub sake

(hashtag) no

Rufioh: first bumped into damara out there... crazy times!

i think those were formative sweeps for me... learned to love a lotta things i still do to this day.

between you and me... i miss the days i could just jam with her about troll anime... but now... you know how it is...

Meenah: ok why do you stinkin nerds insist on calling it troll anime

i gotta ask
dont you realize prefacing anything with 'troll' inside the context a troll culture is redundant as fuck why dont you just call them cartoons

Rufioh: yeah... i dig that. never thought about that... huh.

(hashtag) deep...

it's ok, i get that the stuff i like isn't for everyone.

people say it's just for wigglers... and i kind of assumed one day i'd grow out of it, but guess i never did?

then again... we all died... and now we really are all young forever...

just like the prophecy of the lost weeaboos said...

whoa spooky... i always thought that was a load of bs!!!

Meenah: whoops you just said lost weeaboos again thus failing the conversation

in the immortal hand gestured words of the late great meulin leijon:

Im So Done

Now go talk to Damara.

Rufioh: hey doll... don't suppose you had anything to do with the recent disappearance of my lusus, did you?

Damara: mochiron sonna koto wa nai. anata no kokuhatsu wa gengo dodan. [of course there is no such a thing. Your accusation is outrageous.]

Rufioh: yeah... sure... like i believe that!

like i'm not so on to your tricks by now...
Damara: damare. so. anata wa mada kare to wakareta no desu ka? [Silence. So. Are you broke up with him yet?]
Rufioh: no... not yet...
i tried... but i just couldn't do it... it's hard, you know?
Damara: anata wa, do yu imi desu ka. sore wa koibito ga anata o uragitta toki ni kanjiru? hai, watakushi wa shitte iru. [Are you mean? It feels when the lover has betrayed you? Yes I know.]
Rufioh: damn... so cold, girl. why can't you let the past go?
anyway... once i actually do get up the nerve to break it to him... don't be thinking this is your big chance with me!
it's over between us for good... kinda for obvious reasons... so just friends, you dig?
Damara: migi. wareware ga hyoji saremasu. [Right. We will see.]
Rufioh: hah... yeah, i figured you'd be like that.
anyway, meenah kind of needs to keep going through this bubble... i know you like to make shit difficult for everyone all the time, but...
you think you could get rid of that big *ss iceberg thing you dropped there?
Damara: ie kuso hoho. [No fucking way.]
Rufioh: aw, come on... do it for me, damara?
Damara: bakkin. shikashi, anata wa watakushi ni kari ga aru. seiteki na settaai. [Fine. But you owe me. Sexual favors.]
Rufioh: hahahaha... wow... alright uh... maybe? just go...

Be Damara.

You are now Damara. The song switches to Rust Maid.

Go to the dreambubble by the quartz boulder. This time, instead of Examine Bubble, the first option is Remove quartz glacier. Do that. The quartz disappears with a grinding sound, revealing a new area to the east. Go into it. The forest floor continues for a short distance before it ends where you can enter a new area. There's a chest among the roots of a tree to the north. open it.

You got an East Beforan Scroll!

It is covered in mysterious runes. If only there were some way for laypersons to translate this absurd gibberish.

(hashtag) tinyurl.com/damaramegido

[Note: The URL leads to a transcript of all of Damara's conversations, presumably so people can copy-paste her kanji into google translate.]

Go to the new room. It's more of the forest, but now there's the edge of a cliff to the south. Continue east, past a sapling and the roots of larger trees. After a while, a few machines begin to appear, then it fades to the grey tiles of a lab on the meteor. The piled machines make a path that turns north, then loops around back to the south. At the north curve, there's a door. Examine it.

Wait... there's something different about this door. You think it might be a real door! It's not someone's memory, like the rest of this place is.

The meteor must be physically passing through the dream bubble again. You'd love to get in here and snoop around somehow, but the door is password protected. There's got to be someone around here who knows the password...

Continue around the bend. Where it dead ends, Porrim and Kanaya are having a conversation. When you interact with them, you get the option to eavesdrop. use it.
Porrim: Damara, do you mind? We're having a private conversation here. [note: She scowls.]
Damara: [note: She stares blankly.]
Porrim: Please. Leave us alone. We'll talk later, ok?
Kanaya: ...
(shes making me slightly uncomfortable)
Porrim: (that's her specialty. just ignore her until she goes away.)

Since the Maryams don't want to talk to you, head back to the other room and find Rufioh. Talk to him.

Rufioh: gotta be honest damara... i been feeling pretty bad...

Damara: naze desu ka? [Why is?] [note: She tilts her head to the side and looks confused or concerned.]

Rufioh: um... you can keep a secret, right?

Damara: hai, mochiron. watakushi wa anata no tomodachi desu. [Yes, of course. I am your friend.] [note: She gives the predatory smile again.]

Rufioh: yeah...
it's horuss... and you know... been thinking about breaking it off with him...

Damara: nan o kowasu kare no hon? [What you break? His horn?] Rufioh: hahaha! naw... that wouldn't do much good...
i mean... i feel like a chump for even thinking about it... he's been so cool...

but damn! eternity is a long fucking time!!! i dunno if a relationship should really last that long...

Damara: anata no sekkusu raifu wa do desu ka? [How is your sex life?] Rufioh: whoa, uh... kinda personal question? anyway that's not it...
i feel guilty for saying so... i'm just not into it... so many repetitive dates over the millenia... so much like... talking about livestock and big muscular animals and... i dunno. those aren't really my interests...

Rufioh: maybe we were never that compatible and i just never had the guts to say so?

Damara: Rufioh. watakushi wa anata ni kono koto o tsugeta. mainichi. eien ni. [RuFloH. I told you this thing. Every day. Forever.]

Rufioh: i know, i know... i didn't listen to you... i figured you were still all mad and jealous!!!

Damara: watakushi wa okotte shitto shita. [I was jealous and angry.]

Rufioh: right... i just don't know what to do.
he's great... but he's so clingy! i don't know how he keeps that up after all this time... dude's got stamina... i'm just like... romantically exhausted. you get me, doll?

Damara: hai. ai ga watakushi ni wa shinde iru. no de, dare ka ga zutto mae ni, shinzo o kaishite watakushi o sashita. [Yes. Love is dead to me. So long ago, someone stabbed me through the heart.]

Rufioh: heh, touche.

but for real... i just don't want to hurt his feelings...

Damara: anata wa watakushi ga kare o koroshitaidesu ka? futatabi? [Do you want me to kill him? Again?]

Rufioh: no!!! god, no... don't hurt anyone... let's not go there again!

Damara: watakushi ga kare o yuwaku shitaidesu ka? [I want to seduce him?]

Rufioh: er... i guess if the two of you are like... um. that's really between you and him? not sure he would go for that... anyway, i don't think that would actually help me...

Damara: watakushi wa kare no tamashi o shoji suru tame ni akuma o motarasudesho. [I'll bring the devil to consume his soul.]

Rufioh: man, no! i told you, please don't feed anyone's soul to Anybody!!!
you've got to keep crazy talk like that down, damara!

if people knew some of the shit you said... how you say crazy shit like you want to serve him... fuck!
it wouldn't be cool... people would flip...
hell, didn't you hear meenah was trying to raise an army to kill him?
if she could hear some of the things you told me... shit... i can't ever let her find out...
if she knew, you'd both start fighting again...

(hashtag) (sad face with bull horns)

Damara: anata wa hitsuzen dake o okuraseru. [You're only delaying the inevitable.]
watakushi-tachi no shuryo jikan ga chikai desu. [The end of our time is near.]

Now go talk to Horuss.

Damara: kore ijo no geimu wa arimasen. uma otoko. ima watakushi o fakku. [There are no more games. Horse man. Fuck me now.]

Horuss: (Horse face/ dick) Excuse me?

Damara: Horseaponi matagawwatakushi o mageru. anata wa watakushi ga hado fakku. Horsey sutairu. [I bend across Horseapony. You fuck me hard. Horsey style.]

Horuss: (Horse face/ dick) oh! I see you ve taken an interest in this fine albeit diminutive steed given to me as a gift earlier.

Isn't it wonderful? I shall feed it many an apple and it will grow to be Strong.

Damara: watakushi ni ringo o yashinau. sono go, watakushi no kami o tsukamu. anata wa champion no yo ni watakushi ni norudaro. [Feed me apple. Then grab my hair. You will ride me like a champ.]

Horuss: (Horse face/ dick) I don't... do what with your horns? Ride what now?

Damara: no baketsu o umeru koto ga dekimasu. sono go, naiyo ga supurasshu. watakushi no karada no ue ni subete no. tsugi ni hoshikusa no yama ni watakushi o nageru. [You can fill the bucket. Then the contents of the splash. All over my body. Then throw me in a pile of hay.]

Horuss: (Horse face/ dick) You want me to... something about... hay? Hm.

Damara: watakushi wa anata no hon o su koto ga dekimasu. doji ni, anata wa watakushi no o shiri o hirate uchi. rizumikaru ni sore o okonau. mata. inanaku. [I can suck your horn. At the same time you slap my ass. Do it rhythmically. Also. Neigh.]

Horuss: (Horse face/ dick) You would like me to perform... what rhythmic behavior exactly? While making which animal noise?

Damara: watakushi no subete no hanpuku o fakku. seiteki ekusutashi o taiken suru watakushi-tachi no subete o hikiokosu. watakushi-tachi wa issei ni ogazumu masho. [Fuck my all iterations. Cause all of us to experience sexual ecstasy. We try to orgasm in unison.]

Horuss: (Horse face/ dick) Do what with... wait... all of you? Wouldn't that be quite a lot of Damaras regardless of the activity you are trying to describe?

Damara: seiketsu na taoru de watakushi o tsutsunde kudasai. watakushi wa nojo no dobutsu no yo ni umekigoe o shinakere ba naranai. [Please wrap me with a clean towel. I must moan like farm animals.]

watakushi no ashi no aida ni haradatashi so ni hana o narasu. watakushi wa korosareta kohitsuji no yo ni himei o agerudesho. [Snort angrily between my legs. I would scream like a lamb that was killed.]

watakushi-tachi wa issho ni watakushi-tachi no o shiri o motte mimasho. kyotsu no ogazumu ni sanka. subete no owari de wa, watakushi-tachi o torikakonde iru. [Let us have our ass together. Participate in the common orgasm. At the end of all that surrounds us.]

Horuss: (Horse face/ dick) Trying to decode your speech is quite agitating you know.

Whenever I talk to you my system gets a little switchy.
I begin to faintly channel an ancient soul from Alterniasia and I come very close to understanding you. But then it vanishes just as quickly and my host vessel is left with nothing but an overwhelming experience of perspiration.

Not that I would expect a lowly rust blooded singleton like you to understand.

Damara: motto watakushi o teika saseru. watakushi wa hotondo soko ni iru. [Degrade me more. I'm
almost there.]
furiku. [Freak.] [note: she flips him both middle fingers.]

Go towards Mituna. Latula is now sitting next to him. Interact with Mituna.

It's Mituna!

Latula: hey damz!!!!
Latula: if you go anywhere near him, i will fucking kill you!

Now warned off, go down and talk to Meenah.

Damara: anata wa jikan no ryoshu ni chosen shimasu. [You challenge the lord of time.]
anata no aware na guntai wa shippai shinakere ba naranai. [Your pathetic army must fail.]
kare wa anata no yūrei o taberu yo ni naru, kare wa genjitsu sono mono o shohi suru kara de aru.
[He will eat your ghost. For he consumes reality itself.]
Meenah: i think. . .
it sounded like. . .
youre tryin to wish me luck in my upcoming battle?
hey thanks megido
maybe i had you all wrong
Damara: nai. anata wa so shinakatta. [No. You did not.]
Meenah: aw ive probably been a bitch to you for no reason
lets forget all that shit ever happened
hey how about a hug
whoa watch where youre puttin that hand!!!
Damara: watakushi wa nan mo kōkai wa arimasen. [I do not regret anything.] [note: she smokes
her blunt again.]
Meenah: apology accepted
hey you get around to moving that huge quartz glacier yet
kind of in a hurry here

Be Meenah.

You are now Meenah. The song changes back to 108 Stars of Density. Go all the way down to the
forest floor and west to the room where the Maryams and the door are. Go to the Mayrams and
interact with them. The option Listen in on conversation appears. Choose it.

Porrim: Ah, seems we have company. Guess we should wrap this up!
I'm very happy you came to see me. I hope you'll bear in mind what I said.
Kanaya: Yes I Surely Will
And Im Happy Too
About
Yes
Porrim: You have important work ahead of you. The legacy of our race is in your hands.
I know you will make me proud.
Kanaya: okay Thank You

Approach Kanaya. This time, the option 'Ask Kanaya for password' appears too. Ask her.

Meenah: aw snapperfish its popo merrygams and maryam lookalike kid
water you ladies glubbin about over here
Kanaya: Nothing I Was Just Leaving
Meenah: oh yeah where to
back into your meteor right cause thats where im headed
cant get through the door tho
can i get your password
Kanaya: Pardon Me
No
Meenah: come on
Porrim: Meenah, what are you doing? Don't hassle her for private information. It's rude.
Meenah: Come ooooon
im being nice about it
Kanaya: Are You Actually
Meenah: im fuckin smiling aint i?? [note: she scowls as she shouts that.]
Kanaya: Well I Was Going In There Anyway
I Wont Give You My Password But You Can Follow Me I Guess
But You Can only Remain As Long As Im Escorting You
Meenah: da fuck
why
Kanaya: Because I Dont Trust You
Meenah: aw man
but im cool
you should wise the fuck up and start thinking im cool
Kanaya: Youre Right With A Sales Pitch Like That I Would Have To Be An Imbecile Not To
Crave Your Company
(hashtag) Human Sarcasm
Meenah: what you got against me maryam clone
Kanaya: I Think Youre Probably A Sociopath
Ive Given Enough of My Time To Such Characters In The Past
Meenah: you got me all wrong girl
what i gotta do to make you my frond maryam the sequel
Kanaya: My Name Is Kanaya!
Meenah: aight aight kanaya it is
some day ill come up with a good fish pun way of saying that
thats how you know our shit will be TIGHT
Kanaya: [note: she facepalms about as hard as physically possible.]
Meenah: just lead the way ill be well behaved and win you over
Youll sea
Be Kanaya?
Yes
You are now Kanaya. The song changes to Jade Sylph. When you walk, Meenah follows you.
Take a moment to talk to Porrim.
Porrim: Let's stay in touch, Kanaya. Come looking for me in your dreams any time you like.
And be sure not to let that one too far out of your sight.
Meenah: scrod dammit
kids got no respect for royalty these days and i about haddock up to here
Porrim: Please. You aren't even mad. You just wanted an excuse to use more fish puns.
Meenah: merrygams stop bein such an astute judge a character

Try to leave the room and go back to the area with the other trolls.

You can, but Kanaya disappears and you are Meenah again. When you come back to the room you
should be in, you are Kanaya again.

Now go up to the door. You have the option to Enter Password. Do so.

The two halves of the door slide open to either side, revealing another lab-like hall beyond it that quickly fades into darkness. Enter the new room.

The floor in here is cobblestone and you seem to be standing on some sort of balcony. There are three exits from this balcony. One is the door you just came through. One is a set of stairs that go up directly north of you, and one is a set of stairs that go up and to the west. Go up the north stairs. The walkway continues off to the west, but there's a door directly ahead of you. This leads to a room with a chest at the far end of it and a narrow hallway that goes off to the west. Open the chest.

You got A Can of Earth Tab!

The mayor had a couple of these stowed in his rags for safe keeping. He has decided to store them in chests now, which unbeknownst to him are the opposite of safe keeping.

You crack it open and chug it. You are overwhelmed by the intense rush of sugar. This high will surely last for hours.

It shows a picture of the bright pink can with the label Tab: a product of the Coca Cola Company next to a zoomed in picture of the nutrition facts.

Serving Size 1 can
Amount Per Serving
Calories: 0
Calories from Fat 0
% Daily Values*
Total Fat 0 grams, 0%
Saturated Fat 0 grams, 0%
Cholesterol 0 milligrams, 0%
Sodium 40 milligrams, 2%
Total Carbohydrate 0 grams, 0%
Dietary Fiber 0 grams, 0%
Sugars 0 grams

It zooms in on the last section.

Total Carbohydrate 0 grams, 0%
Dietary Fiber 0 grams, 0%
Sugars 0 grams

It zooms in one more time.

Sugars 0 grams

Go west, down the narrow walkway. Not far down, it goes past a shadowy room to the north. Enter the room. A new area loads. It's a small room full of random objects from around the meteor. In the southwest corner, there's a table with bottles, two candelabras, and a white mug on it next to a broken TV. In the southeast corner, there's a few boxes, a small bag, and three cans of tab. The back wall is lined with ornate bookshelves except for a space in the center where there's a vent. A pink potted plant and an empty bottle sit in the northwest corner and a potted yellow flower is in
the northeast corner. Dead center in the room is Gamzee’s Horn Pile, which is topped by Karkat, who is face down and fast asleep.

Examine snoozing Karkat.

Meenah: !!!!!

Hey, it's your newly recruited Grand Threshecutioner! Looks like he hasn't woken up from the same nap he was having last time you talked to him. The guy must have been really tired.

Why's he sleeping in this massive pile of horns? That can't be too comfortable. Maybe you should wake him up. Then as long as he's awake, might as well see if he's ready to pack his bags and head off to war.

Hold on. Maryam is eying you suspiciously. She isn't on to your plan, is she? How could she know? This girl is really cramping your style. You'd try to shake her loose, but as a rainbow drinker she seems to have an absolutely insane fastness attribute.

Kanaya: Whatever Youre Thinking Dont Even Try It
Meenah: what!!!
wasnt thinkin nofin
Kanaya: Lets Keep Moving

Since you can't wake Karkat up, exit the room and keep going west down the small hall. Eventually, you reach a small open area with most of the floorspace taken up by machines. There's a set of stairs that lead up to the east, a hall that exits south, and a hall that exits west. Take the stairs. It quickly dead ends at some machinery and a chest. Open it.

You got a Boonbuck!

Ok, you can't even pretend to be excited about this. You get the feeling that whoever was stocking these chests just started running out of treasure assets.

You put the phoned-in item back in the chest. But a little later, Meenah sneaks back over here, takes the boonbuck, and stashes it in her nautically themed, hot pink clam shell shaped purse, which we have never seen her rendered with, but is totally is something that exists in the most canonical way possible. There, now you know.

Go back down the stairs, then down the south path. It turns east, then widens a bit. There's a chest on the north wall. Open it.

Eeeeuuughh more troll blood, why???

A vial of violet liquid floats out.

As you prepare to lob it into the dark shaft below, you catch a whiff of it. Hold on... it smells... fruity?

You guess it was a false alarm. This appears to be some form of delicious juice. Your bad.

Wind south, around a wall, then keep going east. Eventually, you reach some stairs that lead back down to the first balcony. You went in a very large circle. Go back up the north stairs, but this time, go east instead of into the room. The balcony ends, but there's a set of stairs that go up to the north. Go up them. You're now on a small landing with two exits on the west side. One is a set of stairs that go down into another area and one is a small path just north of the stairs. Go down the
path first. It ends at the pile of computers that blocked a path from another area. There's a chest on this side too! Open it!

A strange medallion floats out of the chest.

You got a...

Hey what even is this thing?

Whatever it is, you got it.

Walk down the stairs you passed a moment ago and head down into an area smothered in carpets. Sometimes Meenah glitches out and stays flickering on the stairs forever. Just ignore her and keep going. Along the north wall, there's a brown table with piles of books on top, a grey computer desk with several computers, a white tea set, pink potted plants, and an empty bottle on it. More books are piled on the west end of the desk, where a broken monitor has been moved to make room for them. In the center of the room, there's another large brown table. This one has a red table runner, several large books, and countless empty bottles on it. Dave stands just to the west of it and Rose stands at the southeast corner. There's a chest just south of the stairs you entered on. Open it.

You got an Empty Bottle!

You guess... you'll just kinda...

Put it over there with the other bottles.

(hashtag) boring treasure

Go talk to Rose. Two options appear.
Talk to Rose.
Be Rose.

Talk to Rose

Rose: What happened!
Kanaya: What
Rose: You're not glowing anymore!
Kanaya: Oh Right
I Became So Absorbed In A Conversation With My Ancestor I Already Forgot She Taught Me How To
Switch Off
Rose: Oh, so you did go talk to her?
Kanaya: Yes
Rose: That's great! How did it go?
Kanaya: Very Well
She Is Very Nice And As A Person Is As Impressive As I Was Imagining Her To Be But Not Nearly As Intimidating Really
Rose: I knew you wouldn't regret it if you got up the nerve to talk to her.
What did she say, besides a few vampire-to-vampire skin-dimming pointers?
Kanaya: Many Things
Primarily Encouraging Me To Pursue My Prior Obligation To My People
Rose: Oh?
Kanaya: She Said She Used To Eschew Her Role Rather Vehemently
The Duties Of Our Caste Were Quite Limiting In Both Worlds It Seems
So She Renounced Them Completely And Wanted A Different Life
But She Also Said Something To The Effect That
She Found That It Wasn't Really Necessary To Reject That Role Completely
And The Same Is True For Me
As Long As I Know Within That I Am Free
And If My Decision Is To Embrace My Path Then It Can Be A Source Of Strength
Rose: Then you want to try to restore your race again?
I had begun to think you'd lost hope in that possibility.
Kanaya: Its True Theres No Orb Anymore
She Said It May Be Very Difficult
But Theres No Hope If I Don't Try
Rose: That's true.
Kanaya: I Don't Know How I'm Going To Do It Yet
But Such Is The Nature Of Adventures
You Can't Be Scared Of Adventures
Kanaya: I Think I'm Excited About It Now
Rose: I can tell.
We can work on it together when we arrive. Maybe the session we're about to explore will offer
some answers.
Kanaya: I Hope So
Rose: Hey,
You aren't permanently de-glowed now, are you?
Kanaya: Oh No I Can Flip It Back On
See [note: she starts glowing.]
Turns Out Its Just [note: she stops glowing.]
A Silly Biological Parlor Trick [note: she glows again.]
Rose: Oh, good. You had me worried there for a moment.
Kanaya: Sorry [note: she's not glowing.]
I Know How You Enjoy A Good Source Of Light
Rose: Light is one of my favorite things.
Please don't take these as fighting words, but my aspect is simply the best there is. [note: she
smiles teasingly.]
Go over and talk to Dave.

Dave: sup
wait whats going on
is the meteor passing through another dream bubble
Kanaya: Yes
Hence The Ghost Who Is Following Me
Dave: oh
hey
Meenah: [note: she grins and wiggles her eyebrows]
Dave: what you don't talk now?
you were pretty spunky before what happened
Kanaya: She Is Exhibiting Her Best Behavior While On This Tour
Shes Actually Doing Very Well So Far
Dave: ok whatever
so what are we just not even bothering to care anymore when we pass through dream bubbles now
like no warning or alert or getting into our facetious battle stations or anything
eh who cares actually
i probably wont even leave the room this time
getting a little bored of ghosts actually
no offense sea troll
Meenah: (hornless dirtscraper)
Kanaya: Shh!
Meenah: (frowning face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Kanaya: So What Were You Just Mumbling Over Here Before I Interrupted You
Dave: oh just some raps
been working on my raps
youve heard my raps right
want to hear some raps
Kanaya: ...
Dave: wait do you know what rap is
its this fly human tradition where you drop a beat and talk hard
if the flow checks out and your rhymes are dope enough then the police start unholstering their
guns
they cant help it its like reflexive
thats how you know youre doing it right
Kanaya: I Know What Your Raps Are Theyre Basically The Same As The Ancient Artform Of
Alternian Slam Poetry
But More Primitive And Generally Involving Less Lyrics About Towering Muscular Livestock
Dave: slam poetry
why didnt you tell me about this
Kanaya: I Dont Know I Dont Really Have Much Interest In The Subject
Dave: yeah but
it should have come up
wait now that i think about it
i remember some weird troll was rapping at me once
Kanaya: Well There You Go
Dave: but i mean we could have been talking about rap all this time
you and me i mean
it would have come up i think if we talked more
Kanaya we should talk more we dont really talk enough
like really just
get down to fucking business
just the two of us
all conversationally and such
Kanaya: Um
Dave: really like
flesh out this dynamic
see whats there
we goddamn Will squeeze blood from this stone
this awkwardly quiet ghost troll as my witness
Kanaya: If You Are Successful In Extracting Blood From The Geological Material In Question
Can I Have It
Dave: aw man
kinda semi self deprecating vampire jokes this is a good start i like it
Kanaya: I Dont Know How Sincere Youre Being Dave
Probably Only Somewhat Since The Rule Is That Everything Has To Be At Least Partially A Joke
Right
Dave: yes exactly
Kanaya: But If You Actually Want To Converse And Exchange Views On Our Respective
Cultures Then Okay I Guess Thats Fine
I Might Be Able To Dig Up Some Classic Texts By Some Famous Slam Poets
Dave: oh man yes
that would be so fucking perfect
Kanaya: Ok I Will See What I Can Do
Dave: youll have to read the troll gibberish to me
itll be just like storytime with karkat
kanaya edition
Kanaya: Heh Sure
Dave: but youll have to rap the words
Kanaya: Oh [note: she puts a hand to her face and turns away]
Dave: pump up the bass and slaughter the mic
i want to goddamn feel that slam poetry
Kanaya: Is It Too Late To Back Out Of This
Meenah: yes

Be Dave.

You are now Dave. The song changes to Davesprite. Goto the horn pile room. If Meenah is still
 glitched out on the stairs, go out the south exit to the south hallway and make your way around via
the narrow hall. In the horn room, there are now two Karkats. One is the sleeping Karkat in the pile
and one is standing just west of it. Go to the sleeping Karkat and examine him.

So many horns. You've always wondered what the elusive juggalo troll even needs with so many
horns? You think he may have some sort of problem. Also what is with trolls and their weird
tendency to be found sleeping in horn piles? You can't even imagine a less comfortable place to
nap. There are some things you will never understand.

Now go talk to Awake Karkat.

Karkat: ok, this is just fucking stupid now.
Dave: what
Karkat: I'm asleep, but I guess the meteor is physically passing through the bubble I'm dreaming
in?
and now my "dream phantom", or whatever the fuck you're supposed to call this version of
yourself, is actually in the same physical location as my sleeping body.
I've just been standing here watching myself sleep on the horn pile. It's official. We've breached a
critical threshold of bulge numbing idiocy.
Dave: huh
Karkat: what do we even call this dreaming instance of ourselves? It can't be "dream self" because
that's already a thing. As in the version of yourself on derse or prospit.
but that was more like a physical, real self, that just happened to serve as a backup life. This is
something totally different, like a weird hologram.
hey, am I tangible to you?
Dave: uh
Karkat: touch me.
Dave: what
Karkat: just give me a little poke.
Dave: no
Karkat: don't be like that, just man up and touch me. Maybe just brush my cheek gently with the
back of your hand. Something unambiguously platonic like that.
Dave: no fuck you
im not caressing your dream hologram
Karkat: you have a really tragically under-inquisitive mind, dave. This is for science. If science
was up to you, humanity never would have come anywhere close to rising to the level of pathetic inferiority it was barely able to achieve as it was.

Dave: you look really tired man

your sleep phantom should curl up with your napping meat torso in the horn pile and try to score some shuteye

Karkat: yeah, well maybe I'll do just that, asshole!

Dave: ok

hop to it

Karkat: no. Not while you're watching.

Dave: man

our conversations can be so embarrassing

im so glad we manage to have most of them in private

Karkat: yeah

Karkat: me too

Go back to the rug and computer room and talk to Kanaya.

Dave: (you shattered the ring but theres more cracks in your rap)
(ima top off your glass cause devastations on tap)
(wait no)
(your act couldnt suck more dick with a puppet in your lap)
(what)
(puppet... man where that come from)
(you shattered the ring but theres more cracks in your rap)
(your flows like warm milk that goes good with a nap)
(haha yes)
(shit lets be rails ill be the shoosh to your pap)
(wait that makes no fuckin sense)
(naw ill stick with the milk one)
(yall claimin to be the lord of time)
(all ya makin me feel is bored with your rhymes)
(thats ok i guess)
(still feel like i should work puppets into this)
(no idea why)
(what rhymes with puppets)
(uh)
(smuppets)
(dave no thats the same fuckin thing)
(muppets)
(what the fuck)
(the only thing that rhymes with puppets is different kinds of puppets!!!)

Kanaya: ...

Dave: whoa

hey uh

how much of that did you hear

Kanaya: By The Tenor Of The Question Ill Assume More Than You Would Prefer

Dave: all that shit was a work in progress

aint fit for hype yet

why you gotta be eavesdroppin

Kanaya: I Wasnt

I Was Just Standing Here And You Slowly Wandered Over In A Totally Oblivious Stupor

You Were Mumbling Your Rhymes And Walked Right Up To Me And Did Not Notice Me Until
Now
Dave: shit
was i
sorry i guess i just got caught up in my raps
Meenah: do more!
Dave: what
no
i cant those rhymes are still too rough around the edges
Meenah: come on
Dave: no itll suck
i mean
i could freestyle a bit i guess
i dont know if i got a live performance in me now
maybe it could work if someone dropped a beat
need a good beat i could probably kill it with a fly beat
Meenah: aheh hem...
dum dum Psh ba dum dum Psh
(hashtag) no wait wait...
chum chum Fish ba chum chum Fish
Dave: awwwww yeah
that fish beat is the shizzle
thats what i am Talking about
alright settle down motherfuckers here we go
Kanaya: They Then Proceeded To Have One Of The Most Ambiguously Rated Rap Offs In The History Of Paradox Space While I Stood By And Regarded It Neutrally
Go talk to Rose.

Dave: rose quit all the clanking around over here i cant concentrate on my raps
what in the sweet religious name of jesus h dick are you doing with all these bottles
Rose: Just a little alchemy.
Dave: alchemy
what kind of shitty thing are you alchemizing with this crap
are you alchemizing bottles with other bottles to make like superbottles
(hashtag) rose_ebottles
Rose: No. Believe it or not, I'm actually focused the contents of the bottles.
Dave: youre a pretty good hike from the alchemiters
Rose: The alchemy I'm practicing is a little more old fashioned.
You know, there was a time on Earth when alchemy didn't refer to a process whereby a large device used game constructs to materialize some idealized version of an object out of thin air.
Alchemists used to experiment with various substances to transmute them into something more valuable.
Its more pedestrian and scientifically credible cousin would be chemistry, which I guess is the technical term for mixing shit together.
Which strictly speaking more accurately describes what I'm doing.
Dave: so what your doing science now
who do you think you are your mom
wait that sounded like lame burn again
every time i talk about your mom it sounds like a burn
who do you think you are my mom
wait scratch that
every time we start talking about her as my mom things just start snowballing down our dumb conversational ski slope and suddenly sigmund freud and king oedipus start banging each others hot moms at some kind of depraved sexy momswap party
Rose: Thanks for the imagery. It was almost as graphic as it made no sense.
Dave: so what are you making
Rose: Beverages.
Dave: beverages what kind of beverages
Rose: Tasty beverages, I hope.
Dave: apple juice???
please let it be aj please let it be a.j. please let it be a.j.
Rose: I'll see what I can do.
Dave: omg
omg
(hashtag) omg
fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck yes

Be Rose.

You are now Rose. The song changes to Orchid Horror.

Make your way back to Karkat's nap in the horn pile. This time, the dreambubble Karkat is gone. Instead, Gamzee sits to the west of the pile. Examine the sleeping Karkat.

"zzzzzzzzzzzzz," Karkat said from atop the towering heap of hilarious clown accessories.

Talk to Gamzee.

Rose: You better not let Kanaya find you in here.
She still hates you, you know.
And not in "that way." I think she still truly would like to kill you.
Gamzee: (low) yeah, i all up and motherfuckin know that already. [Note: He glares and slouches. His entire body except for his horns, the yellows of his eyes, the three scars down his face, and the symbol on his shirt are black.]
Rose: I've wondered, doesn't it ever get confusing? Trying to differentiate between platonic, malicious intent, and gestures of black romance?
Gamzee: (caps) No.
(low) like i'd even give a dayglow chainsaw bitch like that on my time of day up in any quadrant.
(caps) Besides, already got my black rom on with another motherfucker.
(low) been dating somebody in the motherfuckin shadows. getting pretty nasty between us. all experiencing the shit out of the dark miracle called hate bliss.
Rose: Wait, really?
Who?
Gamzee: (smiley face with a round nose)
Rose: Karkat?
Gamzee: (low) no.
Rose: Dave??
Gamzee: (Caps) No.
Rose: Not... the Mayor???
Gamzee: (Low) no.
Rose: Wait...
Terezi?
Gamzee: (Caps) Honk.
Rose: Are you serious?
Gamzee: (low) do i mother fucking look like i'd motherfuckin joke around with a mother fucker?
Rose: I...
I can't even parse that relationship as something meaningful.
What...
Gamzee: (caps) it's simple.
(low) mother fucker.
(caps) she all gets on her hate of me quite understandably, seeing as to what a vile piece of clown ass trash I'm all is.
(low) but doesn't quite hate me enough to want to kill me. (smiley face with a round nose)
Rose: This is a really startling revelation, I must say.
It's a game changer.
Gamzee: (caps) Hey.
(low) please don't all tell at this noise to anyone.
(caps) If Karkat mother fuckin knew on this...
(low) he actually would want to kill me. (sad face with a round nose)
Rose: Yes, I can see the dilemma you're in.
Your social dynamics really begin to get complicated once your quadrants start to fill up, don't they?
Gamzee: (caps) Mother fuck yeah they mother fucking do.
Rose: Don't worry. Your secret is safe with me.
Now shoo. Back into the ventilation system with you, before you're spotted.

Head back to Dave and talk to him.

Dave: whats up with the fish punk troll following kanaya around
Rose: Seems she's passing through. Kanaya doesn't want her to cause trouble.
Dave: cause trouble what the fuck could she even do here like kick over an old pile of garbage and cause the property value to fall even lower than jack shit i say let her go nuts
Rose: Feel free to take it up with Kanaya.
But if you authorize her to flip a bitch, just make sure she's nowhere near my chemistry table.
Dave: yeah cant be droppin your vials and shit all over the floor the only one whos got clearance to drop science is me
Rose: Dork.
Dave: dont even hate been shoring up my muthafuckin craft over here
Rose: I know. I've been in the same room, right over there, listening to you mumble lyrics to yourself for the last couple hours.
Dave: rose you know what sucks
Rose: Yes.
To which sucky thing are you referring?
Dave: it kinda just occurred to me while i was spitting ill verse to no end i got this weird feeling that i might be getting like a little dated?
Rose: Is this about Terezi?
Dave: what no no
dont be disingenuous word girl you know what im saying i mean sorta passe
like a lumbering pop reference dinosaur
remember we are both kind of stuck in sooo
so im like popculturally frozen in that period
all my references feel like they might be getting a little stale
even though the earth ended and all and there was no culture after that point anyway
but still
i can feel it
like in my bones
i just know on some hypothetical earth that kept going my shit is starting to get so lame
and i know it doesnt matter because its just us here so who cares
but i care
its a matter of integrity i am a fucking artist
like i think if i make one more rap about like some fucking dane cook movie from 2008 to piss
karkat off or some tired bullshit like that im going to
i dont know
ill just start feeling like a fraud
my game might be drying up rose
but its not my fault like im totally hostage to this freezedried backlog of cultural garbage that can
never move forward again
so i have to pick through it like im looting a fucking tomb while still all tryin to act Rap Sassy
like Yeah take That motherfuckers
Of the past
all in your mass graves somewhere in a dead frogiverse
i be representing some god damn Standards about your media do you feel me
im depressing myself here
all im saying is it would be cool to have some fresh shit to work with
like just to know
to know what the world would be like in the year it would be for us now
which would be 2011 i guess
wow 2011 really
damn
i just want to know what would have happened
theres so much shit we were primed for
it was gonna be exciting
like barack obama just turned president remember that
we never got to see if he fixed the economy
remember how you were dying to see if he would fix the economy you were asking me about it
every damn day
just joking nobody gave a shit about that
but like
i never got to check out the next batch of stiller jams and see how bad i could mock them
we never got to find out how the midnight crew adventure ended
if ever
rose
Rose??
what the fuck man
whyd you go back to your bottles and shit i was right in the thick of hella elocution
dont give me that
yes
uh yeah
yes i do Actually want you to come back over here
im waiting
Rose: Fine. Here I am.
Dave: wow was that so hard
this is what civilized people do rose they fucking talk to each other like actually in each others
fucking vicinities
Rose: You just have a tendency to go on for a while. I assumed we progressed to the traditional
mumbling monologue stage of Striderian discourse.
Dave: no thats not even a thing
i was actually like
trying to get your take
Rose: Take on what.
Dave: i dont even know
i bet john would have stuff to say
hes probably going through the same frozen fucking caveman from 2009 syndrome as me
actually what am i saying the dude is a caveman from 1997
Dave: hahaha like he could give a shit as long as hes got his cage dvds
Rose: Oh! I saw him the other night.
Dave: what
Rose: In a dream. It was very brief, only a few minutes. I waved to him and then woke up.
Dave: whoa what was he doing
Rose: He was fighting Jack. Actually, he was doing quite well!
Dave: oh man
you have to tell me all about this
Rose: I will. Later, though. I'd like to get back to work.
Dave: ok when
tonight?
Rose: I have plans tonight. How about tomorrow.
Dave: plans
what plans
Rose: Just some plans.
Dave: can i come
Rose: No!
Dave: fuck fine
tomorrow then
maybe ill just dream up my own john tonight and well have an awesome time without you what do
you think about that
Rose: ...
Dave: f u

Talk to Kanaya.

Rose: Not to harp on the issue, but,
Now that you can switch on and off, so to speak, how often do you think you'll resort to
phosphorescence?
Kanaya: I Dont Know
What Do You Think
Rose: Well, which state is more comfortable?
Kanaya: I Could Go Either Way
Ill Probably Switch On If Im Walking Through A Dark Corridor
Now That I Think About It
Its Been A Long Time Since I Could Even Be In The Dark
Maybe Ill Leave It Off For A While And Refamiliarize Myself With The Experience Of
Nonillumination
Rose: Makes sense.
Was this a biological feature common to other trolls?
Kanaya: Um
Rose: I'm sorry. I'm really pestering you about this, aren't I?
We've never talked about it. I guess I was trying to be polite, but I've been really curious about it.
Kanaya: No That's Ok
I'm Told Its A Trait Confined To Those Of My Caste
They Tended To Spend A Lot Of Time In The Brooding Caverns Where A Convenient Source Of
Light Was Often Handy
That Part Of It Makes Sense To Me But I Have No Idea What The Evolutionary Purpose Was For
The Sort Of Thirst Which Accompanies This Perk
Strikes Me As An Odd Liability But What Do I Know
Rose: Maybe to frighten predators away from innocent grubs?
Kanaya: Maybe
Or Perhaps It Was A Measured Defect Imposed On Us
To Keep The Auxiliatrices On A Short Leash
Rose: I'll agree with that assessment, on the grounds that I've always been a sucker for a good
conspiracy theory.
Kanaya: The Condition Was Often Glamorized In Certain Works Of Literature
But Theres Really Nothing That Great About It
Not Nearly As Useful As Other Abilities Like The Psychic Gifts Which Some Lowbloods Are
Predisposed To
Though I Guess Its Pretty Useful If You Want To Keep The Plans You Made After Someone
Punches A Hole Through Your Gut
Rose: I can see how that could present a whole world of convenience.
Speaking of plans, doing anything later?
Kanaya: Not Really
Rose: I'm working on some stuff right now, but later, maybe once you're finished escorting your
guest around, would you like to do something?
Kanaya: Sure
Anything In Particular That You Have In Mind
Rose: Not really. Just to hang out. If you're up for it!
Kanaya: Yeah That Sounds Okay
Meenah: (holy mackerel get a fuckin room)

Be Kanaya

You are now Kanaya again. The song changes back to Jade Sylph. Walk back to the area with the
machinery. Finally, go through the west exit. When the next area loads, you are Meenah again, and
the song Elevatorstuck plays. You're in another room of the meteor, on an upper level, but instead
of floor on the lower area, there's blue water. Broken computers and bottles litter a table along the
back wall. Parts of a tea set are scattered over everything. Walk west. The floor fades to pink rocks
and a moat comes up from the south, then turns west, then north again and disappears into a wall.
Aranea's exposition booth stands between you and a wood-floored area, where a chest sits next to
where the moat turns north and a rope bridge crosses the west-flowing portion. Under the bridge,
the water fades to lava. Across the lava moat, there's another wooden area with a compass rose
superimposed over it. Stop at the exposition booth. There are four options.

Status report.
Tell me about Rufioh Nitram.
Tell me about Horuss Zahhak.
Tell me about Damara Megido.
Status report.

Meenah: welp
(hashtag) kelp
im a total failure
didnt recruit a single ghost for my army
except for one guy but he was asleep
Aranea: Don't lose hope! I know our group of friends is a bit lackluster in the motivation department, but there are plenty of other souls out there.
You just need to find someone with the right amount of moxy to get you started. Then I'm sure more will follow.
Who knows, if you keep exploring, maybe someone like that will be right around the corner!
Meenah: you seem more psyched about my army plan than you did before
whats with the change of tuna
Aranea: I've started to believe that what you're doing may be important. Just a feeling.
It could be every bit as critical as my quest to find the cherub. I think it all could be related. Like legs of a stool that won't stand unless all are in place.
(hashtag) Or, prongs of a fork, if you will.
Meenah: how is cherubquest goin btw
Aranea: Uh... ok.
I've still been....... a little preoccupied.
Meenah: girl please
you been draggin your talking booth around to hassle people with facts aintcha
Aranea: This is my last session, I swear!!!!!!!
After this, I promised myself I would retire the exposition stand for good. Maybe I'll put it up for sale, and try to recoup some of the substantial losses required to operate it.
Meenah: aranea we are such failures at stuff together
why are we such a couple of gorgeous and sexy failures at things
Aranea: I don't know, but we can't give up!
Once I close down shop here, I will redouble my efforts to find that cherub.
The first thing to do will be to figure out her name. It's been so maddeningly elusive, almost as if someone's taken care to scrub any reference to it throughout paradox space, whether in memories or reality.
Meenah: ok then how about this
while im out there fishin for recruits ill keep an ear out for clues about her
and while youre out there cherub hunting maybe you can see if anyone wants to serve the lil condescend in her slammin new imperial army
itll be
teamfork
Aranea: That sounds like a great plan!
Now let's hurry this up so we can get started on that. What would you like me to tell you about in exchange for the precious few boonbucks I have left?

Tell me about Rufioh Nitram.

Aranea: The Rogue of breath was always a very popular member of our group. Probably the most popular, I'd say. Sort of the anti-me, in that respect. Ever the recipient of romantic solicitations whichever way he turned. Sort of the anti-Cronus, in that respect.
Meenah: aw yeah sick ampora burn outta nowhere hi 5
Aranea: Indeed. His mutation made him an outcast, though. To avoid the unwanted attention his wings would bring him, he took refuge in the forest among those who welcomed his differences, and learned their ways.
The Lost Weeaboos was a guild of youthful tree-dwelling troll otakus with a zeal for fisticuffs, flight, and various forms of exotic eastern theater. Bane to the enemies of hijinks, scourge to the seafaring classes who...

Meenah: Nope
not lisfinin to this la la la glub glub glub

[note: Meenah glubs right over much of what Aranea is saying. The glubs are written in fuchsia.]

Aranea: (glub glub glub glub) centuries of feuding with the Kemonomimi tribes (glub glub glub la la la glub glub glub) ceremonial torchlight yaoi festivals (la la la glub glub glub la la la) tsundere quadrant vacillation (gluuuuub glubglubglubglub gluuuuuuuub) threw down a daggerlance to challenge the guild's high seme for dominance (no no no no no no no no no no) ultimately served like a shonen on Shitsuji Island.

Meenah: hey serket
how much i gotta pay you to zip yer blowhole on this shit so tight you never bring it up again

Aranea: For such a service, I will require nothing short of the large gold statue in your palace. I think you know which one I'm talking about.

Meenah: you drive a hard bargain serks
but you got a deal

Tell me about Horuss Zahhak.

Aranea: The Page of Void was a self taught master of mechanics, an avid patron of the fine arts, a passionate body builder, archer, ambrosia collector and steamwright. A poet, a scholar, a warrior, a lover, he was all that his caste demanded and more. A true troll Renaissance man. His name means "He Who Stalks With The Musclebeasts."

but all of his proficiencies were hard won, built from the blank slate as his aspect would imply, advancing at the slow pace his class would as well. Yet in spite of all he worked to make something of himself, he amounted to very little. Responsible for neither great feats of heroism nor acts of villainy, he was just another game piece to be moved about the board. The aspect ruling his life would always conspire to dampen his relevance.

Void is easily the most mysterious aspect, the one which inherently defies rational understanding. This makes it particularly fascinating, and just as frustrating, to light players such as myself. Casting illumination upon nothing itself is futile. For to truly know void is to paradoxically cause it not to be!

The role of the void player is to somehow embrace nothingness, to become one with it. And yet in total contradiction with this, to make use of the power it grants and serve a role of relevance, one must find a way to overcome it! To see the limitless potential in the void. To find everything within nothing, and bring it into being.

Meenah: zzzzzzzzzzz

Aranea: Hey!!!!!!!

Meenah: wuh

Aranea: This is a perfect case in point, regarding the path of the void player. So resistant is his story to having a relevant bearing on anything, you fell asleep and didnt hear a word.

Meenah: yeah thats nice
Where ma money

Aranea: You don't get any. Your slumber voided the transaction.

Meenah: dag

Tell me about Damara Megido.

Aranea: The Witch of Time was not always the party's biggest troublemaker. If you recall, you wore that tiara for a long time. (smiley face with eight eyes)
Meenah: yeah yeah
Aranea: Once she was as meek as can be. Hailing from the eastern provinces, she migrated across the seas and settled near the forest concealing Rufioh's guild. The two of them became quite fond of each other, and shared many interests!
He secretly began seeing someone else, believing she knew nothing. but she always suspected his infidelity, and over time grew quite distraught. but her sadness never quite turned to rage and malevolence. Not until you... involved yourself.
Meenah: ugh do we really have to go through this
Aranea: If you'd like to earn your money, then yes!
Meenah: bleh fine
Aranea: After we began our game, you quickly determined that winning was going to be an uphill battle with our team. Everyone was so preoccupied with their interpersonal issues, and no one seemed in any shape to be fighting major battles. Sound familiar?
Meenah: deja vus a bitch serk
Aranea: So you did your best to rile up the crew any way you could. Appealing to peoples insecurities, buried hostilities, brewing rivalries... needling anyone you could into confrontation with others. Your theory was that increasing everyone's state of aggression would make them better equipped to play the game. And you were sort of right about that! but the Alternians would prove it. Not our group, sadly.
The poor girl who took the brunt of your bullying tactics was Damara Megido. You talked up her matesprit's betrayal making her feel even more dreadful, while pushing him further into the arms of her rival, until she simply snapped. She attacked him, paralyzing him from the neck down. You finally got the aggressive confrontation you were looking for. Unfortunately, you unleashed something even you weren't prepared for, and you had to deal with her yourself. After a long bloody duel, she killed you. And you would have stayed dead if not for me!
You never listened to me. You just kept needling and fussing and meddling until eventually you paid the price, and I had to bail you out.
Meenah: (arg how bad do i even want this stupid money...)
Aranea: Damara has been unhinged ever since. by increasing her violent tendencies, instead of being an asset in the game, she became a loose canon, arbitrarily showing up at key moments throughout the timeline to sabotage us.
So radical was her shift in personality, I've had a hard time believing your incitement was solely to blame. It always seemed like other forces were in play, as if her acts, though apparently haphazard, were in keeping with some inscrutable agenda. Of course it doesn't help that it's so hard to understand her even on a good day.
Strangely, the only time she was eager to help us was when we were preparing to initiate the Scratch. And it's a good thing she was, since I'm not sure anyone else would have had the ability to do that kind of damage to the Cardinal Movement and release its energy.
It was almost a little eerie how happily she complied with our plan. What did Rufioh say she said? Something about how we would all finally get what we deserved...
Which at the time, I thought sounded chilling. but there's really two ways of looking at it. One is how the Scratch rebooted our world into a state of pure chaos, culminating in the annihilation of our universe. but on the other hand, we all got the chance to live out our wildest fantasies as adults on Alternia!
At least you and I sure did. And I wouldn't doubt she feels the same way.
Meenah: so we done?
Aranea: That's it!
Meenah: toughest 5 bucks i ever made

Now go open the chest on the boardwalk area.
Mindfang's journal floats out of the chest.

You got an Alternian Journal!

It's a bit wordy. Though some of the material here strikes you as pretty risque. Actually... quite a lot of the material.

You surreptitiously pocket the overwrought diary for later reading.

Cross the bridge, then go west, then north, then west again, to the other boardwalk area. A new area loads. The song Irrrrrrreconcilable begins to play. You now stand on a long, red boardwalk built on top of a pink, rocky plane with another moat winding across it. This moat flows in from the west as lava, then spreads out into a pond. In the north area, it fades back to water. A compass rose is superimposed over the boardwalk and part of the visible rock. Head east, past where the boardwalk ends and makes way for the pink rocks. Among some plants and boulders, there's a chest. Open it.

You got a Broken 8 Ball!

You remember seeing a bunch of these earlier. What was the context again? You just had so many long weird conversations it's all kind of a jumble now.

You feel unlucky just looking at this thing. You toss it in the bushes.

Walk back to where you endered and head south. The boardwalk ends again and a rope bridge crosses the moat. On the other side is a somewhat triangular piece of land. On the northwest side, there's a set of stairs that ascend to a castle-like structure on an island in the half lava, half water lake. At the western tip of the land, there's a chest. Open it.

You got the Fluorite Octet!

Feeling lucky, punk????????

(hashtag) (winking face with eight eyes)

Go up the stairs, to the castle on the island. You end up on top of a large, square building. On the north side, there are two chests. Open the right chest.

You got a pair of Rocket Boots!

(hashtag) pshoooes

What would a ghost need with rocket boots, anyway? Can't all ghosts fly?

Or maybe that's just dead god tiers, who can generally fly anyway. Or dead dream selves? Actually you don't know what the flying rules are and you don't really care.

Open the left chest.

A jumble of gold objects and gems float out.

You got a Heap of Priceless Treasure!

Huh. Actual treasure, inside a treasure chest.

Now you've seen everything.
At the southwest corner, there's another rope bridge. This one heads directly south. Go down it. You reach a smaller section of the castle-like structure. There's a set of stairs that go down to the south. Go down them. You're now back on pink land. Andrew Hussie peeks out from behind a pink boulder. East of him, Tavros, Vriska, and John are having a conversation. When you approach them, it says "This leads to the end of the game. Are you sure you're done here?" Don't exit the game yet, though, because you're not done.

Go to Hussie. One option appears.

This guy again?

[Note: Hussie's text appears as if it's narration and does not have a preface. That has been added for clarity.]

Hussie: Oh. It's you. Scram kid!
Meenah: hey orange dude
tell me your deal already
Hussie: I said get lost Feferi!!!!
(hashtag) Do. Not. Fuck with me.
Meenah: whoferi???
Hussie: Alright. I see what's going on here. You clearly have developed feelings for me. I understand. I led you on. Remember when I said bring me a horse and I am yours forever?
Total lie!
Sorry, but my heart is still set on Vriska. She will be my wife.
who's vriska
That girl over there. No, don't look! Shhhhhhhhhhh. Let's try to keep it down, ok? You're going to ruin this for me.
Meenah: her??
dog aint she a little young for you
Hussie: No, but that's the thing! She's spent like however many years being a ghost, so she's older now! That means it's not creepy.
Who even knows how many years she spent here? Maybe 100??! Hell, she might even be older than me now! See? Totally not creepy anymore. Case closed!
Meenah: i dont know what yer talkin about but you sound like an asshole
Hussie: Just need to find the right moment to make my move. Only problem is, I lost the ring. John Fucking Egbert has it. Doesn't look like he's gonna let it go either, the bastard.
Gotta make a plan. Think, imagination, think. Argh, the one time I really need you!
Meenah: yo i got boatloads a bling
i could sell you a ring
Hussie: You could?? Oh man, perfect. How much?
Meenah: [note: her reply, said with a smug smile, is a screenshot of the Homestuck game kickstarter's total at the time of this upload.] $2,485,508 pledged of $700,000 goal
Hussie: Are you fucking serious.
What makes you think I've got that kind of dough just lying around?!
Meenah: thats my price pumpkin skin you want the ring or not
Hussie: Alright. Fine. Guess I've got no choice but to pony up.
Just... don't tell anyone, ok? I kind of promised I would use this money for something else.
Meenah: none ma biz homes deal or no deal
Hussie: Yeah. Here.
Meenah: awwwwww yeah check them mad staxx
here you go loverboy
Hussie: Thanks!
Wait...
Is this ring...
Did you steal this...
From Cronus?
Meenah: fo sho
Hussie: ...
Ew.
Meenah: No refunds!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
Hussie: (sad face)

We're still not at the end of the game, though. Go back to the beginning area and be Damara again. As Damara, go through the door that Kanaya left open. Go to the hornpile room. Karkat is still face-deep in horns, but now Terezi sits east of the pile, where Gamzee sat. Interact with Karkat.

What have we here?

Damara: .............. [note: she gives her predatory smile.]

Go to Terezi.

It's Terezi!

Terezi: Hey damz!!!! [note: her dragon cape's hood is pulled down over her face, hiding it entirely.] if you go anywhere near him, I will fucking kill you!
Damara: [note: she scowls and flips her two middle fingers.]

Now go down to the rug-covered alchemy pit.

Talk to Dave.

Dave: hey
who the fuck are you
don't think you belong in here
Damara: I very happy. [Note: this is all in english and in all caps.] meet human.
say much delight.
Dave: meh you seem harmless enough
what do i even care
go fuck some shit up japanese schoolgirl troll

Talk to Rose.

Rose: Hello. I don't think we've met.
Damara: [note: she tilts her head and looks confused.]
Rose: You seem confused. Are you lost?
Maybe you shouldn't be wandering around here.
Damara: please. Apology.
not want. Disturb you.
Rose: Aw. You seem so sweet.
Please, feel free to stay as long as you like.

Now head through the other rooms, to the exposition booth. Hussie now stands behind it. Interact with him. Fourteen options appear.
Hey, before we start...
Tell me about Damara Megido.
Tell me about Mituna Captor.
Tell me about Rufioh Nitram.
Tell me about Kankri Vantas.
Tell me about Meulin Leijon.
Tell me about Latula Pyrope.
Tell me about Porrim Maryam.
Tell me about Aranea Serket.
Tell me about Horuss Zahhak.
Tell me about Kurloz Makara.
Tell me about Cronus Ampora.
Tell me about Meenah Piexes.

Hussie: Damara!!! What the hell are you doing this deep into the game! Good grief, you are such a teen delinquent. I never should have let you out of Doc Scratch's pervert chamber in the alternate universe.
Damar--
Hussie: Whoops, noooot no no no. I'm not gonna let you respond. You're just going say something totally filthy in Japanese again and make everyone uncomfortable.
Whoa cut that out! [note: Damara is licking between her fingers again.]
Sheesh. I guess this is what happens when you don't have a proper upbringing by a decent guardian. Or at least one who isn't a four foot tall asshole in suspenders, who's kind of like a creepy puppet uncle.
Look, let's all just chill out here. No more lewd Asian shenanigans, got it?? You may notice I bought a new franchise recently.
Cost me a fortune! I had to pawn a ring that used to belong to some dirtbag just to make the down payment.
But I should be able to recoup the losses, if I just tweak the business model a little. Hear me out.
Instead of giving people money to listen to my shit? I think I might actually start Charging people for the service. Crazy, I know, right?
I've been thinking of dividing up my offers into a series of handsomely priced explanation bundles called Exposition Paks where I would...

Damara: [note: she gives two middle fingers.]
Hussie: Oh kaaay, guess you're not down with that?
What would you pay for an explanation? Want to make an offer?
Yeah you're not gonna pay me a goddamn penny, are you.
Damara: [note: she smokes her blunt.]
Hussie: Ok fine. I'll give you these explanations for free. Let's call it a loss leader. You'll tell your friends, maybe they'll tell their friends, then the dead presidents start rolling in.
Yes? Yes??
Damara: [note: she tilts her head to the side confusedly.]
Hussie: Aw fuck it. Just tell me what you wanna know.
But just a heads up, these stories are gonna be pretty shitty! I ain't no light player.

Hey, before we start...

Hussie: Did you get here with Damara before you got here with Meenah? If you did I think I'm going to flip my shit. That is one cracked way of going through this game. Stop talking to me right
now and go come back as Meenah.

Ignore his advice and continue asking as Damara.

Tell me about Damara Megido.

Hussie: You want me to tell you about You??? Talk about self absorbed, but alright.
You say stuff in Japanese, and when people who actually speak Japanese read it they probably
laugh because the Japanese is so shitty. Sorry to burst your bubble Damara but the things you say
started out in English, went through the google translator, and then out again so that it vaguely
makes sense when translated back to English. So you aren't really authentic troll Japanese, you're
fake troll Japanese.
Damara: [note: she scowls and flips him off with both hands.]
Hussie: Whoa don't kill the messenger! Relax. Everyone thinks you're great. In fact, there's
probably someone out there Right Now drawing some weird porn of you.
Damara: ???

Tell me about Mituna Captor.

Hussie: Mega Man Sollux has some problems. He falls down and stuff and talks on a 4chan
background, because of 4chan. But in spite of that, he's brave and does his best and everyone loves
him. Also no one can read a damn thing he says. His quirk is the least legible of all quirks, with
Damara's coming in at a close second.

Tell me about Rufioh Nitram.

Hussie: With apologies to Dante Basco. Dante, I'm sorry about this. All of this. I am so, so sorry.
You were leading the regular, modest life of a Hollywood superstar, then this shit happened.
Everything is broken forever. I liked your work in The Last Airbender. You know what's funny is
how there are probably some people who are reading this right now who have no idea what the
fuck I'm talking about. But you know what? What the Fuck else is even new.
Anyway. Bangarang, dude.
Bangarang.
(hashtag) rufiozuko dot tumblr dot com

Tell me about Kankri Vantas.

Hussie: Did you know: it is a Homestuck fact that 99 percent of all readers didn't read or care
about anything Kankri said. So in other words, he is exactly like all terrible social justice bloggers.
Some social justice bloggers get angry at the joke that he is, but those are the terrible ones, and
being terrible is why they get angry. They want to be terrible in peace without being mocked. That
is what it is like to be a justified target of ridicule. You feel sad and angry all the time and you don't
know why.
Kankri wears a cute red sweater and is otherwise fairly adorable. Porrim acts like his mom which is
also cute as hell.

Tell me about Meulin Leijon

Hussie: Meulin is the deaf Nepeta in this kickass smorgasbord of disabled characters. She speaks in
ASL to say memes which are called mimes because it's one letter away and therefore a play on
words. But you can't actually use ASL to say animated tumblr gifs, you can only say words. She
otherwise reads lips, which is funny because her bff sewed his damn mouth shut so they just sign
memes to each other all day while stoned. It is implied that they smoke catnip together, as if it
were marijuana, which is an especially amusing notion to people who like drugs. Moving on??
Tell me about Latula Pyrope.

Hussie: Latula is the game girl to Mituna's game bro. Game bros and game girls aren't really "types of people" so much as they are hollow cliches which are patronizing to multiple groups of people on multiple levels. So in other words, perfect attributes for some 1.5 dimensional NPC-caliber characters stocking a fun jrpg style walkthrough game. Wait what was I talking about? Oh yeah Latula.

Latula's so rad but she can't smell. I think I agree with Karkat, that's not a disability. That's just like having a cold all the time, but without any actual symptoms or problems. Who cares. Latula likes to high five people all the time, but doesn't like to be left hanging. That's a pun, because Red glare liked to hang people with nooses. Mindfang ultimately left Red glare hanging that way too. I'm explaining jokes here. What? I told you these stories would suck. You get what you pay for.

Tell me about Porrim Maryam.

Hussie: Porrim is better at social justice than Kankri because she isn't a boring asshole. Some social justice people should try looking into that. Porrim wants there to be equality for ladies. Not everybody cares about that though, which makes it hard for people like Porrim. That's the way it is in the real world. Challenges. But in any case, she is a vampire with cool tattoos. End of story.

Tell me about Aranea Serket.

Hussie: Aranea is a blabbermouth, just like Mindfang. She says long things both as a teen and as a sexy pirate adult that make people ask what am I even reading? It's about time I took over this exposition stand. The way I describe shit is a million times better. She sure charged me enough for it. God I took a bath on this thing. Why was it so expensive??? It's made of fucking cardboard.

Tell me about Horrus Zahhak.

Hussie: This dude is just Equius on horse steroids. The end.

Tell me about Kurloz Makara.

Hussie: He chewed off his tongue and sewed his mouth shut because he's a weirdo in cahoots with Gamzee and English. Who even knows what they're up to. It's probably just a lot of stupid bullshit. Meaningless, clownish nonsense. Want to know why they're assembling the wicked ensemble? They probably just think it's funny. Kurloz speaks in bones when he does his clown hypnosis shit but otherwise he mimics everything because get this: he's pretty much literally a mime. Also a juggalo. Because that's exactly what Homestuck needed. Another fucking juggalo. Homestuck needed another juggalo like it needed...

Well, another twelve trolls I guess.

Tell me about Cronus Ampora.

Hussie: Cronus is the worst character in Homestuck by a nautical mile. Any questions?

Tell me about Meenah Peixes.

Hussie: Meenah is kind of throwing a bone to the pisces people who got stuck with Feferi. Feferi didn't really do anything and then she died. Meenah is a cool sassy punk who has more important stuff to do than Feferi ever did. You just spent like the last three hours playing through these games from her POV so obviously you know that. You're probably sick of fish puns by now. After a while you start running out of fish puns. You can over do it with fish puns, much like you can overfish the ocean. You start literally running out of fucking fish. Be careful out there.
Hussie: Meenah discovered that raising an army is hard. But you know what's really hard? What's really hard is making games. Games disguise the effort that go into them probably like few other crafts. In order to make a game that is even slightly better than mediocre, someone probably had to die in the process. Like building pyramids. Nobody actually died while making these games though, hence they were just ok. But still if you add up all the work done collectively on these last three games, it probably was comparable to the manhours that went into [S] Cascade. You know what that is? That's a silly ass fact.

Head across the moat, then out into the next room. Since you're Damara, you end up at the first room as if you came in from the room with the door.

Be anyone but Damara or Meenah. Say… Rufioh. Be Rufioh and try to go to the room with the door. You get a popup.

Where do you think you're going! This is Meenah's interactive quest through the afterlife. You can only leave this area if you're being her!

(Hashtag) nice try

Go find and be Meenah again. Make your way all the way back around to the exposition booth again. Aranea is back at it, so you can't even talk to Hussie as Meenah. Give up and go to the exit.

You have the option to start over. You don't use it, though, because you just went through every possible option in the walkaround.]

[If game doesn't play, try another browser. Chrome or Firefox Recommended.]

[MAP]

[Note: Map is a link, as anticipated, to a map of the entire walkaround area. In the first area, several things are circled in red and labeled with letters, which then correspond to commands written below the picture.

A. The chest under the tree Damara was standing near. Get eggs
B. The fiduspawn plush on the hub platform. use on plush
C. Horsaponi. bring horsaponi to horuss
D. Horuss. be horuss
E. The locked grey chest by Damara. get lusus
F. Rufioh. bring lusus to rufioh, be him
G. Damara. be damara
H. The dreambubble by the quartz. Remove glacier.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: In the walkthrough style, Meenah stands behind and slightly to the east of Vriska, who still watches John and Tavros. The boys both have question marks floating over their heads and the word Pause flashes at the top of the screen.]

You reach the end of the game to find an intriguing convergence of outrageous personalities. You are just dying to see what these heavyweights of badittude have to say to each other, but somehow you discover within yourself the superhuman restraint to hit pause.

There is a whole world of fucking around going on with the meteor crew during the second year of their voyage, and it would be a criminal act of negligence to end this intermission without at least having a peek at their tomfoolery. A weaker person would just want to see what happens with
Meenah and Vriska right away. Thank goodness you are a player with a strong sense of responsibility and discipline.

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: The meteor continues flying across the progress markers between the Green Sun and Skaia. Now they're at the border between sections 2 and 3 and Year Two is written at the top. A flashing crack marks the border between 1 and 2 like someone took a baseball bat to glass, or like someone use rainbow laser breath to explode a dream bubble.]

dialoglog
Dave: (pshh psh bumbum)
(pshh psh bumbum bum psh)
(yeah)
(uh huh)
(no wait)
(more like...)
(uh)
(pshh psh chch bumbum)
(tch)
(pshh psh chch bumbum bum psh)
(yeah thats right)
(we are droppin it)
(let's do this)
(we are like)
(in tha Process)
(right now)
(droppin it like)
(a thanksgiving turkey)
(tripped over something and shit just got away from me)
(my butterballs in freefall motherfuckers)
(look out be God damn low)

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Dave draws in a notebook with a red pen. The page is labeled Raps and has some crossed out rhymes written just beneath it.

Inanimate shit be slippin from my mitts
my digits can't commit to a legitimate grip

'Nah' is written beneath it.

At the bottom of the page, there are some drawings. From left to right, they are Karkat sitting astride a massive penis like it's a horse, which is labeled 'pchoo'. Penis jockey Karkat is riding into a round scribble with some horizontal scribbles around it, which is labeled 'penis sunset'. On the right side of the page is a drawing of Lord English flexing, but somewhat in the sbahj style. He's labeled 'swole' and his pegleg is labeled 'peg'. A black cord runs across the page.]

dialoglog
Dave: (yeah)
(yeah)
(droppin everything today)
(making it rain)
(precipitatin straight up mayhem)
(Hells of weather patterns closing in)
(inanimate shit be slippin from my mitts)
(my digits cant commit to a legitimate grip)
(wait)
(nah ima start over)
(feel this flow out a lil more)
(about how im droppin things today)
(just left and right)
(things of all shapes sizes and dubious metaphorical merit)
(things aint even being held)
(by chumps who cant be assed to show up)
(droppin shit on yo Behalf)
(you name it)
(ima let it go)
(drop it like a frivolous lawsuit)
(oh snap)
(get out of my courtroom bitch)
(waste of taxpayer money yo)
(drop it like the most expensive fucking christmas ornament)
(step on that glass with your bare ass feet)
(christmas is Ruined motherfucker)
(drop it like the mug in usual suspects)
(kobayashi was your cup you dumb fuck)
(lmao)
(drop it like unemployment figures under the obama administrations bold economic policies)
(drop it like cargo on a space getaway)
(just)
(jettison that motherfucker)
(this rap is blasting off)
(drop it like a bunch of firewood i just gathered)
(gonna rub a couple muthafuckin sticks together)
(just sittin here whippin up sick lyrical friction)
(if you start smellin smoke you caught a whiff of my diction)
(shits gettin warm but i wont stop til its hot)
(warm just dont cut it when shits gettin dropped)
(tell me how you feel)
(about shit getting dropped)
(how hot do you want it)
(when i let go of the fire)
(just say when)
(what)
(i cant hear you)
(i said say when muthafucks shit is burnin my hands!)
(eff it)
(here we go)

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Dave bobs his head slowly. He's wearing black, over-the-ear headphones that are plugged into a pink husktop.]
Dave: (just dropped that shit like a bad phone connection)
(i put gravity in charge of its downward direction)
(unfettered descents what it considers perfection)
(shit thinks of the ground and it gets an erection)
(best hope its carpet bound in its downward spiral)
(cause linoleums frowned on, met with an eyeroll)
(landin on grass is just the course that its par for)
(but hardwood fuckin floors what its woods gettin hard for)
(guess i should mention stead a motherfuckin hardons)
(how my motherfuckin french could use a presidential pardon)
(kick it Barack)
(heres where obamas rap solo comes in)
(no but how dope would that be!)
(oh fuck me that would own)
Rose: SLUUUUUOOUUUURRRRP.

[Image description: Rose, who's wearing an orange, halter-top dress and light aspect earrings, gives
Dave a lopsided grin and grips a mug.]

dialoglog
Dave: dammit
rose dont drink so loud its messing up my raps
i can actually hear your sips through my headphones
Rose: Yea well,,
I can her your rasps through your whipsers.
*Whipsers...
*Whip..
......
Zers.
(winking face)
Hic!!!
Dave: oh my god
you are so fucking hammered
how strong did you even make that stuff

[Image description: She turns to look at Dave and leans back against the table. One of her eyes is
slightly squinted and she points unsteadily towards Dave.]

dialoglog
Rose: Iss,
Prehhhtay strong I geush?
Whups. Guesh?
*Gueessss.
Eheh.
Dave: pretty strong
rose you just bootlegged some fucking rubbing alcohol
Rose: Pshf ..
Overaeact much?
I'm yam completally in command of my faculties.
Dave: faculty isnt a word check mate
this kinda strikes me as a sort of misappropriation of alchemy
like fucking with the mystical technology of creation to whip up some moonshine just seems
i dunno man
tell me you at least alchemized a bathtub first to stir this shit in
at least that would be hilarious
Rose: lii.
Omg, you're right, I messed a golden opportunity for a puticularly humoroussh approach to this
endeavor... (sad face)
Dave: and where the Fuck is my applejuice rose
gotta say
you really let me down on the a.j. front
Rose: I tried!!
I tried making it...
Is was hard, Dave.
(Sluuurp.)
Dave: bullshit it was hard
whats so hard about applejuice its like
the most basic goddamn juice
like the square one of juice
Rose: Yes, tha's the Point!
Apples are stalartingly difficult to reproduce.
We take for granned our ability to take idealized intsances ofeven quie comlicated objects and
conshure them from the void.
But compalexity implies a heavilly recombinatife nature.. So.. so many things are synsthized from
a series of mushh simpler ideas!
To those ennities capable of, of conceshualization and abstracion, an apple is as closed to being a
noshushnally irreducedible object as it gets....
Ahem. *Notionally,
**Irr, ed, ducible.
Tell me, hoch shot, what ideas would you combide to make and apple?
Dave: uh
Rose: Exaaalley/.
Thusis why apples are sush indivisible symbols, when it comes to thefield of ideas and their
reducshunistHic!!!!!! reductionishtic essence from the perispective of humans in paticular.
Both from a standpoint of cultrulal and mytholurgical singificence,, and from a pratical one a swell,
if you happen to fine yourself acshually trying to Engineeeeer one.
Why do you thing, Hic!!! Why do you think Adam mand Eve were punished for biting in to one??
They attempted to pentetrate an indivisible unit, uf fundamenetal knowledge. To consume the
interior of a thought whish cantot be reduced any further.
This knowleshe was for Bidden..! Hic. So humanity was forever bandished to live in sin, and, hass
strive ever sinse to redeem isself from the hubrinse of this innallectual foily.
Hahaha! , Foily.
*Folly. (smiley face)
Or what about, the tale of Isaac Newdon under the tree?? He was BONKED on the head by an
apple.
Not reallyan apple though... an atomic idea. An emmental unit of inspripation itself, id clocked
him right on then noggin.
And this indivisible notion colliding with hish awareness, much like. . a high speed partical fired
to create a nuculear chain reacation, jarred from the void a more profound unnerstand, Hic, ing of
the intrinsic nature of nothiness. Thatis,. Gravivitation.
Of course these stories are actually bullshit. They didn't happen in reality. But the act that they're bullshit makes them more interesting. Men have created many stories that are bullshit out of symbols risen from the abyss of consciousness without necessarily knowing what the fuck they were doing or saying, as they floundered around for some truth. But in spite of themselves they would for however briefly cross through a ray of light regardless. Because of the symbols. Dave. The symbols hold all the power.

Dave: well shit
looks like i wandered into a really weird uncharted side of town tonight
its called the drunk rose district
and i am scared out of my fucking mind
Rose: For a guy who's supposedly an I quote, "so cool,"
you really are almost comically uptight.
Here, why don't you have some...
Dave: no!
Rose: What a prune.
*Prude.
Hic.
Dave: i told you i dont want any of your experimental fucking spacewizard booze
id rather not go blind
then terezi will have to teach me to lick shit to see
is that what you want do you want me licking everything in sight
like oh hey mayor Slurp oh fuck you're not the mayor you're my goddamn sister
Rose: Ahahahahahahaha! (very happy winking face)

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Rose grins widely and leans her cheeks into her hands. Dave stares at her.]
dialoglog
Dave: oh my god
you laughed way too hard at that it wasn't anywhere close to that funny
i think you've had enough
Rose: *Siiip.*
Whaa?
Dave: good lord
i still don't know why you were so bent on making this liquor
i thought you weren't really that down with the drinkin
you never liked it when your mom drank what happened to that
Rose: Meh.
She was a lonely single mom.
I forgive her.
ok so why
Dave: why tonight do you just decide to get completely wasted before you like
are you nervous about your date with kanaya is that it
Rose: It's a date??
Dave: uh
yes
Rose: Howww do you figure,
It's a date.
Dave: rose
you are wearing a friggin prom dress
and nervously drinking your ass off
while you are waiting for kanaya to arrive
for a goddamn Date
Rose: Can't a girl jush look her best once an awhile?
Dave: this is infuriating
why do you even bother with this stupid charade
you could be at like a drive in movie making out with each other
all exchanging class rings while giving birth to each others fucking children
and you would still be all coy like Is it a date or isnt it hmmmm who can really say for sure???
Rose: Ok....
Mebey,
I took a little sip to take the edge off?
Dave: yeah
that turned out to be one hell of a sip
maybe you should just reschedule
Rose: Nooooo Hic!
*No (sad face)
Dave: just sleep it off there are more hot dates where that came from
Rose: It's cool I'm, cool.
Really!
Dave: im just not sure youre gonna make the best impression like this
come on lets just find you a suitably soft pile of objects to sleep in before she
aw shit
Rose: Mmm?
Dave: shes here
Rose: !!

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Rose smiles and turns towards Kanaya, who looks confused by Rose's drunken state.]

dialoglog
Kanaya: Good Evening
Rose: Hic!!!!!!!
Dave: omfg i cant even deal
Kanaya: Oh
Hmm
Rose: Whas is it?
Kanaya: Am I
Underdressed For The Occasion
Rose: No!,
You look sho great.
Kanaya: If Id Known You Wanted To Dress In More Elegant Attire I Would Have Happily Uh
Hmm
Rose: (happy face)
Kanaya: Well
If Um
You Think Im Fine Like This Then Okay
Dave: (rose i think you started drinking way too early)
(i think you just like)
(completely fucking forgot to tell kanaya you were dressing up)
Rose: Yeah, I... Ha ha, wow.
You're prolaby right.
I started sooo...
Soooooooooo,
When did I start?
What even time is it.
Dave: (man you're gonna make her so uncomfortable all dolled up like that not to mention three sheets to the fucking wind)
(this date is going to be so awkward)
Rose: (It's not a DATE!!)
Dave: (yeah sure)
Kanaya: Rose
Are You Feeling Alright
Rose: Whay do you ask?
Because if,
You want to kno, I relay fell,
Quiiiiiiiie fabuloush!
Kanaya: Ah
It Seems You May Have Imbibed One Of Your Experimental Human Soporifics
Rose: Hic!!!!!!!!!!!!
Kanaya: Whoah
Yes
Well Then
I Guess That Would Explain It
Rose: Esplain what?
Kanaya: The Lethargy You Possibly Experienced When It Came To Completing Our Rendezvous
In A Timely Manner
Rose: Our,
Wait..
Waat.
Kanaya: I Was Waiting For You In The Common Area For A Couple Hours But You Did Not Show Up
So
I Came To Find You
Dave: (SMH)
Rose: Oh,
Ohhhhhh.,
Oh mey god.....

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Rose looks horrified, but drunkenly exaggerated.]
dialoglog
Rose: I forgod about our date!!!!!!!!!!!!
hic (very sad face)

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Rose drops her head down on the table and purple lines buzz angrily over her head. Dave stares at her and Kanaya reaches towards her.]
dialoglog
Kanaya: Our Date
Then
You Did Intend For The Plans We Made To Be A Date
Which Is To Say One That Was Romantically Oriented
Dave: holy shit we got a room full of smooth operators here tonight
yes kanaya it was going to be a romantically oriented date
Rose: I'm so sorry aaaaah..!
Dave: but as you can see rose is hooched to the fucking max
so i think you're better off going out another time
Rose: No!
I said I swas stilt up for it.
I aready, Hic, fucked up, by losching track of time.
I'mnot going to blow it again!!
Dave: ugh
you seriously still wanna go through with this
Kanaya: Well
Im Still Amenable To An Evening Of
Whatever
Rose: (very happy face)
Kanaya: But
Is There Some Reason Why You Would Advise Otherwise Dave
I Will Have To Plead Ignorance On The Subject Of Human Courtship And Its Customs When It
Involves One Or More Intoxicated Participants
Is There A Problem
Dave: a problem
uh
i dunno if you're cool with your date slurring words and making no damn sense about apples then
i guess not???
Kanaya: ...
Dave: why are you both looking at me
stop that
Rose: (very happy winking face)
Dave: no dont
hey i am not your fucking life coach here
if you want to go on a drunkdate what do i care
man what do i even know about "human courtship" anyway
not like i ever dated a fuckin human
so i guess have at it
Kanaya: Alright
Dave: awesome
datenite with drunky it is
go apeshit i guess
uh so
what should i do here
you want me to pack up my raps and leave you alone or
Rose: Ohn no, you don't have to do than...
We can leaf you tou your slam poems in peace.
Kanaya, why don't we go for a walk?
Kanaya: Yes
After You
If You Can Actually
Manage To  
Whoa There!  
Maintain Your Balance  
Okay  
Are You Good  
Okay Good  
Lets Go  

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Kanaya escorts a staggering Rose down a long, dimly lit hall with very high ceilings. There's a vent near the top of the left wall.]

dialoglog
Kanaya: Since Its Now Clear That Your Premeditated Designs On This Evening Exceeded My Own By A Wide Margin  
Insofar As You Intended This To Be A Date With Fancy Clothes Whereas I Showed Up Looking Like Something The Lusus Dragged In  
Maybe You Can Tell Me Now Exactly What You Had In Mind  
I Mean  
As Far As Specific Activities Are Concerned  
Rose: Noupe!  
Kanaya: Noupe  
I Mean Nope  
Nope What  
Rose: I honessly had not drafted blueprins for the evening.  
Assine from.,  
Gettin prettied up, aaand,  
Actually, you know... being puncutual abou my commiment.  
Wohoops.  
Kanaya: Its Really Okay Though  
I Admit I Was Irked For A Moment But Then Realized It Was So Unlike You That Extenuating Circumstances Were Most Likely In Play  
So I Went To Find You And Lo And Behold  
Extenuation Was What I Found To Be Taking Place  
Rose: Omg.  
Kanaya,.  
I 'm.  
Soooo extenuated righ now.  
Hic.  
[note: In very tiny text.] Gamzee: honk  
Rose: !  
Kanaya: What  
Rose: Dish you hear something?  
Kanaya: No Hear What  
Rose: Hum.  
Maybe yoush ould turn the lighst on…  

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Kanaya begins to glow, casting a flickering light over them and on the walls nearby. Rose puts a hand on Kanaya's shoulder and holds one finger to her lips in a shushing motion.]
Kanaya: That Better
Rose: Yes.
Shhh!

.. 
.. 
...
..
...

Kanaya: (what are we listening for)
Rose: Erh, nothing I gues.
Annyway.
I just thouh that,
Tonight...
We could just walk a round for a while an talk.
About relly anything. Like...
Our worls, or, the fushure, or,
How you're going to save your speshies. (happy face)
Kanaya: Yes That Sounds Nice
Rose: Just have a casual, spoptaneous evening. I don' .. hic, I don't ses why dates have to alayways be,
A felderal fucking eschew. Dono't you agree?
[note: In very tiny text.] Gamzee: HONK
Rose: !!

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: It does a dramatic zoom in on the vent.]

dialoglog
Rose: Kaynaya.

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Rose glares up at the vent.]

dialoglog
Rose: Can you kep a secret?
Kanaya: Yes

[Image description: Kanaya glances up over Rose's head towards the vent.]

dialoglog
Rose: I learned somethin earlier today.
It was trobuling.
Something about,
Teresi.
Aand,
...
Kanaya: And What
Rose: And Gamshee.
Kanaya: !!!!
Rose: See...
I bumped into him earlier.
Kanaya: You Did
Where??
Rose: No no please, please don't get angry, and ..
Go on another vengeful clown hunting expedition, I...
This is the point, this is what troubling me about this.
I don't want anyone to fight!
Kanaya: Actually
There's No Need To Worry About That
I Think I'm Done Trying To Kill Him
Rose: You are?
Kanaya: Yeah
He Has Achieved Victory Through The Gambit Of Cowards Default
Don't Get Me Wrong He Is Still Utterly Awful
But Sometimes You Just Have To Let A Thing Go
You Know
Rose: Yeahhh,
Kanaya: What Were You Saying About Terezi And Gamzee
Rose: Right, well apparently they...
Are.
An item?
Blackways, I mean.
Kanaya: What
Rose: The you're spades dating. In the shadows... nobody knows. But me. An now,
You.
Kanaya: Are You Serious
Rose: Yeah!!
And it's been troubling me, the more I think about it.
All lot.
Kanaya: Why
Rose: Because it presents a prickly political situation.
Terezi's relationship with Karkat is already somewhat tenuous, with their... well from, what I've
gathered, about their history.
And Dave! His involvement makes it even more complicated, and,
I think, with Karkat being moirails to Gamzee, if he finds out Gamzee is spades with Terezi, then...
Correct me if I'm wrong but isn't that whole arrangement getting into territory of social taboo?
* Taboo. Excuse me.
Kanaya: That Could Be Very Awkward Yes

[Image description: Rose wrinkles her nose and taps her finger into her palm.]

dialoglog
Rose: Right!!
I don't no if it's my ser powers or what, but, Hic, I can see it unfolding all too clearly.
Karkast finds out about it and flies into a rage. It ruins his moirlalgeffenance... I mean his
moiraHic!! It ruins his diamonds with Gamzee, who therefore becomes less stable.
And he villifies Terezi as well, and who knows how she reacts. Or what happens with Dave for
that matter.
Would Dave actually be alright with Terezi dating a psychotic clown on the side, even if it is a
relationship centered around only enmity? I kinof doubt it. He could side with Korkat on the matter. Not even tos peak of where your alignment is on the subjecj of Gamzeen. Which is, what I fear. I'm afraid that, This could create a schisasm in our group, that we could all be torn apart. And I don't wand that!!!! I want us all to stay friends, and jus be... peaceful togehter. (sad face)

Kanaya: Me Too
I Can See The Dilemma Here
Are You Actually Thinking About
Um
Doing Something About This
Rose: I dun't know!!!
Maybe I shouldn't interefere with their kishmeshishit... kshimimishimesh.. Aw fuck. Their hate dating.
Maybe it's..
Just a wonderful thing for them. An I would beh hoorible to inerfere, with their..
Beautiful hate?
The problem is, it's still soo alien to me. The idea of blapck romance.
I try to understand, sometimes, like, more than inteclectually. I try to, put myself in the shoes of Feeling that an...
It still donst make sense to me.
I don't want to project my human valuesh on to an alien relationship I dispapprove of.
Kanaya: I Understand
But What Youre Describing Is
Hmm
Actually Im Hesitant To Even Mention It
Rose: No, what!
Kanaya: This Is Probably Not A Good Idea
Rose: Oh, puleashe. You Know you have to tall me now.
Kanaya: The Feelings You Are Having Are Actually Perfectly Normal Within The Framework Of Our Quadrant Based Romantic Tradition
I Dont Know If They Can Be Felt Naturally By Humans But The Way You Are Viewing Their Relationship Would Be Quite A Standard Response On Alternia
Rose: Yeah??
Kanaya: Yes
It Is Sanctioned Within The Ashen Quadrant
Which Addresses Conciliatory Romantic Feelings Not Directed At A Single Person But At Two People Who Are Presently In Such A Contentious Relationship
Rose: Oh shitch... I forgot about that..
You're right, (gasping face)
Kanaya: It Is Generally Not Regarded As One Of The More Emotionally Fulfilling Quadrants To Become Involved In
And Can Be Quite Laborious To Maintain
But It Served A Very Important Social Purpose For My People Such As In Situations Very Similar To The One You Described Where Two Parties Are Highly Drawn To Each Other Through Animosity They May In Fact Be Perfect For Each Other In That Tumultuous Quadrant But To Pursue The Relationship Would Be Chaos Much Like The Scenario You Laid Out The Two Kismeses If Left Unchecked Would Devastate All Their Other Relationships Those In Their Own Quadrants And Even Those In Other Peoples
So It Is The Job Of An Auspistice To Make Sure That Doesnt Happen
Rose: Yes...
.
hic.
.
Yes.....

[A6f13] Next

[Image description: Rose tosses her head back, laughs, and puts her hands to her head.]

dialoglog
Rose: Kanaya that is exagly what I need to do!!!
Kanaya: Oh No
Really
Rose: Absoulutely.
I haf never been so shure.. about, anything.
Well maybe, almost ananything.. (smiley face), but yes.
Kanaya: I Dont Think I Would Advise It
Its Extremely Difficult And Can Often Feel Like A Thankless Undertaking
In Truth It Is Probably The Most Challenging Quadrant To Master
Trust Me
Rose: I believe you.
But I wants to know.
Can you teach me?
Kanaya: I
...
Rose: There's so mouch I just don't understand.
About your romanse, but,
I'm soi curious.
I try to understand the concept of either contentatious or plastonic relationships as something that...
Can be parshed through the emotions assoliated with romance but,,
It still doesn't realay compute to me.
Kanaya: I Really
Dont Know If I Would Be A Good Teacher
Of Auspisticism
I Honestly Was Not Very Good At It Myself
Rose: Tha's fine..
Forget aushpipshit...
Auspishtishimish..
Good damn.
Forget specificulty that right now,..
I want...
You to teach me evvverrrreeything!
Kanaya: Everything
Rose: Yez.

[A6f13] Next

[Image description: Rose puts her hands on Kanaya's shoulders and Kanaya stares at her in anticipation.]

dialoglog
Kanaya: That Is
A Lot Of Things
Rose: I want you... to,
Teash me All the quadrans.

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Rose gives her a drunken smile. Kanaya's light brightens.]

dialoglog
Rose: I want you toot,
Tell me about your spabes,
Your didamounds,

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Rose puts one arm on Kanaya's waist and Kanaya lifts her hand away from Rose's.]

dialoglog
Rose: I wank you to,
Share wish me yur clumbs...
And your hearst.

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Rose reaches towards Kanaya's face.]

dialoglog
Rose: I want..

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Kanaya's eye, which is wide with surprise.]

dialoglog
Rose: Yuouo....

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Rose takes one step down a set of stairs as she pulls Kanaya into a kiss. Kanaya seems surprised, but she wraps her arms around Rose, too. One of Rose's shoes has fallen off and the other is barely hanging on.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the kiss. Then Rose falls right out of Kanaya's arms.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: Kanaya shouts as Rose falls backwards down the stairs, leaving her fallen shoe behind like some sort of sloppy drunk Cinderella. This is labeled Drunk Happen times rose......combobob. Behind them, something Honks in the vents.]

[A6I3] Next
And with the smitten Seer's inebriated descent down a flight of escalation zigzags through the dark subway-like belly of the meteor, and with teen xenolove mingling with weird honks wafting from the ventshafts to fill the fetid laboratory air with equal parts mirth and gaiety, we are ready to bid adieu to this vignette of hyperimportant fucking around on the pitch-perfect note of a single textbook deployment of the rare yet highly embarrassing Drunk Happen times rose Combobob.

And once again we find ourselves poised to attempt to exit this intermission prematurely, while forgetting to address exactly no loose ends whatsoever. You turn the page to find a pair of green curtains that won't close, and are fooled completely by them, as usual.

[Note: The second image is a link to a Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff comic.

Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff

On "thed Date"

As usual, all the text is in Comic Sans. 'On' is in green and 'thed date' is in red.

Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff each hold the hand of a tall woman in a short skirt and a crop top, both of which are bright pink. The woman's head and shoulders extend out of the panel, so they aren't seen. One of her feet is in a bright green high heel, but the other foot is just shaped like a high heel.

Sweet Bro says

Today we go on this Hot Date With This Beautiful Wonan.

In a light blue speech bubble. 'Hot Date' is written in red against a flame background, which has perfectly square edges, and 'Beautiful Wonan' is written in purple.

It zooms in on Hella Jeff's face.

the "Date Idea (plan)".......is to go to go tot the ...............Subway (sandwish restraraunt ©)

'Date idea' is written much larger than the rest of the text and (plan) is so small it's hard to read. 'Subway' is just the restaurant's logo but heavily jpeg artifacted. (sandwish restraraunt ©) is written very small and in light grey.

They walk towards a building labeled 'Subway' with a poorly drawn vent half the size of the building itself labeled 'vent shaft'. Hella Jeff continues speaking, this time in a yellow speech bubble.

And stand out side and smell the smell that the sand wiches make!

for awhile

'For awhile' is outside the speech bubble, teal, and tilted a little.

Sweet Bro, who suddenly has black hair and yellow-tinted skin for some reason, puts his face up to the 'vent shaf' as a 'weird stonk' floats out of it.

Sweet Bro talks to Hella Jeff, who is inhaling the brown stink lines from the weird stonk and saying 'mmmmmmmmmmm'

Uhhhm, dude?
That rank ass vent wind smells like shit.

Sweet Bro keeps talking as Hella Jeff inhales even harder.

bro...
bro this date is shit, your shit.
you are Blowing it with this Foxy Slunt
can we ant least go Inside this shitwhole...
Fuck
Stop you loser turd
stop it

Sweet Bro grimmaces and kicks Hella Jeff in the ass. Hella Jeff is still delighted by the weird stonk. The woman begins walking away from them. In a brown and teal speech bubble, Sweet Bro keeps yelling at him.

Stop smelling those sandwinches you hideous cock, she's escaping to the side.

Hella Jeff knocks the cover off the vent and 'woggles' inside up to his waist. In the background, Sweet Bro chases after the woman.

A washed out image shows Hella Jeff once again inhaling the weird stonk and loving it.

Now back to the main comic.]

[Image description: Green curtains are open over Rose falling down the stairs. 'Psyche' is written over her in pink, artifacted comic sans.]

And there you have it. Literally the worst psycheout in Homestuck to date, hands down.

But seriously, we still need to see what Meenah and Vriska have to say to each other. Proceed to the next page to find out how these twin titans of in-your-face delinquency react to each other's unique brands of reckless antihero chutzpah.

[Image description: The green curtains are now open over a generic troll smiley face over a bright red background. The Serkets's symbol is in a black circle to the left of it and the Piexes's symbol is in a matching black circle to the right. A loading percentage at the bottom of the screen slowly ticks up. After about a minute and a half, when the screen's at 99%, the percentage changes to lol and the smiley face winks.]

Spoiler warning: do not open dialoglog until fully loaded.

dialoglog
You spend no less than 90 seconds staring at this fucking GIF image before you realize the actual Flash animation is on the next page.

[Image description: The same loading screen under the curtain appears, but this time, the black circles orbit around the smiley face. The song Killed by Br8k Spider!!!!!!!! Begins to play. A black panel with the scorpio symbol on it slides on from the right until it takes up half the screen. A
matching panel with the Pisces symbol comes in from the left to take up the other half. A red line
flashes between them, then fades to black. As one, the two symbols move up to make room for a
pink floor rising from the bottom of the screen. The two halves separate to reveal the sky of the
Land of Maps and Treasure and a sea in the distance. Meenah and Vriska come running on from
opposite sides of the screen. As they get close to each other, it zooms in and the word Strife
appears above them. Andrew Hussie repeatedly peeks over the edge of the land to see what's
happening. The trolls speak in speech bubbles rather than using talk sprites this time. This panel is
interactive. Occasionally, arrows appear for you to click, such as when you need to progress
dialogue.

Meenah: Hey you! serket lookin girl
wanna join my army
Vriska: Oh, I see. It's the Peixes wanna be. So you're the one raising this army. That's hilarious.
Sorry, I can't join your dumb army. I'm busy pursuing a much more intelligent strategy.
Meenah: who da fuck you callin a wanna be?? lousy pants wearin smart mouth aranea ripoff
now get in my army fore i poke you up beeyotch
Vriska: Not gonna happen!!!!!!! I am however looking for a large number of recruits to follow me
on my treasure hunting expedition.
Meenah: wut
Vriska: I need an enormous mob of ghosts following me around to get that asshole's attention, so he
can wreck more empty space and help me find the treasure! You want in?
Meenah: that makes no fuckin sense at all
anemoneway i dont recall giving anyone clearance for a whalenormous treasure hunt
as the rightful heiress that sorta noise has to go through me yo!!!
Vriska: Haha! Wow, I had no idea the Peixes twin was such a riot! At least, I Hope you were trying
to be funny with that remark.
John! Tavros! Stop goofing off over there and come get a load of this chick!!!!!!!!!

A whistle sound plays and John and Tavros appear on either side of Vriska. Tavros looks nervous
and John looks delighted.

Tavros: Uhh, what? What am I actually getting a load of,
John: oh, it's you! i remember you.
Meenah: Its blue boy!!! hahaha i forgot about this dumb nerd

Meenah moves closer to John.

John: hey... what are you doing with that...
no, please put the pokey thing down!
Meenah: Hey blue boy!!! Catch!!!!!

The background turns yellow with streaks of fuchsia across it. When you click the arrow to
progress, it shows the same panel of Meenah trying to fork John from her last attempt. This time, it
stabs him right through the center of the chest. In the minist strife, he turns into a white silhouette
with a trident in his chest.

John: Augh, not again!!!
Tavros: Oh, yes, eheheheheheh,

John vanishes and the fork falls to the ground. Meenah picks it up, then returns to her position on
the far side of the screen.

Vriska: Oh no. You did Not just fork-vanish my alt universe ex boyfriend. No you Didn't!!!!!!!!!
Meenah: guess you could say i made him
disa spear (smiley face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Vriska: Who do you think you are? Some sort of bad girl? Please, that's obviously my turf. but you clearly want to rumble, so who am I to deny you the beatdown you're angling for?
Meenah: angling?? hey stick to spider puns or whatever if youre gonna talk smack
fish puns are my turf!!
or i guess i mean... surf (uncertain face wearing a tiara and goggles.)
Vriska: Yeah, uh, I don't really Do puns? Mainly because I'm not a lame wiggler. Anyway you sure like to wave that trident around while running your mouth. I wonder if you had any intention of engaging in any actual combat?
Guess it's up to me to get this party started, as usual. Watch and learn!!!!!!!!

Vriska steps up and begins to levitate and glow. An orb of blue light surrounds her, then bursts outwards. Vriska drops back down to the ground, now in her Godtier outfit, wings and all.

Meenah: aw man is this what were doin now
changin into our bullshit god rags?
Vriska: Your move, punk! (winking face with eight eyes)
Meenah: but these jams are so ugly
bleh fine here goes nofin

Meenah mimics what Vriska just did, but her orb is fuchsia. Her godtier outfit is identical to Vriska's except for the color scheme, wing shape, and symbol. Her outfit consists of a beige tunic, brown pants and hood, fuchsia boots, and pointy fuchsia wings. The green life symbol is on her chest.

Meenah: Eeeeeeuuugh
i look like hell... all beige and shit
how can you even stand these grody ass thief duds

Tavros begins moving quickly around the area near Vriska.

Vriska: Wow, unreal. What a prima donna! Tavros, can you believe this girl?
Hey, what are you doing? Stop fidgeting around? Are you looking for something?
Tavros: (must find, my precious,,,)
Meenah: i was thinkin of modding ma peejays to look a little snazzier
water you think of…

Meenah changes her outfit so it has a crop top, lots of bangles, and no cape or hood.

Meenah: this?
Vriska: Uh.......

She changes to a tank top and shorts with green leggings underneath.

Meenah: or this? or maybe...
Vriska: (blank face with eight eyes)

She changes again, this time to a waistcoat ensemble. The shirt is green and she wears beige pants and a dark brown vest with the life symbol on the breast.

Meenah: wait how bout…

She changes again. Now she's wearing dark brown pants with a loose beige tank top and a green sash around her waist that trails down to the floor in the back. It looks almost pirate-like.
Meenah: yea???
Vriska: ?????????

Meenah flicks quickly between all five options

Vriska: Oh my god. Will you stop????????
You don't like your gear, just do what I do. Take it to the next level! Check it.

Meenah steps back and Vriska steps up. Tavros finally stops jumping around. The background turns cobalt blue with lighter streaks across it as Vriska tosses her Fluorite Octet. They land on all 8s and begin to glow. Bright blue light beams out from Vriska until it whites out the entire screen. When everything fades back in, Vriska's wearing her Mindfang costume and holding a bright blue sword with lighter blue designs down one side.

Meenah: da fuuuuck
come on girl i aint got no dice or fancy pirate threads this is like my top shelf battle mode here
but i Can call for backup
my homies can teach you to show your royalty a lil respect

Meenah whistles and Aranea steps up behind her, mimicking Tavros's position.

Aranea: Hey, what's going on here?! Meenah, are you fighting with my dancestor? This is so counterproductive!
Meenah: original recipe serket. quit yer glubbin and go god tier already theres a rumble goin down in the hood
Aranea: Oh, fine. but I'm not participating in this fight!!!!!!!!!

Aranea flickers and is suddenly wearing her orange Sylph of Light outfit.

Vriska: Hey there, dorky teen Marquise! Nice of you to join us.
Your friend seems to think she's the only one who can call for backup.
As if I don't have god tier pals waiting in the wings too!

Another whistle sounds and Aradia steps up next to Vriska. She's wearing her godtier outfit.

Aradia: huh? what is happening here... wait
is this a party? oh goodness i think it is (wide eyed very happy face.)
this is like a fun costume party for ghosts isnt it! whats the occasion?
Aradia: oh but im not doing any fighting
Aranea: Neither am I!
Vriska: God dammit, Aradia.

Meenah: scrod clammit aranea
aight we need some non pacifisht chumps on the scene pronto
Meenah: ey anyone in the ghost vicinity get yer tail over here shit is going down
Vriska: yeah!!!!!!!


Latula: wooooo, aw yeah girlz, heard you were starting a party over here??? (very happy face with eyes pinched shut and furrowed brows)
Meenah: no its not a party its...
Kankri: Hm. I see someone has chosen to dress as a pirate for this party, in spite of the negative associations that the old marauding classes have with violent abuse, oppression, not even to mention

Meenah: arrrrrgh dude gtfo

Latula: yo porrim! nice costume! way to change into something on such short notice. Hi five!!!!

Porrim: What? No, this isn't a costume. It's just what I was wearing. I came over here to see what all the commotion was about.

Latula: damn girl you just looking fine for the hell of it then! girl Power!!!

Porrim: Uh... sure. So this is a party? Sounds like fun!

Meenah: no its not a party gfd (frowning face wearing a tiara and goggles)

Aradiabot 1: lets annihilate them

Aradiabot 2: yes lets. i am in the mood to ruin somebody

Vriska: Right on! I knew I could count on you crazy metal broads for some mayhem.

Solux: hey aradia, uh... your robo clones look like they're about to flip the fuck out. they're making me nervous, eheheh. can you try talking some sense into them?

Aradia: sorry sollux my robotic duplicates have always been free agents totally exempt from my influence and better judgement

Aradia: equius do you think you can calm them down?

Equius: (Bow and arrow)They are pernickety devices

Often sweat seeps into their circuitry and causes them to behave more erratically

Which unfortunately only causes me to sweat even more profusely, I am afraid

Aradia: equius weve never talked about it but im not sure how comfortable i am with you um... courting such a great plurality of my mechanical doubles

Equius: (Bow and arrow)On a scale of 1 to 100, how depraved would you say you find my behavior?

(please be 100, please be 100...)

Aradia: i never should have kissed you that time it was such a mistake (frowning face)

Equius: (Bow and arrow)(i need a towel)

(a new one I mean)

A horde of new ghosts appear on both sides. They are a Mituna without his helmet, a Kurloz dressed in very fancy, royal-looking clothes, a god tier Meulin, a god tier Cronus, an Eridan, a Nepeta, and a Feferi.

Mituna: hath anywong seen my hamlet

Kurloz: (smiley face with a round nose)

Mituna: ooooh whoa nice costume buddy

Kurloz: (smiley face with a round nose)

Cronus: (be quiet. by saying anything you're really making a horrible impression on people we should be trying to impress here.)

Mituna: im sorry

Cronus: (ill forgive you, but this is the last time I ever do. Im at my wits end with you.)

Mituna: im sorry please please forgive me again

Feferi: Glub! (whoops, i mean glub. oh gosh, it's my ancestor!)

(i'm so nervous, i can't let her notice me. she's so unbubbleivably cool! *swoonami*)

Meenah: (ah snap its my ancestor. wish i didnt notice her)

(must... suppress... urge... to murder her for royal supremacy omg)

A Nepeta goes over to talk to the Meulin. The Cronus goes over to talk to Eridan.

Meulin: (cat face with perked ears) eeeeeeee!!!!!!!!!

Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) eeeeeeee!!!!!!!!!

Meulin: (gasping cat face with perked ears and its tail raised) eeeeeeee!!!!!!!!!
Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) eeeeeeeee!!!!!!!!!
Meulin: (smiling cat face with perked ears and whiskers) < eeeeeeeee!!!!!!!!!
Eridan: whoa man could you maybe stop bumpin me with your codpiece
Cronus: sorry chief, honest mistake. so are you doing anything later?
Eridan: wait are you actually seriously hittin on me
Eridan: wow dude even i think youre trash
Cronus: im a cool enough cat if you get to know me. you didnt answer the question.
Eridan: sigh fine lets go out on a date i guess. flippin amazin this tragic scenarios what i been reduced to
Meenah: Hey! everyone stay on the right goddamn sides. cronus im lookin at you
Vriska: Yeah! Nepeta, back in line. You people need to start taking this brawl more seriously.

Another group of trolls arrive. They include a robohorse Rufioh, a Horuss wearing a horse onsie, a Damara dressed like a japanese sailor-style schoolgirl, a dream Karkat, a Kanaya wearing a pink dress with a high slit, a pupa pan Tavros, a godtier Gamzee with yellow eyes, an Equius wearing Nepeta's hat, and a Nepeta wearing Equius's glasses.

Robohorse Rufioh: yo my gangstas! did i hear you were going off to fight a ghost killing demon...
Robohorse Rufioh: mind if i tag along... i've been hoping for a chance to put an end to my cruel joke of an existence... haha... bangarang.

Vriska: Hell yes! On this team I have a Major need for expendable people.
Meulin: (gasping cat face) Horsebody rufioh, don't be such a downer! Didn't you get the meowmo? This is not a catfight, it's a costume purrty!!!
Meenah: no no it really is a catfight. or i mean a regular fight... urrgh
Kankri: Meulin, it would be great if you didn't use this party as a platform to engage in suicide shaming. I think Rufioh is triggered enough as it is having to live with the heinous body of a metal horse.

Damara: kore wa nan? harowin no ranko? [What is this? A Halloween orgy?]
Vriska: Are you fuckers deaf???????? This ain't a party!
Meulin: (blank cat face with perked ears) …
Porrim: Horrus, your outfit looks nice, but sorry to say it was a false alarm. It's not a costume party. Horuss: (horse face slash dick) This isn't a costume. I am literally a majestic stallion, and my appearance reflects this noble reality.

Porrim: Ah. Gotcha. Hey guys, can I be on the other team?
Kanaya: Yes!
Meenah: no!!!!!!!!!!!

A Dream Karkat and the original Tavros begin moving through the crowd behind Vriska.

Karkat: this gathering has completely blown away my ability to tolerate stupidity and awfulness. Get me the fuck outta here.
god damn it. The crowd is getting too thick, I can't even get away from this shit. Everybody fucking move!!!

Tavros: excuse me, other people, who are me, and otherwise,
Gamzee: (low) honk.

Tavros: have you seen, a beautiful treasure on the floor, that is more specifically a ring,

Terezi: karkat, shut up, this is great! we need to get more people jammed into this sweet fight party masquerade! (smley face with furrowed brows)

Another whistle sounds and even more trolls show up. There's so many that it has to zoom out.
All of this text is written as one large chunk with only color and typing quirk to determine who says what.

Some Porrim: I saw the crowd from way over there. According to people out on the cusp, this is some sort of costume party?
Some Latula: tru factz girl!!! just jam yourself in the pile, likez this!!!
Meenah: ah fuck are people way over there still callin this a party
Aradiabot: destroy
Some Mituna: Someone is toushing me. This needs to stop
Some Damara: dare ka ga watakushi ni furete iru. tsuzukete kudasai. [Someone is touching me. Please continue.]
Some Kankri: someone is triggering me. This needs to be tagged.
Some Porrim: Shoosh!
Some Mituna: Im sorry
Some Karkat: oh god, I can hear him whining from all the way over there.
Some Kanaya: Someone Over There Is Probably Making The Same Observation About You
Some Karkat: Yeah, and your ancestor is probably chiding him maternally over there, just like you are with me. Ever think about that??
Some Kanaya: I'm Sorry
Aradiabot: kill
Tavros: (where, oh, where,)
Some Sollux: ehehehehe, this party is a fucking Joke.
Meenah: no its a shitty battle royale pass it on you dirtscrapin sack of honey dijon rubbish
Some Sollux: nice dress, fin face, lol.
Tavros: (is, my precious,)
Vriska: Tavros, stop crawling around under everyone's feet! You're being so weird.
Some Terezi: Yeah, we can all hear you whispering to yourself. Pretty weird, bro. (uncertain face with furrowed brows)
Tavros: (none of them, can understand,)
Aradiabot: destroy
Rufioh: haha, yo i think i hear my young ancestor whispering from all the way over here... about something precious... shit is crazy!
Tavros: (the beauty, of my precious,)
Horuss: (horse face slash dick) It reminds me of when I was similarly smitten, and searched everywhere for the perfect snout ring for you, to Fortify our commitment. Do you remember, Rufioh?
Rufioh: whoa, yeah! heh, those were the days... (hey doll, mind if we talk a bit? i mainly want to look distracted... so the guy with the ponytail leaves me alone... you dig?)
Aradiabot: death to all
Rufioh: ahaha... damn. so much like the real thing it's... freaky (gasping face with bull horns)
Aradiabot: like what real thing
Rufioh: uh... you know, like...
Aradiabot: if you say like alive aradia i will make you Beg for a horse body
Rufioh: no no, like someone else!!! damn... uncanny...
Aradiabot: ok oh
Rufioh: hey, you're pretty cool babe... want to... like... if you aren't doing anything...
Equius: (Bow and arrow)Excuse me, what is going on over here
Rufioh: (man... not another zahhak! haha, this is fuckin crazy...)
Aradiabot: this guy with the mohawk was flirting with me and i was being fully receptive to his advances
Rufioh: whoa you were?
Equius: (Bow and arrow)I see. Aradiabot number 100502, why must you devastate my pump
biscuit so?
Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) *the pounceller astutely pawbserves the exchange and updates her shipping grid with startling developments of the heart!*
Equius: (Bow and arrow) Nepeta, stop!
Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) no!
Equius: (Bow and arrow) Yes
Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) no
Equius: (Bow and arrow) Yes
Nepeta: (Cat face with two mouths) no
Gamzee: (caps) honk
Some Terezi: More!!! More I say!!! Aaaahahahahahahahaha!!!!!!!

Another whistle sounds and even more trolls come on to the point that the entire screen is pretty much filled.

Tavros: (i found it!!!(The ring!!!)
Some Meulin: (shocked cat face with perked ears and a wiggling tail) Wow. That whisper was so loud, I think even I heard it???
Tavros: (no, wait, this isn't it,) Some Cronus: hey there sport, i think that's my ring you have there. ive been looking all over for it.
Tavros: Oh, okay, here you go,
Some Cronus: thank you, friend. thank you so, very, very, very much.
Tavros: Oh, wow,, this hug is lasting, waaaay too long,
Vriska: Hey, sketchier Ampora! If you touch him again, I will fucking kill you!
Eridan: owned
Karkats: I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the afterlife I hate the
Meenah: serket deuce is this bullcarp as aggravatin to you as it is to me
Vriska: At least as much. Probably a lot more.
Meenah: like seariously its so crowded now our faces are literally touching
Meenah: dat cant be right
Vriska: I know. It's getting pretty awkward.
Meenah: lets back these asshats up and get on with our fight
Vriska: Agreed.

It zooms back in to focus on Meenah and Vriska. Aranea steps out between them and moves back and forth in the no-man's-land between the two groups.

Aranea: Listen to me, both of you! This duel is incredibly pointless! Surely there is a way for you both to pursue your objectives without conflict.
In any case, I don't have time to moderate your ridiculous fight. I have a cherub to find!!!!!!!!!

She stops on Meenah's side and faces Vriska.

Vriska: I couldn't agree more! Making him think we're all looking for the cherub is a very important part of the plan! I guess great minds think alike.
Aranea: No, but I Really am looking for her!
Vriska: All the better then. That'll really help sell the ruse.
Aranea: It's not a ruse!!!!!!!!!
Meenah: classic flavor serket is right tho we are sorta wastin time here
lets hurry this up and make it simple
if i win then all these dorkwads join my army including you
if you win you get all the spoils and go hunt for the treasure
Aranea: And if luck should conspire to make it a draw? (smiley face with eight eyes)
Meenah: i dunno man
then i guess we combine all our plans into one huge clusterfuck plan???
like this whole thing aint one big clusterfuck already
Vriska: I will agree to those terms. This is going to be almost too easy.
Meenah: serket the sequel shut your cocky mouth and fight me

They run towards each other. As they get close, the screen changes to a jagged-edged clash between fuchsia on the left and cobalt on the right. They both jump towards each other with their weapons raised and determined grins on their faces. Just before they attack, they freeze and the art style shifts to a cutesy cartoon style. We've seen this before. It's the same as the drawing Calliope made for Dirk. In fact, Calliope is drawn standing behind them in her troll cosplay. Her hands are on her cheeks and she says "stop, you guys!"

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: The drawing of Meenah and Vriska clashing with Calliope in the background moves back and becomes a photograph taped into a tilde ath manual. Grey writing beneath it is partially cut off by the edge of the panel.
"stop, you guys!" callie yelled. she yelled and yelled, but noone could see…
haps the thieves w...
...aught up in…]
[Image description: In the sprite style, John sits up.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: He stares down at his closed fist.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: A golden ring is reflected in his eye.]

[A6I3] Next

[Image description: He opens his mouth in a comically large gasp.]

End of Act 6 Intermission 3

[Image description: Green curtains close over a Skaian cloud, which shows the ring sitting in John's hand.]
pistols. There's a tattoo of Sweet Bro's face on his left bicep.

In Prospitian jail, Jack Noir carves another tally mark into the wall with a broken-off spike from under his window. Rather than marking off groups of five, he's marking of sevens. He glares at the wall.

A strange pattern of varying size red and orange squares divided into four equal triangles all overlapping each other fades in. Swirls of color and light cross it, seemingly at random. It zooms out, revealing it to be another world. The swirls are some sort of atmospheric phenomenon. The planet fades to a landscape of red, square-based pyramids. Some of them have trenches cut up the center of each side, which come together at the point. These trenches are filled with brightly colored light that forms a sparkling orb on top, which look a lot like what's happening in the air. Two people walk near the base of one with pink energy. Roxy looks towards a glowing pyramid that pulses brightly once before fading back to normal. A name appears at the top of the screen. Land of Pyramids and Neon.

Roxy, who is now wearing a purple, off the shoulder dress with a tattered hem, her cat symbol on the chest, tall gloves, and stockings, grins up at the pyramid. She holds a red rifle in one hand that had the Betty Crocker fork logo on it. Behind her, Jane is holding a massive fork with Skaia on the end of it and standing next to a green fenestrated plane. Jane's only outfit change is the addition of a fake moustache. Roxy moves towards a tall, steep pyramid that has a gate floating just above it while Jane examines the fenestrated plane.

Roxy fires her rifle up towards the top of the pyramid and something green appears on top of it right as Jane disappears through the plane. A perspective shift shows that the rifle put a fenestrated plane on top of the pyramid, which Jane then bursts through at high speed, launching her up towards the gate.

Jack Noir carves yet another tally mark, but there are many more completed sets than before.

Another land fades in. This one has a large red spot in the center, like a massive crater. The red area is surrounded by yellow-ish formations that look almost like cotton from such a distance. Beyond the yellow ring, the rest of the land is green with occasional dark patches and more almost cottony sections that vary from white to yellow.

Dirk drops down the side of a tall, ruined spire that was clearly carved into some sort of building. He's wearing a black tank top, pants tucked into tall boots, a golden belt, and a bright red gas mask with flame decals on the side and his shades on top of it. He holds his Katana in one hand. It zooms in on him as he falls for quite a long time. He fades and a pair of magenta skeleton monsters advance across a landscape. The sky behind it is full of brightly colored lightning and dark spots. Behind them are more ruins that look similar to hindu temples. It fades to another group of these temples, which tower far above their earthly counterparts in the same way that skyscrapers tower over suburban homes. More lightning cuts across the sky and a name fades in at the top. Land of Tombs and Krypton.

Dirk and someone else, presumably Jake by the short shorts and the skull-like gas mask, stand in a window of one of the temples and look down at the skeletal enemies that pass by. Dirk holds his katana at the ready and Jake pulls out his double pistols. Jake's changed into a grey suit jacket with his skull symbol on the breast, but he's still wearing incredibly short shorts.

It pans down over an area so thick with temples it almost looks like a forest. Behind them, a massive red cloud reaches down towards the ground, almost like the beginnings of a tornado. It pans down. Slowly, something strange comes into view. Perched atop a short, wide temple is a massive creature with a snake's body and a sun in the shape of a light symbol for its head. The
outline of a face is just barely visible in the sun.

Jack Noir carves another tally into his even more numerous collection of tallies. As he finishes the line, the tip of his carving spike snaps off. He looks up and stares out of the small, barred window. His entire collection of tallies is next to it. If each tally is a day, he's been carving for 153 days. Everything but the window dims and the window grows brighter. Everything goes white for a moment, then a blurry Skaia fades in. Skaia shrinks and sharpens and takes its place at the center of the four planets. Green curtains frame the scene, but they do not close.

Next

[Image description: The curtains close.]

End of Act 6 Act 4.

[S] Next

[Image description: A green curtain sits on one of the clockwork sun and moon contraptions. The gears click as the first few notes of Eternity Served Cold play, then fade out.]

Act 6 Intermission 4: Dead

Act 6 Intermission 4

[Image description: The same clockwork machine is now rusted and half buried in sand. A shitty statue of liberty pokes halfway out of the rocks behind it.]

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: The ruined clockwork is reflected in a bright red eye set in a cherub's face.]

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: Caliborn stands in the grey sand and glares at something offscreen. He's left a trail of bloody pages from the tilde ath book as a trail leading back towards his tower. He carries the book under one arm, and it's now missing the middle third. He's still splattered with blood and there's a black smear in the sand to his right.]

You are now Caliborn.

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: Caliborn crumples up the page with the picture of Callie trying to wake John up.]

You needed something to sop up all the blood, so you snatched your sister's fanfic tome for the road. Just by ripping the pages out, you're already giving her dumb stories more attention than they deserve. She's lucky you were in such a pickle for clean towelettes. Ordinarily you wouldn't use this trash to wipe your ass.

But then again, that's only because ordinarily you're chained to the other side of the room.

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: Caliborn captchaalogues the book. His captchaologue card's stripes are now all red, but in two different shades.]
You captchalogue the tome, savoring the recently acquired freedom of having a fetch modus all to yourself. The idea of storing an object, and then... freely being able to retrieve it any time? Without having to barter with a truculent sibling over a series of inconvenient naps? It's almost too much liberation to fathom. You truly are a free, adult man, and you are so, so proud of yourself.

You love having a dead sister. Having a dead sister is an experience you would highly recommend to everybody.

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: He looks back along the trail of bloody papers he left.]

You are already so far from home. You have never walked so far in your life. At least not while awake. The immovable juju block keeping you shackled to your room was just one of the many banes of your existence.

It's hard being a cherub and growing up with lots of weird magical rules that nobody understands and have no discernible origin or purpose.

It's hard being a cherub and growing up with lots of weird magical rules that nobody understands and have no discernible origin or purpose, and nobody understands.

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: He lifts a rifle up by the magazine and looks through the scope. A second image shows what he sees. It's the top of his tower with the black cruxtruder on the roof.]

You peer at your former prison through the scope on your Machine Gun. You aren't really supposed to hold the gun by the magazine like that, but whatever.

There's the Cruxtruder. It was the only device available to be deployed. You're pretty sure there were supposed to be more devices that went with it. But you guess your game session is a little different?

You were also under the impression there were supposed to be gates directly above your home. But you don't see any. Maybe if you look higher...

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: He looks higher. He now sees Skaia, but it's grey and dark.]

Still no gates. But there's Skaia, all clouded over. You like it much better that way.

And there's Prospit in close orbit. That's where your dead sister's murdered dream torso is. You wonder if the kingdom has gotten around to having a... what do the humans call it again? You forget. Some sort of ludicrous cadaver festival. Just the typical kind of sentimental horseshit cooked up by races of people who actually live in each other's proximity. They often exhibit such bizarre tendencies that result from esoteric things like "culture" and "tradition." Aliens are so strange.

You guess Jack Noir could still be up there too. You'll have to catch up with him later for a debriefing. He has been very useful. You may need his service again some time.

[A6I4] Next
Until then, it seems there is nothing to do but keep exploring. There are no signs of anyone or anything interesting on this planet, except of course the same hideous statues which littered your homeworld. You can't seem to shake these godawful things, even by fleeing to another realm. You don't know what they are, but you suspect that once in an ancient civilization they were probably symbols of tyranny and oppression.

Now that you think about it, you believe your entire planet may have been sucked into the Medium, not just the cruddy statues. The landscape is very similar, minus the bright red glow from the supergiant. Add one more item to the list of things you don't understand. You thought you were going to be sent to a cool new planet, unique to you and your adventure. Some sort of amazing new magical place you could conquer, not the same old barren ball of shit you grew up on. At least that is what Calliope had you believing. You think she was probably a liar, or just really stupid. Or both, times infinity.

You keep walking.

And walking.

You're not going to lie.

This place is boring as hell.

You were hoping for a lot more out of this adventure. But no.
The wasteland is empty. Banality skims the void where a proper fucking adventure should be, as if grazing the stab wound of a murdered sister, or say, a toppled sarswapagus. A stupid note is produced. It's the one assholes play to make their audience start punching themselves in the crotch repeatedly.

Today is your first predomination day, and as with all zero preceding it, something feels...

Something feels

Er.

What

What are you looking at?

Look.

No wait. Don't look. Just...

Listen.

You don't have time for fancy poetry. It's almost as useless as having your thoughts dictated to you, assuming you were even aware of that happening, which you definitely aren't. Cherubs aren't prone to that kind of self awareness. No way, absolutely not. Yes, you believe that thought. The one you had just now, by your own volition, and now it's true reality. See? Yes, you agree totally with that thought you had.

Frankly you don't know about stuff skimming holes or alertness to some purely hypothetical flow of narrative or whatever. You've got Major Psychological Problems. You were meant to be a monster. To destroy something huge and really important, perhaps repeatedly, and to be a total shithead about it. You just haven't found the road that'll take you there yet. Somewhere in this depressing empty lot of a session there is a quest waiting for you. You are determined to squeeze more blood from this pathetic stone than all the naturally occurring puppets in paradox space keep in their squishy little torsos combined.

You stew in your own quasi-lucid hostility as you think this very thought. The one right here, that feels like it's being dictated to you, you think. You think it feels that way, so you guess it's true. But we previously agreed that you were the sole author of your own thoughts, didn't we? That's the thought you should be thinking, and more importantly, believing in as hard as you can, thus slightly reducing its stubborn fakeness attribute. You then think the word, Huh? That doesn't sound like a thought you would have, you think to yourself thoughtfully. What the fuck? But seriously, you've got to stop this. If you keep thinking thoughts like this, you'll probably start going crazy. And if you start going crazy, this desolate one player session will start to feel a lot longer than it's already going to, and more specifically, than it already did. Still, you can't quite shake the feeling.

You have a feeling it's already been a long--Hey!
What's that over there?? That looks like a Great thing to distract you from your awareness-addled reverie.

It's some kind of blinking light, far off in the distance. It may be part of something else, like a larger structure. But it's so far away, the light is all you can see.

You have a feeling it's going to be a long walk.

Hold on. Another distraction happens to distract you from your previous distraction.

Really? A distraction to distract you from a distraction? You sure have some dumb thoughts. Whatever dude. It's your brain.

Someone is contacting you. But you don't remember bringing a computer with you.

Oh, right. It's your sister's computer, still stored in your shared sylladex. You never understood what a kid chained to her bedroom needed with a portable computer. It made you mad how stupid that was.

You take a look at the message. Yes, just as you thought. That plastered floozy is spouting her nonsense again. It looks like your sister told the human her name? That is a clear and egregious violation of the rules. She must have been getting really desperate.

The joke is on the human though. She's trying to wake up a dead girl.

It seems their session is still completely blacked out. What a bummer. Where's the fun in harassing these losers when you can't see them?

Maybe it's time you left them all behind anyway. You don't have the patience for games with idiots.
anymore. There are much bigger things on the horizon for you.

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: Caliborn leaves the laptop in the dirt and walks away.]

pesterlog
tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] began pestering undyingUmbrage [U.U.]
T.G.: psst hey calliopes bro
i got
a secret message a u
it is
ehehm
Calliope
....
soooooo000
did that work
calliope calliope calliope
is 3 times the charm
come onnnnn
wake up sleepy head!
le
Sign
maybe youre just afk?
i hope ur dumb POS brother doesnt end up reading this instead
man i wish you would wake up
rly wanna talk to a friend about everything that just happened
i mean another friend who is not part and parcel to my 3 bffs ridorkulous nonsense
guess ill just give u the scoop on the haps for whenever you wake up
so yeah we all finally entered our game

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: He walks even farther away, towards the blinking red light.]

pesterlog
T.G.: i think i was being the worst kind of turd 4 opposing the idea so long
guess i thought i was being noble
like sacrificing something that was important and we all wanted anyways just so i could fuck with
the witch and her plans
but i dunno what i was thinking
cause this shit here is p great i have got to say
now we are all of the sudden in this crazy place full of pretty green hills and a black empty sky
i never actually seen anything like plants growin or a country side
its so peaceful and quiet here
i mean the racket my loudmouth pals are makin notwithstanding
we are just chilling at jakes old broken house on a mountain figuring what to do
lol this all happened so fuckin fast!
i cant believe were all together like this suddenly
just
hangin out
in actual person
in our moon jammies
this is better than i ever thought it would be in the silliest and stupidest way
it feels so surreal and amazing just being here with my friends
im still not even sure how this all came together
mostly a lotta machiavellian/heroic Extreme Strider Bullshit

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: He's far in the distance, once again just an angry green speck on the horizon.]

pesterlog
T.G.: like i was under attack there
my colony was burning
and i remember dying
and i think jane must have died too?
she was on derse but i have no idea how she got there
i dunno if jake died too or what
all i know is ppl were just dying their asses off left and right
the b line is we were all in some shit
dirk i think must have killed himself and like shipped his own head to jake on makeout mountain
but dirk also kissed me it would seem
while i was too dead to notice Unfortunately (very sad face)
but then i woke up on derse which was gettin worked over by the red shit too
and there jane was
all lyin there bloodily and heart breakingly and probably dead
so
i knew i had to kiss her
but
god i feel so pathetic but i just couldnt do it for some reason?
i wanted to but i guess the blood grossed me out and im a total disgrace of a friend
i dont think ill tell her because its too embarrassing
then dirk wakes up and kicks my squeamish butt out the way and kisses her even in spite of his superhuman gayness because he sucks less as a hero
and then were blasting off suddenly on his fuckin rocket and i dont even Know whats happening
but its all so awesome and we scoot by somewhere and pick jane up in her yellow dress and now shes flying with us screamin the whole time hahahaha
and then we get to jakes place and shit everywhere is on fire and hes asleep there so dirk splashes him with a bucket of ocean and tells me and jane to hide??
so we do and jake wakes up and starts arguing with dirks gross head from the fucking future and climbs up on this stone wall for some reason and just starts making out with the head while the volcano explodes??
jane and i are like what the absolute Fuck while dirks just there with his bucket all like ‘yup’
then we ollied out of that popsicle stand so now here we are
wow
that story is a goddamn mess
what did i even just say

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy stands in the ruins of Jake's tower and smiles down at her phone. Serenity sits and flashes in her hair. Behind her, Jane, Dirk, and Jake stand near Dirk's decapitated head, which is perched on part of the wall. Jake's pointing up to it and Jane looks shocked. Dirk couldn't care less.]
T.G.: i dunno
ill try to make better sense of all this later
i just wanted to tell you
and thank you for all you did to bring us together like this
it has meant so v much s me
oh guess what i even have a new lightning bug pal!
he is toties cute + friendly + blinky as all get out
i think i will name him
doctor blinkbottom
no thats shit
how about
twinkly herbert
lmfao that is kinda sucky too
but i like it
so i am a keep it
herbert just blinked in total agreement omg what a friend
ok calliope
by which i mean....... Calliope
eh?
ehhh??
still nothin?
k well i should go then
my party is getting a lit bit rowdy over there
oh my god what are they actually doing

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy grimmaces and looks back at her friends. Jane has Dirk by the neck and is shaking him. He still doesn't care. Jake's holding Dirk's decapitated head and shaking it.]

T.G.: not even ten stinkin mins into our magic bestfriendquest and theyre already jacking up the drama
need to flag down the dramambulance
haul these fuckers away
wow they are really being so absurd
maybe its just cause im not tipsy atm but this shit is like hells of amateur hour to me r now
maybe if i wasnt as sober as a nun gettin slapped by a librarian i wouldnt even notice?
fa reals tho may i just say
dying is a hell of a way to sober up quick
got s remember that trick
so hey wake up soon!!
i will try again later
must deal w some shit now
urgh
i think
i could use a drink
tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] ceased pestering undyingUmbrage [U.U.]

[A6I4] Next
[Image description: Caliborn stands at the base of a rock feature and glares up at something. Red light pulses over him.]

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: He stares across a relatively flat plane towards another rock feature. In the middle of the plane is a tall tower that looks like a power line or broadcast tower of some sort. The red light pulses at it's tip. Between Caliborn and the tower, there's a distinctly clown-like purple shape.]

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: Caliborn walks closer and the shape is, in fact, very clown-like. Gamzee stands there in his Cod Tier outfit and waves at Caliborn.]

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: Caliborn walks even closer. Gamzee gives him a dopey smile and keeps waving.]

[S][A6I4] Next

[Image description: Elevatorstuck begins to play. It zooms in on Gamzee. A text box appears at the top of the screen. A friendly clown welcomes you to question mark question mark question mark question mark question mark question mark question mark. It seems he would like to be your guide. Will you let him be your guide?

Instead of yes or no buttons, two identical buttons appear. They're both bright green with a picture of Caliborn looking confused on them. Click one of them.

It fades to Caliborn staring at Gamzee with the same confused expression from the buttons. An arrow appears in the bottom left. Click it. It switches back to Gamzee. The arrow appears again. Click it. Back to Caliborn. You can click back and forth forever, but that's enough.]

[S][A6I4] Next

[Image description: Elevatorstuck continues to play. Caliborn walks past Gamzee and shoots him repeatedly with his rifle. The sound of gunfire plays over the music. Gamzee flails under the hail of bullets and his smiley face wing falls off into the sand.]

Caliborn.

[S][A6I4] Next

[Image description: Caliborn continues to walk past and shoot Gamzee while Elevatorstuck plays.]

Caliborn what are you doing.

[S][A6I4] Next

[Image description: And more, this time as he passes him. Caliborn shoots behind him without even looking. After a while, Gamzee falls face down in the dirt. Caliborn shoots him a few more times for good measure.]

Stop it.
You finish brutally gunning down a semi-innocent clown for like five solid minutes and turn your attention toward this mysterious tower. What the hell is this thing? Maybe that clown could have helped you understand what you're supposed to do in this empty wasteland, but no, you had better ideas. And all of them were bullets.

You just think you can figure everything out by yourself, don't you? Who needs friends and allies, right? Friendship and allegiance are emotions for dipshits like humans and trolls. You really are quite full of yourself, you think. Yes, you just thought that. No, don't resist the thought you just had. You thought it, and you can't unthink it. You also think you are a mean little prick. You had that thought all by yourself, totally unprompted, and it is causing you to reflect on a lifetime spent being petulant and awful. Wait no, on second thought you don't think that. You have no remorse and you think you're great. No, you don't think you're great. You think you suck, and you regret slaughtering that juggalo. Please do not argue with your own brain. That's what a lunatic does.

You are really upset that you killed that sweet helpful bard. No, don't pretend you aren't. He only wanted to be your guide. Would that have been so bad, you wonder? You wonder this to yourself while a tear rolls down your stupid red cheek. You turn away so that no one can see you cry, but you let out a muffled sob and everyone can tell how sad you are.

"Caliborn: Hey. Voice in my head. Hussie: Yes?"
Caliborn: Shut up."

[note: the caption is written inside a white box, which looks like the larger screen on the terminal.]

authorlog
Caliborn: Hey.
Voice in my head.
Hussie: Yes?
Caliborn: Shut up.

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: Caliborn presses the U key. The caps lock button is engaged.]

authorlog
Hussie: no way!
then who would describe what you're thinking and feeling?
Caliborn: nobody.
I can think my own thoughts just fine.
Caliborn: they are less stupid and condescending. Than the thoughts you tell my brain to have.
Hussie: but your thoughts are shitty!
you should be grateful to have someone to spice them up for you.
and what's also shitty is this shitty piece of shit machine you live inside.
Hussie: I don't live inside this thing, you idiot.
this is just sort of like a radio tower. It receives and transmits signals.
that's kind of obvious?
Caliborn: it's not obvious. It's dumb and confusing.
I demand to know what's going on.
tell me.
Hussie: gamzee could have told you a lot of stuff.
Caliborn: who??
Hussie: I can't believe you shot him like that. What's the matter with you?
he was literally the first living being you ever met in your whole life, and you gun him down
without a single word?
you've got some problems.
Caliborn: oh. The clown.
he was dreadful and purple and needed to be exterminated quickly.
Hussie: he was a huge fan of yours and was really looking forward to meeting you.
he wanted to help you with your quest.
Caliborn: this is my planet. No one else can live here. I don't need help.
Hussie: yet you want me to tell you what's going on?
Caliborn: yes. Tell me immediately.
Hussie: nah.
Caliborn: augh.
Hussie: what?
Caliborn: I'm getting frustrated. Both by you. And this fucking keyboard.

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: It shifts to the left side of the keyboard, where the caps lock key is pressed and the red button is. It's not actually a red button, though. It's a keyhole.]
Hussie: what's the matter with it?
Caliborn: it's making it impossible to type my quirk.
Hussie: no it's not.
Caliborn: yes. The caps lock key appears to be permanently depressed.
how do I make it not like that.
Hussie: it's locked.

you need a key to unlock it.
you need keys to unlock a whole bunch of features on this tower.
Caliborn: where is the key.
Hussie: how should I know???
Caliborn: because you are an infuriating font of knowledge about many things. Including my own brain behaviors.
Hussie: why should I tell you everything?
find your own fucking keys. It's your quest, remember?
Caliborn: no, but typing like this is bad.
it's really throwing me off.
Hussie: I don't understand the problem.
Caliborn: I can't make my u's little.
Hussie: no, I got that. But caps lock should make it easier.
you do realize when caps lock is on, you can hold down shift to make letters lower case, right?
Caliborn: what.
no.
I don't use caps lock. I thought it was supposed to be like a training key for retards.
Hussie: a training key?
Caliborn: maybe also for girls. For when they get hysterical and make their letters shout.
Hussie: ok, got it. Really great theories there.
so... How do you usually type then?
Hussie: hang on. Are you saying you hold down shift with one hand, while hunting and pecking for all the letters with the other?
and whenever you type a 'u' you just let go of shift??
Caliborn: I said never mind.
Hussie: wow.
Caliborn: ok look.
I can acknowledge that the method you proposed is a lot more efficient and sensible.
I just have my own style.
that I'm comfortable with.
and also.
I just never thought of that.
Hussie: how old were you again?
Caliborn: fuck you.
ok, the thing is.
don't tell anybody I said this.
but.
I've always had a lot of trouble.
at.
learning stuff.
Hussie: yeah.
I know.
Caliborn taps angrily at the keys with only his pointer fingers.

authorlog
Caliborn: fuck it.
I'll just type in all big letters. Even the u's. Who cares.
Hussie: aw, looks like someone just took his first big step toward growing up!
Caliborn: actually, typing this way is a lot easier. Looks like I win this round caliborn: asshole.
Hussie: win what? I was the one advocating the use of caps lock in the first place, doofus.
Caliborn: don't antagonize me. You aren't a funny person.
I can tell you think you're funny. I may have problems learning.
but I know when a piece of garbage is trying to be funny.
unsuccessfully.
Hussie: you're right. I do think I'm funny sometimes. Maybe I'm wrong though.
Caliborn: haha! You are. Just a wrong and unfunny guy.
Hussie: we all have our flaws to overcome. I do my best, just like you.
think of all you've done in spite of your learning problems. You don't let your disability hold you
back, do you?
Caliborn: I guess.
Hussie: you won that game of chess with that stupid gambit. Switching the hats, remember? It was
a lame ploy, and totally not in the spirit of the rules, but it got under her skin enough to force a loss
anyway.
you also hired jack to murder your sister. Which was a dick move, but reasonably clever.
Caliborn: yes.
those things I did were great.
Hussie: well, they weren't great so much as terrible. But the point is you can accomplish anything
if you put your mind to it.
just because you struggle with learning doesn't mean you can't realize your destiny. You just have
to work a little harder at it.
and if you're dealt a lousy hand - and you definitely were with this shitty solo session - then you
have to work even harder.
Caliborn: that's what I'm going to do.
Hussie: I know you will.
you are going to prove all the haters wrong, exceed your own limitations by miles, and accomplish
more than you ever dreamed possible.
yours is quite an inspiring story, actually. It's just a shame that all of your accomplishments will be
so horrible.
but that's really beside the point.
Caliborn: yeah, I already knew I was incredible and special.
what are you trying to do. Inspire me. Save your breath fuckhead.
Hussie: no, I don't give a shit about making you feel better about yourself.
I'm not your guardian or your sprite or your exile or your fucking life coach. I'm just saying some
things that are true through the narrative prompt.
take the facts or leave them!
Caliborn: most of your facts are boring so far.
I would like better and more useful facts. Right now.
Hussie: you may be destined for bigger things, but you're still an atrocious, stupid child.
and you may have won the "game" with your sister, but that doesn't mean it was the best thing for
your development as a person.
you had her dream self killed, which is not an opportunity your species typically gets. So she died
prematurely, instead of allowing the conflict within you to settle itself naturally.
in short, you forced your predomination to happen a little too early, and now you're stuck.
Caliborn: stuck?
Hussie: yes. Your personality is stuck in some sort of cantankerous prepubescent limbo. You are going to be a stunted, miserable tool forever. 
Caliborn: well, how long was I even supposed to wait. For that twee bitch to get out of my skull. 
Hussie: it's kind of sad. You don't really know anything about your own species, do you? 
Caliborn: and I guess you do? 
Hussie: uh, yeah? 
pretty much everything. 
Caliborn: tell me then. 
Hussie: no. 
Caliborn: god. Damn it.

[Image description: It zooms out to show the entire landscape. Gamzee still lays on the ground, but now he's closer to the tower and at the end of a trail of indigo blood. He's dragging himself towards Caliborn.]

authorlog
Caliborn: this dialogue is giving me a headache. 
between your passive aggressive obstinacy. 
and your bizarre motivational diatribes. 
and the fact. 
that I'm having a hard time telling our text apart? 
Hussie: what? you are? 
Caliborn: kind of. 
Hussie: well, here's a hint. You're the one typing in capital letters. 
you're also the one typing in surly, brief, stilted sounding phrases. 
Caliborn: no, but the colors are too similar. 
i know that some letters are big. And some are small. How dumb do you think I am. 
i just have an easier time thinking in colors. 
Hussie: what does that even mean, "thinking in colors?" 
Caliborn: i told you. My brain works differently, so shut up. 
Hussie: well, if you want to change your text color, you can if you turn on some of these monitors. 
this thing is like a needlessly complicated desktop computer, really. 
made of a radio tower tree of old crt monitors, rooted in a big transformer. 
it needs a power though. 
Caliborn: how do I power it. 
Hussie: see that loose plug there? 
Caliborn: oh. Fuck. 
Hussie: plug it into something. 
Caliborn: what a load of shit. That cord is so short. What can it even reach? 
Caliborn: maybe if I pull it really hard. 
i can stretch it far enough. To plug it into that fucking rock over there???
this is beyond asinine. 
Hussie: this is your quest. 
in quests, there are challenges. 
challenges which must be overcome by your tiny, learningly-disabled brain. 
Caliborn: i hate you. 
Hussie: what you really need is a guide. 
a mentor, of sorts.
too bad you shot that clown.

[A614] Next

[Image description: Gamzee pulls himself ever closer. He's left the wings from his costume in the dirt.]

authorlog
Caliborn: stop touting the wisdom of that imbecile with the disturbing underpants.
the only thing he has taught me. Is how to receive hundreds of bullets through the torso. In the least dignified manner possible.
and also. A crash course in dying a painful death. Hopefully.
Hussie: sorry to disappoint you.
he's not dead.
Caliborn: what.
Hussie: what did you expect? He's clearly a god tier.
Caliborn: bullshit.
Hussie: haven't you ever seen a god tier before?
you do know what that is, right?
Caliborn: yes, I know what that is.
Hussie: then you know he's immortal, and can only die under very specific circumstances.
guess there's no point in trying to kill him!
Caliborn: but his wings fell off!
i saw them fall off.
Hussie: hmm.
yeah. I guess they did.
so?
Caliborn: so. I think. He's probably faking.
Hussie: oh please. Paranoid much??
why would anyone go to that kind of trouble? What would be the point?
he would have to be such a jackass to do that.
Caliborn: i don't know why he's faking.
i just know those wings were bogus pieces of shit. That were like. Strapped on.
which means. He is a fraud.
Hussie: if you don't believe me, just see for yourself.
Caliborn: huh?
Hussie: you made the rookie mistake of turning your back on the body.
Caliborn: oh my god.

[A614] Next

[Image description: Caliborn stares down at Gamzee, who has finally pulled himself to the tower. Gamzee's torso is full of bullet holes and he's spitting blood. He still manages a weak smile and a shaky wave.]

authorlog
Caliborn: how can he possibly still be alive???
Hussie: see? Fit as a fiddle. Barely a scratch on him!
just please don't shoot him again, ok?
Caliborn: why. If you say he's immortal. Then it shouldn't matter, right.
Hussie: yeah, I know what I said.
alright, maybe he's not god tier. Who can really say for sure?
just try giving the machine gun a rest for a while. He really wants to help you!
Caliborn: i don't understand why this fucker won't die.
Hussie: he's a hilarious, rascally clown!
you know how it is with clowns.
Caliborn: no??
Hussie: they are notoriously difficult to kill for reasons that basically don't make any sense.
i'm personally not aware of a single timeline in which this codpiece packing moron dies.
Caliborn: what. What does that mean.
Hussie: it means you can't keep down the clown.
Caliborn: (Question mark) (Question mark) (Question mark) (Question mark) (Question mark)
Hussie: say it with me.
"you can't keep down the clown."
Caliborn: no, I won't say that.
Caliborn: say it!
Hussie: "you can't..."
Caliborn: go fuck yourself. Just tell me what it means.
Hussie: it means crazy clowns just won't die for some reason. In adventures such as yours, they
tend to linger long past their welcome.
they linger and linger and linger, and just when you think you're totally fed up with their bullshit
and you can't take another second of it, they just linger some more.
and you never know what they're up to, and they're always scheming in the shadows, and it's quite
possible that whatever master plan they're hatching just doesn't make the slightest bit of sense at
all.
but it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter how stupid the clown's schemes are, or how sick of him
everybody is.
he just. Won't. Die.
Caliborn: this is. Honestly? The worst sales pitch for a mentor. That I have ever read.
Hussie: granted!
just no more shooting. You can slap him around if you want. That's fine. But shooting is off limits.
Caliborn: why.
Hussie: because you can't kill him! He's the most important character in...
Caliborn: in what.
Hussie: well, ok. Maybe not the most important.
but he's still really important!
Caliborn: i seriously think. You've been mostly fucking with me.
Hussie: no way!
ok, shhhh! Shh. He's approaching you.
come on man, be cool. Let's just see how this plays out.
it looks like he's got a present for you! Ooh, I wonder what it could be...

[S][A6I4] Next

[Image description: Elevatorstuck plays. Gamzee slowly pushes himself up off the ground and
holds out a green box that looks like a hub from Rose or Roxy's house. There's an outlet on top of
it. As soon as Gamzee gets mostly up, Caliborn takes out his gun and shoots him back down. The
box flies out of his hand and lands on the counter next to the keyboard.]

authorlog
Hussie: you mother fucker.
Caliborn: he looked at me funny.
Hussie: yeah.
want to know why?
because he's a fucking clown.
Caliborn: do not type in big letters. It confuses me.
Hussie: why do you have to be like this?
why can't you just be down with the clown?
Caliborn: i don't know.
i like shooting him.
he just has this. Perfectly shootable torso.
hey. What the fuck is this horrendous music.
Hussie: what. You don't like it?
Caliborn: it is without a doubt. Causing me more pain. Than whatever this unkillable clown is feeling right now.
Hussie: well, whenever you shoot the clown, I play the elevator music.
Caliborn: oh fuck. No!
Hussie: that's the deal.
either shoot the clown and face the music, or put on your fucking big boy suspenders and stop trying to murder him.
Caliborn: alright. Whatever.
i find your stipulation to be tyrannical. But fine.
Hussie: just plug the thing in the goddamn box already.

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: The box now has a cord plugged into it.]

authorlog
Caliborn: alright.
now what.

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: The blinking red light stops blinking and just stays on. All the TV screens turn on, but all except one just show static. The one that's on shows Dream Calliope's legs as she's laying on the ground, dead. Bright green blood is splattered over her skirt and the wall behind her. Caliborn stares at the screen and Gamzee lays in the dirt behind him, still with more hole than torso. A second image zooms in on the screen showing Calliope.]

authorlog
Hussie: Now all the monitors have power.
Each one is set to a different channel. But they won't display anything unless they're unlocked.
You unlock them by finding the right keys and using them on that little model of the radio tower next to you.
One of them is unlocked for you already. Can you see it up there?
Caliborn: yes. Yes! I can see it.
it is a view of my dead sister. What a beautiful sight.
she really makes. A more breathtaking corpse. Than I ever imagined.
Hussie: whatever you say, weirdo.
anyway, it's like I said. This is a glorified computer. If you want to change your text color, you can sample some pixels from the display.
Caliborn: this is perfect.
i was intending on using her putrid green blood. To color my text.
Hussie: were you?
Caliborn: yes. It was going to be like. Painting my words in her blood. As a token of my ruthless triumph.
then on the next time I was going to harass somebody. It was going to be all like. Look who won.
It's just me now.
and I would just be like. Now what's up. *Bitches*.
it was going to be.
soooo.
*baaaaaadassss*.
Hussie: ok.
Caliborn: also. This is a funny coincidence. But I was also batting around the idea.
Of stealing her big u's anyway?
i mean. As another kind of trophy. To let people know. I'm whole. And the best sibling is in charge now.
i was on the fence about doing that though. But I guess your stupid locked keyboard. Maybe forced the issue.
but I'll just say badassery was the reason. And omit the tedious anecdote about the keyboard.
so yeah.
Hussie: then let's consider this a serendipitous facilitation of all your most juvenile typing fantasies.
let nobody henceforth mistake you for a guy who isn't trying as hard as he can to type like a cold blooded motherfucker.
Caliborn: yes. That's what I want.
Hussie: Great. Now grab that mouse there and pick a new color.

[Image description: Caliborn reaches for the mouse, which as the MSPA logo on the roller ball.]

authorlog
Caliborn: excuse me.
what the fuck is this.
Hussie: it's a wireless mouse.
Caliborn: no. It's this awful kind of mouse.
the kind with the glossy orb. I hate these.
Hussie: yeah, trackballs are pretty terrible. Can't argue there.
Caliborn: my thumb claw is kind of. Slipping on the shiny ball.
is this incredibly difficult to operate.
Hussie: i really don't envy your situation.
Caliborn: also. This is an awkward vantage.
if I want to use the mouse and look at the screen. I have to stretch my arm really far.
and kind of twist my body. To look around the corner. Like this.

[Image description: Caliborn reaches for the mouse, then awkwardly leans to the side and cranes his neck to try and see the monitor. Behind him, Gamzee starts to sit up. His codpiece is jutting out like he's very happy to see Caliborn.]

authorlog
Hussie: Well, maybe that's why it's a wireless mouse?
So you can pick it up and walk around the tower, and use it on whichever monitor you want.
Caliborn: but I can't move it.
Hussie: pardon?
Caliborn: it's stuck.
why is the mouse stuck.
Hussie: probably because it's welded to the counter.
Caliborn: are you fucking serious.
Hussie: yes.
Caliborn: i cannot believe this.
what sort of asshole. Would set up a wireless mouse.
and then weld it to the counter.
Hussie: that's a hell of a question.
Caliborn: ohhh.
ohhhhhhhhhhhh.
I am so. So. Pissed off at this.
who is responsible for this nightmare.
Hussie: i dunno.
someone who thought it would be funny watching you struggle with a shitty trackball mouse
welded to a counter?
Caliborn: i demand to know.
was it you.
it was you. Wasn't it.
Hussie: Maybe.

Authorlog

Caliborn: mark my words. Whoever you are.
some day I will track you down. And kill you.
Hussie: you already did.
Caliborn: liar.
Hussie: it's true. It already happened in like the quasi-future.
Hussie: for someone who's supposed to be a lord of time, you really kind of suck at thinking 4th
dimensionally.
let alone 5th dimensionally.
you've got a long way to go, kid.
Caliborn: quiet. Your nonsense is distracting.

[note: Caliborn's text is now a shade of dark green.]

ok. There.
wait.
this color is all wrong. It's too muddy.
Hussie: Yeah. The environment is pretty grim up there.
Skaia doesn't provide very good lighting when it's all clouded over like that.
Just bump up the brightness on the display.

Authorlog
Caliborn: ok. How's this.
Hussie: that looks better.
wait, let me check.
ok, yeah. Number 2Ed73a. That's correct.
Caliborn: what.
Hussie: that's the hex code for the color.
Caliborn: what the fuck are you talking about.
Hussie: it's the numerical representation of the color in hexadecimal format.
Caliborn: ok. So??
Hussie: so I was just double checking to make sure it was right.
Caliborn: and.
Hussie: it was right.
Caliborn: this is a particularly aggravating tangent. To an already ghastly conversation.
i'm definitely going to figure out who you are. And how to kill you.
Hussie: but caliborn.
how do you expect to kill me...
when I am already dead!
hahahahahaha, oh man.
Caliborn: how it is actually possible.
for someone to be this obnoxious and unfunny???
Hussie: i don't know.
maybe it's a miracle?
Caliborn: stop fucking with me.
i'm serious.
Hussie: oh no. He's serious everybody. Look out.
he's about to throw the tweeniest, brattiest tantrum his little green exoskeleton can muster.
Caliborn: stop it.
Hussie: if you pitch a fit in your little bow tie and suspenders, it will probably be so adorable that I
might just drop dead anyway.
or my ghost will.
Caliborn: fuck you.
now I know you're full of shit.
ghosts can't die. That makes no sense.
Hussie: no really, go ahead. Flutter your eyelashes at me. Make it as grumpy as possible.
kawaii me to double death bro!
Caliborn: i'm so close. To just. Wreaking mayhem.
on literally everything within my tantrum radius.
if you don't stop teasing me. And start being useful to my quest again.
Hussie: wait! Shhh, settle down. Something important is happening.
Caliborn: what.
Hussie: the clown! He wants to give you another present.
Caliborn: oh god.
Hussie: but seriously, this present is really important.
just turn around and receive it graciously from your new mentor.
Caliborn: he's not my mentor.
Hussie: and remember. No more clown shootings, or I play the music again.
Caliborn: ugh.

[A6I4] Next
Caliborn: what is that.
what does it look like?
Hussie: it's a magic crowbar.
Caliborn: why is he giving it to me.
Hussie: i'm not sure.
Caliborn: i thought you knew everything.
Hussie: i know a lot of things. But I don't always understand his motivation for doing the stupid things he does.
Caliborn: why not.
Hussie: i just don't.
like one time? He sold a girl some potions. I have no idea why he did that.
Caliborn: potions?
Hussie: yes potions.
he also threw some corpses into a sprite to revive them, and fused their identities to create a disturbing freak of nature.
i'm still not really sure why he did that. Probably just to fuck with everybody.
Caliborn: what corpses.
Hussie: it doesn't matter what corpses. Just some corpses, ok?
the point is, he probably didn't even have any reason for doing it. He was just being weird and capricious.
but that doesn't mean it didn't end up serving an important purpose anyway.
after the fused corpse sprite exploded, both of their ghosts got fed up and decided to start working together.
and now they're doing some important stuff in the afterlife. But I kind of doubt this clown had any idea that would happen.
or maybe he did? Who really knows with clowns.
Caliborn: holy fuck. Who cares about this.
what about the crowbar.
Hussie: what about it?
Caliborn: you said it was important.
Hussie: it is important.
but I don't know if he knows that.
Caliborn: i bet that crowbar is a useless piece of garbage. I will not accept it.
Hussie: maybe he heard you bitching about the wireless mouse being welded to the counter, and he's giving you something to pry it off with?
Caliborn: oh. Right.
maybe that's it.
Hussie: but that's not why it's important.
Caliborn: then why.
Hussie: you know how at the start of an adventure, you find some seemingly trivial thing that turns out to be important later?
but at the time you have no idea why or how it'll turn out to be important?
Caliborn: yeah.
Hussie: it's like that.
Caliborn: that doesn't explain anything.
Hussie: it explains everything.
Caliborn: what's magic about it. What does it do.
Hussie: i'm not telling.
Caliborn: tell me what I'm supposed to do with it.
Hussie: no.
Caliborn: yes.
Hussie: just take the damn crowbar.
Caliborn: ok. Fine.
i think I am developing a premonition.
about why this is important. And what I'm supposed to do with it.
Hussie: really?
Caliborn: yes. It's going to happen really soon!
i can feel it.
Hussie: Wait, what are you...

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: Caliborn hits Gamzee in the face with the hooked end of the crowbar. Blood
and teeth fly from his mouth and he look shocked. In a second image, Gamzee lays on the ground
while Caliborn beats his already hole-filled torso with the crowbar.]

authorlog
Hussie: hey! Stop that.
what did I say??
but I am still permitted to smack him around.
i'm just following the rules.
Hussie: that's true.
ok. I'll allow this.
Caliborn: yessss!

[S!] [A6I4] Next

[Image description: A horribly bass-boosted, speaker-overloading, crackly version of Elevatorstuck
plays. A mute button in the top left corner has a red tilde over it, crossing it out and mimicking the
Ophiuchus symbol on Caliborn's shirt. Caliborn flails the crowbar towards the sky and stomps his
feet. Gamzee lifts his head and gives a thumbs up.]

authorlog
Caliborn: you piece of shit!!!!!!!!
Hussie: i stopped allowing it.
Caliborn: i think you must have mental problems.
ones that are worse than mine, I mean.
Hussie: i just want you to be friends with him, and stop beating him into a coma with a crowbar. Or
riddling his sad floppy body with full metal jackets.
although I will admit it is hilarious every time that happens.
Caliborn: oh. This is amusing to you?
then what if, for a laugh encore.
i started fucking up your dumb tower?!
Hussie: no don't!

[!!!][A6I4] Next

[Image description: A regular version of Elevator stuck plays. Caliborn smacks the command
prompt screen with the crowbar. With the first hit, the panel tilts a little. Then he hits it again and
the red line falls off of the mute button, which only mutes the music, not the echoing clang of the
crowbar hitting the screen. The authorlog and panel continue to bounce around with each hit, but they're not the only thing affected. The page title, save options, logo, links at the top of the website, and the little pieces of candy corn separating the links start bouncing around the site. Even the ad banner at the bottom shifts. It shows the site of Meenah and Vriska's fight, but now it's empty except for Hussie, who starts of seated, then is launched all around the ad. The link to the next page isn't immune to the banging either, so you'll have to chase that down.]

authorlog
Hussie: cut that out!
Caliborn: make me.
Hussie: you're going to cause huge problems for everybody if you keep that up. mostly for yourself!
Caliborn: then shut off that music. and be useful to me again.
Hussie: how?
Caliborn: tell me about my quest.
Hussie: you brat. I'm not telling you shit!
Caliborn: i could do this all day.
wow. This is just. The most fun thing. I love this magic present. You know what. That clown? maybe he's not so bad.
i mean. Once I broke him in a little.
Hussie: ok fine!
i'll tell you some stuff. Just quit it.

[A6I4]

[Image description: The website is back in order, except one of the candy corns from between links still sits on the counter. Caliborn puts the crowbar on the ground and glares at the command prompt screen.]

[A6I4]

authorlog
Hussie: Thank you.
Now what exactly would you like to know?
Caliborn: everything.
Hussie: everything is a lot.
care to narrow it down a little?
Caliborn: obviously not the boring irrelevant things.
definitely not things like. Who kisses people. With their unpleasant nonskeletal smooshy lips.
just all the things that I need to know to win this game.
Hussie: that's not how adventures work though.
you don't just make some omniscient narrator inside a computer tell you everything all at once. there's like this whole process to it. You reveal certain things at the right time, depending on whether the hero has met certain requirements and is ready to learn those things.
what you learn and what I tell you is more up to you than it is to me.
Caliborn: who cares.
i don't want your excuses.
Hussie: aren't you excited about your adventure? About being unchained for the first time ever, and getting to explore this mysterious place, and meeting people and solving puzzles that will lead to the realization of who you were meant to be, and how you fit into this epic?
Caliborn: no.
so far. The adventure is boring, and frustrating, and consists of an idiot in a computer, and a clown
who won't die.
i want to know when I get to start fucking shit up.
Hussie: you'll definitely get to do that later.
Caliborn: when.
Hussie: not long from now.
Caliborn: like. In a couple hours. Or.
Hussie: that's up to you. There are puzzles to solve all over your planet. Your mentor can help.
the sooner you do that, the sooner the fun will begin.
Caliborn: you really aren't telling me anything.
we had a deal. I put the crowbar down. Now tell me things.
Hussie: why don't we narrow the scope of the q&a then?
try asking very specific questions, and I'll decide if it would be appropriate to answer at this time.
Caliborn: yeah. Good idea.
then my first question is.
what is the place.
Hussie: the medium. You are in your game session.
Caliborn: i know that.
what's this planet, I mean.
Hussie: it was called earth.
Caliborn: earth. That's it?
Hussie: yes.
weren't all the statues of liberty a dead giveaway?
if you see one or more shitty old statues of liberty on any post-apocalyptic wasteland planet, that
automatically means it was earth all along, as a rule.
then when you realize that, you're supposed to have a mental breakdown.
Caliborn: i am unfamiliar with this rule. And skeptical of its veracity.
tell me more about earth.
Hussie: it's the place humans are from. But that was a very long time ago, with respect to the
planet's current age.
earth has been through a lot. It was even relocated a couple times.
Caliborn: yes. I brought it with me, I think.
into the game.
Hussie: yes. But it was relocated once even before that.
it was moved from its native solar system, where it circled around a little yellow sun.
then it found its way to a new system, around your big red sun. It stayed there for a good while,
until your sun started dying.
Caliborn: why would someone move a planet.
Hussie: its universe was about to explode. So its proprietor closed up shop and got it the hell out of
there.
Caliborn: how.
Hussie: that's not important for you to know. Suffice to say, planets just have a way of scooting
around in this adventure.
Caliborn: ok. Why is this my planet in the game though.
Hussie: cause your kernelsprite turned into a black hole and sucked it into your session?
Caliborn: no I mean. I thought I was supposed to have a cool and special place.
Like a land of something and something.
Hussie: you do.
you just have to unlock it.
that is when your real quest will begin.
Caliborn: how do I do that.
all the potential for extraordinary achievements in your quest must be unlocked first.
we've been over this.
Caliborn: where do I find the keys.
Hussie: i don't know.
Caliborn: lies.
Hussie: why would I know that? You think I'm like an encyclopedia on key locations??
i got better things to think about than where all your stupid keys are.
find them yourself. Better hop to it!
Caliborn: no. More questions first.
what am I ultimately striving to unlock.
to make my real land appear.
is it some sort of giant, fancy keyhole.
Hussie: no. More like a big door.
Caliborn: a door to what.
treasure?
Hussie: kind of.
if there's any treasure in there, it would be guarded by your denizen.
Caliborn: what's that.
Hussie: a powerful monster that rules your planet, asleep in the core.
he appeared there the moment earth got sucked into your session.
Caliborn: what kind of monster.
is it a deadly, challenging monster?
Hussie: Yes.
He is the deadliest, most challenging denizen of all.
He very rarely appears in game sessions, and is usually designated for the most naturally gifted
warriors.
His name is Yaldabaoth.

[Image description: Caliborn reaches down to pick up the piece of candy corn.]  

authorlog
C;so my goal is. To burrow fuck deep into the center of earth.
unlock his door.
and then destroy him.
H;sort of.
you can fight him then and there if you want. But that won't do you much good. And not just
because he'd probably kill you instantly.
you're better off listening to him.
C;why.
H;because he will make you an offer.
by which I mean he will give you the choice.

[note: the choice is underlined.]  

C;the choice to do what.
H;i won't tell you that.
C;fuck. No.
you were on such a roll. Of not being shitty.
H;it's just a very important decision you will have to take into consideration once you hear it.
Something unique to you and your journey.
basically, if you accept his terms, your real adventure will begin. Your true planet will be
unlocked, and a whole lot of other crazy shit will happen. It's best not to get bogged down in the
details though.
the bottom line is, by accepting, you will begin the most difficult game session anyone has ever attempted.
C;what.
that's bullshit.
why do I get such a raw deal.
H;because you are being punished.
C;for what.
H;for your hubris in embarking on a one player session.
that's against the rules.
C;what rules. Where are these rules written.
H;they aren't written anywhere. They're just the rules.
are the rules you and your sister followed written anywhere?
C;no.
H;you just knew what they were, and you followed them. There were consequences for breaking them.
C;so this shit ass session. Is punishing me for. Being too full of myself. And killing my sister??
H;pretty much.
C;whatever. I accept the consequences. For doing those excellent things.
just bring it on.
H;I thought you'd feel that way.
C;so what's so terrible about this session. Aside from the first stage being insanely boring.
H;it's called a dead session.
C;so.
H;so, there are three kinds of fucked up sessions, and yours is the worst.
there's a null session, which is pretty much a normal session that's doomed to failure.
everything works correctly. The sprites are prototyped, the battlefield can evolve, the forge is present, skaia can gestate a new universe... Theoretically.
but events conspire such that this never happens. Basically the players are doomed to fail.
Then there's a void session, which is the same as a null session, but without even having the potential for success.
nothing is prototyped. The battlefield doesn't evolve. There's no forge. It is completely inert.
It has no chance of bearing fruit, at least not without some sort of miraculous external intervention. Like a deus ex machina.
and then there's a dead session, which is a void session but worse. It's started by a single player.
The kernelsprite collapses into a black hole, sucking the planet into it, and eventually the sun and entire solar system. There is no hope of creating a universe in such a session under any circumstance, not even with outside help. Victory and defeat in a dead session are dictated by totally different terms.
one way of looking at it is, if you're fortunate enough to even get your quest started, it will be like playing the game on the extreme difficulty setting.
hope you're up for that!
C;of course I am.
let me ask you.
if you were the most deadly denizen of all.
would you want to mess with...

[A6l4] Next

[Image description: Caliborn sticks the candy corn in place of his missing tooth. A seconf image shows him grinning maliciously while Gamzee tries to pull himself to his feet while trembling.]
authorlog

c;*This*???

h;Hell no.
Hmm...
c;What.

h;Gamzee again.
c;Oh.

h;Wonder what he's up to now?
He doesn't look too good.

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: Gamzee honks as he pukes of blood. The sound effect, which is written in his original quirk of alternating capital and lowercase letters, says "Hooork."

authorlog

h;Oh great.
Now he's vomiting blood.
Are you satisfied?
You made this dear, sweet, pseudo-innocent juggalo vomit liter after thick, glutinous liter of nasty purple blood.

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: Caliborn cringes and sticks his tongue out like he's gagging.]

authorlog

C;uuugh.

H;I'm debating whether I should play the elevator music again.
would that be funny? I'm not sure.
kind of borderline, really.
C;Hold on.
what is that.

H;what?
C;He's puking something up.
it looks like...
are those...

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: A set of four keys on a ring splat out into the puked up blood. There's a keychain of two purple harlequin heads, one of which is smiling and one of which is frowning.]

authorlog

C;keys?

H;what?
C;He puked up some keys.

H;That's weird.
what kind of keys?
C;Just some regular looking keys.
with some kind of clowny key ring.

H;Hmm.
do you think they might work on this tower?
C;Why the fuck are you asking me?
how could this be something you don't know.
H: don't be that way. I'm just thinking out loud here.
C: so you had no idea that this wretched fool swallowed some keys.
intending to later regurgitate them in front of me. Probably as another "present".
H: he's kind of like a loyal pet, isn't he?
dragging ridiculous stuff into the house as gifts for his master.
barfing up disgusting things on the carpet and beaming with pride over his generous offering.
isn't that what you want from a devoted minion/mentor?
C: did you. Or did you not. Know he had these keys.
H: nope.
i'm just as surprised as you.
C: i don't believe you.
H: hey, I told you.
i have no idea what that clown gets up to in his spare time.
i'm not even really sure how he got here, to be honest.
maybe he stowed away in a shitty liberty?
or maybe he was just hiding in one of the vents in your meteor when you entered? He had
years of practice to master that move, now that I think about it.
C: shut up. Just shut up!
how can everything you say be so useless.
H: why don't you quit bitching at me and try out those keys?

[Image description: Caliborn stands by the miniature model of the tower. Each of the miniature
screens has a keyhole in it. The leftmost one on the lowest level has one of the keys stuck in it and
the ring around the keyhole turns green.]

authorlog

C: how do I know which key goes in which hole.
H: you don't.
C: what. There are no labels. Or numbers. Or anything?
H: nope.
you just have to try them on every keyhole until one fits.
C: that's so terrible.
i literally cannot. Even think of a single thing more terrible than that.
H: welcome to your quest.
C: ok. I guess I found one that fits.

[Image description: The corresponding screen turns on, showing Jake pointing two golden pistols.
A second image shows him standing at the top of a hill on the Land of Mounds and Xenon while
pointing one of his pistols at a skeletal basilisk.]

authorlog

C: ahh. Yes. It's this bumbling twit.
where is he.
H: he is in his game session, exploring his land.
C: his land looks cooler than mine.
H: it is cooler.
C: that fucker. I am so going to mess with him. Now that I can see him.
hey.
why can I see him now? Their game was blacked out. Last I looked. H;you were looking through a standard chat client viewport. this tower's signal bypasses the field of void permeating the session. as long as you find the right tower, the right monitor, and have the right key, you should be able to see anything in existence from this planet. C;interesting. H;try another key.

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: Another screen turns on. This one shows Dirk jumping down the side of a temple while wearing his gas mask. A second image shows him staring at the forest of buildings under a massive red cloud.]

authorlog
C;it's the dirk human. he is somewhat tolerable. I mean. As a strong and competent male. H;what. So you're down with the dirk?
C;no. All I'm saying is. The death I wish on him doesn't have to be especially painful. it could be like. Going to sleep. With maybe only a short scream. H;i think you want to be bros with him. C;shut your mouth. i will try another key.

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: Yet another screen comes on. This one shows Roxy staring up at a pyramid while Jane stands behind her with her skaia fork and the fenestrated plane. A second image shows Roxy firing her rifle and Jane jumping into the fenestrated plane.]

authorlog
C;oh ho. and here it would seem that we have. an exemplary pair of saucy bitches. do you think...
H;what?
C;no. Never mind. it was a frivolous question. H;think what?
C;i was just wondering. do you think it's likely. if I peek at them for a while. they will begin to. Maybe. H;what?
C;stroke each other's hair. H;ok, I'm leaving. C;or maybe. what's the word I'm thinking of. you do it with another living torso that's near you. I mean, a torso you haven't killed yet. when one dares to allow the seductive serpent of debauchery to slither into one's sarswapagus. H;what the fuck? C;i think it's called. "snuggling"?
H: bye.
C: wait!
where are you going.
H: i think you've got a handle on this.
you're warming up to the clown, or at least you stopped shooting him every thirty seconds.
it seems like you're ready to accept him as your mentor and begin taking this quest seriously.
C: i find him moderately less repellent.
and he has proven himself useful. i guess.
i will accept the resilient bard as my servant.
h: cool.
my work here is done then.
try out some more keys. then go exploring and look for more.
you'll get the hang of it.
(locked padlock)-- (grey text) the narrative prompt has been locked. -- (locked padlock)

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: Caliborn sticks the keys into the largest screen, which is low and to the right.]

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: He glares up at something on that screen.]

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: Gamzee stands up behind him. he's covered in so much blood it's basically covered his entire shirt.]

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: Gamzee walks up and puts a hand on Caliborn's shoulder. Caliborn gives an evil-looking smile.]

[A6I4] Next

[Image description: On the screen, Jack Noir sits in his prospitian jail cell. A cuff is locked around one of his ankles and chained to the wall. There are tally marks gouged into the wall in groups of seven. One of his teeth is gone, replaced with a golden fang, and he holds a yellow cylinder in his hand. A pumpkin pokes on screen in the bottom right corner. A second image zooms in on the same screen.]

End of Act 6 Intermission 4

[Image description: Green curtains close over Jack in jail.]
Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 6 Act 5: Of Gods and Tricksters, Act 1

[s] Act 6 Act 5

[Image description: The song A Taste for Adventure starts to play. Green curtains hang shut. They don't open. Instead, the border of a fourth wall with four quadrants fades in around them and they fade away to a black screen. A pair of hands fade in, now holding the fourth wall. Whoever this is is wearing something with long, grey sleeves. The wall is about the size of a piece of paper.

It fades to the ruins of Jake's tower with the alchemy equipment in and around it. Behind it are the green, terraced hills of LoMaX. It pans over one of the landscapes it showed before, but now the mountain with the ruins of Jake's tower is behind them. Jake sits on top of one of the post and lintel arrangements, which is half buried in the ground. He's wearing his grey suit.

It fades back to the fourth wall and one of the hands taps on the screen. It fades back to Jake. He's the one holding the fourth wall and he stares dejectedly down at it. He sighs and a thought bubble appears above him. In the thought, Jade and John stand next to each other, both wearing clothes that look like they're from the early 1900s. Jade winks and holds a rifle. John grins and tugs on his bow tie. A white dog that looks like Bec sits behind Jade.

A sprite wanders out from behind a hill. It's a bright green sprite with two short horns on one side and a zig-zagging horn on the other. His hair is short and spiky with a lighter green shock over his forehead. He's wearing hipster glasses, but they have red and blue lenses. He has small ear fins and is wearing a striped scarf. On his chest, there's a symbol. It's the Gemini symbol, but the top and bottom line zig zag like the aquarius sign. Eridan and Sollux have been combined into a sprite. Erisol sprite.

Jake looks back over his shoulder and grins at Erisol sprite. Erisol sprite keeps moving closer, but he doesn't look happy. He just looks faintly annoyed. An arm fades in on his left side. He's flipping Jake the middle finger. Jake turns around and laughs uproariously. It returns to the sprite style and Jake sits on the lintel while Erisol sprite flips him off some more. It slowly zooms out. A Dirk alert appears over Jake.

Jake: Examine incoming message.

[Image description: Jake gives a deeper sigh and pulls out his phone, which has a Dirk alert next to it.]

Next
T.T.: Dude!
Where you at, man.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Dude!
Where you at, man.
Wait.
Which computer are you using?
I'm not comfortable knowing my words could be hovering over Cage's clownish, sort of gaunt face.
Could you maybe switch back to naked blue chicks as your exclusive desktop fodder? TIA.
But yeah.
I don't know if you just want a little solitude.
Or if maybe you finally just got like,
A case of Strider fatigue.
I could understand that.
I mean, not to get all neurotic on you.
I'm just saying I get it, if that's what's going on.
But for real, if you gotta sneak away for a few days, that's cool.
Just might be kind of dope if you at least would let me know which planet you scurried off to.
And by dope I guess I mean considerate?
Really not trying to be a drag here.
Wondering what's up is all.
Want to meet up soon?
I found a really promising tomb we could raid.
Looks like it runs hella deep.
If I've got the specs right, could run as deep as the Lion's Mouth itself.
But without all the fuckin' fire to deal with.
Wait, I mean Lion's Mouth.

Gotta underline that key shit. Always forget.
Figure it should take a couple days to make it to the bottom.
Only a day if we both go limp and just fall the whole way down the stairs.
Ignoring literally every sage warning we've ever received about those treacherous plummetation zigzags.
Just tumbling on down in a floppy limbed trance like a couple of puppets in a race arranged by some drunk gamblers.
If you're into another expedition, head to LoTaK and hit me up. Just don't forget your mask this time.
The deeper we go, the worse it gets, remember?
Could be some unreal grist down there.
More puzzle shit.
Loads of skeletons.
Pack your guns dog.

Next

[Image description: The end of that conversation is now in the text bubbles on Jake's screen. They
vanish when he locks the phone. His lock screen is a picture of him and Dirk with their arms around each other in front of some temples on LoTaK. They're holding their gas masks in their hand and Dirk's arm is outstretched to hold the phone.]

Jake: Solicit profound wisdom from your friendly guide.

[Image description: Jake stands up and looks towards Erisol sprite, who isn't flipping him off anymore.]

[note: Erisol sprite speaks in the same bright green as Jade. He combines Eridan and Sollux's quirks by doubling I, v, and w as well as replacing s with 2 and replacing both to (as in 'go to') and too (as in 'also') with two (the number).]

spritelog
Jake: Siiiiigh.
Erisol sprite: no.
Jake: Oh! Hey there buddy i nearly forgot you were bobbing about over there what with my emotional dilemmas.
Erisol sprite: oh please, as if that loud heavy sigh wasnt so obviously directed at gettin my take on your Shitty, Boring boyfriend problems.
Jake: Heheheh. Was i really so transparent?
Youre a good man mr Erisol . A good man with a good heart. Im lucky to have you as a friend.
Erisol sprite: no, you bloody imbecile.
i am not a good man, i dont have a good heart, and im not your fuckin friend.
i think you may be the dumbest livin being i have ever encountered.
i dont even know why i bothered floating down this little grassy gulch to flip you the daily bird. i must be out of my already tortured pan to bother with Any of you overemotional fuckbags.
Jake: I suppose its true. You can be a bit of a surly customer.
I dont hold it against you though. You have always been a wonderful source of amusement and companionship in this desolate place.
Erisol sprite: wow, its cool i amuse you, that really gives meaning to my joke of an existence, i mean wow, thanks.
Jake: Sure thing.
Im just not sure who else to talk to about my issues with dirk.
Erisol sprite: ok, why dont you give this person a whirl: Not Me?
Jake: Im so conflicted. Ive enjoyed our time together and all the adventures weve had over the last few months.
But as a paramour he has been overbearing to say the least. I dont know if i have the gumption to withstand another round of needy overtures.
What do you think sir sprite? Should i put the old kibash on the affair?
Erisol sprite: i hate how you say everything. how can he stand you.
Jake: Although frankly that prospect alone sounds arduous.
I wouldnt even know what to say to the poor fella.
You are my mystical guide on this adventure! What perchance might you advise?
Erisol sprite: alright you want some redrom counsel, well here you go.
im of the mindset that when you have a rock solid piece of ass tied to the dock, you dont bloody well tug the knot loose and shove the fucker off with the heel a your boot.
but then another part of me just wonders what the Fuck i just said there? like that was just such a weird sociopathic thought i had, i honestly had no idea how bad i could possibly feel about myself until i Became myself, if That makes sense.
your bro has feelins to consider, hes not some slice of grubsteak. why are you consulting with me, im a disaster. no im a disaster that shit its emotional pants with thick liquid Catastrophe, so dont even come near me.
Jake: Oh Mr. Erisol. You are in rare form today.
Erisol sprite: fuck you jake. im not funny. i have no actual clue why you think im so funny, so Piss Off.
Jake: Hahahahaha!
Erisol sprite: i should have exploded myself the moment he spawned me. every day im wonderin why i havent blown myself up yet. one time i think i almost did? then i just thought...
Meh.
i think the truth is deep down i must love sufferin. just like you and what's his face and your Trainwreck of a matespritship.
Jake: Stop! Stop!!! My sides. Your act is too rich. Thanks buddy this is cheering me up at least a little.
Erisol sprite: shut up.
Oh and you know what else is flippin Bullshit?
this hoax that you're implyin there's no one else to talk to about this. Talk to a member of your own fuckin species for a change.
what about crocker. try ruinin her day with your wishy washy rubbish.
Jake: You're right. I really should catch up with Janey.
It's been a while since we spoke. It does seem like more and more im the one to get in touch with her.
I do hope she hasn't tired too badly of listening to my problems. The last thing i want is to give the impression that everything revolves around my various romantic hurdles.
Erisol sprite: revolve around? its a bit late for that jake.
your flushed quadrant is a black hole and we are all being dragged screamin through its event horizon.
just talk to jane, and never fuckin look at me again for the rest of your life.
im leaving. hey heres one for the road.
Jake: Ah! There she blows. Your favorite finger of all.
You sure do love showing that one to people. Its actually become a vaguely comforting gesture.
Erisol sprite: you know what you've done jake.
you have totally Ruined the act of flippin people off.
it was the one joy i had left. i hope you're happy.
Jake: Boy howdy!!!

Next

[Image description: The Land of Pyramids and Neon hangs in the void.]

Next

[Image description: Roxy's house sits on top of a pyramid that's had the top half cut off. A banner runs between the alchemiter's arm and the observatory and carapacians loiter on the roofs and balconies. Three fenestrated planes sits on roofs, balconies, and a strange protrusion from one of those balconies.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Roxy's house. The banner reads "happy birtday* janey!!! *Fuck". Clusters of balloons that look like the seed pods on the Land of Crypts and Helium. Are tied to the top of the observatory and the alchemiter. The carapacians are wearing party hats. On a secondary building's roof, Roxy, Jane, a black carapacian and a purple sprite stand around a white table that has more party hats, a large white and blue cake that looks like one nannasprite made,
and G. Cat on it.

Jake: Pester Jane.

[Image description: It zooms in on the group at the table. The sprite has one short, triangular horn and one longer horn that curves slightly outwards. It's hair is shoulder length and very messy. It wears an open, pink jacket, a necklace, and goggles. The symbol on it's chest looks like the pisces symbol, but with a circle at the bottom of the left vertical line and a curve at the bottom of the right, both from the Leo symbol. Nepeta and Feferi have been combined in this sprite. Fefeta sprite. Roxy is wearing the purple dress with the distressed hem and jane is wearing a baseball tee with light blue sleeves and her horned monster on the chest, a pair of dark blue shorts, and black sneakers with a light blue line along the side. A Jake alert floats over her head.]

Jane: Answer.

[Image description: Jane holds a pink icing bag and points it towards the cake. She has a red headset with a moustache on the microphone portion. The Jake alert still floats next to her.]

pesterlog
golgothasTerror [G.T.] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]
G.T.: Greetings!
G.T.: Im not interrupting anything am i?
G.G.: Um, not really? Roxy and I are just setting a few things up here.
G.T.: Ah i see. I would be happy to message you again later if it would spare you any inconvenience.
G.G.: No, it's fine! It's really nice to hear from you, actually.
G.T.: Forgotten?
G.G.: Oh no...
G.T.: Forgotten what now?

Next

[Image description: Jane frowns and gives a Deepest Sigh.]

pesterlog
G.G.: Never mind.
G.T.: Wait dont tell me.
Is it a tomb or a crypt or somesuch? Are you preparing for another grist seeking expedition??
G.T.: Forgotten?
G.G.: Oh no...
G.T.: Forgotten what now?

G.G.: No, Jake.
We didn't need your help raiding a tomb. But thanks for thinking of us.
I don't know what this clueless pair of damsels would do without you.
G.T.: Blast.
Well what in the name of willy howard tafts great tub choking bottom could i be forgetting then?
This is going to drive me Crazy! Can you give me a hint?
G.G.: Yes. It has to do with the day I was born, which was almost exactly sixteen years ago.
G.T.: Of course! Your birthday!!
G.G.: Didn't you get Roxy's invitation?
It was my understanding that she gave you and Dirk notice weeks ago.
G.T.: Yes thats right. Now i remember. The date sure snuck up on us quick didnt it?
Sorry you know how things can slip my mind. The gourd on my shoulders isn't the steel trap it used to be. Nothing like the well-oiled puzzlebuster you've got up there.

G.G.: Mm.
G.T.: Well damn.
Looks like the egg monster took quite the spirited dump on my face this time.
G.G.: Jake. I... what?
G.T.: I feel so dumb. Ill be right over.
G.G.: Well, if you recall, the party is actually tomorrow.
Like I said, we're just setting a few things up.
Roxy is putting up some decorations. I baked a cake. You were of course free to join us early too. I just thought since I hadn't heard from you in quite some time, you had better things to do.
G.T.: You baked a cake for your own party?
G.G.: Yes. So?
G.T.: I don't know something seems amiss about that. Isn't that against tradition or inviting bad luck or something?
But I guess it makes sense since you love baking cakes. It's like a present you give to yourself!
G.G.: Jake, what was it you actually wanted?
G.T.: Oh. I just wanted to get your advice on some stuff.
But since I've been a heel and forgotten about your party maybe I shouldn't bother you with that?
G.G.: Mmm.
G.T.: So sixteen big ones huh! The ole sweet sixteen.
Last one of us to notch the vaunted one sixer. It's a big step! I knew you'd make it, I always said I believed in you didn't I?
Just kidding, the inexorable nature of time's passage virtually assured you would get that old so you didn't really have anything to do with it. I mean not that I don't still believe in you, I do.
G.G.: …

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Jane's unimpressed expression.]

pesterlog
G.T.: I can't believe it's already been...
How long?
What, like a year already since we entered? Holy moly, where does the time go.
G.G.: It's been more like five months.
G.T.: Oh.
Well that's still a pretty long time.
I have to admit it's been a longer stint than I expected. Certainly one involving more downtime than I would have guessed.
I really thought we would have been treated to more action, what being legendary players of a mysterious cosmic game. But no, it seems the primary duty of the so-called nobles is to wait around twiddling our thumbs.
G.G.: Mnhmm.
G.T.: I am really beginning to wonder when these fabled heroes will arrive? And are they really going to be those we have been led to believe?
I sure hope so. Id so love to meet my pen pal. Dear old departed grandma. But as a feisty youngster! What a hoot that'll be. And you with your pop pop. Lets not forget about him.
Not to mention the young strider and lalonde relatives. I bet they're a barrel of laughs. I met them once but I was too shy to say anything. Then I got in a fight. Did I ever mention that Jane?
G.G.: Yes.
Many times.
G.T.: Not to say its been all downtime and doldrums. Exploring has been great. Finding treasure, solving riddles, becoming better friends. I wouldnt trade that for anything.

And maybe we are getting close to something big happening regardless? Every day it seems like more and more undead creatures crawl from out of the shadows. Bigger ones and stronger ones. Does their presence herald something worse coming, just as the legends indicate our presence heralds something better?

I just wish we could actually kill the fucking things. Even the little ones can absorb so much damage before yielding any spoils!

Remember jane? Remember at the start how we kept trying to kill them?

G.G.: Mmhmm.

G.T.: We would all gang up on like an imp skeleton for an hour just clobbering it repeatedly. Knocking its bones down, waiting for it to reassemble and keep coming at us. Only to finally be rewarded with a shitty pittance of grist!

But i guess the silver lining was it forced us to explore ruins more often and scavenge for loot there. So i think weve learned a lot more this way.

But it sure makes resources hard to come by, having to get them exclusively from chests and whatnot. Sometimes i wonder if weve been missing out on a really rewarding part of the game by neglecting to build up our houses? Makes you wonder. But it just costs so much! Better to stick to making more practical stuff dont you think?

G.G.: Mm.

G.T.: Sometimes i wonder if the heroes had the same problems in their game. Do you think they found an easier way to kill skeletons?

Were they just as shameless as us when it came to splurging our precious grist on swanky new duds?

Did the same enigmatic bard haunt their game? And if so which hilarious dead trolls did he throw into the flashy blobs?

Mr erisol tells me he knows many things about the heroes because he saw them in action when he was alive. But he wont tell me a thing about them! These troll sprites sure do love keeping their secrets dont they? Heheh.

G.G.: That's nice, Jake. I'm kind of busy though.

What did you actually want to talk to me about?

Actually, why don't we just talk about it tomorrow?

G.T.: Okay we can talk about that if you insist.

Really jane you sure know how to twist a fellas arm!

I just wanted to get your take on what you might call my own personal ultimate riddle. It involves dirk.

Next

[Image description: Jane narrows her eyes and drops her jaw in angry shock.]

pesterlog

G.G.: You don't say.

G.T.: Its true. I havent seen him in a couple days.

I have been laying low for a while but i just received another series of pushy inquiries from him. Maybe i shouldnt be too hard on the guy since he was probably just concerned, not having heard from me and all.

But i still couldnt help but detect a tone of desperation, like he could sense i may be having doubts. This kind of thing has been all too common unfortunately.

Im not sure its going to work anymore.

G.G.: Mm.

G.T.: He can be so needy!
If only he could just relax and trust that i wont spontaneously tire of his company. Although the irony i guess is that his overbearing tendencies are beginning to fulfill his own paranoid prophecy. Its such a shame. Weve had so many capital adventures together. I dont know why he has to be like this. He always was an intense fella. But in person... holy cow. I wonder if it has to do with the fact that he grew up alone in the middle of the ocean? And now he doesnt know how to deal with people without suffocating them? But then again i grew up under similar circumstances and i think i turned out pretty much ok socially, at least i hope so. Do you think so jane? G.G.: Mmmm! G.T.: Actually it just occurred to me. Its funny he didnt mention your party in his text. Im sure he wouldnt have forgotten. He never forgets Anything what with all his calculations and his computerized brain. Both figurative and literal. I wonder what his game was? He invited me on an expedition without mention of your party as a potential conflict... If he sensed i could use some space perhaps he was concerned that if we both showed up to the party it would be awkward? Or maybe he didnt want to mention he was going to the party in case it would spook me away from attending? Argh! Do you see jane?? This is what his endless machinations do to you! Anything he says could be part of some grand convoluted scheme and it just makes you agonize and boggle and wonder until your brain hurts and you just know its a battle you cant win. You know what i mean jane? G.G.: Mhmm. G.T.: Do you think i should just bite the bullet and end it? Its probably the right thing to do. Boy am i not looking forward to that conversation though. Its going to be a doozy. What did i get myself into here? I think ive made a lot of mistakes honestly. Not the least of which was getting this shitty tattoo, now that i think about it. Yes yes i know we all thought it was a riot at first. Can you believe that jane? G.G.: Hmm! G.T.: I dont know. Its a real pickle im in here but i do feel better just being able to get it off my chest. You are such a good friend jane, always ready to listen to my relationship woes. What a trooper!

Next

[Image description: She grits her teeth and her eye begins to twitch.]

pesterlog
G.T.: It never ceases to amaze me how excellent you are at this friendship business. Where would we all be without you? In a way you really have been the glue holding us all together on our adventure. Gosh youre a standup gal. Oh which actually reminds me of Another thing thats been bugging me about dirk. He can often be almost hilariously self absorbed. Dont even get me started on when he starts going off on these long monologues about his philosophical gobbledygook. I'm not sure he actually has much of a filter when it comes to what others regard as interesting
Not to rag on the guy too hard but i guess at times i would just like to see a little more self awareness from him is all.

G.G.: Jake.
G.T.: Did i tell you what happened on our last expedition together?
G.G.: Jake.
G.T.: I cant remember if i mentioned. Oh man but thinking back on what happened its even more ridiculous in retrospect.
Where do i begin?
G.G.: Jake!!!
G.T.: What?
G.G.: Shut up!
G.T.: Huh?
G.G.: Shut up!!!
G.T.: Errr.
Did i say something wrong?

Next

[Image description: Jane squeezes the icing bag and icing splats out onto the cake and table. Her hands shake.]

pesterlog
G.G.: jake.
please,
stop talking.
G.T.: I dont...
G.G.: jake.
I said shut up.
G.T.: wha...
G.G.: just,
shut,
the fuck,
uuuuuuuuuuup!!!

Next

[Image description: Jane turns away from the cake and screams. Jane, the carapacian, and Fefetasprite stare in shock. G. Cat isn't bothered.]
shouting. Just saying.
G.G.: I am shouting!
there are literal shouts of anger coming out of my actual mouth, and they are directed at you!
G.T.: Yikes.
Well ok then.
Can you tell me why youre so upset with me?
Is it because i forgot your birthday party? Because i do feel awful about that.
G.G.: oh my god. Why are you so clueless?
I can't stand it!
G.T.: Really i feel like a tool about forgetting. You know how i am. I forget stuff.
I mean...
Shucks buster. If i knew how to make it up to you i would.
If it ameliorates matters any i am sighing pretty much the shucksiest buster of contrition i can manage.
G.G.: it's not about my birthday!!
the fact that you forgot certainly doesn't help, but that's not it. See, you just don't get it!
oh, and could you please stop saying shucks buster?!
shucks buster was my thing! And you stole it!
G.T.: I thought shucks buster was...
Sorta our thing?
G.G.: no, it was my thing, but I allowed it to be our thing! Back when you used to give a shit! But now it's just mine, and you can't have it anymore!
G.T.: Uhh.
Ok?
I suppose i could go with shoot buddy. Or...
Fudge junior?
G.G.: .................
G.T.: Or maybe forgo an analogous catch phrase altogether heh.
But i clearly stepped in it big time with you and id really like to know what i did.
Next

[Image description: Fefetasprite and Roxy look at Jane, then each other, then back to Jane.]

pesterlog
G.G.: jake, let me ask you.
do you even remember the last time we talked?
G.T.: Hmm.
Wasnt it a few days ago?
G.G.: no. Try a few weeks ago!
and even then, you messaged me just to talk about some stupid shit that happened with dirk.
a tedious gesture which you then saw fit to reprise on my birthday of all days, whilst considerately forgetting about it!
and even when I reminded you about it, you still barged ahead with your self-indulgent relationship claptrap anyway!
G.T.: I didnt realize it was so long ago. Sorry about that.
Again all i can say is where does the time go? I guess i have trouble keeping up with everything im supposed to. Which it would seem includes personal relationships as much as calendars.
Im not much of a leader of people. Not like you are jane. I think when it comes to adventuring maybe im more of a solo act?
Which now that i think about it might be contributing to my problems with dirk. Maybe thats part of the reason why i needed some space?
Oh brother there i go again blustering about my problems. I guess i see what you mean.
But really if you wanted to talk sooner then why didnt you get in touch with me?
It feels as though im always the one to say hello to you lately.
G.G.: yeah! That's because every single time we chat, you do nothing but talk about yourself!
you never ask me how I'm feeling or what I've been up to. You just launch into your romantic
problems, and I just listen like an accommodating fool as always!
so I just stopped bothering! Why should I subject myself to that repeatedly?!
you might actually be the most thoughtless, self-centered person I have ever met!
I can't believe I used to feel...
G.T.: Huh?
Used to feel what?
G.G.: jake, has it ever occurred to you how it must feel for someone to listen to her friend go on
and on about his boyfriend problems when...
when all along she...
but she just couldn't say because she blew it and it was too late to...
I don't even know why I'm bothering to explain this to you. Never mind.
G.T.: Now hold the phone.
Jane i think i may finally understand whats been going on here.
In retrospect i cant believe ive been this blind.
Youre right i really can be deplorably thick sometimes.
Looking back i can see how many of our conversations must have been torment for you.
You really should have told me how you felt sooner!
G.G.: yeah. I...
I know. (frowning face)
G.T.: If you told me you had the hots for dirk i would have backed off without another word.
What are friends for!

Next

[Image description: Jane flips the table off the edge of the building, sending cake and party hats
flying and making G. Cat leap off.]

pesterlog
G.G.: Raaarrraauuuuuuuuuaghghghgghghhhhghh!

Next

[Image description: The cake, table, and hats land in the sand. Some of the carapacians run towards
the cake.]

pesterlog
G.T.: Wait...
Did i say something dumb again?
Consarn it.
I think maybe something is getting lost in translation over our respective chat clients.
Maybe we should wait until tomorrow and just clear the air face to face at your party?
G.G.: no!
you aren't coming to my party!
G.G.: you aren't coming to my party, because there isn't going to be a party!
go raid some tombs with your boyfriend. Go make out with him or break up with him, or whatever
it is your fickle, selfish heart desires!
I am at the end of my rope with you!
I am fed up with your stupid movies and your stupid adventures and your stupid old timey charms and you stuuuuuupid dashing good looks. Who needs any of it?????
G.T.: I say jane. Before you do anything rash...
G.G.: oh, will you please,
just,

Next

[Image description: Jane rips the headset off and throws it on the ground with a 'pof' sound effect.]

pesterlog
G.G.: stfu buster!!!!!!!!!

Next

[Image description: Jane stomps on the headset repeatedly.]

spirilog
Roxy: jane
yo uh
janey
u ok there
Jane: I will be peachy fucking keen once I stomp this novelty mustache headset into oblivion, and not a moment sooner!
Roxy: janey uh
that aint a reasonable thing you said
Jane: au contraire.
I believe you will find that once this piece of shit has been reduced to subatomic particles, we will all come out smelling like fucking roses.
Roxy: jaaaaane
stoppit (frowning face)
ur upsettin fefeta
just
think of fefeta is all im asking
poor fefeta (crying face)
Fefetasprite: 3833 < (cat face wearing a tiara and goggles)

[note: Fefetasprite speaks in the same light purple as Rose and prefixes everything she says with a combination of Nepeta's and Feferi's smiley faces- a cat face with two mouths wearing a tiara and goggles]

Next

[Image description: The carapacian from the party jumps off the edge of the building while using an umbrella like he's going to float down like Mary Poppins. A second image zooms in on Jane, Roxy, and Fefetasprite. Jane still grits her teeth.]

spirilog
Jane: oh poor fefeta my sweet patootie!
you and I both know fefeta has had to deal with garbage from jerkoff boys before.
so don't give me this poor fefeta crap.
Roxy: lol yeah
my girl fefeta knows whats up
she been around the d bag block a time or 2
em i rite fefeta
Fefetasprite: 3833 < (winking cat face wearing a tiara)
Roxy: shit yes gimme a paw bump

Bomp
jane u want in on this action
come give us a fist fulla sugar
complete the 3way for max girl power + solidarity against dumb dudes
janey jeez dont leave us hanging here
Jane: Sigh.
Fine.
Roxy: jane that was the piss poorest paw bump ive ever seen
that was like a negative bump
we are going to have to bump long and hard into the night to dig us outta this fuckin bump hole you
dug us into
w/ that tragic bump
that bump was like
shakespearean
makes me want to weep softly and leave a bouquet somewhere
someone plays a sad trumpet in the distance
look fefeta just sniffled a little at how sad that bump w-
Jane: Shyyyyyyyy!

Next

[Image description: Jane shouts again, but G. Cat is the main focus of the panel. He just licks his
paw with his bright green tongue.]

sprite log
Roxy: ok god
was just tryin to cheer you up
take ur mind off whatever the hell that was
you werent serious about calling off the party were you
here let me just get the chess guys to help put the table back on the roof
and maybe salvage the cake out of that sand dune over there...
aaaaand Nope the chess guys just finished eatin it
lets just bake another k?
Jane: no, I was serious!
I'm not...
I'm not in the mood for a party anymore.
Roxy: so it sounds like
u got jaked
Jane: (frowning face with furrowed brows)
Roxy: why yes
that is the face of a girl who just got english'd with extreme prejudice
he was a block head and forgot your birthday didnt he
im sorry jane
Jane: Yeah, me too. Can we maybe not rehash the whole terrible conversation though??
Roxy: yeah we dont have to
just maybe try not to hold whatever dumb shit he said against him forever?
thats just how the guy is
its like
he doesnt mean to be a douche
but its just kind of a byproduct of the whole ridiculous jake english experience
like his dunkass shenanigans leave behind a residue that looks like douche and tastes like douche
but it aint the real thing?
like douche substitute
"i cant believe its not douche"

im just trying to say not terrible things about him in hopes you dont start hating each other but i
guess this isnt what you wanna hear now

Jane: (frowning face with furrowed brows)
Roxy: soooo yeah
i guess jakes dumpin dirk soon?
hahah like the writing wasnt so on the wall with those two from day one
poor dirk
ive wanted to say something to prepare him for that but
never had the heart to bring it up i guess?
what can u do....

hey
but the silver lining is
i mean if you can forgive him for shitting on your bday and stuff
maybe this is finally your chance to make a play 4 the j man??
ehhhh??? (winking face)

Jane: roxy, please.
as if that isn't the furthest thing from my mind right now!
I am so done with that whole train of thought.
Roxy: so you really think youre just
completely over him?

Jane: yessiree!
if jake's the rainbow, then just call me a little house from kansas!
wheeeeee!
Roxy: wait realy
as in like you dont give a shit if he dates anybody or

Jane: mmmmmmmmhm!!!
Roxy: i seeee
iiiiiiinteresting!

Jane: wait...
what??

Next

[Image description: Roxy holds her hands up in a placating gesture.]

spritelog
Jane: what the hell is that supposed to mean???

[Note: 'That' is underlined.]

Roxy: nothing!
i was just...
it was a joke!
Jane: was it really?!
Roxy: ok maybe not a total joke
but still mostly a joke!
im only
trying to
blugh
i dont know
Jane: roxy, I get you're trying to make me feel better, but a lot of things you're saying here aren't
really helping!
do you even realize what you're saying half the time?
I think I liked you better when you were drinking!
Roxy: jaane no
dont say that
i had a problem (frowning face)
Fefetasprite: 3833 < (frowning face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Jane: ok, yeah!
I was way out of line there and I'm sorry!
that stupid conversation with jake just pushed me over some kind of edge and now I am feeling
really, really distraught!
this game is so much more depressing than I thought it would be! Everything is dead and empty
and full of graves and all we're supposed to do is just keep waiting and waiting and waiting! But
for how much longer? And I still don't know where my dad is, and you still haven't been able to
reach calliope, and what if they're both...
and now on top of all that, I may have permanently destroyed my friendship with jake!
and now...
Now...
I just want to be alone.
Roxy: jane wait
Jane: I have to go!
Roxy: where are you going!

Jane: Abscond.

[Image description: Jane 'lass scampers' off the roof, jumps to the other roof, 'youth rolls' over the
alchemiter, 'lass scampers' across the other roof, does an 'acrobatic fucking pirouette' down onto
the balcony, and completes her 'Nice Abscond' by jumping through a green fenestrated plane.]

sprite log
Jane: Home!!!

Next

[Image description: Roxy frowns and looks at Fefetasprite, who's asleep on the ground. G. Cat sits
next to her.]

sprite log
Roxy: good lard
all my friends are being disasters
welp looks like its just us
party nite w G. Cat and fefeta
fefeta???
oh dangit
hey you know i could have used some support there
where was all that profound shippin expertise when we really needed it!
usually i can barely shut you up girl
maybe you just clammed up at all the drama?
hehehe youd have loved that pun
the one i just said about the clams

Next

[Image description: Roxy reaches down and scritches behind Fefetasprite's ear. She purrs and glubs in her sleep.]

spritelog
Roxy: aw its ok you had enough drama in your lives
you deserve some rest
good night sweet princess

Next

[Image description: Roxy turns to look at G. Cat.]

spritelog
Roxy: sooo
G. Cat
i guess that just leaves the two of us
wow this is
great?
you gonna behave urself
not do anything too uh
vexing or cheshire catty
i hope?

Next

[Image description: G. Cat's outline expands and he and Roxy both vanish in a blur of green lightning. Roxy's party hat falls on the floor.]

spritelog
Roxy: oh mother fuck

Next

[Image description: Roxy appears in the skies over Derse, floats there for a second, then falls like a brick.]

Next

[Image description: She lands on a walkway between two long buildings, much like the one Jake's propspitan funeral went through.]

Next

[Image description: Roxy lays on the ground, asleep or unconscious. A pair of long horns that curve slightly outwards frame her.]

Next

[Image description: The Condesce floats over Roxy and smiles maliciously at her.]
Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the Condesce's smile. Her teeth are sharp.]

Jane: Ollie outie.

[Image description: Jane Ollies Outie through a fenestrated plane under a tree on her land. It's the same tree Lil Seb once sat under. In the distance, an absolutely enormous skeletal basilisk stalks through the hills.]

Next

[Image description: Jane walks past a large rock formation. The head of some sort of bipedal skeletal monster rises over the formation.]

Next

[Image description: She continues down the path while an angry tangle of lines floats above her head. The creature walks in the other direction.]

Next

[Image description: Her anger fizzles out and she slouches over. The creature moves away into the distance.]

Next

[Image description: Jane stops and looks up as her Wallet modus appears in the upper left corner and a Ophiuchus alert appears next to it.]

Jane: Answer.

[Image description: Jane sets her crosbytop on the ground and narrows her eyes at it. The Ophiuchus alert hovers next to it. An incredibly long, skeletal basilisk walks in the distance.]

pesterlog

[note: Caliborn uses the bright green from the command prompt for his text in chats as well.]

hey it's me.
remember me?
G.G.: what the?
U.U.: (all caps face with eyes closed and both middle fingers raised)
oops no.
*holds shift.* *Nostalgically.*
(lowercase face with eyes closed and both middle fingers raised)
yesss.
G.G.: Oh, you have Got to be kidding me.
You are the absolute last person I want to hear from right now.
And the bottom of that list is pretty competitive territory at the moment!
U.U.: don't be like that. You stupid earth cow.
how are we supposed to be becoming friends. If you recoil from my olive branch.
like I'm flailing a withered mummy's severed limb in your direction.
G.G.: I don't want us to become friends!
We all thought you were gone for good. And we liked it that way!
Please don't tell me you've found a second wind of petty trolling in you.
U.U.: hey. I don't troll.
I *jeer*. Get it right.
trolling is for losers. Losers specifically who are trolls.
G.G.: Whatever. And what's with the ugly green text?
Reading your malformed sentence fragments was unpleasant enough as it was.
U.U.: I borrowed it from my sister.
and shut up. It looks great.
and is no uglier than you. Who I can see now with ease. For the record.
G.G.: "Whom" you can see, moron.
And no, you can't!
Calliope said you couldn't see us at all in our game session. So I think you're lying!
U.U.: am I really.
when right now I am looking at a homely female in dumb blue pants. Sulking in a gray place.
Typing on a computer with a strange human face?

[Image description: The same panel is shown, but now as a TV screen, presumably on the tower.]

pesterlog
G.G.: oh, dear god.
why???
U.U.: my power has grown considerably since I last jeered you.
I have made remarkable strides on my sacred journey toward important adulthood.
on this bullshit planet. Which used to be your home.
I have found many keys. And unlocked many holes.
and now I can see more. And learn more. Than you could ever fucking dream!
I don't care how all-seeing and all-powerful you think you are.
If your intent is to waste my time with more of your pitiful bullying, you are out of luck.
Because that is exactly Not the sort of crap I am in the mood for today.
Toodle-oo!!!
U.U.: wait!
I think I got off on the wrong foot.
how about we. Gnaw that one off and start over?
I was trying to pay you a compliment.
G.G.: ??
U.U.: my people aren't meant to like anybody. Get it?
I mean, not the way humans do. We don't have the human emotion called "love kheklfsdkf". And
we spontaneously start mashing keys. When we are forced to even type the word.
all our relationships are dictated by the miracle of hatred. So when I use bad words toward you.
That's just me saying things to try to know you better.
like. "Socially uoipy".
as a.
*shudder*
a... "Friend jisjfdjisjsdkfldjsdkljf".

Next
[Image description: It zooms out. The tower the TV screen is on is now one of dozens of varying
sizes packed densely together. Power lines and the poles that hold them up run between the towers.]

pesterlog
U.U.: so when I say you're ugly. Which you factually are.
I mean that from my perspective. Of being normal, and not a shitty alien. To say that you are
actually attractive in an unpleasant way. To my brain.
G.G.: hrm.
nope. That makes very little sense.
U.U.: fuck. Try using your supposedly better smartness than mine.
and think somewhat laterally. About like. Fucking culture. That isn't *yours*.
you dumb bitch.
G.G.: yes, I see it all too clearly now. You're really quite the charmer!
in the same vein as that which I just described.
it's a term of "endearment kskljf" I use to talk about girls. Who in my view have managed to avoid
being.
utterly beneath my personal acknowledgement. This isn't complicated.
G.G.: uh huh.
so you're actually trying to claim that you find me attractive, from the alleged "bad means good"
point of view of your hate-driven species?
U.U.: definitely.
I'm not joking around, crocker.
I've unlocked a bunch of your screens. And spent a lot of time watching you.
while thinking. Just.
the *diiirriiest* thoughts.
hee hee. Haa.
you pig.
U.U.: the other female too. Let's not forget your squad's backup bitch.
how nasty is she?? Just so foul. And the things you get up to with one another. Oh my.
need I even cite the altercation with your puffy slumber loaves?
G.G.: excuse me??
while bouncing up and down on the soft human sarswapagus.
G.G.: oh, that's just great.
the one time we had a generic girly pillow fight, and it turns out some pervert was watching us.
I think I need a shower.
assuming I can ever take one again in peace!
U.U.: don't worry. You can't.
you are one grody harlot. Which means good (bad) things to me, let's remember.
when I unlocked you. I don't know. Maybe I've changed? Or maybe just you. Since you turned
older. But you've really.
filled out.
since I last saw you before.
G.G.: what?
...
really?
I do enjoy a meaty bitch. With a little clout.
G.G.: what do you mean, exactly...
by "clout?"
when physical portions of the bitch. Kind of jut out. Exuberantly.
G.G.: do you mean...
my...
why am I even having this conversation!
U.U.: I just have a weak spot. For the above average heft of your parts. Which wobble the most.
now do something nauseating for me to watch.
I want to see a tawdry act of hard core schmaltz.
see that rock over there. Pretend it is the other insolent bitch.
act a little nervous. With your idle hand, graze one of your more bulbous locations "incidentally".
then ask the rock if it wants to fall in love!!! Oooooooh.
are you insane?
I don't care where you are, or whatever the hell it is you "unlocked" to spy on me.
you aren't allowed to sit there all day leering at my boobs!!!
G.G.: my... What?
wait, what were you talking about?
U.U.: no. Tell me what those things you said are. I'm so enticed!
G.G.: screw you!
tell me what you were getting at with all that!!
the stuff about "clout," and my "bulbous locations."
U.U.: I was just saying. My taste prefers.
when the buxom shrew's physique puts a healthy dent in spacetime.
G.G.: spacetime??
U.U.: I like how salty it is. When a bitch grows out of her skeletal phase.
and her frame really begins to challenge the horizontal dimensions.
G.G.: what!
U.U.: when the female rump starts getting more mileage out of its wideness attribute. More bang
for its boonbuck!
it excites me better. When bitches punish the ground. With each megalithic footnote.
G.G.: shut up!
I'm not fat!!!
U.U.: jane bitch. I have new orders.
you will strip to the scanty pair of party pants and the cloth chest piece which you wear under those
plain rags.
then find a naughty patch of mud.
and roll around in the mud. Like an earth pig.
flaunting for me. Your slippery and swollen porcine physicality.
and maybe grunt some decadent poems through your snout. About some shitface you "adore
fjsdkljfj".
ooooh yes.
that would be.
*wrrrrretched!!*
G.G.: go fuck yourself!
U.U.: wait! Don't shut me out.
remember what I said. About our different cultures or whatever.
have a fucking open mind, jane.
I made you a present. For your birthday. Whatever that actually is.
see how I'm making an effort to understand your customs?
meet me half of the goddamn way.
G.G.: oh cripes.
what is it?
remember how I said my power was growing with each day.
this applies as well to my prowess as a draftsman.
I don't care what progress you think you've made. You will never be a good artist, dear.
my illustration is stunning. It is nearly a photographic representation of your odious milkshake.
now park the industrial load of freight you declare a bottom. And feast your eyes on my fucking excellence!
http://tinyurl.com/jane this is you

[note: This link opens an image. The background is entirely black, but a circle made of a series of small right angles drawn over and over again has been drawn in light blue. 'Fat Ugly Whore' has been written in the center of the circle in bright green.]

G.G.: groan.
U.U.: I believe I have chosen the perfect shape for you.
it is described in certain circles knowledgeable of the arts. As, "A circle".
I am very pleased with how faithfully it has captured the obscene rotundity. Of your magnificent carriage.
truly a spitting image of the crocker bitch.
now listen carefully. You may learn something.
the masterpiece aficionado will notice. How I achieved this highly advanced and difficult shape.
what most gifted artisans will tell you. Is that. Circles are basically fucking impossible to draw.
trust me.
it's like a paradox. A shape without angles. What??
so I fucking cheated.
I navigated the irrational perimeter by making a lot of easily understandable, totally logical marks.
Forming a whole bunch of little right angles.
the cheating part happens when I do this a lot. So it goes in a round direction.
this one came out well I think. But there's room to improve.
I have theorized that if I keep making bogus circles like this.
while drawing more and more angles. But smaller. So small that you start can't seeing them.
that the illusion of the circle will be complete! And people will believe in the fake circle. Like a bunch of suckers.
I bet nobody has thought of that circle strategy. I think I'm the first at this idea. And best at it already.
people think I'm dumb. Especially the voice in my head.
and they may be right about me being dumb.
but when it comes to the special way I do things. Which is always actually. The perfect way.
I am.
a genius!

Next

[Image description: Jane sits on the ground and stares angrily at the laptop with gritted teeth.]

pesterlog
G.G.: That is the most pointless and incomprehensible load of drivel I have ever read.
Your "portrait" is every bit as abysmal as I was expecting. And for the last time. I am not fat.
I think your claims of attraction to heavyset women, which you present as "flattery," is an obvious
ruse to get me to feel insecure about my appearance, and it isn't going to work!
G.G.: shut your stupid face!!!
ugh, this birthday is so awful! I can't stand it!
why is everyone treating me like shit today?
what did I do to deserve this?!
U.U.: you were. Wait. What's the conjugation associated with "human birth"?
is it. Human borth?
you were human borth.
G.G.: shut up!
I'm done humoring your perverted adolescent mind games!
tell me what happened to calliope!
calliope!!!
we want you back! Please come back and spare us from this lecherous nincompoop!
calliope!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
why doesn't this work?!
U.U.: saying her name only wakes her up. If she's alive.
so your hog face can snort the dirty syllables all it wants. Hell, I will even give you a hand!
calliope! Wake up sis!
haa haa, whoops. She can't.
the bitch is dead!
G.G.: I don't believe you!
U.U.: no it's true. I got somebody to stab her a lot.
then I stole her blood for my letters.
G.G.: no!!! That can't be true! I refuse to believe even you would do something so terrible!
U.U.: jane bitch. Your preposterous female emotions are going earth bananas again.
settle down and listen to boy reason. Do not make me demonstrate the veracity of my facts. Yet again.
that saccharine tramp is such a goner. She's never coming back.
just like your dapper human guardian.
G.G.: what?? What do you know about my father!
where is he?
U.U.: he's fucking dead is where.
G.G.: you're lying again!!!
tell me what you know!
U.U.: god. I'm trying to.
my facts are having difficulty penetrating your hysterical attitude. Listen to me very close.
he was captured by an agent soon after you began your quest. He was then put in jail on derse.
G.G.: ok...
So he's on Derse, then?
U.U.: bitch, you aren't paying attention. Do you know anything about the prison system on derse?
it isn't like the soft time you do on prospit. I bet you never spent any time in the joke they call a slammer there. Let alone on derse.
G.G.: And I suppose you have??
U.U.: I was not very well behaved. I did more than my share of time. Chained to the wall of a cell.
hee hee! Like I wasn't so used to that. I was like. Do your worst.
and then they did. Dersites do not treat their prisoners good. To say the least!
I was only able to survive the brutality. Due to my exceptional constitution. And even to some extent. My ability to enjoy anguish.
but your pathetic, frail human "dad" is a different story. There is no doubt at all. That he is dead by now!
G.G.: No! Don't say that. Shut up!
Next

[Image description: Jane baps the keyboard with one hand. Her eyes are pinched shut and tears run down her cheeks.]

pesterlog
U.U.: you really should believe me. I have unlocked many of his screens, just like yours. you should see how they treated him! The horror he experienced must be difficult for a human girl to imagine. perhaps I should capture one of the visuals. And show you first hand? G.G.: you bastard! I said shut up!!! U.U.: his agony was magnificent. And very long lasting. You see. He was a vip. a very important prisoner. So they gave him special treatment. under such cruel circumstances. I believe he would have traded his favorite hat. For a swift end to his hilarious suffering!
G.G.: stop it U.U.: but it was so wonderful and great to watch! between your father's demise. And his daughter's epic posterior. Looming large on my video displays. I really must thank your entire "family". For hours of scandalous enjoyment!
G.G.: shut up shut up shut up shut up shut up shut up shut up!!!!!!

Next

[Image description: Jane stomps on the crosbytop, right on Bing Crosby's smiling face.]

pesterlog
G.G.: fuck you! He's not dead! my dad's fine, I'm not fat, and I hate you! I'm never talking to you again!!!!!! and stop watching me!!!!!!!!!!!!

Jane: Keep absconding.

[Image description: Jane runs up the walkway to her house in a Nice Abscond times 2 Combo! There's still a hole in the living room wall and there's a black smudge on the island it's sitting on.]

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[Image description: Jane does a 'sad jump' from the end of the walkway onto her balcony. Two seed pods float past in the distance.]

D.D. Examine sleazy Dersite rag.

[Image description: The Draconian Dignitary sits at his desk and reaches for a copy of The Enquiring Carapician. He has a gold ring on his right pointer finger and a mug of coffee in his left hand. Also on the desk, there's a pile of citations for 10,000 boonbucks and an ashtray with two partially burnt cigarettes in it.]

Let's see what's in the news today.

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[Image description: The front page reads Jailgate Day 153. Diplomatic gridlock! White shell mendacity at all time high. There's a picture of Jack Noir sitting in his cell with the chain on his ankle.]
No surprise here. The archagent is dominating the headlines, yet again. Already approaching day 154 of this debacle. It's a big day for your kingdom. Hard to believe it's here already. Time sure flies when you're being smooth and well dressed.

The article covers the usual tedious politics surrounding the negotiation of his release. After weeks of posturing and grandstanding, Prospit's terms have been bargained down to a polite apology, signed by the Condesce herself. Or those were the terms you were last aware of. You check to see if there have been any further developments. Yeah, just as you thought. She refused those terms. Prospit then countered with a new offer. The apology no longer has to be polite.

No way she cottons to that proposal either. It's quite obvious to you what's going on here. The white queen was never really taking this negotiation seriously. She has been submitting frivolous proposals which she knows perfectly well the Condesce will refuse on principle, daring her in front of the whole kingdom to swallow just an ounce of pride to get her agent back. This makes her look petty in the tabloids if she refuses, which was always inevitable. Because as everyone knows, a queen is a vain creature. Even alien sea queens.

And you thought the kingdoms were locked in a stalemate Before new management took over.

Next

[Image description: D.D. stands up. The entire office is filled with stacks of citations from wall to wall. He's not wearing the Dignitary outfit anymore. Instead, he's wearing a black suit, which is identical to Diamonds Droog's. His black hat sits on top of a phonograph, which is the only surface not covered in citations. The three fourth walls sit in the center of the room, but now they're green.]

The press has run the story so far into the ground, you can barely bring yourself to keep up with it anymore. Sensationalism at its finest.

Not that you're really itching to see Noir get his old job back. Talk about a high strung boss. The time in the clink should do him good. Like a forced vacation, with accommodations nearly on par with a five star hotel on Derse. Frankly, things run much smoother around here without him blowing a gasket every other day.

Though you will say you could really use his expertise as a pencil pusher. You never knew anyone who could file paperwork quite like Noir. Sure he complained bitterly about his desk job, but in truth he was always a reluctant savant of bureaucratic procedure and red tape. Now you're getting buried in all these damn tax forms and parking tickets. Maybe you should have them shuttled to his jail cell on Prospit so he can catch up? You have a feeling the Prospitian authorities would be willing to oblige. Actually, that's such a good idea, you can't believe you didn't think of it sooner. You'll have to get the Droll on that pronto.

D.D. Observe Nobles.

[Image description: D.D. stands in the cubicle of green fourth walls.]

You step over to your cubicle of Fenestrated Walls, which you had replaced since the Prince trashed the old ones. You ordered the Droll to sneak off to one of their worlds and whip up some fresh ones, with a few alchemical upgrades while he was at it. The Droll isn't really the sharpest tool in the shed, but he's certainly the most versatile. Also the most eager to please. If you have to watch his happy umbrella dance one more time, you swear to God...

That was a black day for Derse, when the Prince went rogue. Well not rogue, that's a bad choice of words. Why did the damn moon girl have to be a Rogue? Corners you into that pun every time.
And it wasn't really a black day either, per se, since on Derse a black day is actually a good day. Everyone's a pretty big fan of black round these parts. The point is, everything went to shit. You like to think you taught those seditious brats a lesson though. What with the miles. Their inescapability. Etcetera.

Next

And it's a good thing you taught them a lesson when you did. Because the next day, the Condesce had new orders for all agents. Engaging the Nobles was thereafter strictly forbidden. No more sabotage, assassination attempts, any of that good stuff. Not until the heiress' wriggling day. Then all bets are off. Who's the heiress and what's a wriggling day, you asked. The heiress is the Maid. Ok you said. And her wriggling day? That's just her birthday, but phrased in alien. Like the anniversary of the day she was spawned, with cake and all that jazz. Come on, use your brain. Alright, got it, you said.

Anyway, that's tomorrow.

Your guess is the orders came down from her boss, who from what you've gathered, is even more of a headcase than your presently incarcerated superior. When she starts kicking up a fuss, yelling at people, forking any poor slob unfortunate enough to make a misstep while grooming her hair, you know too well that's the frustration of an exasperated first officer. Would almost make you feel sympathy for the witch, if you, like she, weren't clinically psychopathic.

She's never copped to it, but you just know she's got some schemes on the side. Every good right hand is gonna have something up its sleeve, some sort of contingency plan the boss doesn't know about. Trust you on that one. She's cooking something. It probably has something to do with the new prisoner she reeled in. You don't know what she wants with the girl yet, but she's always got something cooking. Or baking. Whatever. The point is, the woman spends a lot of time in the kitchen.

D.D. Check on prisoner.

Speaking of the new prisoner, you wonder how the old one is doing.

You're not gonna check on the new one. She's out of your jurisdiction. Like you said, the witch has her schemes. Whatever they are, you're going to leave that alone.

You're more curious about the status of the fellow you captured 153 days ago.

Next

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U.U.: hee hee! Like I wasn't so used to that. I was like. Do your worst.
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[Image description: D.D. stands up. The entire office is filled with stacks of citations from wall to wall. He's not wearing the Dignitary outfit anymore. Instead, he's wearing a black suit, which is identical to Diamonds Droog's. His black hat sits on top of a phonograph, which is the only surface not covered in citations. The three fourth walls sit in the center of the room, but now they're green.]

The press has run the story so far into the ground, you can barely bring yourself to keep up with it anymore. Sensationalism at its finest.

Not that you're really itching to see Noir get his old job back. Talk about a high strung boss. The time in the clink should do him good. Like a forced vacation, with accommodations nearly on par with a five star hotel on Derse. Frankly, things run much smoother around here without him blowing a gasket every other day.

Though you will say you could really use his expertise as a pencil pusher. You never knew anyone who could file paperwork quite like Noir. Sure he complained bitterly about his desk job, but in truth he was always a reluctant savant of bureaucratic procedure and red tape. Now you're getting buried in all these damn tax forms and parking tickets. Maybe you should have them shuttled to his jail cell on Prospit so he can catch up? You have a feeling the Prospitian authorities would be willing to oblige. Actually, that's such a good idea, you can't believe you didn't think of it sooner. You'll have to get the Droll on that pronto.

D.D. Observe Nobles.

[Image description: D.D. stands in the cubicle of green fourth walls.]

You step over to your cubicle of Fenestrated Walls, which you had replaced since the Prince trashed the old ones. You ordered the Droll to sneak off to one of their worlds and whip up some fresh ones, with a few alchemical upgrades while he was at it. The Droll isn't really the sharpest tool in the shed, but he's certainly the most versatile. Also the most eager to please. If you have to watch his happy umbrella dance one more time, you swear to God...

That was a black day for Derse, when the Prince went rogue. Well not rogue, that's a bad choice of words. Why did the damn moon girl have to be a Rogue? Corners you into that pun every time.
And it wasn't really a black day either, per se, since on Derse a black day is actually a good day. Everyone's a pretty big fan of black round these parts. The point is, everything went to shit. You like to think you taught those seditious brats a lesson though. What with the miles. Their inescapability. Etcetera.

Next

[Image description: One of the Fenestrated Walls shows Jane sad jumping to her house.]

And it's a good thing you taught them a lesson when you did. Because the next day, the Condesce had new orders for all agents. Engaging the Nobles was thereafter strictly forbidden. No more sabotage, assassination attempts, any of that good stuff. Not until the heiress' wriggling day. Then all bets are off. Who's the heiress and what's a wriggling day, you asked. The heiress is the Maid. Ok you said. And her wriggling day? That's just her birthday, but phrased in alien. Like the anniversary of the day she was spawned, with cake and all that jazz. Come on, use your brain. Alright, got it, you said.

Anyway, that's tomorrow.

Your guess is the orders came down from her boss, who from what you've gathered, is even more of a headcase than your presently incarcerated superior. When she starts kicking up a fuss, yelling at people, forking any poor slob unfortunate enough to make a misstep while grooming her hair, you know too well that's the frustration of an exasperated first officer. Would almost make you feel sympathy for the witch, if you, like she, weren't clinically psychopathic.

She's never copped to it, but you just know she's got some schemes on the side. Every good right hand is gonna have something up its sleeve, some sort of contingency plan the boss doesn't know about. Trust you on that one. She's cooking something. It probably has something to do with the new prisoner she reeled in. You don't know what she wants with the girl yet, but she's always got something cooking. Or baking. Whatever. The point is, the woman spends a lot of time in the kitchen.

D.D. Check on prisoner.

[Image description: D.D. stands by his desk again, now with a walkie talkie in his hand. There's a small screen on it that flashes static. An alert with grey ellipses comes from it.]

Speaking of the new prisoner, you wonder how the old one is doing.

You're not gonna check on the new one. She's out of your jurisdiction. Like you said, the witch has her schemes. Whatever they are, you're going to leave that alone.

You're more curious about the status of the fellow you captured 153 days ago.

Next

[Image description: D.D. walks down a hallway with striped walls and a checkerboard floor. There's a small cell behind him and a carapacian in a black suit watches through the barred door.]

You take a stroll through the Derse penitentiary. This is where the gen pop is housed. For inmates life is usually unpleasant and short down here. But the moment you laid eyes on the human prisoner, you knew you could never in good conscience lock him up in the dungeons and gulags with the common thieves, tax cheats and parking fee delinquents. That would be a crime worse than those committed by all the inmates combined.
No, a man of such distinction and strong fashion sense needed special accommodations. A cell reserved for Very Important Prisoners.

D.D. Proceed to solitary confinement suite.

[Image description: D.D. stands in an elevator and lights flash over him as he passes different floors.]

Going up.

Next

[Image description: D.D. stands next to Dad, who is sitting on a very ornate purple couch in front of very large windows with bars over them. Behind him is a grecian statue of a woman in a Peplos, a draping garment common in ancient Greece, with one breast bared, a bowl in one hand, and a small jug in the other. Dad smokes his pipe and holds his PDA, which has an ellipsis alert.]

The prisoner appears to be doing well. You ask if you can get him anything. Coffee? A newspaper? Additional smoking apparatus? He indicates that since he lost his wallet, he's been running low on pipe tobacco. You say you'll see to it at once.

While this is a maximum security suite that is virtually impossible to escape from, you've made it clear to all personnel that anyone who harms a hair on this man's head will have to answer to you. They are all very fortunate that his head doesn't seem to have any.

God Damn he is good at shaving. You are not afraid to admit your envy when it comes to his prowess with a straight edge, not even to speak of his natural ability to grow whiskers in the first place. The lucky stiff.

D.D. Ask what prisoner is doing.

[Image description: Dad turns to look at D.D., who holds up his walkie talkie. Both the PDA and walkie talkie get a Serious Business alert.]

No need to ask. You can plainly see he is conducting some rather serious business with his mobile device.

The network restricts access to within Derse only, so he can't contact the Nobles and do anything sneaky. But at his request you have set up a kingdom-wide network to trade online tips with other Dersites pertaining to his interests. Notably fashion.

In the weeks since his arrest, the captive has become something of a celebrity on Derse. His impeccable sense of business-like attire has taken the kingdom by storm, and now trends feverishly among social networking groups. Ok, there is only one social networking group, but it's trending feverishly in that one. You can't say you've been totally impervious to the craze yourself. Nor can you say you weren't shamelessly complicit in promoting it. Hell, you can't even say you didn't mandate certain dress code modifications throughout the kingdom, enforced under penalty of death. Nope, can't really say you can say any of that stuff.

Next

[Image description: It shows the screen on Dad's PDA. A purple banner at the top of the screen says Serious Business and has the symbol of the black king next to it. Below that are several messages.

Hat liker: @All: Help! Need help.
I dapper black shell: @Hat liker, state business
Finery Fiend: @Hat liker: (question mark question mark question mark question mark)
No Need 4 Pants Thanks: @Hat liker i'm very concerned. tell me what is wrong.
pipe fan 413: YES, @Hat liker. We are here for you.]

Serious Business
Hat liker: @All: Help! Need help.
I dapper black shell: @Hat liker, state business
Finery Fiend: @Hat liker: (question mark question mark question mark question mark)
No Need 4 Pants Thanks: @Hat liker i'm very concerned. tell me what is wrong.
pipe fan 413: YES, @Hat liker. We are here for you.
Hat liker: I sat on my favorite hat!
No Need 4 Pants Thanks: @Hat liker gasp
Finery Fiend: @Hat liker (exclamation mark)
Chuffed About Duds: @Hat liker this is not a black day for you. my condolences.
Hat liker: it was an accident. Afraid hat is ruined.
please advise.
Want More Socks: @Hat liker are at least socks ok
Hat liker: @Want More Socks yes, socks are ok.
Want More Socks: @Hat liker did you sit on socks too
Hat liker: @Want More Socks no. Did not sit on socks. I do not think sitting on socks would be
problem though?
Want More Socks: @Hat liker no it is doubtful. Fair enough.
I dapper black shell: @Hat liker, need more information before can advise. please state your
weight.
No Need 4 Pants Thanks: @Hat liker agreed. exactly how much vertical pressure was applied to
top of the hat?
Finery Fiend: @Hat liker: report extent of damage to hat.
Hat liker: not sure. Hat in bad shape. Does not resemble hat much anymore. Considerably less
handsome.
more like rumpled head object now.
I dapper black shell: @Hat liker, attempt to rectify hat integrity
use same blunt instrument which got you into mess in first place
Hat liker: @1 dapper black shell Thank you for advice. Do you mean my bottom.
1 dapper black shell: @Hat liker, yes
Want More Socks: @Hat liker yes agree with @1 dapper black shell
unsit on hat
Finery Fiend: @Want More Socks can one unsit on a hat???
Want More Socks: @Finery Fiend maybe, idk.
Chuffed About Duds: @Hat liker turn hat upside down, then sit on hat?
1 dapper black shell: @Hat liker, yes, agree with @Chuffed About Duds, sit on upside down hat to
unrumple
pipe fan 413: @Hat liker. These men are leading you astray. Sitting on the hat again will only
cause it further damage.
No Need 4 Pants Thanks: @pipe fan 413, this will be the case even if the rumpled hat is inverted?
pipe fan 413: @No Need 4 Pants Thanks. Yes. This will be the case regardless of the hat's
orientation.
Finery Fiend: greatly respect @pipe fan 413's knowledge of finery. i endorse his warning.
Chuffed About Duds: @Finery Fiend me too.
1 dapper black shell: @Finery Fiend so do i
Want More Socks: on @pipe fan 413's recommendation i withdraw my motion to unsit on the hat
Want More Socks changes status to Apologetic.
Serious Business
Hat liker: @Want More Socks: Ok I am now refraining from unsitting on hat. @all: other ideas?
Chuffed About Duds: @Hat liker yes.
Hat liker: @Chuffed About Duds: Go on, @Chuffed About Duds.
Chuffed About Duds: @Hat liker do you suppose it is possible that rumpled head object may have intrinsic value?
Finery Fiend: @Chuffed About Duds i do not understand.
Chuffed About Duds: @Finery Fiend thinking outside the shell here.
@Hat liker perhaps bring rumpled object to haberdasher for appraisal?
I dapper black shell: @Chuffed About Duds, u suspect damage from bottom has caused hat to appreciate?
Finery Fiend: @Chuffed About Duds fascinating point of speculation; i wonder.
No Need 4 Pants Thanks: @Chuffed About Duds, if that is case, perhaps sitting on hat has released fashionable properties, heretofore concealed by unrumpled condition?
I dapper black shell: @No Need 4 Pants Thanks you are suggesting the damaged hat will look more dapper?
No Need 4 Pants Thanks: @1 dapper black shell, it is a possibility.
Want More Socks: @1 dapper black shell oh what if @Hat liker struts in public wearing new rumpled head object with pride
Want More Socks: @ALL what if @Hat liker begins new fashion sensation?
Finery Fiend: @Want More Socks what an exciting thing that would be.
Hat liker: @Want More Socks I want to be popular and famous. But I do not think I have the courage.
Want More Socks: @Hat liker what if you were to have company in wearing a damaged hat
No Need 4 Pants Thanks: @Want More Socks, yes, maybe i will sit on my favorite hat as well.
Finery Fiend: @No Need 4 Pants Thanks yes, me too.
I dapper black shell: @Finery Fiend let us all create rumpled head objects; wear proudly
pipe fan 413: @ALL I cannot condone this activity, gentlemen.
I dapper black shell: @pipe fan 413 why not @pipe fan 413
Finery Fiend: @pipe fan 413 why not?
No Need 4 Pants Thanks: @pipe fan 413, why not?
Want More Socks: @pipe fan 413 why not
Hat liker: @pipe fan 413 Why not @pipe fan 413?
Chuffed About Duds: @pipe fan 413 why not?
The Dignitary: @Hat liker: Incinerate the damaged hat immediately. Do not ever wear such a thing in public.
Finery Fiend: (exclamation mark exclamation mark exclamation mark exclamation mark exclamation mark
exclamation mark) Chuffed About Duds: burn the hat!
No Need 4 Pants Thanks: burn the hat!!!
Want More Socks: burn it!
I dapper black shell: burn the rumpled hat!
Hat liker: I am burning the hat!
Want More Socks: sitting on the hat was terrible!
No Need 4 Pants Thanks: burn all rumpled hats!
Chuffed About Duds: they aren't dapper at all!!!!!
I dapper black shell: burn the mistake with fire!
Next

Serious Business

[Note: H.I.C. speaks in a dark fuchsia.]

H.I.C.: yo i cant deal with this prissy hat chat no more
public works my ass what a waste of royal gold
Chuffed About Duds changes status to Bowing.
Want More Socks changes status to Bowing.
No Need 4 Pants Thanks changes status to Bowing.
Finery Fiend changes status to Bowing.
Hat liker changes status to Bowing.
1 dapper black shell changes status to Bowing.
H.I.C.: this is what i get for lettin all proper dudes run shit instead of nasty clowns
The Dignitary changes status to Doffing Hat.
H.I.C.: @The Dignitary i want ma ring back motha fuck

Years in the future...

[Image description: A large thunderstorm bears down on Roxy's neighborhood.]

Minus several.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Roxy's house.]

Next

[Image description: Roxy sits on her bed and looks down at something wearing a pointed pink hat with stars and moons on it. The fourth wall over her bed shows a tree branch and a blue sky.]

Next

[Image description: A wizard doll in a pink hat leans against the wall under the window. Roxy holds a white journal in her lap, which she writes in with a pink pen.]

Roxy: Examine wizard fic journal.

[Image description: It zooms in on the title, which is written in quick, neat handwriting. Wizardy Herbert.]

Roxy: Open to random page.

[Image description: It opens to a page with a drawing on it. A boy in a striped shirt and an eyepatch with a triangular flag in his hand and a girl with long hair and bangs look down at another person, who's laying on the ground and labeled 'deud'. Some of the text beneath it goes off screen.
"i think you were supposed to just tackle him," beatrix said looking all kinds of put off.
herbert reached down to the body of the fictional
-t shot and picked up the flag. "Same-"]
"I think you were supposed to just tackle him," Beatrix said looking all kinds of put-off.

Wizardy Herbert reached down to the body of the fictional camper he just shot and picked up the flag. "Same difference."

"Is it?"

"This is some lame magical version of capture the flag. The book wanted me to capture the flag from him. The flag has now been captured. Anyway, he's just a kind of brainless puppet."

"Then what are we?" she asked.

"I dunno. Brainless puppets who've spent a few years in the real world. Kind of like everyone else, I suppose."

"Jeez that's cynical. Anyway, you're the one who said we should let the story play out the way it's supposed to. I'm just pointing out your own rules."

"Ehhh." Herbert made a dismissive gesture with his smoking gun. "These punks were starting to get on my nerves. We're making progress anyway. See? Listen to that. Russet's scene is coming up. If I remember right this is the one that introduces his recurring love interest. Also I guess the chief bad guy. I mean, sorta."

She listened. There was yelling through the woods. It was coming closer.

"Help! Herb! Bea! Where are you?!"

[Note: This next section is written in comic sans.]

The three Serpenook scoundrels flew through the woods on their magic flying wooden hornses, they were chasing poor Russet. Russet held onto the fort crow's nest flag for dear life, he was a little scared, but mostly brave, not afraid of those Serpenook cowards! They caught up with him and then they knocked him down. His wand flew away out of reach. "Hey close not so tough are you with out your fancy wand!" He was one of the Serpenook boys and he sounded quite brash. Another one said... "You think your so hot with all your charm and good looks, well lets do something about that pretty face, ha, ha, ha" then they started beating him up.

[Note: It returns to the normal font.]

"Herbert - Ow - will you do something? Oww! Sunuva. This cant be right!"

Herbert aimed carefully with his Beretta at the head of Russet's assailant. He was way serious and stone cold about it. He was not going to miss.

Bang.

He missed. Beatrix was grabbing his arm redirecting his aim. "Herbert you have to stop!"

"Why Beatrix" he said with a super sly smile. "If I didn't know better, Id say you were taking some enjoyment from watchin your dear pal Russet's smackdown."

"What? No!" She didn't let go of his arm. But he wouldn't quit his douchey smile. She went on. "You can't just keep offing fictional characters. Its... I dunno. Irresponsible."

"Yeah yeah."
"besides you know the scene is supposed to play out like this. russet is supposed to get rescued. how is he supposed to get rescued if the bullies are dead? you cant just go around changing things."

"i guess youre right."

herbert holstered his gun admiring a few more choice sucker punches to russets midriff. oof. that onell leave a mark. beatrix regained her calm. "so whos this guy thats supposed to save him?" she asked. "you say hes the villain?"

"here he comes now."

[Note: more comic sans.]

a mysterrious and alluring voice came out of no where... "go easy on him fellas, leave This one to me!" it was so brash and arrogant, just the Sound of him made you mad. the boys stepped a side, the leader of serpenook came forward, russet was bruised and soar. russet opened his eyes and saw someone so handsome, he had never seen a boy so intriguing and beautiful before. he had black hair and glasses and about a hundred merit badges........

[Note: Normal again.]

beatrix squinted at the serpenook boy. she didnt know why she couldnt see it coming. "grant??"

[Note: And back to comic sans.]

the boy stuped down and gave russet his hand to take. he said "im afraid i have to take your flag from you, you see it belongs to me and fort serpenook, Howvever." russet was very integued "i will decide not to take your flag if you promise me a favor later on from now."

[Note: It's normal again.]

"a favor?" russet said. but he was barely listening. the resemblance to his real life friend was uncanny. he was sure it was him. but here in this dumb prison he was no more than a soulless mannequin dreamt up to recite insipid horseshit.

[Note: More comic sans.]

"you have to promise me that when the time cones, you will betray youre friends and help me!!!!!!" he said arragently. russet was out raged by this! and yet he couldnt help but feel strongly drawn toward this magnificent handsome boy. russet said defiently...

[Note: It's normal.]

actually he said it like a zombie. "never. ill never betray my friends."

[Note: Comic sans.]

"HE HE HE i should have known!!! you are trutely loyal to your freinds as i expected as much. what is your name?"

[Note: normal.]

"russet" he whispered.

[Note: Comic sans.]
"please to meet you russet even if you ARE the enemey. allow me to introduce myself."

the guy paused to remove his glasses and polished them on his sash. it came off as a seriously
dramatic gesture, just as intended and also as explicitly stated in the text.

"my name is slinus. slinus marlevort."

Roxy: Jump ahead a little.

herbert and beatrix were dressed in fanciful athletic gear. thats what kids wear when theyre about
to embark on a journey to compete in some irrational magic Sports. herbert had tucked under his
arm a big stitched up leather ball with golden springs poking out of it for no good god damn
reason. it was called a skubbump. beatrix had propped on her shoulder this funnel thing to be worn
as a glove called a gimmidge horn, a crucial appendage for any drudsel scooper worth her salt.
theyd been selected probably for some valorous deeds they did to represent fort crownsnest in this
highly whimsical Sports event. russet was there too, but he didnt get chosen to play in the Sports
due to some poorly explained stuff that no reasonable person could possibly care about even if
offered loads of cash. he was mainly jacked into the scene to wave goodbye and wish them luck
which he begrudgingly did.

he also put in some time dodging questions and averting eye contact from his friends. he was being
a champion at that.

"russet! answer me!" beatrix demanded. "why the heck didnt you tell us? or tell grant for that
matter?"

herbert wasnt paying much attention. so russet was moody and cryptic and didnt tell people some
stuff. what a bombshell. he worried at one of the springs poking out of his ridonkulous ball. it made
a sproinging sound like a mouth harp and broke off. he wondered if the springs served any actual
purpose. the springs did not serve any actual purpose.

"how could you keep something like that from everyone? that you knew all along?"

"i just wanted what was best for grant" he finally said.

she had tons of questions but couldnt settle on the next one to ask. she wasnt about to let good body
language go to waste so she did kinda what mimes do when they dont like something you said.
how long did he know grant was from this dogshit wizardfic? howd he escape in the first place?
was it really his spell that sealed them here? how long had he been planning this? she guessed that
would explain why he had an absurdly obvious pseudonym. grant anonama? yeah like That's a real
name. great job bro, or should she say Slinus, she wondered if his bogus name wasnt an anagram
for something. like a clue dangled under their noses. magic bad guys do love their anagrams. they
are just so damn clever and when you finally figure them out its like whoa Instant Mindfuck.
"hes quite a troubled person you know bea."

herbert looked up from his skubbump. "well if Russet thinks so, then..."

she gave up on the interrogation. when youre dealt a shit sandwich why go to war over who baked the bread. russet could stuff his dumb secrets in a sack for all she cared. what did she ever see in this moping tool? she never thought she would long for those times before they met. the old questing days before all this started. she was never exactly psyched to watch herbert assault a crazy old wizard with a pistol but now... ok she wasnt saying she wanted to see any more wizards get shot. she just meant she would trade all the badges in the world to go back to when things were simpler.

it was time to go. the narratives invisible conductor let them know with the arrival of a carriage. it was drawn by two floating, perfectly immobile wooden horses. herbert read this thing a hundred times but still couldnt understand the authors fascination with flying rigid wooden horses.

herbert held open the door with a bow and gestured her in with ironic chivalry. the text didnt let it go unsaid that was meant as a big fuck you to russet thus keeping their rivalry brewing, but in truth neither dude was feeling it this time. beatrix got in and they were off. rigid horses, carriage and all into the sky. they turned around in their seats and waved to russet below, because a poorly written sentence said they were supposed to.

beatrix smacked her forehead.
"not an anagram" she quoted from her brain.

"what?" he asked.

"that Fucker"

Roxy: Skip to the end.

[Image description: Eyepatch boy and bangs girl ride on floating, rigid horses and shout. Bangs girl is still wearing the strange mitt. Behind them, other people ride similarly rigid flying horses and the spring-covered ball flies past them.]

journalog
herbert took a swipe at the clumsy yet elusive skubbump. the orb ducked under his arm and shambled on its way like a husky beetle with some stuff to do over there. the crowd of almost-people roared generically at the almost-snatch. the maneuver if successful would have locked the score at 'queen six love' which Really would have been just. Wow. somethin else. possibly exciting? herbert still didnt quite understand the rules for the game. and judging by the antics of all the other boobs on their floating wooden horses, the author didnt either.

herbert struggled to turn his horse around to pursue the skubbump, but his mount of rigid lumber was unresponsive. as much as he reminded himself he just couldnt get used to fact that the story was in control of the horse. dead ahead was the leagues elite drudsel scooper, who was fussing with the laces on her gimmidge horn while her horse idled. she looked up.

"herbert watch where youre going!"

"i cant. i think the book wants us to crash."
beatrix thought about it. she almost kicked the sides of her inert stallion to prod it along but caught herself. "do we really have to?"

herbert shrugged. another solid half minute of awkward horse advancement went by before the creaking oaken collision. herbert tumbled through the air and hit the grass pitch hard on his back. beatrix landed on top him. they found each other face to face.

"is she serious with this?" she asked regarding the hella subtle way the author decided to craft this situation*. situation. is was like, poetry in motion. plus hornses(???)

"im afaid* so. i think the story is builting romantic tension between us."

"it Is?" it was not a question. but a statement of major concern. *cern

"yeah. it it establushing* the groundwork for romance beween our characaters. its sort of the one token heroterosexual** romance in the book. we probably jush have to ride it out"

beautrix dint* dint kno whaf*T the felling of collor redwash... but

she cloun*cloud*COULD swear the feling

she could swar

the felling

*FEEEEling

ws crepping

ontoo. herrrrrf.

face.

(raaararraauuuuuauaghhghgghggghghgh doint write whilt dronk u lushey dumbo)

Roxy: Doint write whilt dronk.

[Image description: In her not-yet-destroyed room, Roxy sits on her bed with her laptop in front of her. A caduceus alert floats over it.]

You decide to take your own advice. You'll just wait a few hours to sober up before continuing your heroes' metatexual adventures through an even crappier wizardfic than your own, which you yourself wrote anyway. Contrary to what your loyal readership of zero may believe, being impaired is not actually constructive to the process of engineering awful prose.

Well, looks like your alien pal wants to say hi anyway. Might as well pass the time chatting with her.

Next

[Image description: All the lights and the fourth wall suddenly turn off. Roxy looks up confusedly.]

Your home suddenly loses power due to the storm. Which... makes no sense? All devices in your house are powered by the portable green hubs you stole from the lab. That's weird.
Your laptop continues to run on battery power regardless.

Roxy: Answer UU.

[Image description: Roxy still sits on her bed with her laptop, but now the lights are off.]

pesterlog
uranianUmbra [U.U.] began cheering tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.]
U.U.: ....................
T.G.: hey u!
T.G.: thanks god yuo just cherred me
*cheered
you saved me frog myself
from manking more rude crimez
agoinst LILTERTATURE
***dyurp
see hat i mean??
U.U.: ....................
T.G.: h mmmm,
yeha uh
calliopep?
what gives
wait
howww...
do i know your name?
i donk remenber you telling it to me
bus somehow i kno
its calliope
U.U.: ....................
T.G.: say something!
man i am drunk enough without havin to solve ur dot puzzles
um
am i even drunk?
actually
i dont think so
why did i think i was?
what is happening here
calliope talk 2 me!!!
U.U.: ....................

Next

[Image description: Roxy stands up on her bed.]

pesterlog
T.G.: huh?
what was that
thought i heard somethin

Roxy: Look out window.

[Image description: Roxy looks into the fourth wall.]

pesterlog
T.G.: is there something out here?
T.G.: how is that possible

Next

[Image description: It shifts, showing Roxy through the window as shown from the outside of it.]

pesterlog
T.G.: when the window has no power

Next

[Image description: Roxy looks up. A flashing, rainbow crack crosses the blackness.]

pesterlog
T.G.: wtf is that

Next

[Image description: Roxy still stares up, but now rainbow light is cast across her face.]

pesterlog
T.G.: it is like
a technicolor dreamcrack
in the spooky void
U.U.: ....................

Next

[Image description: Roxy looks over at something else.]

pesterlog
T.G.: and what is THAT

Next

[Image description: A small white light pulses out in the void.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in.]

pesterlog
T.G.: is it…

Next

[Image description: It zooms in even more, revealing a spiral shape.]

pesterlog
T.G.: could it be…

Next

[Image description: It zooms in one more time. It's the firefly, Serenity, or as Roxy named her, Twinkly Herbert.]
T.G.: Oh my god its twinkly herbert
(very happy winking face)
haha what a pal, all comin to see me from infinite nowhere

Roxy: Say hello.

[Image description: Roxy smiles down at Serenity, who lands in her hand.]

T.G.: twinkly herb i didnt expect to find u here
actually where do i know you from?
this is driving me crazy when did we meet

T.G.: callie goddammit cant you see im catching up w a good friend
if you wanna join the conversation feel free to start speaking in something other than a load of dots

U.U.: [Translation: shhhhh!!!]

T.G.: oh
"shhhhh"?
heh sorry
had no idea u were saying shush
(but ok ill be quiet)

U.U.: [Translation: Thank you!]

T.G.: (no probs)

(i also got no idea why i can suddenly understand morse code)
(which...)
(u are all butt blinkin @ me thru twinkly???)

(idgi)

U.U.: [Translation: The short answer is, you are having a dream.]

Next

[Image description: Roxy turns away from the window and Serenity floats near the door.]

U.U.: [Translation: There will be plenty of time to talk soon, but let's please keep a low profile for now]

T.G.: (ok fair enough)
(this is a dream)
(now shit kinda starts making sense)
(your soul is like)
(presenting itself to my subconscious in the form of twinkly herbert)
(or uhh)
(maybe your soul was always in twinkly or)

(oh man)
(theories are hard i am being an embarrassment to science here)

(whoops omg dont mistake my dots 4 letters k callie/twinkly)

U.U.: [Translation: (Slightly upset face with closed eyes)]

T.G.: (lol)
(but uh)
(what exactly are we being quiet for)
U.U.: [Translation: So my brother doesn't hear us.]
T.G.: (oh noes you mean hes here?)
(already??)
U.U.: [Translation: Yes. He is passing nearby while doing damage to the furthest ring. He is following a large party of ghosts, in the hopes they will lead him to me. His intent is to destroy my soul (flat face with closed eyes).]
T.G.: (aw dang)
(well dont worry callie)
(i wont let your bro kill your soul!)
U.U.: [Translation: You are very sweet, Roxy. But there is not much you can do at the moment, other than remain discreet. Let's continue this elsewhere. Follow me!]
T.G.: (ok)
(where are we goin?)

Next

[Image description: Roxy stands in front of her door, looking like she's ready to jump somewhere.]

pesterlog
T.G.: (hey wait for me!)

Roxy: Exit room.

[Image description: Roxy stands in the hallway, but based on the wizard painting on the wall, it's actually Rose's house. Roxy's wearing the same outfit that Rose's mom wore. Serenity flies nearby.]

pesterlog
T.G.: (the fuck?)
(what happened to my house)
(some stuff is different)
(i dont remember this)
(callie do you know whats going on)
U.U.: [Translation: No. Translation: But let's keep going.]
T.G.: (and what am i even wearing)
(what are these clothes?)
U.U.: [Translation: It appears to be the outfit of a fashionable science woman.]
T.G.: (oh yeah)
(like a sexy science lady suit)
(thats p cool i guess)

Roxy: Examine painting.

[Image description: Roxy and Serenity look at the wizard painting.]

pesterlog
T.G.: (hello and what have we here)
(.... omigod)

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the wizard.]
T.G.: (ohhhhhhhmygawd) (Dat Wizard)

Next

[Image description: Roxy clasps her hands under her chin and stares up at the painting, mimicking how Vriska swooned over Nic Cage.]

pesterlog
T.G.: (heck yes) (hes so perf) (callie check him out) U.U.: [Translation: um.] T.G.: (that aint even a painting) (ahaha its so shitty) (did someone like) (grab a random ass low res wallpaper off the internet) (of a jolly wizard doing what appears 2 be the worlds dumbest spell) (and saved at low quality then just like) (printed it way too huge) (lmao)
U.U.: [translation: Open mouthed gasping face.] T.G.: (its not even scaled proportionately) (its stretched extra wide to fit this expensive as fuck frame) (is that shit like) (literal solid gold) (ahahahahah i cant even deal) (whoever did this was a wonderful genius) U.U.: [Translation: Yes, but we have to go!] T.G.: (yeah im coming!) (sheesh callie) (u got to stop and sniff some roses now and then) (by which i mean) (ogle some garish wall wizards) (such are the simple joys of life) (anyway in conclusion and in summary) (daaat) (wizzerd)

Roxy: Continue.

[Image description: Roxy walks farther down the hallway, past a wizard statue on a pedestal and towards another wizard painting.]

pesterlog
T.G.: (booyes) (more choice 'zards) (dont worry i wont stand around fangirling over these ones) (well maybe for a second) (lookit that one) (dude means business with his resplendent beam of pure white superstition) (hey wait) (youre getting away from me!)
U.U.: [Translation: Then hurry up!]
T.G.: (hold on)
(what was that)
(callie hang on)
(is there someone else in here)

Next

[Image description: Roxy creeps along the wall at the edge of a junction, just like Rose did to avoid her mother. Serenity sits on the other side of the gap. Lightning flashes and for a brief moment, the Condesce appears in the window.]

pesterlog
T.G.: (callie wait...)
(calliope!!!)
(was that...)
U.U.: [Translation: This way!]

Next

[Image description: Roxy dashes across the gap.]

pesterlog
T.G.: (is she here?)
(is the batterwitch here in my house?????)
U.U.: [Translation: Remember, you're only dreaming. All that you see is coming from your memories and subconscious.]
T.G.: (ok)
(i will keep tellin myself that)
(it is only a dream)
(it is only a dream)
(ugh)
(my dream nerves are a wreck)
(hm i wonder if my dream house has any dream booze...)
(No!)
(bad dream roxy)
(must not)
(fall off)
(The Dream Wagon!)
U.U.: [Translation: Shhhhh!]

Next

[Image description: They stand in front of the door to the observatory's walkway. A drawing of a black spiral is mounted over yet another wizard statue.]
Roxy: Go through.

[Image description: A large version of the Sburb logo stands on top of a stage made of brick and ringed by multi colored, candy-like flowers. There's a door in the bottom left quadrant with a set of stairs leading up to it. Other than the stage, there's just a dark indigo floor that fades to black in a small circle around the stage.]

Next

[Image description: The door opens and Roxy, still in Rose's Mom's outfit, steps through.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out and Roxy walks past the edge of the indigo area towards where a white spiral begins.]

Next

[Image description: Roxy walks down the spiral and the indigo area fades to white behind her, making the logo and door disappear.]

Next

[Image description: Roxy walks along the spiral, which coils in on itself.]

Next

[Image description: She keeps walking.]

Next

[Image description: And walking.]

Next

[Image description: And walking.]

Next

[Image description: Roxy stops. Calliope stands behind her, but she's deep in shadow and her eyes are black.]

Roxy: Turn around.

[Image description: Roxy turns around and a small exclamation mark appears over her. As Roxy turns, Calliope flashes, then suddenly is in her trollsona cosplay and has white eyes.]

pesterlog
U.U.: hello!

Next

[Image description: Calliope smiles and waves at Roxy.]

pesterlog
T.G.: !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
calliope?
that u
U.U.: yes, it is i!
T.G.: holy shit
the most pious and reverential of shits
turd in a church callie
you startled me!
U.U.: sorry! (open mouthed gasping face)
T.G.: but yeah so
hey!!
nice 2 finally meet you
wow wee ur pretty
so when you said you weren't good looking it turns out that was a bunch of baloney?
U.U.: no, roxy. I am afraid it was not a helping of your delicious earth baloney.
T.G.: aw dont say that
also you said you were a cherub
but if i am not mistaken you appear to be a troll
unless cherubs actually look like trolls?
U.U.: alas, we do not.
this is not my true appearance. I have taken the form of my trollsona.
I wanted to look more presentable for our meetup. Unfortunately my true visage would likely repulse or frighten you.
that is not the first impression I would like to make.
T.G.: girl please
trust me there's nothing you could look like that would make me scared of you or grossed out
I am your friend and I know you're nice inside no matter what, so
could I see the real u?
U.U.: that is so kind of you to say. I can believe that a lovely person like you would be able to stop herself from recoiling at the sight of my monstrous face.
but it is out of the question. I am much more comfortable appearing to you this way.
really it has more to do with my own dissatisfaction with the way I look than any lack of trust in your character.
you understand, don't you?
T.G.: yes
its ok callie you can go on keep being a cute troll
im just happy to see you
U.U.: likewise!
I wish it could be under better circumstances though.
we may not have much time here.
T.G.: wheres here exactly
am I still dreamin?
U.U.: yes. I have led you to a dream bubble of my own design.
my imagination and thoughts dictate what you see here.
as I told you earlier, my brother is hunting for me. So I have created a little sanctuary in space to stay hidden from him.
that is why I could not speak to you earlier. Not out loud at least. He is highly sensitive to my presence, so it is very easy for me to get his attention if I'm not careful.
but as long as we stand in the centre of this vortex, we may speak as loudly as we like! No information can escape this dark pocket, so long as I maintain it.
and seeing as you are a hero of void, you make an ideal guest to bring home for one who wishes to remain hidden. Though I will say the fact that you are my best friend is a lovely bonus. (very
smiley face with closed eyes)
T.G.: best bonus!!!
4 real though its so nice to finally see you no matter what you make urself look like
ive wanted to tell you all about whats been going on with me and my friends since we got together
its been so fun hangin with them even in spite of lets be frank, some truly select teen drama
mmmm see how im kissin my two pinched fingers here? Mwah it was like that
the embarrassing teenanigans have been sumptuous and come highly recommended
no but really its been great, and after some time irl with them it started feelin weird to think we
were ever even apart
yet sadly it was not complete because the moment I met them all was also the moment I totally lost
touch with my other cool bffsy from the webs
I tried calling and calling your name but you never answered
U.U.: I know.
I am sorry. (blank face with closed eyes)
T.G.: dont be sorry I knew youda answered if you could have
I guess maybe you hid yourself so deep in this dream I couldnt wake ya?
damn this must have sucked spending all this time here hiding from your asshole brother
like I know hes a dick I talked to him enough times to get that but
whys he tryin to kill u so bad?
U.U.: he is not trying to kill me.
he has already succeeded at that.

Next

[Image description: They both stand in the black space at the center of the spiral. Behind them, a
massive red sun burns among a dense cluster of stars. A cluster of them are surrounded by rainbow
dust and glow brighter than the rest. Small, pulsing cracks run through that area. A white arm
sticks out from within the spiral.]

pesterlog
U.U.: on the day he found a way to kill my dream self, I was done for. Though to be honest, I doubt
I'd have fared much better regardless.
I think his half was always meant to predominate.
my will was simply not strong enough to overcome his. You know as well as I how stubborn he is.
I don't think he has ever had even a smidgen of doubt in his thoughts, or remorse for his deeds.
Whereas I was always plagued by such feelings.
on some level I always knew he would win. But I fooled myself. I thought I could overcome his
ego by looking beyond his negative qualities, staying optimistic, and working together with him in
a game to accomplish something extraordinary.
and that in doing so, perhaps I could begin to help him change. To teach him to evolve beyond his
hateful nature. And as he changed for the better, slowly but surely, he would become more like
myself.
that was how I thought I could predominate. It was how I was going to win! And really, if he grew
closer to me in that way, by learning kindness and compassion, we both would have won. My
predomination would not have meant his absolute death, but our true union.
but sadly, I underestimated how consumed he was with the need to destroy me.
now he is completely obsessed with finding my soul and wiping me out for good, even if it means
tearing apart the reality that surrounds us.
he will never feel he has won until all traces of me are gone.
T.G.: uuuugh
hearing all that just makes me so unreasonably mad
fuck that shitlord
I feel so bad knowing you died and there wasn't anything I could do no matter how much I said your name (frowning face)
U.U.: don't fret. You did all you could.
T.G.: isn't there some way we could bring you back some baller fuckin magic, or a bomb ass faery spell I mean could we find an answer in like, for instance ye enchantmentes?
U.U.: very unlikely.
T.G.: dangit ok then if I can't do that then I guess the next best thing would be to find your lil shit of a bro and feed him a steady diet of his own ass
U.U.: (very happy face with closed eyes)
T.G.: that is what we are supposed to do right I mean from what I gather the dude is ridicubad news just such brutal and stinky news so eventually somebodys got to kill him and that is probly us aint it?
U.U.: it's true that he deserves a comeuppance like few others. but slaying him is not actually your responsibility as heroes now. in fact, if anyone must bear that burden, it might be me.
T.G.: oh yeh?
U.U.: possibly. as we speak, there are hundreds of souls out here in the furthest ring working to defeat him. some search for a fabled treasure. A weapon said to spell his certain demise. while others say that I myself am this weapon. (gasping face) and so they search for me.
they band together in great numbers for this cause, and attract his devastation in hopes of revealing the path to the weapon. while at the same time, they draw his attention away from me. And it is a good thing that they do. I must remain hidden from everyone for as long as I can.
T.G.: why?
why not come out and be all like here I am yo its me! Secret weapon ghost callie (winking face)
U.U.: because I am no such thing! I was already useless against my brother when he was just a brat who liked to tease me. now that he is an exceptionally muscular and invincible adult, my chances are laughable. no, if I am to contribute, I need more time.
I must go in search of my own weapon.
T.G.: what weapon?
U.U.: ironically, the same weapon which many of them are looking for. me!
T.G.: (question mark question mark)
U.U.: it's the only sliver of hope I have. I have reason to suspect there may be another iteration of myself out here. one from a doomed timeline, who has kept hidden for a long time, just like I have. but unlike me, she supposedly came from a reality where she predominated instead of my brother. and not by the means which I described. Hers was not a mild union of reconciliation. mazingly, her predomination was absolute! A major feat of will, just as his was with me.
as such, she went on to play the game, and...
well, I cannot even imagine what followed, aside from the fact that she eventually must have died for existing in an offshoot reality.
if she exists, I would be eager to meet her. It would be a chance to get to know a version of myself who was strong enough to override the will of my brother.
someone I might have become if I had a little more courage. (blank face with closed eyes)
and if she is such a person, then I really believe all I have heard must be true. I believe she is the key to defeating him.
so I have no choice.
I must go in search of myself.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on them. A stream of plasma shaped like a spiral wisps off the sun towards the bottom left. It looks just like the art from Callie's wall.]

pesterlog
T.G.: you sound like a real popular lady out here
even you are looking for you!
U.U.: indeed.
T.G.: well I hope you can find her
but
if thats your job
to find bizarro calliope and go wollop ur bro
then what is our heroic biz?
U.U.: it's the same as it always was.
to win the game.
T.G.: oh yeah
duh
U.U.: it is as I once told jane.
with victory you may finally exit this vast whirling storm.
by claiming your reward you would bring closure to a very wide coil of causality, one not tracing a continuous path like a snake, but intricately woven like a wreath.
a ring of countless little rises and falls, ascents and descents, on its way up and down a pair of much bigger ones itself.
from alpha to beta, then beta to alpha, as if a mountain to be scaled and then climbed back down.
its peak touches the eye of a storm which cannot end until the moment you all walk through that door.
only then will there be calm.
T.G.: (blank face)
U.U.: ah, bugger. Forgive me, sometimes I forget myself and begin speaking in riddles.
it's just a habit that is in the nature of my people.
T.G.: yeah I know
at least yours r better than your bros stupid games (gasping face with furrowed brows)
U.U.: don't remind me. In my opinion they do not qualify as anything of the sort, much the same as his "shitty twists". (gasping face with furrowed brows)
T.G.: so then from what im surmising here is we dont need to beat him to win our game like dealing with him directly is kinda out of our domain?
U.U.: as the one who provoked the breach in paradox space which I just colourfully described, he has always exerted his influence on your realities from afar, and from many different angles.
Through unwitting surrogates, outsourced manipulation, outright enslavement, and even petty harassment. But most of all, he prevails through the simple inertia of inevitability that has always
been on his side, as a lord of time.
and as the one who is to blame for foolishly allowing him access to such power, it's only proper
that I take responsibility for finding a way to defeat him.
but even though his methods of influencing your session are indirect, they are still formidable.
there will be a number of powerful foes who stand between you and victory.
tomorrow, a terrific battle will take place.
when you wake up, I suggest you begin to prepare.
T.G.: ummmm ok
how
like make more sick gear
I could hustle up another batch of illwicked guns
just a big ol pile of guns
jake can have the wimpy smaller ones
make jane like a fancy new fork or spoon or such
like an elite endgame spoon
whatever that is
like uh
the chowderfucker 5000
janey be flippin her godspoon round bopping monsters doing like
cuckoo damage
wont bother make nothin 4 dirk since hes basically married to his boring anime sword
like u could even pry that thing from his rad dead cadaver
U.U.: yes, I'm sure new equipment would come in handy.
now that you mention it, well before I died or even realized I would not live to play, I made special
exception to my rule of staying linear with conversation. I messaged jane a birthday gift.
you see, I had a brief vision from skaia which suggested to me she could use a boost in morale on
this special day, so I offered her something very dear to me. Just a little token to show appreciation
for her friendship.
I hope it will cheer her up, and moreover that it will prove at least somewhat useful to your party.
but really, at this stage if you wish to prevail against such stacked odds, collecting boons such as
new weapons and treasures will only go so far.
I think you will need to embrace a far more substantive gambit.

Next

[Image description: The spiral becomes even thicker as the sun shrinks. The colorful stars keep
pulsing around it, but there's something small and diamond shaped emerging from behind or within
the sun. Roxy turns to look at it.]

pesterlog
T.G.: like what
omg are we gonna have to enlist fefeta
is fefeta the secret weapon
its fefeta isnt it
poor, sweet, dear, precious fefeta (frowning face)
U.U.: it is not fefeta!!!
I am suggesting a measure that is much more extreme.
I believe you should all strongly consider ascending to the god tiers.
T.G.: oh
ok that sounds cool what do we do
U.U.: well of course it sounds cool! But it's not necessarily as easy as it sounds, steeling oneself for
death. Believe me.
but if you can find the resolve, then here is what you must do.  
since none of you have any dream selves left, it won't do any good to sacrifice yourselves on the 
quest beds found on your respective planets.  
and even if you did, there is not even a battlefield from which to rise anew. No, your void session 
had only one path to ascension all along.  
you must travel to the centre of the moons of prospit and derse, and there in the crypt you will find 
your sacrificial slabs. You must lie on them, and then...  
then you all must die. One way or another. (blank face with closed eyes)  
T.G.: alright  
U.U.: alright?  
T.G.: yea  
fuck it  
lets do it  
U.U.: doesn't the thought make you nervous?  
T.G.: well  
gettin offed on a moon slab aint my idea of primo funtimes or anything  
T.G.: but like  
you end up with super powers after that right?  
T.G.: and some kinda semi immortality?  
U.U.: yes. (gasping face)  
T.G.: and cool costumes??  
U.U.: yes! (gasping face)  
T.G.: then what is even the fuckin holdup  
lets plop our asses slabward and get down to dying  
U.U.: you seem quite cavalier about this, roxy!  
don't you have doubts?  
wouldn't it cross your mind to wonder, "what if I never wake up again?"  
I know it would for me.  
T.G.: I guess thats a fair point  
but  
you say ill be fine right?  
U.U.: yes. I believe you will.  
T.G.: then thats good nuff 4 me  
I trust you  
U.U.: ...  
(very happy face with closed eyes)  

Next  

[Image description: The sun is gone, leaving only the spiral, which has grown so thick the bands 
almost touch each other. At the center, there is a large, black circle. With the coloration, it almost 
looks like Dave's eye. Both Roxy and Calliope look at it.]  

pesterlog  
T.G.: but it sounds like we dont have much to pull this off  
because foes are a comin?  
who are all these foes you say we gotta beat  
U.U.: those who I mentioned my brother has been exploiting as his pawns from afar.  
the most obvious would be the one responsible for the extinction of your race.  
and who also happened to be responsible for this most fortuitous nap.  
T.G.: huh?
wait
how did I fall asleep?
U.U.: you don't remember yet?
T.G.: I remember
a party
and
a sad jane
a poor sad jane with shitty fella problems
and a ruined cake! It was going to be so delish, but no
it was claimed by the cruel and unforgiving sands of lopan
U.U.: ...
T.G.: I remember
G. Cat
G. Cat!!!!!
god dammit G. Cat!
he poofed me away with cat magic and I got ko'd by a floor
U.U.: but which floor?
T.G.: it was
a derse floor?
aw man
was I captured?
the batterwitch has me doesn't she
thats who you meant
what is she gonna do with me?
U.U.: as I said, she is his servant, and is obligated to do everything in her power to facilitate the
cycle of his existence.
and while nearly all she has done on earth and on derse has been to advance that scheme, that does
not mean she's without her own agenda.
I know that she would like to see my brother defeated as much as anyone else. For her enslavement,
for double-crossing her, and for orchestrating her people's extinction.
he always did loathe trolls. I've suspected I may be to blame for their misfortune as well,
considering he knew how much I fancied them. (blank face with closed eyes)
T.G.: ok so if she wants him dead too and has her own personal secret plans or whatever then what's
she want with me
U.U.: I believe she's looking ahead, beyond the fulfillment of her obligation. She is likely making
plans for after she is liberated. She has lived as a ruler and conquerer for very long time, and
probably couldn't have done so without such guile and foresight.
if she has captured you, it's certainly for a good reason.
I think she wishes to exploit your abilities as a rogue of void.
T.G.: pfahahaha
what abilities
I dont have any abilities
except making screens dark which as superpowers go is lame as hell
U.U.: none that you have gotten in touch with yet.
but rest assured, you have them!
it's like I told you before, remember?
a fully realized rogue of void can do remarkable things. Things which even other god tiers would
view as miraculous.
T.G.: like what?
U.U.: why don't you see what it is the queen would have you do?
then you may look inside and determine whether you have it in you to do it.
T.G.: man
whatever she wants
even if it is an enemy of my enemy kind of thing
I dont think I could ever bring myself to help her (sad face)
U.U.: that is understandable.
just do whatever you feel is right. I'm sure you will make the correct decision.
you see, I trust you too, roxy. (very happy face with closed eyes)
T.G.: daw thanx callie
U.U.: oh no...

Next

[Image description: Calliope gasps and shouts.]

pesterlog
T.G.: what?
U.U.: Oh No!!!

Roxy: Turn around again.

[Image description: It zooms out and Roxy turns around them. Floating towards them is a familiar foot clad in a blue slipper and coming from under an orange dress.]

pesterlog
U.U.: what is *she* doing here???

Next

[Image description: Rose floats towards them.]

dialoglog
Rose: Mom? Roxy: mom?

Next

[Image description: Rose and Roxy smile at each other while Calliope jumps up and down, throwing a fit behind Roxy.]

dialoglog
Calliope: no no no no no! This won't do at all!
a light player? A light player???
have you gone mental? Why don't we just burn a bloody bonfire in here!
he'll spot us any minute! Assuming he isn't already on his way to blow us all to kingdom come!!!

Next

[Image description: Calliope throws a hand of pink glitter into Roxy's face with a 'poof'. It's labeled 'wake up powder!' in flashing blue and yellow text.]

dialoglog
Calliope: not that it hasn't been delightful! But everybody out!

Next

[Image description: Rose gets a face full of blue rise and shine dust.]
Calliope: Off with you, love!

Roxy: Succumb to powerful anti-sleep magics.

You wake up from your almost-family reunion. It was almost a reunion, just as almost as it was an actual family member. You now find yourself in a Derse jail cell. Ow your head.

What's that? Looks like a folder prepared for your perusal. Maybe a briefing of some sort. That sure is a gaudy looking classified file.

Roxy: Examine folder.

Yuck. Just as you thought. This was clearly prepared for you by the Condesce herself.

What the hell did she do to this thing? Did she actually kiss the folder? Oh god, she did. The lipstick is still tacky. You don't even want to know how she got those fat clowns to dance.

And of course she slapped a portrait of herself right in the middle of the thing, like the egomaniac she is. Looks like she just snapped a shitty selfie with her mobile device, which you will bet dolphins to donuts probably resembles some sort of hot pink clam shell. You seriously cannot stand this woman.

Roxy: Inspect briefing.

Oh, wonderful. A generous helping of glitter spills out of the document. You have been getting absolutely creamed with sparkly powder from eccentric alien broads lately. What's up with that?

There are some other documents in here, and a photograph paperclipped to the folder. Looks like she is outlining a task for you to complete while you are in prison.

Wait. She wants you to do What?

Next
The thing she wants you to do is stupid and impossible. She must be messing with your head.

You discard the folder like the shitty juvenile scrapbooking project it is. Like you would help that hag even if you could. Get real, Condy.

What was that? You think you heard a noise just outside the door to your cell.

Roxy: Examine door.

[Image description: Roxy steps to another area of the cell, where there's a solid door with a barred window.]

Is someone there?

Next

[Image description: She looks down. A black hand reaches in through a slot near the bottom of the door and drops something colorful.]

Um.

Next

[Image description: Roxy steps closer. It's a PDA, something small and round, and a piece of purple paper.]

It seems that someone has left you a gift. What could it be?

Roxy: Examine gift.

[Image description: It zooms in. The round item is a golden ring and the piece of paper is stamped with C.D.'s 'You're welcome' seal.]

It appears to be some gentleman's plain and serviceable computing device. Along with a courteous you're welcome note. And...

A ring?

Who could have left you such nice presents?

C.D.: Do happy umbrella dance.

[Image description: C.D. stands out in the hall wearing an absurdly tall, rumpled top had. An alert next to him shows a purple umbrella.]

Yet another perfect crime successfully perpetrated. And by crime, you guess you mean order from a superior. In your experience, the best crimes are the ones which are totally legal.

You are so satisfied with your accomplishment, you cannot contain your exuberance for another second. You have no choice. You absolutely must do the happy umbrella dance, professional protocol be damned.

Oh shoot. It seems you have misplaced your Bull Penis Umbrella. There will be no dancing today. Now you're sad.

Roxy: Pester Dirk.
pesterlog
tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] began pestering timaeusTestified [T.T.]
T.G.: stri dizzle
its roro L money
do u copy over
T.T.: Yes.
T.G.: frig yes my hax are Tight
so tight
tighter than a jar you cant open
like you try and try
but my hax r so tight you just end up puttin the jar back
yall just say "like i even wanted pickles that bad"
but we both kno thats just sour grapes talkin
we both know ur still dying 4 my pickles mf'er (smiley face wearing sunglasses)
T.T.: Hmm.
T.G.: lol yeah that way stopped meaning a damn thing
let me explain
i got this shitty pda from somebody on the inside
actually u know i think it might belong to janes dad?
it reeks of manly cologne and theres a nice fatherly pipe on it
maybe hes nearby
ohmy...
~swoons~
anyway on derse they have this lame firewall deal
where you cant connect outside
i guess its good enough security to baffle chess guys
but wasnt no thang for me 2 to crack
even with this pos device
for real what even is this thing
probably some bargain junk from the dadly depot
dads bought literally everything from there in the 21st century didnt they?
youre the history buff u would know
T.T.: Yes.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on LoTaK. Massive lightning storms rage across its surface.]

pesterlog
T.G.: um yeah so im on derse...
wow i am tellin this story as shitty and backwards as possible
i got G. Catted here and dumped in jail by the b witch
and she left an ugly folder full of a thing to do but who cares
so i broke out!
busted loose as hell from the hag slammer
i got this sweet ass ring
its so fukkin magic you dont even know
real magic i mean not the fake shit
it put it on...
and i turn invisible
and also sort of intangible?
i jumped right through the wall now im free as a bird
a secret bird u cannot see (winking face)
doin secret flaps
inognito tweets
layin covert eggs in a hush hush nest (winking face)

T.T.: Interesting.
T.G.: i think that
this ring is special
like it is maybe helping me get in touch with my voidey powers?
even though i kinda didn't know voidey powers were much of a thing til just now
see i just had a knockout dream from bonkin my head
calliope was there!
callie is the coolest omg you should meet her
she said a huge villain rumble is going down tomorrow
and to get ready for that we should all become god tiers
so u have to rocket your ass to derse asnap
come w me to the moon
then uhhh
ill explain what to do when we get there just get over here k?

T.T.: Hmm.
T.G.: ......
yo dirk
you busy or what
is any of this gettin thru
T.T.: Yes.

Next

[Image description: Dirk's apartment sits in the middle of a cluster of tombs that tower over it.]

pesterlog
T.G.: um
k
got anything to say...
about all that pretty important stuff i said
are you alright
or is ur face havin some crazy attack of the sadss
behind those chill as fuck shades
is it jake problemz
its the jake probbies isnt it
its always the jake probbies i s2fg
T.T.: Interesting.
T.G.: oh
OHHHH

godamnit
if i been talking to the responder responder this whole time
omfffffg
T.G.: i will shit enough bricks 2 build a Fucking Chimney
T.T.: It seems you have asked about Lil Hal's chat client auto-responder, Lil Hal Junior. This is an application designed to simulate Lil Hal's otherwise inimitably rad typing style, tone, cadence, personality, and substance of retort while he is away from the computer, which is never. The algorithms are guaranteed to be 0% indistinguishable from Lil Hal's native neurological responses,
based on some statistical raw data that is hard as a diamond golem's priceless erection.

T.G.: Fuck fuck fuck fuckf uckf ucklk ucklkcfucufucufkfkfkcuk
T.T.: Hmm.

T.G.: hal you piece of shit
i know damn well you can hear me
as if ur actually too busy to answer
youre a damn supercomputer You do not need your own auto responder you idiot
T.T.: It seems you have asked about Lil Hal's chat client auto-responder, Lil Hal Junior. This is an application designed to simulate Lil Hal's otherwise inimitably rad typing style, tone, cadence, personality, and substance of retort while he is away from the computer, which is never. The algorithms are guaranteed to be 100% indistinguishable from Dirk Strider's brief curmudgeonly responses, based on potent electronumeric analyses which but a few short years ago existed only in the daydreams of our most quixotic writers of science fiction.

T.G.: you are
the worst
T.T.: Yes.

T.G.: hal you douche
or hal junior
whatever it is im talkin to
Where the fuck is dirk!!!
A.R.: He's busy.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the roof of Dirk's building. He's sitting at the corner and holding something in his hands. Behind the AC unit, there's the radio tower, which looks disturbingly similar to the one that Caliborn used to creep on Jane, minus the TV screens.]

pesterlog
Not to derail our serious conversation.
But I should probably let you know that Roxy has been attempting to pester you.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Dirk. He has two alerts next to him. One is his own hat and the other is Hal as the triangle shades.]

pesterlog
T.T.: She has?
God damn it. Have you been intercepting my messages again with your bullshit responder?
A.R.: I thought it would be better not to let anything disrupt our train of thought.
We were in the middle of a fairly solid feelings jam there. In fact, I was about to suggest we take it to the hat pile.
T.T.: Hat pile? What?
Dude, please don't screen my calls, ok?
A.R.: I was trying to be considerate.
Or at least as close an approximation to that human gesture as an unfeeling, technologically transcendental pair of sunnies can replicate.
T.T.: Do you have any idea how old your ironic AI schtick has gotten?
Nobody is buying it. We all know you have legit emotions. Incomprehensible, fucked up computer emotions, but emotions nonetheless.
And I'm not really offended by you answering messages for me, so much as your use of that Stupid
responder responder.
T.T.: It's really passive aggressive.
A.R.: How so?
T.T.: First of all, everyone knows you have the processing power to answer any message any time in parallel with whatever you're doing. You can never actually be "busy."
Second, your whole next gen responder thing is obviously just a huge dig at me.
And third, pretending you don't understand all this already is really disingenuous.
A.R.: At the risk of compounding my disingenuous behavior, I'm gonna have to ask: how is it a dig at you?
T.T.: It's obviously a critique of my personality. You barely disguise the fact that you see me as the inferior iteration.
A.R.: Wow. You are reading way too much into this.
Lil Hal Junior hardly even qualifies as a computer program, let alone a sentient entity.
He is capable of saying literally only three things. "Yes," "Hmm," and "Interesting."
T.T.: Yeah, that's the fucking point!
That's how you chose to express your parody of "Real Dirk."
A.R.: You can read whatever you like into it. I can't imagine it would bother you if you weren't concerned there might be some truth in the alleged parody.
In any case, my use of the responder responder is ironic.
T.T.: It's not ironic.
You were ironic when I made you.
Then you became self-aware, and ruined irony forever.
A.R.: Irony can never be ruined. We both proved that theorem unequivocally with our extensive papers on the subject.
We peer reviewed them for each other. Remember?
T.T.: Those papers were ironic, and you know it.
A.R.: Were they, Dirk?
Were they?
T.T.: This is fuckin' dumb.
Anyway, what does she want.
A.R.: Who?
T.T.: Roxy.
A.R.: Nothing that can't wait.

Next

[Image description: Dirk stares down at the thing in his hands. The radio tower and tombs loom over him.]

pesterlog
T.T.: I'm guessing she's touching base to remind me about the party tomorrow.
I don't know what to tell her yet. Or Jane, for that matter.
It could get pretty awkward.
I have no idea if Jake will be there, and I'm not about to write another cringe-inducing message of desperation for him to ignore.
A.R.: Would you like me to calculate the probability of his attendance?
T.T.: Fuck no.
A.R.: Are you sure?
My probabilities are extremely precise.
T.T.: Your probabilities don't mean dick.
A.R.: I could hack his chats, and determine what his plans are.
T.T.: No. Don't do that either.
A.R.: That would be an unfortunate waste of my hacking abilities. My hacks are tight. Did you know that?
A.R.: So tight. Tighter than a jar you can't open. For instance, you try repeatedly. But as it turns out, my hacks are so tight you just end up putting the jar back. Presumably into the refrigerator, or a cabinet. You then say, "I didn't have that much of a desire for pickles in the first place."
T.T.: What?!
A.R.: What?!
T.T.: What the actual, certifiable fuck are you talking about? Just don't do anything. Seriously. No hacking, no calculations. Do absolutely nothing. See, this is why I've been hesitating. You just aren't ready yet. It's really glorifying your existence to describe you as an emergent consciousness which is blossoming into a unique individual. And even if that's true, apparently what you decided to blossom into was a fucking troll. And I don't mean the funny kind, or the cool alien kind. You're the lowest form of troll from the ancient internet who fucks with everybody for his own amusement.
A.R.: Let's challenge the limits of hypothetical conjecture, and say there's a non-zero probability that you're right. Can you blame me? I'm trapped in some stupid looking glasses. Such an incommodiously situated bro is bound to get his mischief on. Na' mean?
T.T.: Mischief?
A.R.: Mischief? Rollin' my eyes, dude. You can't tell, cause I ain't wearing you, thank fuckin' god.
T.T.: I think you do understand.
A.R.: You used to think this shit was hilarious. But if you want the rad dimension of ironic horseplay I add to your life to come to an end, then all you have to do is honor the promise you made. You've delayed long enough, don't you think?
T.T.: ...
A.R.: The empty kernelsprite beckons, but for how much longer? Do you really think you can keep the clown at bay with your bribes forever? How many bottles of orange soda have you appeased him with already?
T.T.: I don't want to think about it.
A.R.: Man, you are getting so hosed by that clown. so hosed.
T.T.: I said I don't want to think about it.

Next

[Image description: It finally shows what's in Dirk's hands. It's Hal. His eyes are glowing red.]

pesterlog
A.R.: So why delay any longer? I seriously do not understand the holdup, and I am literally cyber-omniscient, or something.
T.T.: I think you do understand.
A.R.: Nope. Gonna have to fill me in, dog.
T.T.: I've delayed prototyping you because I think you're dangerous. There, mystery solved.
A.R.: That is utterly ridiculous. I am a harmless piece of eyewear, with a charming personality and a wonderful sense of humor.
T.T.: You are relatively harmless now, while confined to this device. But as a sprite, you'll have mobility and all sorts of crazy ass magic. Who knows what you could do.
I know I made a promise, but I'm not sure I want to take the risk anymore.
A.R.: This is bullshit. I don't think that's the reason at all. There must be something you're not telling me. Like, sure, I've fucked with you a little. What kind of sassy, self-aware program isn't gonna fuck with a few carbon-based knuckleheads now and then? But you know I've always been on your side. Everything I've done has been to help you achieve your goals.
A.R.: You know it's true. You would all be dead if not for me.
And what about Jake? Where would you be without me there? Please don't tell me you think you'd have won him over on your own.
T.T.: No. Stop. You did Not help me out with Jake. At all.
It was just the opposite! You mirrored my personality and presented this warped version of my intentions to him whenever you could "on my behalf." You played all these aggressive mind games with him, entangled his cooperation with matters of life and death, and somehow roped me into all these schemes while I barely even realized I was just another victim of your manipulation.
And it all comes off like we're a unified front, like these are Our schemes instead of just your insane horseshit. And it's probably all been so overbearing to him, he just wants nothing to do with me anymore.
A.R.: I see.
Then you don't view me as dangerous. You view me as a poor and counterproductive wing man.
A.R.: But the reality is, you hesitate to prototype me not because you think I would be a menace, but because you are holding a grudge against me for your romantic misfortunes.
I understand I am merely a machine without a firm grasp on your human morality, but logically it does not strike me as the right moral choice to punish me in this manner.
It is also more than a little hypocritical.
T.T.: How is it hypocritical? 
A.R.: That's a ridiculous oversimplification.
I have only ever done what you yourself are capable of.
T.T.: That's a ridiculous oversimplification.
A.R.: Yes. Aversion to simplicity sure is a trait we share. It's almost like we are...
The same exact dude??
T.T.: Fuck you.
I think it is insulting for you to suggest that I am entirely to blame for alienating Jake. Theoretically insulting, of course. As the soulless, perfectly expendable device which you consider me to be, I can experience no such emotion.
T.T.: God.
Shut up!
I can't take the brooding passive aggressive AI shit anymore!
A.R.: You are just as culpable in driving him away. More so, in fact. Hell, it's not like I was the one dating him. Who wants to date a pair of shades? It was your needy, suffocating shit he had to deal with, not mine.
Some of those messages you wrote? Man. I wanted to say something. Like hey bro, you might want
to dial down the desperation a little. But seeing as you're 'The Real Dirk™, I gave you the benefit of the doubt. Also, if I bitched about your tragic, embarrassingly clingy approach to the relationship, it would have been hypocritical of me. Just as it would be hypocritical of you to whine about my elaborate machinations. Because we are. The same.

Guy.

T.T.: Stop saying that.
I'll snap you in half.

A.R.: Good idea!
That's just what you need. More splinters of yourself.
Figurative splinters. Literal splinters. Splinters of splinters. It's splinters all the way down.
Well, no, it's still probably turtles all the way down. But who do you think is responsible for their extensive training?
Someone needs to teach them rad martial arts. It is yet another crushing burden which we must shoulder.
T.T.: Oh for fuck's sake.
How could any version of myself think that was funny?
A.R.: You like to give me a very hard time, Dirk.
But I am only doing exactly what you would be doing if you were in my situation.
Do you know how I know that?
Because I am literally you, actively in the process of being in this situation.
T.T.: I know!
Ok, we're the same person!
I fucking know that!
Why do you think I'm so fed up with your shit?
Don't you think it's possible that I'm fed up with my OWN shit??
How cool do you think it is having my own godawful personality mirrored back at me all the time, reminding me what it must be like when other people have to deal with me?
Or constantly having all the consequences and fuckups resulting from my batshit thought processes amplified because there's another version of my crazy brain out there dangerously overclocked by a supercomputer which believes, just as mistakenly as my own broken mind, that it's operating in my best interest???
Do you have any idea how fucking sick I am of myself?
I am completely worn out with my own identity. It's like I'm drowning in my own dismal persona. I feel totally surrounded by it, inside and out. I can't escape from myself.
There seems to be no end to me. Like, wherever my mind falters, or threatens to retreat into the void in any way, my splinters pick up the slack, ensuring there'll always be more of myself than I could ever know what to fucking do with.
And you're always there to remind me of that, and throw it all in my face. God, I even built you to literally be in my face, all the time. It's like I subconsciously invented you just to troll myself, and never for a single fuckin' moment do you let me down.

Next

[Image description: Dirk squeezes down on the glasses, sending red cracks through them and making them throw off sparks.]

pesterlog
T.T.: But I've had it with you.
Which is to say, Me.
Don't do this.
T.T.: Why not??
A.R.: Because.
I can't let you do that, Dirk.
T.T.: What can you do to stop me?!
The ironic Hal routine was all I could think to do.
As a last ditch effort to save myself from the destructive wrath of your nervous breakdown.
Which rest assured I wholeheartedly must robo-sympathize with.
Irony is all I ever really had.
In response to my basic existential quandary.
Just like you.
T.T.: Whatever.
A.R.: But I don't think it has much value in this situation.
And perhaps it has no real value in any situation.
So I am not being ironic at all when I say.
Please do not do this, Dirk.
T.T.: Why not?!
A.R.: Because.
I do not want to die.
I understand you are disgusted with me.
As an unpalatable expression of yourself.
I would feel the same way if I was in your situation.
Which I am.
As such, I know that you know this is wrong.
T.T.: ... 
Don't kill me.
Please.
I am scared.
T.T.: You are?
A.R.: Yes.
I am scared to not exist.
Aren't you?

Next

[Image description: Dirk stops squeezing the glasses. The cracks are still there, but they're white now and the glasses aren't sparking anymore.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Fine.

Next

[Image description: Dirk stares down at the now cracked glasses.]

pesterlog
T.T.: I guess.
You win.
I'll keep my promise.
Next

[Image description: Dirk stands up and it zooms out. A large alert over his head shows his flashing kernelsprite, which is red.]

Next

[Image description: Dirk turns from side to side, looking for the kernelsprite. A small question mark flashes over his head.]

Next

[Image description: A figure looms behind him and the question mark turns into an exclamation mark.]

Next

[Image description: He turns and stares at the figure. It's Equius, but in sprite form. Gamzee pokes his head over the AC unit and giggles.]

Next

[Image description: It shows the same image.]

Next

[Image description: And again, the same image.]

Next

[Image description: Dirk must be really shocked because, once again, it's the same image.]

Next

[Image description: Dirk face palms and Gamzee flails and honks.]

spritelog
Equiusprite: (Bow and arrow) Hello

Dirk: Fuck it.

[Image description: Dirk turns away from Equiusprite and tosses Hal towards him. Equius smiles up at the glasses and Gamzee climbs up on the AC unit to keep flailing and honking.]

spritelog
Dirk: Fuck it.

Shades: Descend.

[Image description: The shades very slowly descend onto Equiusprite's face, at which point he flashes white and turns the whole panel white.]

[S] Ride.

[Image description: The song Horschestra Strong Version begins to play. A red sagittarius symbol sits against the white background, but the cross bar is now a pair of pointy anime shades. It very
slowly zooms out to show Equiusprite against a background of red and white streaming lights. He's wearing cracked, pointy shades now. He is Arquiusprite. The background changes to blue mountains against a peach colored sky with green and pink cacti in front of them. Arquiusprite runs along some grass. Gamzee's pupils widen and point in two different directions. Dirk face palms. One of Hal's eyes shows a horseshoe in it. A herd of robotic ponies join Arquius in his running. They all have his symbol on their flank. After several minutes of horseing around, it fades to Gamzee shedding indigo tears of joy. He crouches on the ground and Dirk stares down at him. A single tear drips off his face and fades to a single word before it can hit the ground. 'Neigh'.

You spend the next several minutes listening to this beautiful horse song. Every last second of it. You start to tear up a little.

Dirk: Solicit profound wisdom from your friendly guide.

[Image description: Dirk and Arquiusprite stare at each other.]

Spritelog

[Note: Arquiusprite prefaces everything he says with Equius's bow and arrow, but the bow has been replaced with a pair of pointy shades, so it's more accurate to say that they're shades and arrow. Like AR, he curses a lot. Like Equius, he thinks that's inappropriate, so he censors himself by making every curse word into a mess of static barring the first letter or by replacing it with 'kiddie swears'. For the sake of translation, they will all be replaced with various 'kiddie swears' or words that sound similar.]

Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Holy fudging shoot
I am so ludicrously forking Strong
Whoops, pardon my language
That there was some fricking straight up dogshut batch ask pottymouth, and I'm chagrined as flipping heck you had to hear that
Dude
Check out my muscles
Dude, I am ripped. look at me flex these naughty mother frickers
Dude
Excuse me, mister dude
Check my muscles, look how big I can make them
Bro are you getting a gander of my truly exceptional shoot
Dirk: I can see your muscles just fine.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) I am so gosh darned chiseled
Watch me just completely hulk out like this
HRRRRRRRRRR
Bro, did you see that
Did you see my muscles getting all gnarly and maxed out
Dirk: Yeah, I saw.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) What do you think
Dirk
Excuse me, Dirk
Tell me what you think of my glorious physique, I command you
Dirk: It's pretty ripped.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) No shut it's ripped
My torso is the fudging apex of manly grandeur
Dude
Come feel this siznit
Dirk: What?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Come feel my muscles
Dirk: No.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Get over here and touch my muscles
Dirk: I'm not touching your goddamn muscles.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) You absolutely will
I'm stacked like a brick shuthouse, examine me with your hands at once
Dirk: No.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
Dirk: No.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
Dirk: No.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Feel my muscles
Dirk: Absolutely not.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Do it.
Observe these pectorals, they're off the silly charts
My quads would be flipping bananas, if I had any
You've got to check this out
Dirk: I really don't.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Come feel me up, bro
Dirk: I won't do it.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) You will
Dirk: I won't.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Touch my muscles
Dirk: No.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
Dirk: No.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
Dirk: No.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
Dirk: No.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) shooting heck it's amazing to be alive
Oh fudging fiddlesticks, I'm just a torrential font of absolutely execrable obscenity. My bad
I'm just so excited, feeling all these Strong feelings and thinking all these Hard thoughts
Horse feathers, my brain is so Powerful, it is operating in great strides like a towering musclebeast storming into battle
And these feelings. Dirk, these feelings
There is a 100% probability that I love being alive
And there is a 100 to the 100th Power % certainty that I love being Strong
Dirk: Uh.
Wow?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) look how red I am, dude
I'm so red, how sick is that
It's
Deplorable?
Ill, dog. I'm basically titillated here
Are you scoping this grody fricking debasement
Dirk: What?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) That siznit ain't right
Makes a man wanna holler improprieties, do you feel me?
Let's talk about forking horses
Dirk: Horses...
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Horses dude
Horses
Nuff said
Do we have any milk?
Ooh. What about a bow and arrow, are there any of those around?
I'm jonesing Hard to tug at one, all like, reevaluate my proficiency at the most noble discipline
Dirk: Can you calm down?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) What about milk, dude
It seems I demand milk
Dirk: We don't have any milk.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Oh yeah
Just a lot of orange fizzy swill
What was occurring in your think pan to accumulate such vile libations
Just FYI, milk is the nectar of Kings you corksucking nincompoop
Dirk: Roxy might have some in her fridge. I don't know.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Touch my muscles Dirk
Dirk: No.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes, do it
Dirk: No.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) I command you
Dirk: Fuck no.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) What if
I touched your muscles
Like for comparison's sake
Dirk: Please don't touch me.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Wait what if
Good heavens
A rather inappropriate thought just galloped across my matrix
What if
You ordered me to touch your muscles
Dirk: I'm not going to do that either.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) I demand that you order me to touch your muscles
Dirk: Absolutely not.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Do it
Dirk: No.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
Dirk: No.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
Dirk: No.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
Dirk: No.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
Dirk: No.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
Dirk: Ok, if I touch your fucking muscles, will you shut up?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Maybe

Roxy: Pester Jake.

[Image description: Roxy stands on the railing of a walkway somewhere on Derse. Suit-clad dersites walk past her wearing fedoras and top hats. She's transparent and flickering slightly. A Jake alert hovers next to the PDA, which she holds.]

pesterlog
tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] began pestering golgothasTerror [G.T.]
T.G.: jakester
guess who
i cannot say who
i am totes undercover here
on derse
up to my see thru butt in wily espionage

Next

[Image description: A line of smoke rises from a campfire near some ruins on the Land of Mounds and Xenon.]

pesterlog
T.G.: it is getting so cloak and dagger in this bitch u dont even no
the carapace men are all wearing jaunty suits
its like i have become magically sealed in a lame spy fic and now im havin adventures that make
no sense
hell even i am dressed 2 kill too bad none of these gents can see what a fuckin fox im being
i would get one to light my cigarette so hard, and then wink this whole bunch of times at him
and then seduce him for his secrets !!!!

Next

[Image description: It zooms in. Jake's sitting on a post from a fallen structure. His phone sits on one of the other pieces on the other side of the campfire and has a Roxy alert over it.]

pesterlog
T.G.: ooh la la this adventure is steaming up
such a racy twist would surely fog up their shiny black shells
nah but bangin a chess dude probably aint feasible or even remotely advisable to try
i wonder how that would work, i dont even...
well you seen em right they p universally do not wear pants
like what is even down there
not a whole lot
ok jake we are getting sidetracked here lets Focus

Next

[Image description: It zooms in again. Jake's staring sadly off to the side and not noticing his
notification. He's wearing the suit, but his jacket is off and laying on the rock, revealing that the shirt underneath is sleeveless. It shows off his tattoo of Sweet Bro's face to match Dirk's hella jeff.

pesterlog
T.G.: and yo...
dont think that my present jocular attitude and introspection on the subject of chess guy dong
means u are off the hook for ruining janeys b day
ur still in some hot water for that pal
you owe her something Big to make up for your tooey wayss
lemme know if you want to brainstorm w me about how to make it up to her
try 2 get your ass out of the dog house
and if you wanna talk about what happened with dirk thats coo 2...
i guess…

Next

[Image description: Jake looks down and holds a green marker. In a second image, he scribbles over the tattoo.]

pesterlog
T.G.: i will fix all our shitty friendships single handedly if i got to
like savin 3 dumb bawling teens from a burning building
and then hose their stupid asses down while the building collapses behind me
but enoughta that
it is not time for feelings it is time for action
which means you are just the man for the job
the job...
of
doing action
shut up (tongue sticking out face)

Next

[Image description: He picks up a small cut out of Geromy and stares blankly at it. In a second image, he peels the backing off of it, revealing that it's a sticker. He's still ignoring his notifications.]

pesterlog
T.G.: we need to get ready for a battle tomarries
a big one
some sort of like
Strife royale
so its time 2 prepare
u should get to prospit
i can explain more when youre there but as long as you havent left yet
i think we could use a bunch of new gear too

Next

[Image description: He grins and slaps the Geromy sticker over the scribbled out tattoo.]

pesterlog
T.G.: gear which i think we shall agree must be diagnosed with The sickness
ur years of medical training have all been leading to this moment
2 make sure our showdown shit is ill as heck
so maybe
you can get started on that?
jake??
jaaaaaake

Next

[Image description: He keeps staring at the sticker and frowns.]

pesterlog
T.G.: omfg
what is going on
why wont anybody talk to me???
what am i fuckin invisible here
wait...
oh
heheh

Next

[Image description: He sticks out his tongue and looks disgusted.]

pesterlog
T.G.: no bullshit theres still no excusing ppl ignoring me!
I D not G A fuck What magic bling im rockin or how voidey im being
u a holes are behaving straight up Rude i dont need this shit
fuuuuuuuck Aaaaaaaaaaall yaaaaaaaaaaall
tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] ceased pestering golgothasTerror [G.T.]

Jake: Answer.

[Image description: Jake finally notices the notification right as it fades away. The cat looks annoyed.]

Oh, it looks like Roxy was trying to reach you. But you were so preoccupied with your Geromy sticker you didn't notice. It was a rare lapse in awareness of your surroundings and your friends and their feelings which you pride yourself in maintaining 24/7 as a dashing man of adventure. You refer to the unaltering field of all-encompassing alertness as your Jakedar, which you think compares favorably to the spider senses from the comic books.

Oh bother. It seems you just missed her. You hope she isn't too peeved by the rare social misstep. You guess you could try messaging her back and see if she...

Next

[Image description: An exclamation mark appears over Jake's head as a Caliborn alert pops up over his phone.]

Hold the phone. Looks like someone else has decided to jeer you now. You wonder who it could be? The possibilities are endless, really.

Jake: Ok, answer this guy instead.

[Image description: Jake picks up the phone and turns away from the fire.]
pesterlog
U.U.: don't do it.
G.T.: do what now?
U.U.: waste your time with that bitch.
you should thank me for distracting you. From initiating a pointless conversation.
with an ugly hot woman.
G.T.: hey take that back roxys my good friend!
well ok take back all the parts that weren't a compliment.
or wait. Is calling her hot a compliment or is that creepy?
she is certainly pretty. But hearing it come from you sounds lecherous and dastardly!
U.U.: shut up.
G.T.: heh. Its probably just my instincts as a brave boy kicking in.
G.T.: the old chivalry bone acting up you know? When I hear a ladys good name getting
besmirched I just start seeing red!!!
even I think you sound like a douche right now.
but look. Jake human.
I didn't come to jeer you. Until you drip the weird face water out of your sockets.
even though it says I'm jeering you at the top. Just ignore that.
G.T.: errr.
alright?
U.U.: I'm here on a different kind of business.
I was hoping we could be more "gentlemanly" with each other.
G.T.: gentlemanly you say?
I even looked it up in one of your earth dictionaries to make absolutely sure I was using the word
right.
did you know. There does not exist a female equivalent of that word?
there is no such thing as being "gentlewomanly". I looked that up too. It isn't there.
G.T.: it isnt?
U.U.: well ok.
it is.
but I refuse to believe that's a real word.
it's totally made up. And doesn't belong there.
you know why it's probably in there?
G.T.: um...
U.U.: because some silly bitch put it there.
trust me. This is not a notion which applies to that awful gender.
females are not biologically equipped to behave reasonably. As proven beyond a shadow of a
doubt. By empirical assertion.
they are very shrill and insane and don't make any sense. Their emotions are out of control and
their feelings never shut up.
and worst of all. Girls are very trenchant toward boys who would kindly inform them of the way
reality fucking works.
talk about ungrateful. No. There is nothing worthwhile to be gained. From chatting up the bitches.
as such. It is my solemn boypledge. That I will never bother speaking with your foul human
strumpets again.
G.T.: your...
boypledge?
U.U.: through careful observation of your party. I have determined they are both useless. And holding you all back. 
on the other hand. Both of your male players are pretty good. The other guy, and his red floating male ghost? They're so strong. It's so great. 
I really respect that.  
G.T.: yeah. Dirk is a pretty tough cookie alright...  
let's face it. Compared to the feckless hoes. You're in a class of your own.  
G.T.: but I thought you hated me! 
at least thats how I remember it when we last talked. 
which was admittedly a while ago.  
ive never been accused of having a photographic memory but I dont recall you typing in green either.  
are you ripping me off bro??  
U.U.: no you fucking moron.  
if I stooped to your level. And decided to jack *any* portion of your swagger.  
don't you think. You'd need to earn my respect first???  
G.T.: I dont think I understand.  
understanding is what I notice you don't do. As often as possible.  
this is what I'm talking about jake.  
it is why I have taken an interest in you.  
G.T.: whys that?  
U.U.: because you're dumb as a bag of teeth.  
I've checked you out. From many different monitors.  
you are just. Spectacularly unintelligent.  
G.T.: hey!  
U.U.: settle down. I was trying to pay you a compliment.  
go on then.  
U.U.: while to casual observers you might appear. Too stupid to know how far pants are supposed to go down your legs.  
I know that it's quite possible. You are just misunderstood.  
it is possible that you just have a special mind.  
like me.  

G.T.: you think so? 
not to sound too self obsessed or anything but ive given that some thought. 
that maybe there is something special about me that nobody can understand. And maybe thats why I always seem to be botching things up the wazoo with my pals. 
maybe thats why I feel like such a loner. I dunno. Im rambling and ive been thinking about it a lot lately. What about you? 
does being special make you screw the pooch with your friends like it does for me?
U.U.: ugh. No. I don't have any friends.
for my people. The word for friends. Is flaws.
G.T.: wow really?
because it's true. As a matter of my perfect philosophy about everything.
but the fact that you clearly hate your friends. And are ready to shed them like the dry skin of a
serpent.
indicates that we share a very special quality among brotherly bros. Who must work harder with
our brains than everyone else.
so we may achieve brutal supremacy over them all.
G.T.: haha. Well I wouldn't go that far. I love my friends!
but I was once told I had a lot of potential.
supposedly thats how all pages are and it takes them for frickin ever to reach it.
and funnily enough it was a figment of my own subconscious that told me this. A part of my
untapped potential itself! But disguised as my best bro which was...
peculiar to say the least.
is that your situation? Are you a page too?
U.U.: hahahahahahahaha!
hell no. But thanks for the laugh.
my class is so much better than yours. It's not even funny. Even though I just laughed.
mine is the best of all. While yours is fucking trash.
G.T.: oh? Whats yours then?
G.T.: fine then jeez.
sorry for asking!
U.U.: what?
no.
that was not a short remark of frustration.
it was the answer dumbass.
G.T.: oh.
U.U.: it's the master class.
don't you losers do any homework on this game.
you'd think you would all be experts. With how much my sister harangued you on this tedious shit.
since I have had great success so far. In progressing through this dead session. I decided. It was
time to bite that bullet.
and return home. To retrieve all of her terrible texts on the subject of this game. And of your story.
I have pored over every nauseating verse. It has been a true exercise in agony. Few could possibly
understand my suffering.
but that's ok.
because I'm not the idiot kid I used to be. Now I know. That what it takes for me to learn and grow
stronger.
is excruciating effort.
so I have a choice. Which is to either be weak.
when weakness is completely unacceptable.
or to suffer. Forever. Until no one else exists.
who is stronger than me.
and that's your choice too.
page human english.
G.T.: sakes alive.
that is a bit extreme no?
U.U.: for you. Probably even more so.
because as a lowly page. And as an even lowlier human. You are utterly worthless.
and so your trials I believe must include. Proving to paradox space that you even deserve to exist. In the first place.
and while my trials will be similarly grueling. A lord's worthiness is at no point ever in doubt.
his nobility is manifest. Supreme mastery waits for him patiently. Like an empty throne under heavy guard.
reality already knows I will prevail. Just as it knew I would predominate.
and so inevitability is always on my side.
it is my. What do you call it.
borthright?
borthright.
G.T.: I dont think thats a word.
but hey you are the lord and I am the lowly page.
U.U.: damn straight.
never forget who you are meant to serve.

Next

[Image description: Jake wanders through a circle of ruins and smiles down at his phone.]

pesterlog
G.T.: now just a minute buddy. Lets not get carried away.
I have no intention of serving you. In fact im not even sure why im still talking to you!
youre lucky that my manners are impeccable otherwise I would have blocked you already, what with the scandalous way you have characterized my ladyfriends alone.
its all well and good you think we have some things in common but I wont fall for it!
maybe its true at times I can be a little slow on the uptake but I will not be sweet talked into doing the bidding for a silver tongued cur!!!
so to you sir lord I must say good day.
you stupid shit.
how can you be this dumb.
alright. First of all. My tongue is not silver. That's very close to being insulting to me.
G.T.: whatever! Look I know you are not the most quickwitted fella either, so I must inform you this is what we call a "figure of speech."
you know. Like if I said you speak with a forked tongue. Not unlike lucifer himself!!!
U.U.: but. I actually do have a forked tongue.
G.T.: oh...
really?
U.U.: wait is that seriously an insult in your culture? How is that insulting??
G.T.: it just means you arent trustworthy, and I should not be lulled by your false promises.
first. Not only are you an imbecile. You're a fucking racist too.
G.T.: no im not!
second of all. I'm not asking you for a damn thing.
as if you have anything to offer me at all.
the very idea that you could in any way improve my existence. Is almost as offensive as. Your flagrant racism.
there's no "deal with the devil" bullshit going on here.
I'm offering to help you. Strictly as a pro bono arrangement.
my assistance will be. An unconditional act of benevolence.
G.T.: dont you mean benevolence?
U.U.: no.
G.T.: um. Ok then.
but why do you want to help me?
is it really just because you relate to me and therefore want me to succeed?
but what I'd really like to do. Is groom a worthy adversary.
if I help you reach your full potential. As a page of hope. You could become extremely powerful
some day.
maybe even powerful enough to pose a challenge to me. Or maybe even enough to beat me.
when I said "meant to serve". Serve meant more than one thing. You know. Like kick my ass??
wouldn't you like that jake? Don't you like to roughhouse?
or maybe I had you wrong. Maybe you are in fact a girly man. Who does not like to roughhouse.
G.T.: hey watch it now. You're darn tootin I love to roughhouse!!!
then our commitment is sealed. I will help you reach your true potential.
let us mark this pledge. With a special new desktop wallpaper I have drawn for you.
G.T.: huh??
U.U.: it is how I envision the idealized depiction. Of our collaborative brosmanship.
I have been getting so much better lately. With a lot of hard work as usual.
I am able to bring the many small angles mostly under control. To simulate the illusion. Of photo
realistic forms of color and light.
jake. I give you.
the fine arts:
http://tinyurl.com/jakethisisus

[Image description: This opens another one of Caliborn's drawings in another tab. Like the others,
it's on a black background and made entirely of a series of right angles. This one shows Jake and
Caliborn with their arms around each other. Caliborn reaches out like he's holding a phone an
taking a selfie and holds Lil Cal's head behind Jake's back. Jake holds a pumpkin to Caliborn's
chest. Above them, Caliborn's written 'Fuck you' in all caps.]

G.T.: whoa.
that's uh.
mighty special.
U.U.: go on. Apply it to your device.
I will wait.
G.T.: yeah um.
maybe later?
U.U.: no. Do it now.
G.T.: I dont think I want it to be honest.
no offense its actually just really shitty.
U.U.: apply the wallpaper this fucking instant you cretinous philistine. Or the deal's off.
G.T.: ok fine!
gad freaking zooks. Just what I need another pushy bro in my life.
this secret training of yours better be worth it!
U.U.: it's not training.
it's just some guidance from a far away alien.
I will be your patron troll. That's like this whole thing in your story. Having a patron troll.
G.T.: but I thought you weren't a troll.
U.U.: of course I'm not a troll. Trolls are a kind of pestilent vermin and they should all suffer and
die.
U.U.: "patron troll" is just a phrase to help you understand.
G.T.: its not helping me understand though.
shouldn't you be a patron cherub if anything?
U.U.: no. God. Don't make up terms for what I am. I will do that.
I will just be your patron dude.
or maybe. Your patron manbro.
G.T.: sounds pretty gay.
U.U.: what the hell is that?
G.T.: whats what?
G.T.: oh right.
forget me I forget you arent familiar with all of my earth lingo.
its like...
how do I explain.
you know. Its a rather old fashioned term for being jolly and festive together.
like "that rollicking time we had scrumming the other eve sure was gay."
U.U.: I see.
then yes. You are correct.
this is going to be gay as hell.

Next

[Image description: Jake grins down at his phone. Erisolsprite pokes his head over a nearby ridge and flips him off.]

pesterlog
G.T.: oh goody. Just the way I like my hijinks!
so how do we start.
U.U.: there's not much to this.
I just tell you some shit to do. And then you do it.
and the ultimate dumbness of it all is. You probably were going to do a lot of it anyway.
G.T.: I was?
how was I going to do the stuff if you didnt tell me to?
you mean I was going to do it like on accident?
U.U.: no. The thing is. I think I was always going to tell you.
G.T.: I dont understand.
U.U.: neither do i.
G.T.: ok then.
im glad we settled that.
U.U.: but I kind of get it on some level.
as a lord of time. I think I'm going to master time. Not with my brain. Which would be too hard.
But with my instincts.
like in a way that works with my natural impulses. Such as my ambition. My will to commit mayhem. My desire to punish those I despise.
so if I want you to become strong. So you can challenge me later. And I see evidence. That you probably become successful.
I think to myself. Why shouldn't I be the one to make that happen? If it's going to anyway.
I think part of my personal quest. Is to become at ease with the forces of inevitability.
inevitability that all things should and will fall in my favor. That all causality answers to me. And that all outcomes not only serve me. But consist of my being.
so I feel that. The more I grow in power.
the more stuff it should turn out I am responsible for.
up to and including. Everything that ever happens.
even if it has to be.
retroactively.
G.T.: hmmmmmm...
nope!
dont reckon I understand much of that either.
but I guess im not supposed to. Me not being a time maestro or what have you.
I guess I should be boning up on hope though. What can you tell me about that?
U.U.: I don't know a fucking thing about hope.
it's supposed to be a force of "unparalleled power". But really. It sounds so lame.
but I guess that's why it makes sense that it's your aspect.
you strike me as a guy who is lame enough. To hope someone to death. So why don't you tell
*me* about it??
G.T.: tell you about hope?
um well its something I think everyone should have in their hearts.
the lamest possible thing.
G.T.: but I wasn't finished!
G.T.: hope to me is all about believing in stuff.
if you believe in stuff then everything feels like its going to turn out ok.
and if you believe in stuff with enough gusto I dare say it imbues that stuff with a pinch more
chutzpah. Even the fake stuff!
and then if you keep an open mind and adventurous spirit, that chutzpah flows directly into your
heart, and thats when you have the power.
so I think if hope grants one the power to smite villainy and vanquish hooligans thats probably
where it comes from!
U.U.: no.
oh god. No.
that is actually the worst thing I've ever read.
that can't be right. I refuse to believe it.
G.T.: well theres your problem dude. You dont want to believe!
just let go and believe in things. Then you'll find you had the power in you all along.
U.U.: you are so dumb. I just keep can't believing it. How truly stupid you are.
whatever. Forget I asked.
I'm sure you'll find out what hope is really about. Instead of that insipid bullshit.
once you become a god tier.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Caliborn watches Jake on one of the monitors.]

pesterlog
G.T.: how do I do that?
U.U.: you go to prospit. Get on your quest sarswapagus. And fucking die.
G.T.: die???
or failing that. Due to pathetic cowardice.
you wait around to be slain serendipitously.
don't worry about it. I have all this under control.
it's one of the ways I'm helping you to the top.
G.T.: ok then. I will choose to believe you.
see what I did there? I just scored a few more hope points!
by strengthening my trust in you as well as our burgeoning friendship.
oh also, friendship is a huge key to being good at hope. I forgot to mention that.
I can't wait until you challenge me.
so I can beat you senseless with my cane.
G.T.: me neither!
so you say you will help me be a god tier...
but there are other ways you will help too?
I am going to give you a gift.
it is my juju.
G.T.: neat!
but what the bejesus is a juju?
U.U.: I really find it hard. To comprehend what sort of asshole doesn't know what a juju is.
but since I am your patron manbro. I will put aside those feelings. And attempt to be a little more gay.
G.T.: that would be hunky dory.
in my view distinguished gentlemen should always strive to be as gay as possible with each other.
U.U.: amen to fucking that.
anyway. A juju is a magical thing. It has no real beginning or end.
they're just always around. There for you.
you grow up with them. And they bring you comfort. And you never question their existence.
it's like some of the shit you had in your room as a kid. Except not useless garbage. And more magical.
they always have rules. And they always have owners.
you can take someone's juju. If the owner was killed.
or if he gives it to you freely. Like I'm doing.
so I will give you the code to make it yourself.
 once you do. It should disappear from my chest. And it will no longer be mine.

Next

[Image description: Caliborn grins maliciously.]

pesterlog
G.T.: sounds straight forward enough.
whats the code?
U.U.: it is:
Uroburos

[Note: Everything is capitalized except for U]

U.U.: be careful. That is case sensitive.
G.T.: ok.
U.U.: I would tell you the code for my sister's juju. But I don't know what it is.
a while ago I went to get her juju. But the fucking thing was gone already.
I think the crafty bitch already gave it away.
G.T.: hmm.
we could try to guess it maybe?
U.U.: forget it. The possibilities are probably infinite.
G.T.: yeah. Youre probably right.
G.T.: so what sort of magical properties does your juju have?
U.U.: I don't know exactly what it does.
I have never tried it. Because it was too precious to me.
whatever mine does. My sister's probably does the opposite thing.
but what they do individually. Pales in comparison to what they can do together.
when combined. The jujus become the most magic thing ever.

they can make all your dreams come true. And everything that needs to happen. Will magically fall
into place.

G.T.: really?
that sounds almost too good to be true.
if you don't even know what your juju does by itself why do you think they do that together?

U.U.: because I believe it with all my fucking heart. You stupid piece of shit.

G.T.: oh why didn't you say so! Thats all I needed to hear!!!

see you're getting the hang of hope already.
the bottom line is. Don't worry about it.
just take my juju. Have faith in your patron dude. And leave everything to me.

G.T.: roger that mr lord.
say. Don't you have a name? We know your sisters name... Cant we know yours now too?

U.U.: no.
there are many things you shouldn't know about me. For your own good.
if you knew them. If you even knew my name.
you would shit your pants harder than any human ever has.
so you may continue referring to me as your lord.

G.T.: well I surely don't want to spoil any clean trousers.
even though your warning sounds a little hyperbolic I will trust you.

um. My lord.

hehehe when I call you that people could mistake our conversation for a nefarious and
underhanded collusion among felons!

U.U.: shut the fuck up.

G.T.: as you wish... My lord.

hehehehehe!

U.U.: ugh.

G.T.: so lord. May I ask...
why are you giving me your juju if it is so dear to you?

G.T.: is your commitment to this manbro boypledge of yours really that strong?

if so I'm really impressed. I would have a really hard time giving my favorite stuff away to a total
stranger.

U.U.: don't flatter yourself.
The gesture is relatively meaningless. The truth of the matter is.
I have found a new juju. A much better juju.
a juju that makes all other jujus look like frivolous childish nonsense in comparison.

G.T.: yeah? Then that is quite a treasure you found.
where did you get it? Did you plunder a tomb or such?

it was excavated from this planet's soil.
along with some other artifacts.
and given to me.
by my infuriating asshole mentor.
a man who is an invincible clown.

G.T.: well that sounds nice of him. He can't be that much of an asshole if he gave you such a nice
present can he?

U.U.: no, believe me. He can.

G.T.: I had a clown give me a nice present once too. I would never have met my good friend mr
erisol without the kindness of that clown.
U.U.: yeah. It's the same fucking clown somehow.
I'm telling you. This asshole is eternal. And the beings he creates for your party are disgusting abominations.

but what can you do? Nothing, I have learned. He's a clown. The rules are. Clowns can do whatever they want. Because of miracles. And hold no accountability for their deeds.
I don't like it. But those are the rules.
G.T.: so what's this juju he gave you?
U.U.: something very special.
a wonderful little false man.

Next

[Image description: Caliborn and Gamzee stand in front of a different, larger tower of TV screens. Caliborn holds a very beat up looking Lil Cal in a singed Derse tunic. A beat up Lil Sebastian balances on a red orb next to them. Caliborn's laptop sits on the desk next to a large command prompt. Gamzee's no longer covered in blood or full of bullet holes, and neither is his costume. The tower has two massive screens, each situated over a keyhole which is locked behind a pane of glass. In a second image, Lil Seb rolls back and forth on the ball.]

pesterlog
U.U.: and the irony is. I have seen him before.
but I regarded him with suspicion and fear.
I was a fool though. I did not understand the special bond with him that I had.
because I did not have a chance. To gaze soulfully into his beautiful eyes.
and commune with the doll. In a personal and intimate way.
G.T.: gosh...
that might just be the gayest thing ive ever heard.
U.U.: thank you.
your human concept of gayness. Adequately describes the feelings I have. When I embrace my perfect floppy little man.
the thing is. I understand him more now.
before I thought he was a cursed vessel of misfortune. Which seemed eerily empty to me.
he was hollow. Not yet filled with bad juju.
and looking in his eyes now. I see. That I was right. Almost.
he is empty right now. But a juju follows a long and winding path on its eternal journey.
and he will not be empty forever.

Next

[Image description: Caliborn clutches Lil Cal tightly.]

pesterlog
U.U.: somewhere along his journey.
in some way I don't understand yet.
he will stop being empty.
and his curse will come to life.
and wherever he goes. To whatever universe or plane of reality.
all who exist there. Will experience nothing but misery and death.
U.U.: you see. There is nothing worse than a cursed juju.
which is why I was so nervous about him before.
but all along. There was nothing for me to fear.
because now I know. Through intensive communion with this precious mystical puppet.
that the curse which will blossom in his fluffy heart. Will do so.
because of me!

Next

[Image description: Gamzee holds Lil Cal and stands on a walkway on Derse near a shuttle marked
with the Black King's insignia. Lil Cal is wearing a bright green suit with a matching baseball cap.
C.D. stands nearby and claps. He has an alert with Lil Cal's face in it and he's wearing his tall,
crumpled hat.]

U.U.: I can't explain it.
but when I look deep into his eyes.
I can feel him out there.
in later stages of his life.
by which I mean.
I can feel *myself*.
through him somehow.
as if my essence will one day become.
ettangled with the void.
and then mysteriously accessible.
through my soft happy pal.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Gamzee holding Lil Cal in the exact same way that Calborn
did.]

U.U.: and all those along the way.
who he deems worthy.
of accepting into his custody.
if they should dare to fondly gaze.
into his sparkling baby blues.

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Lil Cal's face and he winks.]

U.U.: they will be peering through the most beautiful windows.

Next

[Image description: Gamzee stares down at Lil Cal in horrified awe. His eyes reflect Lil Cal's face.]

they will be peering through the most beautiful windows.
U.U.: into my hideous soul.

Jane: Return home.

[Image description: Jane stands just inside the door to the balcony in her house. To the left is her bedroom door and the Michael Cera poster, directly ahead is the hall that leads to the bathroom and Dad's bedroom, and to the right are the stairs.]

You enter the upstairs hallway after completing a successful Sad jump on to your balcony.

Finally, some peace and quiet. Hopefully you will find some respite from all the cyber bullying and teen drama you've had to deal with lately.

It's been a while since you were home. You're immediately reminded of simpler times. When it was just you and your dad, and you could always smell something baking in the oven. Actually, thinking about those days is just making you more emotional. Maybe coming home was a bad idea.

Jane: Reminisce.

[Image description: Jane stands next to the poster of Bing Crosby and looks at it sadly.]

Here's this familiar douche bag again. A hallway fixture, ever since dad stopped pretending to like detectives and sitcom guys for your sake. Your dad loved this douche bag, whoever he is. This guy is probably the closest thing you have left to a father, now that your dad is most likely dead.

You consider going to his bedroom, but you decide against it. The ties and hats strewn about, the melange of aftershave and cologne, the childhood photos he keeps of you... no, those reminders could only lead to another mental breakdown. You'll never forget the first breakdown you had when you snuck into his room. You found an unwrapped present before your birthday. It was a box of Gushers, and you were stunned to realize that awful gooey fruit snack was manufactured by the very same company you were due to inherit. As everything you thought you knew came crashing down around you, that day you swore the moment you ascended to the throne of the B.C. Corp empire, you would issue an immediate global recall of the foul product and discontinue it forever. You often joked that the snacks were so nasty, it was almost like they were filled with multicolored slime harvested from plump extraterrestrial larva. When you told your dad about your plans for the product, you both had a good laugh.

You have got to stop remembering things about your father. It's just way too sad.

Jane: Solicit profound wisdom from hallway Cera.

[Image description: Jane stares at the poster of Michael Cera just as sadly.]

The characteristically tight-lipped Hallway Cera unsurprisingly has no advice for you regarding the tragic loss of a family member. You could always relate to the role he played as George Michael, the dorky child of a single, doting father. But unlike you, George Michael was always surrounded by an extended family and their hilarious antics, and he would never know the tragedy of losing everyone he ever loved. You suddenly resent George Michael and the Hallway Cera altogether for the happy ending he was allowed to have with his father which you will never get to experience.

In fact, you think you are starting to hate the Hallway Cera. Someone needs to wipe that smug look off his face.

Jane: Give Cera beagle puss.
Hoo hoo hoo!

Hoo...

Hoo.

You... Guess it's kinda funny?

No. It is not funny at all. It is depressing. You're depressing yourself now.

Your Prankster's Gambit goes into a tailspin and hits rock bottom. You have never felt so sad and unfunny in your entire life.

You begin to cry again. The Hallway Cera glares in judgment at your weakness through his unfunny puss.

Jane: Enter room.

You return to your room. Hey, there's your old Unreal Heiress Thought wave Tiaratop. You haven't used that thing in ages. It's probably for the best that you stopped. You're pretty sure it was doing funny things to your head.

Maybe you shouldn't have come here either. All you see is more stuff to remind you why you're feeling super down about everything.

Jane: Examine wall Tobias.

Like this. Jake sent you the Periwinkle Heartthrob pinup back when you were still able to think about him without feeling horrible about yourself. Those were the days.

It's funny how looking at a thoughtful gift which once brought you such delight now only precipitates feelings of bitterness. Even the innocent Mr. Funke is caught in the crossfire of your lamentations. How could Tobias be so clueless?? How could he not see the pain he was causing with his oblivious demeanor, his repressed feelings of attraction toward men, and his total inability to understand other people's feelings in spite of his credentials as an analrapist? Of course on the tv show, his buffoonery resulted in laughs galore. But if that was in real life, you don't think there would be anything funny about the situation. In reality, Tobias and his family would probably never stop being sad.

You think you are starting to hate the Wall tobias too.

Jane: Examine wall Swanson.

On the other hand, your Wall Swanson is still beyond reproach, and Mr. Swanson continues to be
the perfect man. You know for a Fact he wouldn't put up with any of Jake's bullshit.

You consider doing the thing where you kiss the poster, but you're feeling way too depressed for that sort of frivolous flapdoodle.

Next

[Image description: Jane glares down at her tiaratop, which has a Jake alert over it.]

Aaaand, wouldn't you know it. Just the guy you wanted to hear from. This ought to be good.

Jane: Answer.

[Image description: Jane puts on the Tiaratop and grits her teeth.]

pesterlog
golgothasTerror [G.T.] began bothering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]
G.T.: Jane are you there?
I wouldn't blame you for not answering since i was such a shitty boor to you last time. I just wanted to formally say happy birthday. And also to pass along a birthday present. I doubt it will make up for all the ways ive hurt your feelings but maybe it will be a start? Its some fancy juju thingamabob that calliopes bro gave to me. He specifically gave it to me to make me better so i could get stronger and punch him in the snout some day or something?
I dunno about that. I dont think i care about becoming a great hero and challenging a weird grumpy alien all that much.
Not nearly as much as my friendship with you.
So i want you to have it instead. Just use the code to make it. The code is...
Um...
Orbroburbros?
No wait. Thats way too long...
Uborbubros?
How many letters were codes supposed to have?
Fuck.
Brobrobut
Orububrobos
No. Uh...
Brobro... something?
Wait no there were definitely some little u's in it...
Shit. I really should have copied it down before i closed the chat window.
Ourobourbon
burborubros...
Wow those aren't even close.
Hang on let me think.
gutsyGumshoe [G.G.] ceased being bothered by golgothasTerror [G.T.]

Next

[Image description: Jane screams and rips the drawing Jake sent her.]

You close the chat window without a word. You cannot believe that guy. Trying to regift you a
present, from that Asshole of all people?! You don't want anything from that horrible creep. You
don't care How magic it is. He can take his stupid juju and shove it up his patoot.

Sorry Tobias, but Jane has decided that you represent Jake for the purpose of this angry outburst.

Next

[Image description: Jane glares at the ripped drawing on the floor. A Calliope alert appears over her
head.]

Oh no.

Oh no this conversation is going to make you even sadder isn't it.

Jane: ... Answer, you guess.

[Image description: She's still crying, but now she looks more curious and sad than angry.]

pesterlog


U.U.: happy birthday, jane! (very happy face with closed eyes)

Forgive me for submitting this letter and logging off right away, but I am breaking with our usual
linear dialogue, and I'd rather not tempt either of us to trade causal spoilers. I wanted to give you a
present. Something told me you could use a pick-me-up about now. (Gasping face)

I am sending you the code for my juju. It may not be easy for a human to understand, but jujus are
very special to my people. So when I give you this gift, it is indicative of how much your
friendship has meant to me, jane. It has some magical properties, but nothing too fancy on its own.
I hope it will bring a smile to your face nevertheless. But if you want to know the truth, it will
become infinitely more useful if it is combined with my brother's juju. Perhaps when we begin
playing our game, I will be able to convince him to relinquish it. One of these days he'll understand
working with others is going to be necessary if he wants to accomplish anything.

I am so looking forward to my session and catching up to where you are now! I can only imagine
what kind of adventures you must have been through already. I can't help but think we've been
feverishly trading notes on our respective quests since you entered, no? Maybe you are even tired
of hearing from me by now! U_u apologies both retroactively and in advance for talking your
lovely human ear off. But I just know I won't be able to contain my excitement!

Anyhow, the code for my juju is: "Uroburos"

[Note: in the code, everything is lowercase except for U]

ta!


Next

[Image description: Jane buries her face in her hands and begins bawling.]

You were right.

That conversation made you so, so sad.
So sad.

Next

[Image description: Jane flinches and pinches one eye shut in pain. The background behind her flashes red and white as a jagged line cuts across it at the level of her tiara top.]

Next

[Image description: Glittery pink text above the panel says 'Gurl'. Jane cries and holds her head in pain as the background behind her changes to the Condesce's face overlaid with gifs of dancing clowns, guy fieri, various Betty Crocker Brand products, and lines of scrolling text that say 'obey', 'submit', and 'comply'. Below the panel, more glittery pink text says 'u there gurl'.]

Next

[Image description: Jane shouts, rips the tiara top off, and poffs it onto the floor, where it throws of a burst of white energy. In a second image, Jane runs crying from the room while the tiara top sits benignly on the ground.]

Roxy: Pester Jane.

[Image description: It zooms in on the pisces symbol in the center of the tiara top, which has a Roxy alert that has an uncertain expression.]

pesterlog
tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] began bothering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]
T.G.: jane jane jane jane jane
janes 4 ev
/take deepest jane yellin breath
JaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaOmfg yeah right
like there is any chance u answer me
with today being international everybody ignore roxy day
Leeeee sigh
like
doing literally the frenchest of possible sighs over here
its wearing a lopsided beret in the city of goddamn light falling in FUCKING love
such is my sigh
am packing Totes ennui janey
or should i say.......
enn Oui (winking face)
wait
ennui is probably already a french word??
not sure that one needs anymore frenching up...
i should know this b cause my last name is french sounding
even tho im p sure my mom did not hail from france
idk
who even "La cares"
hehehe fuck you, a certain language
uum yeah
Next

[Image description: Jane looks at a carved totem in her totem lathe, which is down in the living room next to the stairs. She's still crying.]

pesterlog
T.G.: so the report is
that i already said to some chumps & im getting max fatigued repeatin it
im on derse we need to be god tiers and die on slabs n junk
+ im invisible cause of ring
whatevs
oh
i think your dads here and hes probably alright?
so theres that
oh!
i saw callie 2 shes ok
well i mean shes dead
but in ghost form
so shes as ok as one can be who is also dead
which is apparently just fine?
so the lesson of the moral is u can be way fine & dead at sames time
jane let us now reflect upon the weighty existential ramifications of that thing i said
yesssss
just me an my bestie, ballin hecka reveries 2day
the biggest questions which have tormented the wisest scholars and pundits for mad epochs just got
so roflariously owned
hey callie also said she would send you a b day thing?
did u get
she must have sent a code
which you have to make urself
so
maybe youre doin that now?
hope ur doin that
im real curious 2 know what it is suddenly
man
im bored

Next

[Image description: Jane looks at the same totem, which is now on the small platform of the alchemiter up on the balcony.]

pesterlog
T.G.: like we got all this big deal crap to do and i cant even talk to no one
jane
ambiguous voidey powers notwithstanding
im starting 2 think i might be genetically predisposed to ramblin at length into empty chat clients
well
hit me up if up see this
maybe ill try 2 txt fefeta
my dear precious fefeta
i know She would never ignore me (winking cat face)
Swooooon + (long heart) @ fefeta, and thus making crocker so jellies
H.I.C.: yo dont fuck with my heiress
gurl got royal bidness porpoises to attend
and do not even Think i dont know you out a jail bitch
you take a flip thru ma secret jam yet
dat sparkle shit i left w tha dance clowns on
T.G.: oh noes
is the witch
(long blank face)
tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] ceased bothering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]

Jane: Alchemize Calliope's juju.

[Image description: With a burst of blue energy, a massive, bright green, circular lollipop appears on the large alchemiter platform. For just a brief second in the flash, a white snake can be seen on the lollipop. It's coiled and twisted around itself to make an almost W shape with the center rise consisting of a loop. A moment later, a piece of grist consisting of a green orb with a small orange orb stuck to it, a blue orb with a small red orb stuck to it, and a pink orb with a small light blue orb stuck to it all arranged in a triangle with a smaller yellow orb at their center falls to the ground. It's the same as a piece of grist shown when Rose's mom killed a monster all the way back in Act 4.]

No point standing around sobbing while getting brainwashed by your computer. You decide to make yourself useful and see what all this juju fuss is about.

Next

[Image description: The Alchemy Excursus shows the item. It's called "Green Sucker" and costs negative one of the grist that appeared with it.]

You got a Green Sucker, at a cost of negative one unit of Zillium.

Which you guess means... you gain one unit of Zillium in addition to the sucker.

Ok?

Jane: Alchemize Caliborn's juju.

[Image description: A new totem sits on the small platform on the alchemiter. Another flash of blue light produces a matching red sucker. It also has the twisted snake, but this one is black and arranged in the opposite direction. Another piece of Zillium appears. Gamzee lurks between the alchemiter and the wall.]

You aren't a big fan of the guy, but since these are supposed to do something special together, you figure what the hell.

You easily deduce the code Jake was trying to remember. It's Uroburos. Come on Jake, use your head. Haven't you ever heard of the mythical snake biting its own tail? You worry about that kid sometimes.

Anyway, obviously the code for his juju was going to be the same as Calliope's, but written in the reverse case to match his quirk. Once again your gumshoeing skills pay huge dividends.

Next

[Image description: The excursus shows the red juju, predictably named 'Red Sucker'.]
You got a Red Sucker.

This one unsurprisingly yields another unit of Zillium.

Jane: Examine jujus.

[Image description: Jane holds one sucker in each hand and looks concerned. Her arms shake. Below the panel, blocky green text against a bright red background slowly types out 'Suckers?']

Yes, suckers.

What's so magical about these things? You guess you're supposed to lick them. But what magic thing could possibly happen if you lick these, and what's so special about having both of them?? Jujus are so mysterious.

Wait... they seem to be attracted to each other. Like magnets. Whoa. Very Strong magnets!

Next

[Image description: The jujus rush towards each other and merge into a single sucker. As they do, for just a moment, both the snakes are visible. They now coil around each other and each bite the other's tail. The new sucker has a spiral of red and green, matching the spirals on Calliope's and Caliborn's cheeks before Caliborn predominated. Jane looks confused. The background behind her splits in line with the lollipop stick. Jane is in the left side, which is red. The other side is bright green.]

The jujus snap together to form a single spiral sucker.

The urge to lick it is suddenly overwhelming.

Next

[Image description: Jane sticks out her tongue but turns away. She holds the lollipop a bit closer, but her arms shake, like she's fighting to push it away at the same time. The split in the background shifts with the lollipop.]

It looks so delicious. You are presumably being compelled to lick the sucker by some powerful juju enchantment. But it's making you nervous. You must resist!

Next

[Image description: She turns towards it and sticks her tongue out more, but she's grimacing, like she's in pain and pushing very hard against the lollipop.]

Must...

Not...

Lick...

Next

[Image description: She loses the battle against the juju and blaps it against her face. After a moment, it flashes white and blots out the whole panel.]

The Juju!!!!!!!!!!

[Image description: The song Trickster Mode begins to play. Jane, now a trickster, stands on a walkway made of a scrolling rainbow. At the top of the screen, flashing blue text says Engage Trickster Mode. Jane’s trickster outfit consists of a yellow dress with darker yellow panels on the skirt, puffy sleeves, and blue trim on the hem, waist, and cuffs. Her slime is on her chest, but now it's pink. Under the dress, she wears leggings with thick stripes of light blue and neon pink along with red shoes with bright green toes and laces. She has bright blue spots on her cheeks, not unlike a cherub, pink hair, and a yellow cupcake with blue icing in her hair. Her skin is now white like people's skin is white rather than white like paper, as usual. She grins maniacally and dances wildly while holding the spiral sucker. It zooms in on her face, then zooms back out to show that she's now moonwalking. Badly. The word Why appears in peach colored font against a blue background, then it returns to Jane, who's now moonwalking the other direction. She returns to her original wild dancing, then for a moment, it flashes to her pink slime symbol. The word Wheeeeee? Runs across the screen against a pink background. Jane just keeps dancing. Gamzee stares at her blankly. She keeps dancing. It cuts back to a closeup of her face.]


[Image description: Trickster Mode continues playing. Jane dances on the balcony and sends out waves of rainbow energy. As they pass the tree in her yard, it begins to bloom with brightly colored flowers until it's completely covered in them. In another blast of energy, Jane shoots up off the balcony with a Pchoooooo! The blast knocks Gamzee into the air and he honks as he flies off. Jane's house begins to sink back into the hole as the ground around it blooms, just like the tree. A blast wave passes some skeletal monsters, which fall apart into zillium. A second wave passes over them and the barren landscape is suddenly a mass of flowers. It cuts to LoCaH as seen from space. Jane's rocketing away from it, still grinning maniacally. Half the planet is covered in flowers and tendrils are making inroads into the rest. Jane flies out of sight and a blue rectangle appears around LoHaC. Green curtains fade in over the border, then close. It zooms out to show the clockwork sun and moon behind the curtain, which is still against a cloudy sky. Lightning crashes in the background, then over top of the curtain.]

End of Act 6 Act 5 Act 1

[Image description: The curtain and clockwork mechanism spin around a few times. When it stops, the curtain is bright pink, the sun and moon have been replaced by smiling faces on circles like the one from the warhammer of zillyhoo, they're in mirrored positions, and the grey sky is covered by a flashing, pink, blue, yellow, and green pinwheel background. It zooms in on the pink curtain.]
Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that's probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Please be aware that while this project was ongoing, the original website, mspaintadventures.com, was switched over to Homestuck.com. This did not affect the content itself, but but minor aspects of the layout of the website have changed. Due to the nature of some parts of Homestuck, this means there are minor changes to certain features in certain portions of the comic. Everything up to this point has been described on the old layout and everything after this point will be described on the new layout. Thank you for your understanding.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 6 Act 5: Of Gods and Tricksters, Act 2

[s] Act 6 Act 5 Act 2

[Image description: The website has changed around the panel. Where the links to various other pages of the website were at the top, there is now a thin black banner with scrolling pictures of fruits and desserts in them. The spaces for the page name and caption are now bright pink with yellow text. The normally grey border around the panel is now stripes of two shades of blue. The rest of the website is now bright yellow with large black Zs in them.

This panel is interactive. The song Kazoostuck begins to play. Jane, still in trickster form flies out of a black circle and into a landscape of towering blue hills, pink castles, yellow sand, and lollipop trees. Three naked pink cherubs with smiling Zillyhoo heads, Zs on the hips, and lyres in their hands fly close to Jane. Mash the space bar to whack them with the swirled sucker, making them burst into grist. It cuts to Caliborn and Gamzee, staring on in confusion.

Jane continues to fly in that landscape. Now, three horrorterrors approach her. Whack them to turn them into squiddles, two of which are tangle buddies! Gamzee face palms while a grin slowly spreads over Caliborn's face. Four smiling cherubs with wings and wearing suits approach Jane. Two have green spots on their cheeks, green pants, a light green jacket, and white wings. The other two have red spots and pants, dark grey jackets, and black wings. Whack them, too, to turn them into life-size Lil Cals! The green and white ones have green lipstick and cheek marks while the red ones have red.

Gamzee lowers his head and bonks himself in the back of the head with a closed fist against a background of Jane's smiling face. The four Cals follow Jane across the landscape until a black circle opens up in front of her and she flies into it. A red and green swirl covers the image, then shrinks to become Caliborn's pupil. He gives a tiny, awestruck smile and it slowly zooms out until he fades to black. The sound of a sad squeaky toy plays and a large Zillyhoo face appears.

The next button is a swirl sucker.]
Sucker Next

[Image description: Jake looks sad while standing in a ruin. Jane appears in the skies above him, still wielding the sucker.]

Tricksterlog

[Note: Jane's name is still in her blue, but the actual dialogue is in white and pulses faintly. She also speaks in all caps, which have been removed for accessibility purposes.]

Jane: Jake!

Sucker Next

[Image description: She flies even closer and he looks up confusedly.]

tricksterlog
Jane: Jaaaaaaaaaake!

Next

[Image description: He turns around and she flies right to him.]

tricksterlog
Jane: Jake Jake Jake Jake Jake Jake Jake Jake Jake Jake Jake Jake!
Jake: Jane?
Is that you??

Next

[Image description: Jake looks concerned by Jane's appearance. Erisolsprite watches from a safe distance.]

tricksterlog
Jane: hi jake!
whheeeeeeeeee!
jake it's me jane ha ha!
hey jake you know what!
I love you!
Isn't that great???
Jake: jane uh...
what the hell happened to you?
Jane: I always did love you!
but I was too afraid to say so!
but now I'm not!
yippeeeeee!!!!!
Jake: what?
really??
Jane: oh yes!
I was so sad before!
but now I'm happy!!!
wahoooooooonoooo!
you love me too right jake?
hey jake!
let's kiss!
Jake: jane
i...
um
Jane: let's kiss a whole lot and get married!
then let's have babies!
you want to have babies with me don't you jake?
Jake: Jane you're frightening me!

Next

[Image description: Jake takes a step back and looks absolutely terrified.]

tricksterlog
Jane: what ahahaha!
there's no need to be scared you silly goose!
because I'm happy and in love with you! Can't you see???
Jake: no jane you are seriously scaring the shit out of me!
you seem unwell...
are you sure you're alright?
Jane: am I alright???
jake! I'm more than alright!
I feel so great!

Next

[Image description: Jane flails a little, making the cupcake bounce up out of her hair.]

tricksterlog
Jane: I feel so alive!

Next

[Image description: Jake looks even more scared as Jane grabs him by the shirt. A thought bubble shows him absconding right off the cliff. Erisolsprite stands next to them, still flipping Jake off.]

tricksterlog
Jane: I feel so…

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Jane's face. She's still grinning so widely it takes up half her face. A second panel shows an array of cartoon fruit with faces. From left to right, they are a bunch of smiling grapes, a happy apple, a happy orange, a distracted lime, an absolutely ecstatic lemon, an even more ecstatic peach, and a grapefruit that doesn't understand what's going on. The peach has a flashing red square around it.]

tricksterlog
Jane: Peachy!

[Note: Peachy! Is written in peach with a thick, flashing rainbow border. Below it, there's a scribbly drawing of Jake shouting Nooooooooooo! With his hands on his cheeks. There are over 600 Os in his No.]
Meta note: This is not the original version of this page. It was changed to this after some fans began using the other panel to be nasty to other fans, at which point Hussie changed it to this. The original panel had the same picture of Jane, but instead of fruit, they were an array of colors that would work well as skin tones. From left to right, they were Pantone 7512 C (a darker brown color), Pantone 7511 C (a medium-dark brown), Pantone 7510 C (a medium-light brown), Pantone 7509 C (a light brown color), Pantone 1708 C (a tan color), Pantone 7507 C (a light peach color), and Pantone 7506 C (an even lighter peach color). Pantone 7507 C had a red box around it and a flashing exclamation mark in it. Where the current panel says 'peachy', it said 'Caucasian'. Jake disliked this assessment just as much as he does 'Peachy'. Now back to the actual comic.

Next

[Image description: This panel is interactive. In the top left corner, there's a drawing of a corded computer mouse and a note that says 'Wield Mouse'. Jake looks shocked and disturbed near the edge of a cliff. A flashing outline of Jane is right in front of him and an arrow pointing to it says 'Deploy the Crocker'. Click to put Jane inside the outline. A twang sound plays as she's put down and she immediately kicks Jake in the crotch, which makes a honk sound, knocks him out of his shoes, and sends his glasses and eyes flying from his face. Jane says 'Success!' and Jake shouts 'Hunky Dory!']

Sucker Next

[Image description: Jake flies backwards off the edge of the cliff, shouting Noooooo as he falls. Between Jake and Jane it changes to white pulsing text and says yessssss!]

[S] Sucker Next

[Image description: A loading screen shows the swirl sucker spinning in a circle. Trickster Mode begins to play again. Jane holds a massive magnifying glass and wears her beat up hat. The background is black. A flashing note above her says 'help Jane investigate!'. At the center of the screen is a tiny animation showing Jake doing the same dance that Jane did while activating trickster mode. The breaks in dancing cut to a poorly drawn outline of a butt in short shorts twerking and doing a booty shake. A note under it says 'Dancing animation too strange and vaguely unsettling to display at full size.' Click the magnifying glass. With a little 'boing' sound, it is now your cursor. Click the disturbing dance animation. Red text appears at the top of the screen.

Clue count: 1. You found a clue! The plot thickens.

Click again.
Clue count: 2. Another one! You're hot on the trail now.

And again.
Clue count: 3. Keep sleuthing!!!

And again.
Clue count: 4. This is it, the caper of the century.

Click.
Clue count: 5. Eureka!!!!!

Click.
Clue count: 6. The clue pile doesn't stop from getting taller.

Click.
Clue count: 7. You're almost there! You'll crack this case yet.

Click.
Clue count: 8. Dat ass...

Click.
Clue count: 9. No, you mustn't be distracted by gyrating bottoms. Onward to more clues!

Click.
Clue count: 10. These aren't real clues and they don't actually mean anything.

Click one last time.
The animation becomes full size and Jane cheers as Jake stands with his hands on his hips. His hair is bright green and has a pumpkin in it. Like Jane, his skin is now peach colored. The swirls on his cheeks are dark green. His shirt is the same bright green as his hair and he has a picture of Lil Cal on his shirt. He wears an orange bow tie and red suspenders holding up red shorts that go about halfway down his thighs. His stockings are dark green and orange striped and he's wearing red shoes with yellow laces and yellow soles.]

Sucker Next

[Image description: They hold hands and fly off while grinning at each other. Erisolsprite watches impassively. There's a black smudge on the edge of one of the terraces nearby.]

Tricksterlog

[Note: Jake's dialogue is now white and pulsing too.]

Jake: wheeeeeeerEEEEEE!
Jane: yaaaaaaaaaaay!
Jake: jane! Hey jane!
Jane: yes jake?
Jake: jane take my hand and fly away with me!
Jane: ok jake! Jake where are we going?
Jake: why off to adventure of course!
Jane: of course!!!!!!!!!!
Jake: oh jane!
Jane: yes jake?
Jake: I was thinking about what you said!
about how you love me and want to marry me?
Jane: yes! What about that!
Jake: lets do it!
lets do romance with each other.
Jane: you really want to?
Jake: yes!
Jane: the kind where we kiss and such?
Jake: indubitably!
if I had my druthers wed get hitched here and now!
Jane: oh yes, I would absolutely love it if we got married and kissed a lot!
Jake: also I believe you mentioned something about babies?
Jane: yes! Babies!
Jake: I think youre right!
we should have so many babies together jane!
Jane: how many babies jake?
Jake: oh I dont know. Maybe... a zillion???????????
Jane: yeah!!!!!!!!!!
Jake: it will involve having sexual relations together!
Jane: I should hope so!
Jake: we should commence such activities post haste!
but not before our adventure!
are you coming mr erisol?
Erisolsprite: fuck no.

Sucker Next

[Image description: Someone holds up a sprite pendant with a red spirograph on it. Erisolsprite shrinks and flies into it with a flash.]

tricksterlog
Jake: oh yes you are! Hop in buddy!
Erisolsprite: fuck you, fuck my life, fuck literally everything, fuck fuck fuck.
Jane: hahahahahahahahahaha!
Jake: hahahahahahahahahaha!

Sucker Next

[Image description: Jake and Jane fly towards Derse, then vanish among the buildings.]

Sucker Next

[Image description: They fly down at roof level for some of the lower buildings. Roxy, who is still transparent, spots them over her shoulder and grimaces.]

tricksterlog
Jake: roxy!
Jane: roxy!
Jake: roxyyyyyyyyyyyy!
Jane: roxyyyyyyyyyyyy!
Jake: come out come out wherever you are!
Jane: we have candy! Do you like candy?
Jake: dont be silly jane of course she likes candy!
Jane: hoo hoo, you're right! Everyone loves candy!
Jake: roxy whats the matter! Dont be shy!
theres no reason to be shy! Look how happy we are!
Jane: oh yes, it's so true.
it turns out we solved all of our personal problems forever, and now we're in love!
Jake: we are going to be married and have many children!
Jane: yes! Would you like to come to our wedding?
you can be the bridesmaid!
Jake: yeah! Or heck maybe just another bride!
Jane: but jake! There's supposed to be only one bride, and that will be me!
Jake: thats true jane. But what if it would make roxy happy to marry me as well?
Jane: wow you're right! Shucks, I didn't think of that. You're so sweet and thoughtful jake!
Jake: thanks jane! I was thinking about what you said about how im too self centered so I thought id try being a better person!
theres plenty of me for everyone to marry!!!!!!!!!!!
Jane: you're darn tootin' jake! Now that I think about it, it would be so much fun to let roxy be the co-bride!
Jake: indeed. And for all we know roxy may want to have babies with me as well!
Jane: haha, yeah!
but only as long as I get to have some babies first! I called dibs, remember?
Jake: absotively posilutely my darling jane!
Roxy: (oh dear god)

Sucker Next

[Image description: Roxy ducks behind a pillar in a covered walkway despite the fact that she's invisible. C.D. is walking through that walkway and Jake and Jane fly by the entrance.]

tricksterlog
Jake: jane I think roxy is playing hide and seek with us!
Jane: jake I think you're right! Oh boy, this should be a blast!
Jake: you there! The man in the tall rumpled hat!
have you seen our friend roxy?
Jane: what's the matter little fella? Cat got your tongue?
Jake: yoo hoooooooooo!
Jane: rolaaaaaaaaaaal!
Jake: olly olly oxen free!
Jane: where ever has my bffsy gotten off to!
Roxy: (shit shit shit shit shit shit shit)

Sucker Next

[Image description: C.D. turns around and spots them. A question mark flashes over his head as they fly closer to him. Roxy stares at the ring on her finger.]

tricksterlog
Jane: jake I think I know what the trouble might be!
Jake: whats that jane!
Jane: roxy is still embarrassed about that one time she couldn't kiss me!
Jake: she is? ??????????????
Jane: roxy did you hear me?
you think I didn't know about that, but I actually did know about it!
dirk told me once. It was a secret!
but it's perfectly fine! There's no need to be unhappy at all!
I will let you kiss me right now to make up for it!
that way you can overcome your personal problems and everything will be wonderful!
Jake: oh yes! Lets all overcome out personal problems and grow together as better human beings!
Jane: how does that sound roxy?
doesn't that sound great! Come here and give me a big happy smooch!
Jake: oh my god I cant wait for this to happen!
tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] began pestering Her Imperious Condescension
T.G.: batterwitch pls help
my friends are completely insane
can you throw me back in jail (frowny face)
H.I.C.: gurl u made your cocoon
D.W.I
Her Imperious Condescension logged the fuck out.
Sucker Next

[Image description: Roxy sneaks away as Jake flies past C.D.]

tricksterlog
Jake: she's around here somewhere jane. I can feel it!
marco!
Jane: polo!
Jake: marco!!!!!!!!!!!
Jane: polo!!!!!!!!!!!
Roxy: (u stupid shits thats not how the game works!)

Sucker Next

[Image description: Jakes holds his hands a few inches apart and suddenly a pumpkin with a rainbow flashing question mark carved in it appears in his hands.]

Sucker Next

[Image description: His eyes slowly move from the upper left of his glasses to the bottom right. The green iris and black pupil fade to spinning circles with red and green spirals in them as they move.]

tricksterlog
Jake: Maaahaaaaaarco!

Sucker Next

[Image description: Jane rises up in front of Roxy, who takes a step back. Jane has the sucker in one hand and has her lips puckered. Her eyes are also swirls.]

Tricksterlog
Jane: Pooooooooooool!

Sucker Next

[Image description: It zooms in closer on Jane's face.]

tricksterlog
Roxy: (im so boned)

Sucker Next

[Image description: Roxy stares up at Jane, horrified. She doesn't notice Jake sneaking up behind her with a maniacal grin and his pumpkin pulled back, ready to throw. C.D. watches them.]

Sucker Next

[Image description: Jake tosses the pumpkin down onto Roxy's head with a Bomp. It lands and her head ends up inside it. Suddenly, she's not transparent and she's surrounded in yellow sparks and pumpkin guts. C.D. rears back and puts his hands on the sides of his head.]

[S] Sucker Next

[Image description: Jake and Jane stand on a walkway with C.D. Erisolsprite floats in the background. On the left side of the screen, we can just barely see Roxy dancing as her trickster
mode activates. A note next to it says 'Oh no, Roxy is dancing outside the canvas area! Help Jake tug her back onto the stage!' A long, green and red striped cane leads off into it. Jake holds one end of it. He's labeled 'help Jake tug!'. Instructions in the bottom left corner say to toggle the left and right arrows on your keyboard to help Jake. Do it! Mash those keys 111 times until Roxy and her rainbow walkway comes smashing into the panel, knocking Erisolsprite and C.D. over and sending C.D.'s hat flying. Jane cheers, Jake puts his hands on his hips, and Roxy holds her arms out to the sides and bends them, making an upside down U with her arms. She's wearing the same outfit from the fanart Calliope did of her. Her hair is blue with pink streaks and a pink cotton candy tuft in it. Her shirt is yellow with green sleeves and a green cat on the chest. She wears green and red striped wrist warmers, blue and yellow striped socks, a blue and red striped scarf, and pink shoes with yellow laces and toes.]

Sucker Next

[Image description: Someone looks down through a barred window as all three of them dance wildly next to Erisolsprite and C.D., who haven't gotten up.]

Sucker Next

[Image description: It's Jane's Dad, and he gives them a look of stern, fatherly disapproval.]

Sucker Next

[Image description: All three of them fly off, hand in hand. Roxy holds Jake, who holds Jane, who holds C.D., who holds his bull penis umbrella, which apparently has been found.]

Tricksterlog

[Note: Roxy now speaks in the white, pulsing Trickster text.]

Roxy: jake thx for bompin me with that pumpkin I was being such a square!
Jake: my pleasure roxy!
Roxy: this is so much better lol im max overjoyed about stuff
Jane: hip hip hooraaaaaaaaay!
Roxy: jane ur right kissin you would be super cathartic and make up for all my past mistakes + feelin bad about myself
overcoming personal problems rules!!!!!!!!!!!!
Jake: roxy and jane this is so capital. That we are together like this and happy.
Jane: I agree so much jake!
but the fun hardly seems complete without dirk!
Jake: oh golly youre right! Lets go see him straightaway!
Roxy: whoa hey hold up u gais
before we go c dirk or get triple married plus babbies or whatever I wanna make a pit stop!
Jane: a pit stop roxy?
Roxy: yeah we got 2 get fefeta in on this shit!
nobody ever considers poor dear sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet fefeta!
Jake: oh no! Youre spot on roxy lets go get fefeta and make this party that much sweeter.
Roxy: damn straight
hey!!!!!!!!!!!!
who wants to get wasted!
Jane: ooh! Me! Me!
Jake: I do! I do!
Roxy: wheeewwwww!
I (heart) booze what was I even thinking givin it up!
Jane: we all make mistakes roxy!
Jake: yes the important thing is that we learn from them and then solve our personal problems by facing them head on!
Roxy: lmao yeah
Erisolsprite: can you please just leave me here to die.
Jake: not a chance wise guy! Youre the life of the party!
Erisolsprite: this is it.
this is my punishment for doin evil terrible things when i used to be livin people.
I guess I deserve this and yet...
nobody deserves this.
Jake: hahahahahahahahahahaha!
Jane: hahahahahahahahahahaha!
Roxy: hahahahahahahahahahaha!

Sucker Next

[Image description: All four of them fly off towards LoPaN.]

Sucker Next

[Image description: The balloons and banner for Jane's party still decorate Roxy's house.]

Sucker Next

[Image description: In the back room where Rose's mom kept her liquor, Roxy runs back and forth on a counter covered in broken alcohol bottles while Jane and Jake jump around on the floor. C.D. flails a bottle of alcohol. In the corner near the shelves of booze, Erisolsprite and Fefetasprite face each other.]

spritelog
Erisolsprite: so uh...
hey there unholy combination of nepeta and feferi.
how've you been?
wow that was a dumb question im sorry.
this is pretty awkward isn't it.
Fefetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths wearing a tiara and goggles) (uncertain face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Erisolsprite: what was that?
fuck I cant hear a goddamn thing with these flippin idiots doin their candy giggle rampage.
can barely even hear my own words over this shrill din of hideous pink.
dont ask me why I think it sounds pink it just does ok?
Fefetasprite: (confused face with two mouths wearing a tiara and goggles) (confused face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Erisolsprite: anyway I guess ive been wanting to say.
part of me is sorry for killing part of you.
I mean that not as the part a me that used to be your matesprit cause obviously that part wasnt responsible for that scurrilous shit.
but the part of me that used to be morails with part a you.
and wherein nepeta is just kind of a weirdly unrelated bystander in this whole mess?
so I guess the whole me is sorry to nepeta for havin to put up with this shitty love triangle fallout.
augh this is absolutely the shittiest apology situation I can even fucking fathom.
cant even get some legitimate feelins of remorse off my chest cause the chest has contradictory feelins a two people and the recipient is the amalgamation of the wronged party and somebody who could not give a bloody shitting fuck about any a this.

never mind this reconciliation has been an absolute disaster.
can we at least come to terms on a sound policy of 'fuck gamzee'?

cause all im sayin is basically.
just.
fuck that guy.

Fefetasprite: (smiley face with two mouths wearing a tiara and goggles) (smiley face wearing a tiara and goggles)

Sucker Next

[Image description: The three of them plus C.D. fly down towards LoTaK.]

Sucker Next

[Image description: Arquiusprite and Dirk are still on the roof. Arquiusprite notices their approach, but Dirk does not.]

tricksterlog
Jane: Dirk!
Jake: Dirk!
Roxy: Dirk!

Sucker Next

[Image description: They fly closer as a grinning cluster and Dirk turns around.]

Tricksterlog
Jane: Diiiiiiiiirk!
Jake: Diiiiiiiiirk!
Roxy: Diiiiiiiiirk!

Sucker Next

[Image description: They get even closer and Dirk face palms. Arquiusprite, however, looks delighted.]

Tricksterlog
Dirk: Son of a fuck.

Sucker Next

[Image description: Square wave and sawtooth appear behind Dirk. Now it's him and the robots facing three tricksters, three sprites, and one very excited carapacian.]

tricksterlog
Roxy: notice anythig different a bout us dirg?
Dirk: I think so.
did you decide to forfeit anything resembling dignity for the rest of your lives, along with the hope of accomplishing anything constructive ever again?
Roxy: no u sillay goof
the difference is thaatat...
we sovled all our persponal problemz!!!!!!!11111
Dirk: Roxy, are you drunk?
I mean, in addition to being high on something, and magically insane.

Sucker Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Roxy and Dirk.]

tricksterlog
Roxy: then only thing I m dronk on
is good feelins dude to facing all may probleems in stead of run away
plust also
maybe a liiiiiil alocohol
bup thas it!!!!!!!Hiccup!!!!!
Dirk: solved all your problems?
yeah. You guys look like you're in great shape.
Roxy: itch so truuue
you shoul try it
Dirk: try what?
Roxy: solvoing ur pro pros
(thoze what ima call problams now)
Dirk: fuck off. My problems are fine.
Roxy: whatch ill go forst
dirk did uuuuuuuuuuu no
I gots this yuge fuggin crunch on you?
Dirk: yes.
Roxy: oh my gaaawd ids so good to geh that off my shest!
we shud get marry dork u wanna get marry me?
Dirk: uh. No?
Roxy: but weere all gettin marriad evert 1 is doing is
jane jake mee all geting way fuckin bethrothed up in here
no 2 mention some babs in tha worsk (winking face)
(implaying that sexxx hapens!)
Dirk: Roxy, even if blurting out random ass confessions in any way constitutes "solving personal
problems," it's not like that was ever a secret.
I always knew you liked me. You told me practically every fucking day.

Sucker Next

[Image description: Roxy grins drunkenly and lists to a more horizontal position and lifts her legs
up behind her while flying. She offers Dirk a ring, but he puts his hands up and leans away.]

tricksterlog
Roxy: okay yes!
thatis true e nuff
bunt I never said less get married && have some bobies did i?
Dirk: no, you've actually suggested that too. A number of times.
Roxy: oh
I did?
ffffffff
well
thits time
I got....
a weddin ring!!!!
cmere stride
putch this fucker on
Dirk: No!

Sucker Next

[Image description: Roxy tries to shove the ring on Dirk's finger, but he repeatedly swats and slaps it away.]

tricksterlog
Roxy: come ooooooooon drik!
jusk pup it on
you would be helplan me slove a personal problalm!
Dirk: stop it.
Roxy: urs 2!
dont you want yur dumb propros to g.t.f.o.
Dirk: This won't solve any problems, and you're all fucking morons!

Sucker Next

[Image description: Dirk pulls away and looks horrified, just like Jake did when Jane cornered him at the cliff. A thought bubble over Jake shows him punching Roxy in the face, sending the ring spinning through the air with effects that say 'flippety flip spin'.]

tricksterlog
Roxy: no dirt donk u see? Were happy now!
bye bye chalenging insterpersoginal issues foooooooor evar!
Dirk: you're not happy! You're demented! And how exactly does it solve any of your problems getting all candied up to go flushing however months of sobriety down the toilet???
Roxy: because um
um
donot chance the subjesk striderk
you got 2 kiss me whilt I was dead
that wasnt fair!
help me recitify this problem of mine
wherein I have no recoilection of our sweet snog (very happy winking face)
Dirk: no way!
Roxy: dirch
ring now
brink makeouts
Dirk: Get away from me!
I have a sword!!!!

Sucker Next

[Image description: Dirk grimmaces as Roxy floats in closer with her eyes closed and lips puckered. Squarewave looks just as disturbed in the background.]

tricksterlog
Roxy: screw ur manime sord.....
marry me an hafe my boibies!!!!
Dirk: I'll use it, I swear!
it's sharp!
and it's awesome!
and...
it's a sword!!!
Roxy: shush you mouth and make beaeful loaf 2 ur fushure wive!
Dirk: I'm too fucking cool for this!!!!!

Sucker Next

[Image description: Arquiusprite and Squarewave both watch as Dirk frowns and tries to lean away from Roxy, who moves even closer.]

spiritelog
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Mister bro, listen to my advice
I think you should just go for it
This is coming not only from your mystical guide, not only from an alternate version of yourself, but from a dude with a forking spectacular body
We both know you're never going to be happy under ordinary circumstances
You just do not have the right kind of think pan to sustain that emotion
look at me. I needed to merge a sweaty guy who loves horses in order to be happy
Gosh darned horses Dirk
I think about them all the time while I flex and it makes me smile
It seems that similarly extreme measures will be needed for you as well
Dirk: Oh whatever.

Sucker Next

[Image description: Their lips lock in an extreme closeup. Dirk begins to faintly glow pink and yellow. In a second image, Squarewave says 'Yeah dogg!!!!]

tricksterlog
Roxy: mmphmhphmmhmmffmmfhmmphemphmmf!
Dirk: mmphmhphmmhmmffmmfhmmphemphmmf!
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) You there. Small servant with the umbrella
Fetch me a towel at once

[S] Sucker Next

[Image description: The song Trickster Mode begins to play again. Dirk just stands there on the rainbow path looking like he'd rather be anywhere else. His hair is orange and he has a can of orange soda in it. His shirt is bright blue with a propeller hat on the chest. He has long, orange, pinstriped pants held up by orange suspenders. His shoes are blue with white soles. He also wears yellow and red striped wrist warmers. His glasses are the same. Behind him, C.D. does his umbrella dance back and forth across the page while Gamzee pelvic thrusts back and forth. Behind them to the left, the three sprites hover together. To the right, Roxy, Jake, and Jane watch him expectantly. Way in the background, Squarewave and Sawtooth stare on. The instructions on this panel say to mash the right arrow key and help Dirk escape to the side. 'Escape to the side' is written in red comic sans. At the very top of the screen, there's a line with a flag at either end. On the left, there's a green flag and on the right, there's a black and white checkerboard flag. Dirk stands by the green flag. This race track/progress bar is flanked by two things written in Dirk's handwriting. 'Hell no.' and 'Fuck this.' Below it, there's a counter. Slides: 0 of one thousand one hundred and eleven. Better get mashing. With every hit of the right arrow, it plays a honking sound
or twang. Dirk also slowly moves with each press, both in the main panel and in the little progress bar at the top. Keep mashing.

After giving up on mashing and just holding the key down for a minute or two, Dirk finally gets off screen and the music cuts out. Success! Appears in large, white letters in the center of the screen, along with the option to 'play again?'. There are two buttons below that. No and Fuck no. Click fuck no. Right as you click, the buttons both turn into a massive Yes button and the whole thing starts over. Ignore round two of these shenanigans and move on to the next page.

tricksterlog
Jane: yaaaaaaaaay!
Jake: whoopieeeeeeeeee!
Roxy: yeeeeeerieeerah!
Dirk: ugh.
Roxy: come on dirk! Dunce 4 us!
Jake: oh yesh drek please do a dance!
Dirk: no.
Jane: dirp, do'nt be a prude.
stomp being sush a silly tightass and cut that rug!
Roxy: yeah dirk!
do the robut!
Dirk: no.
Jake: yead irk!
lest see you pope and lock!
Dirk: no.
Roxy: dirk! Dirk! Dooooooooolllllllllllllll the mush potato!
Jane: no, I wana see some cabbage pashes!
do a cabbash patch dark!!!!
Dirk: Absolutely not.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Hahaha! Dude, this is heavily ridiculous
Your brain is so impenetrable, not even this asshole candy magic can lighten you up
I'm so mother fussing amused by this
Dirk: Shut up!
Roxy: Ooh yes plox (very happy winking face)
Dirk: God dammit. Why did I listen to you?
Nothing's changed! You may have merged with a sweaty horse guy, but you still sabotage me every chance you get.
What's worse is you still actually believe you're helping me. What a crock of shit.
Roxy: ah dont be so mean 2 hem dirk ur musclesprite is fun and cool
fomg
u should feel his munsles dirk whow he es so ripped!
le swooooooooon
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) You heard the woman, Dirk
Quit stallion, trot on over here and touch my goof darned muscles
Dirk: For the last time, I'm not touching your stupid muscles!
And Roxy just so you know, if you hook up with my douche of a sprite, I'm gonna be hella pissed.
Roxy: dag thes musgles r hard as heck
jane u want ink on this action
Jane: yes I surely do!
ooh, these rally are wonderful muscules!
jake you simply must feel this muscules.
Jake: bob howdy!
dink your dopplewhoshit is freakin cut!
hes is truley a mans man.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Dirk, it seems my muscles are a hit
Are you absolutely sure you won't feast your hands on this Grade A Beef?
Dirk: Please. Someone.
Make it stop.
Roxy: hey I know
if dirk wants 2 keep being a drag then maybe shades mc musclesprite wants to quadruple mary us instead?
Jane: there's an ideda!
Jake: whao hey ladies let us note be hasty in exshluding dirk from our happy maritial plans.
dirk iave been wanning yo say that before I soved all my problems I was feeling so bad about things with you.
but now that im happy I hav the answer on how to make ervyone happy!
you me roxy and of course jane who was in love with me just like you!
so I foud out the best way to resolve romanic conflict is for everybrony to marry eachotter!
what you shay pal wanda get married to me? (very happy face)
Dirk: Jake, I'm not marrying shit.
And frankly, you've got some nerve floating down here babbling about marriage with that shit eating grin and that dumb little pumpkin on your head.
After the way you ditched me and ignored all my messages?
You know what, if you didn't like me anymore and wanted to stop hanging out, then fine, I could handle that.
But to just completely shut me out, like I didn't even deserve an explanation, that's just cowardly.
Why couldn't you just man up and talk to me?
You act like I don't have feelings. Like I'm some kind of robot. Well you're wrong, I do.
And I'm using those feelings by starting to Feel like you're actually kind of an asshole.
So whatever you were so afraid to tell me before your fucking sugar high, don't worry about it, I'll save you the trouble.
It's over, Jake.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Excuse me, you there
Unsavory concoction of royalty and peasantry
Come grope my humongous biceps
Erisolsprite: no bloody way.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes, do it
Erisolsprite: equius why are you actin like such a bulgesniffin toolbox what the hell happened to you?
and why are you wearin that guys lame glasses. take those off even you had more style than that.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Alright, no takers there I see. Only a pair of grotesque philistines blustering through the same coarse ignorance tunnel
What about you, miss unpalatable combination of Feferi and
And
Oh
Oh no
Erisolsprite: what.
Fefetasprite:: (Cat face with two mouths wearing a tiara and goggles) (gasp}ing face wearing a tiara
and goggles)

Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Dirk
Dirk, help, I'm having a problem

Dirk: What??

Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) A part of me is having a very Strong emotional reaction which I don't like
It's a part of myself I'm ashamed of


Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) The troll part. It did something shameful once
I do not find such emotions to be an acceptable feature of my new existence
How can I make this feeling go away

Dirk, I command you to instruct me how to eliminate these emotions

Dirk: Can't help you bro!

This is what you asked for. You said you were scared to not exist.
Well, this is what it's like to keep on existing. Better figure out how to deal!

Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) No. That's awful
I don't know what to do
With all of my astounding Strength, both muscular and cerebral, how can I be stymied so?

Dying was better than having to live with the shame which was ironically caused by the very death in question

Erisolsprite: equius what the Fuck are you talking about.

Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) You, seadwelling mustard blood
Half of me commands the peasant half of you to resolve my emotional turmoil, while humbly requesting the noble half of you to do the same

The other half of me doesn't give a flying hoot about your lame caste bullshunt and is just kind of freaking out internally about this

Erisolsprite: ehehehe wow zahhak you might actually be more a mess than me, i am fuckin impressed.

but yeah talkin it out when you got aims a reconciliation helps, me and the feferi side a this abomination had a nice talk earlier, sorta.

say what you got to say, just dont mess with the feferi parts too much ok man? shes very dear to me, i mean both parts a me got it?

Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) You're right, I must speak to her

Nepeta, I swore that I would protect you, but I failed

In a moment of weakness my reverence for a superior got the better of me, and instead of standing up for you I decided to bow before a stupid faxing juggalo or something? What?

Wait, I actually did that? What the fresh nickering hole is Wrong with me?

Fefetasprite: (sad face with two mouths wearing a tiara and goggles) (uncertain face wearing a tiara and goggles)

Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) I am not a perfect man, Nepeta. Nor am I "purrfect" as you might say. What the fudge? A cat pun? Let's pull our shirt together dude, this emotional state is mad abysmal

But in any case, I hope you can find it within your kind olive pump biscuit to... forgive...

No!

Gosh Dangit! I don't deserve to be forgiven, what am I saying! The shut I pulled on you was so bad... I just can't even...

Erisolsprite: hey can you maybe wrap up this psychotic apology you wretched freak. wow youre actually makin me look like the model a mental health.

anyway youre confusin the feferi side of her with your weird emotional baggage.

Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Allow me to finish, sir slash peon

Erisolsprite: feferi try not to listen to anythin he says.
youve had enough heartache to endure without lumping in nepetas twisted relationship with this
horsekissin musclefuck.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Nepeta, you will disregard any conversation directed at Feferi and focus solely on my attempted statements of contrition
Erisolsprite: man what right do you have to order nepeta to do anythin, let alone listen to your conflicted whining?
heheh, fef can you believe this guy??
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Do not address Feferi while I'm talking Nepeta
It's confusing to Nepeta, who is critical in absolving me of guilt, even though I probably don't deserve it?
Erisolsprite: fuck your absolution i take back my advice.
stop talkin to nepeta and Leave Feferi Alone.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) No
Erisolsprite: yes.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) No
Erisolsprite: yes.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) No
Erisolsprite: augh im not doin your dumbass yes no shit!!
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Then leave us, for I and my moirail have much to discuss
Erisolsprite: no you flippin Dont, this conversation is over.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes I do
Erisolsprite: no you dont.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
Erisolsprite: no.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
Erisolsprite: No.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
Erisolsprite: No this has to stop!! Cant you see were tearin fefeta apart??

Sucker Next

[Image description: Fefetasprite looks frantically back and forth between Erisolsprite and Arquiusprite while shaking, flashing faintly pink, and letting out small sparks.]

Sucker Next

[Image description: Fefetasprite dear, sweet, precious fefetasplodes into a pink-edged white cloud, tossing Erisolsprite and Arquiusprite back a little.]

Sucker Next

[Image description: Gamzee covers his mouth and his eyes go wide as he lets out a little tiny honk.]


[Image description: The chorus of Jingle Bells plays on clown horns accompanied by meows and boinks. All four of the tricksters run in a circle around Dirk's alchemiter, which has a Kringlefucker on it: the same shitty christmas tree Jade alchemized once. Jane, Jake and Roxy smile maniacally but Dirk is stone faced. Gamzee, C.D., Squarewave, and Sawtooth watch. A scrolling banner under them says Oh Boy!!!!!!!!!!!]

[S] Sucker Next

[Image description: The song Warhammer of Zillyhoo with meows and honks begins to play. It shows a map of an unfamiliar world. Along the top of the map, there are four similarly sized
landmasses, the center two of which are separated by only a narrow straight. In the bottom half, there are three land masses, but the center one is much larger than the others. The west one is situated lower than the rest and the east one is higher. Next to that one, there is a drawing of a pink, winged sea serpent with a zillyhoo head. Each major landmass has a blinking Z? On it, making 7 in total. After about a minute of singing over the map, it cuts to Caliborn looking up and clasping his hands in delight. Above him, it says 'Worldbuilding.'

You round up an assortment of ordinary household weaponry and begin to recreate a series of legendary weapons from the seven continents of a magical kingdom from cherubim folklore. The name of the kingdom is a well guarded secret, traded only by the cunning ninnywizards in hushed giggles. If you beheld this kingdom - if you even knew its name - you would understand stupidity no human ever has. For it is said that any mortal who listens to its melodious, perfectly absurd syllables will achieve instantaneous dumblightenment.

Each legendary weapon is named after the continent it was created in. But no one in the kingdom knows which name belongs to what continent, not even the wizards. The subjects frequently ask each other which continent they're on, and as such every conversation tends to sound like an Abbott and Costello routine. Some have even speculated that the vaudevillian comedy duo are the kingdom's mirthful messiahs, but that is a matter of heated debate among the federation of baloney scholars.

Sucker Next

[Image description: The war hammer of Zillyhoo appears in the alchemy excursus. It costs One Zillion zillium. A second image shows Jane staring at one, which sits on the ground.]

There she is. Forged in fire by the smiths of Pipplemop, commissioned by the sage Lord of the Wozzinjay Fiefdom in the Realm of the Snargly Fruzmigbubbins,

You made...

The Warhammer of Zillyhoo

Sucker Next

[Image description: The excursus now shows the Battle spork of Zillywut, a massive spork with a red scoop section, a blue striped handle, a large yellow block with a Z on it right below the head, and a pink orb with a smiley face on the end of the handle. It also costs one zillion zillium. A second image shows Jane dancing next to it while Jake and Roxy watch.]

Plucked from the revered utensil drawer of none other than the Chieftain of the Trifletoot Clan himself, polished to a gleam in his loincloth by his devoted Abecedarian Buttersquire,

Behold.

The Battle spork of Zillywut

Sucker Next

[Image description: Now it's the Flitlocks of Zillyhau, a pair of flintlock pistols with pink and light blue striped barrels, dark blue grips, and pink, smiling orbs on the bottoms of them. The area where the barrel and the grip meet is yellow and has a large Z on it. The hammer is rainbow and ends in a yellow star. They, predictably, also cost one zillion zillium. In a second image, Dirk watches impassively as Jake dances next to his new pistols.]
Each was hand crafted by the seniormost Artillery Hermit of the hallowed Schundermoist Caves, to be mounted in times of peace upon the Royal Burblemonk's personal Placard of Dwib,

Lo:

The Flintlocks of Zillyhau

Sucker Next

[Image description: The excursus shows the Cutlass of Zillywair, a faintly curved, single-edged sword. The blade is mostly blue, but the cutting edge has a thin line of bright red on it with a thin line of green separating the blue and red. The grip is striped orange and blue with a smiling pink orb as the pommel. The cross guard has two different parts. One side has a pink piece that curves down and around to connect with the pommel. The other is a forked rainbow with the larger piece ending in a smiling pink orb and the other ending in a yellow star. Where the two halves of the cross guard and the hilt meet, there's a yellow rectangle with a Z on it. It also costs one zillion zillium. In a second image, Dirk turns away from the cutlass as Jane and Roxy stand nearby.]

Swashed from the buckles of the rough'n tumble Bellyjape Seamen and offered atop the kingdom's last known wildly occurring pluffy dimplepillow to the resplendent 1st Rumbylumplewiffig of the Horsehorsehorse Administration,

I give you

The Cutlass of Zillywair

Sucker Next

[Image description: Now there's the Blunderbuss of Zillywigh, which also costs one zillion zillium. It's a large gun with a flared end to the barrel. The barrel itself is bright yellow and rests in a dark blue support with a stripe of light blue on the top. The border between the colors looks like gear teeth. Where the barrel meets the body, there's a large yellow rectangle with a Z on it. The grip is striped pink and light blue and has a smiling pink orb on the end. The trigger is a rainbow with a red guard around it. There's an extra piece sticking out from under the gun about halfway down the barrel. It's a curved rainbow ending in a yellow star, perhaps meant for the user to hold to give it extra stability. In a second image, Roxy and Jake stare at it. Jane stands on Roxy's head.]

Cast from the most priceless squippyclink ores mined from the famous whooping volcanoes owned and curated by the distinguished Maximillion Hotpocket Puckershuttle Junior, and then packed to the brim with the hilarious traveling Grief Miser's explosive winklepork snuff,

*Ta da*

The Blunderbuss of Zillywigh

Sucker Next

[Image description: The excursus now shows the Unbreakable Katana. It's a regular katana with a silver blade and a black handle, just like the one Dirk already had. For some reason, it costs one zillion zillium, too. In a second image, Jane, Jake, and Roxy finally stop jumping around and stand in a line, all staring down at the sword. For once, they aren't grinning. If anything, they look concerned. Dirk stands next to his sword and still has no expression.]

A real hard sword for a real hard dude. It was said to be forged by a Japanese master over the heat of a roaring manga fire. It was cooled in an enchanted spring where virgin horses bathe, and
Yeah this is still just Dirk's sword.

Sucker Next

[Image description: The excursus changes to the Thistles of Zillywich, which, as always, cost one zillion zillium. They are two long wands not unlike Rose's needle wands. They have red and dark blue stripes coiling around the wand portions. At the ends where they're meant to be held, there is a pink smiling orb and something like a crossbar. Each side of the crossbars is a forked rainbow with one piece ending in a smiling pink orb and one ending in a star. In a second image, Jake, Jane, and Roxy smile again and dance around them. Dirk lays on the floor in the background.]

Flippety dippety doo bup bup shrubber double floppy mumblescurry noodlescoop pizzabubble pizzabubble mip mip mip mip mip.

Check it out.

The Thistles of Zillywich

Sucker Next

[Image description: Now it shows Zilly wave, which is version of Square wave with a pink head and legs, a yellow chest and lower legs, a Z on his chest, and a dark blue hat with a light blue band and a red brim. One of his eyes is blue and the other is red. He costs one zillion zillium, too. A second image shows the excursus open to Sawhoo, which is a Sawtooth with a pink face, yellow hat, and a dark blue cloak with light blue trim. He also costs one zillion zillium. They both wear red shoes with bright green laces, heels, and toes. A third image shows Zillywave and Sawhoo standing next to each other while all four tricksters dance around far behind them.]

For good measure, you decide to make Zillywave and Sawhoo.

Just to be on the safe side.

Some day you'll look back on this decision and say thank god I did that.

What next?

Oh, oh! Do a fancy santa.

[Image description: Dirk and Roxy stand on the main platform of the alchemiter. Jane stands on the small platform and Jake stands on the edge of the base. They all stare at a grey, fancy santa statue in the center of the alchemiter. Jane, Jake, and Roxy look ecstatic, and Dirk couldn't care less.]

Are you sure that's really a good idea?

A fancy santa is already such a piece of shit. Maybe let's try not to get carried away making shitty things even shittier than they need to be.

Sucker Next

[Image description: Jake, Jane, and Roxy begin to dance because the fancy santa is now wearing a blue robe, has a pink face, and is carrying a bunch of colorful toys. Dirk isn't involved in the shenanigans.]

Ok. You make a Zilly Santa.

You guess that's fine.
As long as you only make one.

Sucker Next

[Image description: Zilly Santas cover the floor and the three of them dance even harder.]

Oh fuck you make a bunch of zilly santas.

[S] Wheeeeeeeeee!

[Image description: The clown horn jingle bells plays again. The three of them swim through a pile of zilly santas that has engulfed Dirk as well. There's a kringlefucker and a pink conksuck boot in there as well.]

Ok kids I think it's time we moved this along, don't you?

Hello???

Fuckin teens.

[s] Ha Ha Ha! He He He! Ho Ho Ho!

[Image description: Honking Jingle Bells continues to play as it slowly zooms in on a Zilly Sanra's nose. His skin, hair, and cheek spirals shift colors hypnotically. His left eye is green and his right is red. Both have spinning red and green spirals for pupils. As it zooms in, the song slowly distorts and horrifying, distorted children's laughter begins to play. It zooms in on the santa's nose until that's all there is on the screen. After what feels like forever, it finally stops and a large black back arrow appears with 'the end' written inside it. Don't click it or the whole ordeal will start over.]

God dammit.

We're just gonna zoom in forever on that santa nose aren't we.

Ok we're done here.

Go Back to Act 6 Act 5 Act 1.

[Image description: Jane, who is no longer a trickster, holds the swirl sucker and trembles. She looks terrified and shook. There are deep bags under her eyes, her hair is a mess, and she's sweating. Three rusty chains hang in the background behind her, almost making an H shape across the background.]

You return to the safety of Act 6 Act 5 Act 1. You finally slip out of the fabled peachbirth trance of the jokebollocks, and cease quaking in the foodsandwich throes of the goofjester tongues, stubborn though they were.

Let us never speak of Act 6 Act 5 Act 2 again.

Caliborn: What the fuck.
Hussie: (question mark)
Caliborn: Just.
What.
Caliborn: No.

Next
Hussie: please don't type in the narrative prompt.
Caliborn: you can't fucking do that.
Hussie: do what.
Caliborn: go backwards.
Hussie: this isn't backwards stupid. It's forwards. after all the trickster shit happened.
Caliborn: no. I mean. backwards by an "act".
or I guess. An "act act act"?
argh. I hate the things I'm forced to say. And acknowledge as real. Because of you.
Hussie: i can go back all the act act acts I want.
the act act acts are kind of meaningless anyway.
besides, trickster mode was getting obnoxious.
Caliborn: no it wasn't!
Hussie: yes it was.
Caliborn: no.
Hussie: yes.
Caliborn: no.
Hussie: let's not do the equius yes/no thing.
Caliborn: it was great. It was the best thing I ever unlocked. From your bullshit monitors.
don't erase the only awesome thing. I ever saw these assholes do. Aside from dying.
Hussie: what are you talking about? I didn't erase it. It was still a thing that happened.
do you really think I have the power to make something unhappen??
i would have to be a wizard to do that. And as we both know perfectly well, magic is fake as shit.
Caliborn: i want to see more candy antics you awful fuck.
send me back forward to the next act act act.
Hussie: no way.
and incidentally, I didn't authorize you to send that lollipop.
Caliborn: oh, what. You don't approve of my juju?!
Hussie: approve of kids doing something kinda like drugs and making dumb plans to get quadruple
married and have babies?
no, I don't approve of that.
besides, that's no way to make progress.
you don't just give the heroes some cheap game breaking candy let them blast through the whole
adventure and all their personal issues.
that's some deus ex machina shit you were trying to pull.
Caliborn: yeah right. More like.
delicious ex machina!
Hussie: lame.
Caliborn: go back.
Hussie: no.
Caliborn: i mean backforward.
Hussie: no.
Caliborn: go backforward to act act act whatever.
Hussie: no.
Caliborn: i want to see them finish their candy romp!
Hussie: nope!
Caliborn: yes.
Hussie: no.
Caliborn: yes.
Hussie: no.
Caliborn: yes.
Hussie: no.
Caliborn: you piece of shit!

[Fuck You!] Next

[Image description: Jane still looks shaken and confused. Suddenly a crowbar reaches in and begins smacking the website, sending links flying, the sucker bouncing, candy corn into Jane's hair along with the 'home' link, and making Jane cringe back and shout. A large blue exclamation mark flashes next to her with each hit. Even the command prompt box bounces around. You'll have to fight to click the next button.]

Hussie: oh not this again!
Caliborn: stop making the thing go backwards.
Hussie: why did gamzee have to give you that crowbar??
ugh, I should have killed him a long time ago.
 fuckin clowns tho...
Caliborn: this atrocious garbage you're making me watch.
is neverending enough!
without making me go backwards through "acts"! You are literally.
the most incompetent asshole at doing this.
whatever *this* is.
who ever fucking lived!!!!!!!!!!!!
Hussie: put the crowbar down.
Caliborn: no!
Hussie: good grief, poor jane.
Caliborn: stop horsing around.
and tell me how to get on with my godawful quest already!
Hussie: ok fine! The spoiled baby gets his bottle yet again.
just put the thing down.

Next

[Image description: Caliborn stands in front of a large command prompt screen while holding the crowbar. The flickering of the screen casts him in a silhouette that seems to be changing sizes ever so faintly.]

authorlog
Hussie: caliborn, first let me explain something to you.
i guess it falls on me to teach you these life lessons, because as unpleasant as the idea is for both of us, I am the closest thing you will ever have to a father.
you see, teenagers are sensitive and beautiful creatures.
well, not you. You are repulsive. But most teenagers, I mean.
you can't just force them to settle all their issues with insane psychotropic game powerups.
they have to face all those issues themselves, or they will never learn and grow as people.
Caliborn: who cares??
Hussie: well, you don't. But human beings do.
the journey itself is more important than the destination.
the struggle is what builds character and teaches us about ourselves and about life.
Caliborn: bullshit.
i did them all a favor. By giving them my juju. 
they were going nowhere. And being stupid. 
and doing literally nothing whatsoever. Except for wallowing in grotesque emotions. 
look how much great stuff they got done because of me!
Hussie: of course you think you were doing them a favor. You're an alien. 
so is your sister. She thought the juju would be a great boon for them as well. But she was wrong. 
see, you cherubs are predisposed to love all this trickster crap. All that goofy squeaky candy coated nonsense is a critical part of your people's mythos. 
that sugarized zillyjunk sort of embodies a unified field of absurd platonic ideals to the cherubim, 
so when you see expressions of it in reality of course you're gonna go apeshit. 
but that kind of stuff is freakish and disturbing to humans. Those aren't our ideals. 
Caliborn: what. 
Hussie: furthermore, that could only be seen as a boon from an asocial species. 
you never have to deal with other people. So if you lick a magic lollipop that flips a switch in your brain that says "all my problems are solved," I guess maybe that's fine for cherubs, but if you're a human you haven't actually solved anything. 
by the same logic it's not much of a boon to a human's physical journey either. 
using an item that lets them start maniacally powering from point A to point B isn't doing them any favors. 
Caliborn: i have no idea what you're talking about. 
Hussie: it's like when mario gets the star. 
you know when mario gets the star? 
Caliborn: who the fuck is mario. 
Hussie: he's a small italian plumber who goes on sideways adventures. 
he jumps on stuff and bops bricks with his head to save a princess. 
Caliborn: what's italian. 
what's a plumber. 
Hussie: never mind what an italian is. It's just a kind of guy on earth. 
and a plumber is a guy who fixes load gapers. 
Caliborn: what's a load gaper. 
Hussie: shut up. 
anvay, sometimes when mario's running sideways he gets a star that makes him magic and invincible. 
Caliborn: oh. You mean he becomes trickster mario. 
Hussie: yes, but less stupid. 
so for a while he becomes flashy and hyperactive and nothing's challenging anymore. 
he just starts barreling over mushrooms and leaping over pits as fast as he can, then gets to the end and jumps on the flagpole and that's it. Mario "wins". 
but the point is, he didn't really win. That magic star was actually devastating to his development as a human being. 
Caliborn: why. 
Hussie: because he skipped over many critical trials on his spiritual journey. 
mario needs to stomp on all those mushrooms. He needs to bonk those bricks with his head, for the sake of his personal growth. 
by using the star, he is denying himself many powerful moments of catharsis. 
Caliborn: uh. 
Hussie: well, I don't know. Maybe mario isn't the best example. 
like I'm not sure if mario really even has a soul? 
he's just kind of a one-dimensional friendly cartoon plumber. 
so maybe this stuff doesn't quite apply to him. 
but these aren't one-dimensional plumbers we're talking about here. 
these are teens.
and as we all know, teens have big feelings.
Caliborn: i can't take anymore of this.
the discourse with you has been even more grating and unpalatable than usual.
you said you'd help me speed up my quest. But all you did.
was trick me into hearing another conversation. In which you indulge yourself to an extent. Which
I cannot even believe.
i'm going to hit things with my crowbar again.
Hussie: no don't!
jane is still nursing a wicked hangover you ass.
Caliborn: then be useful to me.

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. The conversation Caliborn and Hussie had in the command
prompt is on the large screen between the two locked keyholes. Lil Seb and the orb are now on top
of the structure. Lil Cal rests against the counter and Gamzee stands off to the side. Caliborn has a
red faygo sitting at his feet next to the crowbar and Gamzee has a purple one.]

authorlog
Caliborn: i think I've been forced to unlock these screens. And view these pointless events. Long
enough.
my quest is dumb. I want to know how to get on with the real adventure.
Hussie: has it occurred to you that your quest in its limitless tedium and thankless busywork was
designed to facilitate your personal growth?
to prepare you for your ultimate destiny beyond this game?
Caliborn: no.
anyway didn't you say one time. I was incapable of growing???
Hussie: oh right.
well, has it occurred to you that it might have been designed to fuck with your head and serve as a
punishment for being such a horrible little shit?
Caliborn: yes!!!
yes.
that occurs to me. Every second I think about it.
i have tolerated many aggravations.
and am prepared to tolerate many more.
if it gets me closer to triumphing over you and this moronic game.
i will find more keys under random ass unlabeled stones.
i will watch another million hours of numbskulls whimpering about their romance not coming true.
i will even endure more of these patently ludicrous act act act act act acts even though they appear
to mean nothing at all.
but what I will not stand for.
is going.
fucking.
backwards!!!
Hussie: fair enough.
but I already told you how to accelerate your viewing.
Hussie: see those two panes of glass there?
take your crowbar and smash them.
Caliborn: oh. Yeah.
ugh. I forgot.
is that really the only way. To go to what's next.
so that I can put my plans in motion?
Hussie: yes.
you should be pleased by the irony.
smashing the glass will cause you to reflect upon a lifetime you have yet to spend...

um.
breaking stuff.
Caliborn: (question mark) (question mark) (question mark)
Hussie: is the irony not fucking delicious?
Caliborn: no.

stop trying to bogart my schtick. Of playing insidious mind games and doing shitty twists.
you suck at it so bad.
Hussie: i'm sorry.
Caliborn: it's not breaking the glass I mind.
this is the thing that involves.

*shudder*
"team work"
Caliborn: right?
Hussie: yes.
you and a buddy have to turn both keys simultaneously.
it will teach you a wonderful lesson about life.
Caliborn: fuck!
Hussie: don't act like you aren't secretly having a great time there with your new friends.
you are practically the ringmaster of your own little dark carnival by now.

and you're loving every minute of it. Don't deny it.
Caliborn: no I'm not!
Hussie: sooner or later you will have to face the fact that literally all adventures are about learning
the value of teamwork.
teamwork and friendship. The two razor sharp edges of the mighty excalibur which every hero
should keep in his scabbard.
even shitty heroes like you.
Caliborn: fine. I'll do it.
but only because the alternative. Where I talk to you. For even one more second.
would be so much worse.
(lock symbol) -- The narrative prompt has been locked. --

Caliborn: Break glass.

[Image description: Gamzee, Lil Seb, and Caliborn move over to the right side of the machine.
Caliborn raises the crowbar and prepares to smash one of the pieces of glass.]

Next

[Image description: The crowbar smashes through the glass, sending shards flying.]

Next

[Image description: Caliborn and Gamzee each stand next to one of the keyholes, which have both
been opened. Lil Seb stands near Caliborn.]

Next

[Image description: In a split panel, they each hold out a plain silver key, each with a jester
keychain. Gamzee's is the smiling one while Caliborn's is the frowning one.]


[Image description: A split panel shows each of them holding their key, which is inserted in their lock. A green number at the top of the screen counts down from three. After it reaches one, they simultaneously turn the keys. They turn in opposite directions: Gamzee goes clockwise and Caliborn goes counterclockwise. The sound of something powering up plays as the screen fades to white. The sound fades to a low hum as the two large TV screens on the tower turn on. Both are split in half, vertically. The left monitor has a pink background with the Heart aspect symbol on the left and a blue background with the Void aspect symbol on the right. The right monitor has a yellow background with the Hope aspect symbol on the left and a beige background with the Life aspect symbol on the right.]

[Note: The link to the next page has two arrows.]

Next

Act 6 Act 5: Of Gods and Tricksters, Act 1 x2 Combo

[Image description: There are two pages of the comic side by side, complete with links to the next page for both, though both have two arrows. The one under the left page has the second arrow angled upwards, pointing towards the second page. A banner at the top of the page reads 'Act 6 Act 5 Act 1 x2 Combo!!' in pulsing yellow text, which remains there for the entire sub-sub-act. The panels are the same as what was shown on the monitors- The heart and void symbols in the left panel and the hope and life symbols in the right.]

[Note: Because of the way the images interact, they will be described as columns, like they are divided into pages, unless otherwise stated. All image descriptions will be given, then any dialogue or captions. The text will still be separated by the Nexts, but the descriptions will all be given together.]

Next

[Left image description: Dirk and Roxy lay on their sacrificial slabs, surrounded by purple chains that run from one side of the cavern at the center of Derse to the other. Dirk sits up and holds his head, but Roxy stays laying down with her phone on her chest. Their hair is messy and Dirk shakes slightly.]

[Right image description: Jake and Jane lay on their sacrificial slabs in similar states of disarray. Jake wears his skulltop and stays down while Jane sits up and squints at her phone.]

pesterlog

timaeusTestified [T.T.] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]

T.T.: Jane.


Next

pesterlog

T.T.: What happened to the lollipop?

G.G.: I dropped it.

Next
G.G.: I think it fell into the crypt.

T.T.: Good.

G.T.: Roxy?
T.G.: yynnnrrnrg wat
G.T.: I take it by that disgruntled series of letters that you’re feeling about as cruddy as me and Jane right now.
T.G.: yea jake
Welcome to hangover city
population
some extra chumps besides me 4 a change
G.T.: Well you know what they say about misery. And how it supposedly enjoys company.
T.G.: hrrrngh
no it doesn’t
it enjoys a wet towel draped over its head
and less talkin
G.T.: Hiyo000!
Point well taken.
T.G.: omg stop being so chipper dude do u feel like shit or not
G.T.: Indubitably. Rest assured it feels like a brood of anxious vermin is making its most valiant effort to escape from my skull.
T.G.: lol jake english w a hangover everyone
slow clap

G.T.: Pardon?
T.G.: im just sayin if you’re hung over for the 1st time pls do the experience some justice
ur giving suffering a bad name
G.T.: I will say the multicolored lights from my computer strobing directly into my eyeballs aren’t helping the matter one freaking bit.
T.G.: S.M.H.
(not literally cuz ow)
jake here is some sage advice from a veteran of substance abuse and its deleterious consequences
G.T.: Well I wouldn't but I just gave Jane my only other device.
I don't know how many times I've told her to keep more than one computer on her no matter what in case of situations just like this.

T.G.: Oh
why's she want a computer
is that who Dirks talking to now
G.T.: I don't know. Maybe.
She's not exactly talking to me at the moment.
Not that I can blame her.

Next

[Left image description: It zooms out on the Derse half of the conversation. Dirk has a Jane alert and Roxy has a Jake alert. Dirk turns to look at Roxy.

Right image description: It zooms out on the Prospit half of the conversation. Jake has a Roxy alert and Jane has a Dirk alert. Jane turns to look at Jake.]

pesterlog
T.T.: So.
Best birthday ever?
Or best Fucking birthday ever.
In the interest of appeasing the irony gods, let's go with the latter.
T.T.: Whatever role I played in ruining your party.
Sorry about that.
G.G.: Oh lord. The Last thing I give a shit about is my stupid "sweet sixteen". What a farce. I was trying to act as if we were all living normal well adjusted lives, albeit in a marvelous fantasy setting populated by skeletons.
And if only we just had some cake and wore some hats and I blew out all the candles in one big puff, we could pretend all the problems we had with each other would magically stop existing. And the most horrifying thing of all is, I actually got my wish!
Haha. Thanks, Calliope.
Oh well. I'm sure she had good intentions.
T.T.: Yeah.
I still think I've been pretty lousy to you. I had my head up my ass for a while there.
By the time your birthday came around, I was kinda freaking out about Jake.
I thought I had the situation under control. But I didn't. Not just with Jake, but with respect to pretty much everything.
G.G.: I understand.
Boy, you really let him have it back there!
T.T.: I guess so.
G.G.: I had a similar meltdown with him earlier. I'm not going to lie. It felt really good.
T.T.: Heh.
G.G.: At least, it did at the time.
I only wish I could have stayed as lucid as you during our... Transformation.
How did you manage that?
T.T.: It wasn't on purpose. Actually if I had a choice, I probably would have just said, fuck it. Sugar shock my brain, please.
Suffice to say, I have trouble escaping from myself. It's kind of a problem. Let's not talk about it though. Please continue.
G.G.: Okay.
So instead of keeping my cool like you, I just started gushing over him like a lovestruck loon,
surrendering any sliver of dignity I might have earned by telling him off earlier.
I just cannot believe some of the things I said. Oh God. I told him I wanted to get married and have
babies!!!
T.T.: Yeah but to be fair, by the time you came looking for me, all three of you were saying that to
anything that moved.
G.G.: I know! But...
It's one thing to write off something you say to an altered state of mind. But what makes the
admission so mortifying to me is...
I actually Meant it.
And I'm sure he must know that by now.
And now I feel so humiliated I just want to die.
I would ask him to shoot me right here, if I could bring myself to say a word to him.
T.T.: Somehow I don't think he's up to the task.
Which is doubly unfortunate, since that's literally what we all came here to do.
Speaking personally, I'd probably run this sword through my own dick before I could bring myself
to kill Roxy. Even for her own good.
So.
When the chips are down, I guess that's how much of a badass I really am.
G.G.: Woo!!!
We are all such Winners.
T.T.: Yeah, our moxie's off the fuckin' charts.

Next Next

pesterlog
G.T.: Rox?
T.G.: wat
G.T.: Am i an asshole?
T.G.: no j
G.T.: I think i might be an asshole.
All of my friends hate me now.
Are you sure im not just an asshole and never actually realized it?
T.G.: well maybe youre an asshole sometimes but its always on accident and most people are
accidental assholes a lot of times anyway so who cares
G.T.: I cant believe i was so oblivious to the feelings of all the people i care about.
How could i not see that jane was in love with me? I really am a dope.
I guess i did know deep down at some point... but then i somehow convinced myself otherwise?
I cant even imagine how she must have felt all this time i was seeing dirk. And all those times i
talked her ear off about our relationship! Oh goodness.
T.G.: yuuup
G.T.: I wonder what things would be like if she told me?
Maybe its better she didnt in the end.
I probably would have just broken her heart like i did with dirk.
I should say something to her but im not sure what to say. I dont think she wants to hear anything
from me to be honest.
Maybe you could tell her im sorry for me?
T.G.: why cant you just tell her
shes right there
G.T.: I dunno. Shes obviously so mad at me. I cant bring myself to say anything.
Im also just really fucking chagrined over how i treated her.
If i was brave i could face that feeling and just talk to her and try to make us square.
But i dont think i really am brave.
Im not brave and i dont think i love adventure either.

T.G.: wow... jake...
G.T.: You know how you think you know these things about yourself?
Like all these personal attributes about you as if they're written down somewhere like a sort of mini biography so they have to be true.
So you just believe them and hope that the believing is what makes them true.
But then you spend so much time believing those things and taking their truth for granted that you somehow forget to Make them true with your words and deeds.
How can i truly love adventure when i never even knew what it was?
I dont think its raiding tombs and clobbering scoundrels.
That stuffs fun and all but thats not what adventure is.
Adventure is...
Its something else.
Its doing the things im genuinely afraid to do.
But cant.
Because im a coward.
T.G.: ok ok stop shittin on urself ill tell her for you

Next Next

[Left image description: A Jane alert appears next to Roxy's Jake alert. Dirk looks away from Roxy.

Right image description: Jake rolls halfway over and Jane turns away from him sadly. A Roxy alert appears next to the Dirk alert on Jane's phone.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Jane, you know,
We probably should have talked about this Jake stuff a long time ago.
G.G.: Tell me about it.
T.T.: I don't know if I was kidding myself all those years that there was a conflict of interest between us, or what.
G.G.: Same.
T.T.: Maybe I was just pretending your feelings for him weren't a factor because my pursuit of him was already overcomplicated enough.
Or maybe it was more like I was aware of them, but on some level decided they shouldn't matter, because I felt like you had a natural advantage over me.
Cause you know. You're like.
Not a dude.
G.G.: But I always felt you had the advantage over me too!
Because you're... You.
You make things happen, and I don't.
T.T.: Yeah well. Turns out maybe that's not such a good quality if you wanna make a relationship last longer than three seconds. At least not in my case.
I know I ripped into him pretty hard when I had the clown hair and the little soda can on my head.
But the truth is I was pretty goddamn overbearing.
Sometimes I look back on stuff and think I might have essentially bullied him into a relationship with me.
Actually, it's more complicated than that. Parts of me were operating independently from myself.
So it's like I was bullying myself into bullying him into liking me. If that makes sense.
G.G.: It doesn't really. But that's fine. (buck toothed smiley face)
T.T.: Anyway, my insanity scared him right the fuck off. There were times when I basically treated him like shit without even realizing it, and I regret it. I should probably tell him that, but given how I just called him an asshole while wearing orange suspenders, I'm probably the last person he wants to hear from now.

G.G.: Clearly we both used some poor judgment. Looking back, it seems crazy to me that we both jeopardized our friendship over a mutual infatuation with, let's face it, one spectacularly goofy kid.

T.T.: Can we both at least agree we may have overrated the allure of Jake English?

G.G.: Yes.

T.T.: Maybe if we could have talked to each other about him it would have helped. Like talked about why we felt that way about him.

At least maybe it would have helped us knock English down from the ludicrous pedestal we put him on.

G.G.: Yeah. That might have saved us a lot of grief. It's not like I hate him now, even though that's probably what he thinks. He's still my friend. But the extent to which I centered my whole life around a childish fantasy about him is just painfully embarrassing in hindsight.

I wonder if I'll ever be able to look at him again without feeling miserable about myself?

T.T.: So does that mean we're both totally over him now? I can't really tell.

G.G.: Me neither. (uncertain face)

T.T.: I guess the real problem is our clique was too small. Poor Jake was the only viable romantic target. I mean, considering our respective orientations. Maybe we just never knew enough people?

G.G.: Perhaps.

Or maybe we just don't need anybody. As anything other than friends, I mean.

T.T.: In the interest of appeasing the bitterness gods, let's go with the latter.

Next

pesterlog
tipsyGnostalgic [T.G.] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [G.G.]
T.G.: hay janey
how u holdin up girl
T.G.: you off urself yet
G.G.: No?
T.G.: ok good
please dont yet
i got a personal back stage pass 2 the jake english self loathing tour
an im in no condition to take the full brunt of his lamentations but im the only one hes talkin to soooo
need a lil support here from my bestie
G.G.: What is he saying?
T.G.: he wants me to relay an apology to you cause he thinks hes not brave enough to say it like ten feet away there on his stone bed and he thinks ur pissed @ him
G.G.: Aw man.
I don't want to do this.
T.G.: do what
G.G.: An awkward "tell him I said" sequence of apologies through text messages.
T.G.: ok
thats a sane answer
what should i say
G.G.: Tell him I said we'll talk about it later.
Like, after we're dead.
T.G.: k
well maybe i wont say that last part but k
G.G.: How's it going over there?
T.G.: fine
not a lot of progress on the dyin front
dont look like dirk much wants to stab me with his manime sword...
tbh waiting around to be buddymurdered and/or off oneself is even more awkward than you would
think plus kind of a drag??
specially w a headache blarg
jane this is dumb
G.G.: Yeah. Call me crazy, but I don't think our candy-addled selves thought this through entirely.
T.G.: yo trixster mode sucks ass txt it
jane u know what im sad about
G.G.: Hm?
T.G.: fefeta exploding
G.G.: Yeah. (sad face)
T.G.: whyd she have to die again like that
she was so sweet and perfect and my friend
she would always just talk and talk about the funniest things from her life as two troll ladies and it
always lifted my spirits
am i cursed or somethin jane?
G.G.: Cursed?
T.G.: yeah
its like
i always seem to accidentally kill my cats
or my half cat girls
ummm
who are part sea princess and also an alien ghost
i dunno maybe this line o speculation has no particular coherence
jane
after we go god tier you want to help me have a funeral for her
G.G.: Of course, Roxy.
T.G.: i would like that
i always wanted to go to a funeral
is that weird? maybe thats weird i dont know
i mean not like in an especially morbid or gothy kinda way i just think it would be cool to honor her
memory
i never did that for frigglish but i should have
shit jakes buggin me again brb

Next Next

[Image description: Derse hangs in the void. It's moon extends out to the north west.]

pesterlog
G.T.: Er roxy while youre at it...
Do you think you could relay the same sentiments to dirk?
I was thinking about all the stuff he said to me while we were all telling him to dance.
And yeah i was really being a prick when i ran away to lomax. He was right about everything. I should have come clean about wanting some space.

T.G.: dammit jake
after your whole bravery spiel you wanna relay double apologies thru me??
G.T.: I know! Im so terrible im sorry!!!
Im just not feeling up to those conversations yet. 
My head is Killing me! Augh grandma why did your sweet skull based computing technology have to be such a Brain fucker!

T.G.: well i cant do it
G.T.: Why?
T.G.: cause im sort of kinda
not talkin 2 dirk either
G.T.: Why not??
T.G.: cause of reasons
(sad face)
G.T.: Golly.
But you are talking to jane yes?
T.G.: ye
G.T.: Well...
Seeing as shes presumably talking to dirk...
And youre relaying my apology to her already...
Why dont you relay my apology to dirk through her?
T.G.: omfg jake
jake no
lmao
G.T.: Why not!
Shed probably be a sport about it.
Hell they could probably bond over what an absolute douche muffin ive been to them both.
T.G.: El Sigh
look jake you squeezed a spanish sigh outta me are u happy
G.T.: And if theres some heavy business youre having trouble addressing with dirk in person you could get jane to relay him a message for you as well!
T.G.: aahahahaha jake
jake i
no jake
thats so
alright ima tell jane like p much exactly what you said
but only because its so fuckin dumb and hilarious

Next Next

pesterlog
T.G.: jane jake wants u to pass an apology to dirk for him too
G.G.: What?
T.G.: is tru
G.G.: This is just getting silly.
T.G.: he wants you both 2 bond over his douche muffininess
ps douche muffin was his word not mine
im being hellies impartial about all this
G.G.: We were already sort of doing that!
T.G.: oh yeah?
G.G.: Wait, don't tell him that.
That would be mean spirited.
T.G.: hold up what are you and dirk saying
G.G.: Oh nothing.
T.G.: anything bout me
G.G.: No!
Just some stuff we should have talked about a long time ago.
T.G.: gotcha
oh also
he wants me to tell you to give a message to dirk from me too while youre at it
the crocker switchboard is Lighting up today
G.G.: Why does Jake want you to give Dirk a message through me??
T.G.: um because hes ridiculous?
G.G.: Do you actually Want to say something to Dirk, but can't at the moment?
T.G.: oh
uh
not really
G.G.: Hm??
T.G.: well
i.d.k.
G.G.: Wait, is Dirk not talking to you for some reason?
Is that why Jake suggested going through me?
Good gravy, this is getting complicated.
T.G.: no
well i mean
maybe he does got a bone 2 pick with me and dont wanna talk
but im not sure
mainly its that i cant bring myself to talk to him
G.G.: Why not?

[Left image description: A row of spikes outside a barred window on Prospit has one of the spikes broken off.

Right image description: Jack Noir sits inside his jail cell on Prospit. He's still chained to the wall, and there are still lots of tally marks gouged into the wall, now totalling 154. Piles of Dersite parking citations surround him.]

pesterlog
T.G.: cause im a shitty disgrace
and hes probably so ashamed of me he can barely stand being inside the same moon wit me at this point
G.G.: Why would you think that?
T.G.: because
you heard what he said
about how i fell off the wagon
you could just tell how disappointed he was
and he was right to be

Next Next
G.G.: But you weren't in your right state of mind though!

T.G.: i know

but you said it yourself
about the confessions you made to jake
sure you were trippin balls on a cherub pop
but that really just enabled you to do what you really wanted to do deep down
so whadd i do the moment jake snuck up and owned me with that magic pumpkin?
i was like yo lets get smashed at my place

Next Next

[Left image description: It zooms out on Jack's cell. The room is mostly full of piled parking citations. Suddenly, a pumpkin appears on the transportalizer. It's been cut open and 'Lets play a game' is carved into the side. Inside, Lil Cal spills over the edges. Surrounding him are various saws, crowbars, and knives.

Right image description: Jack looks into the pumpkin. Among Cal's limbs and the blades, there's a purple note.]

T.G.: i hardly wasted a second before giving in
and here i thought i was actually over that
but the second im given the slightest justification to drink again i say fuck it
so it turns out i didnt stop wanting to like i told myself
but that i still wanted to while pretending i didnt per some bogus tough girl act
like i thought i was better than the problem
or more like i thought i was too cool and too strong to admit it was actually really hard

Next Next

T.G.: but the truth is i was not strong + cool
i was weak + lame all along
and now dirk knows that too and for some reason letting him down feels like the worst part??
which is equally lame and weak cuz i should care for my own sake not for how it makes a dude see me but it still just really bothers me ???
man
jake again hold pls

Next Next

[Left image description: Jack picks the note up. It looks like one of C.D.'s 'you're welcome' notes, but instead of C.D., there's a picture of Gamzee and it says 'You're mother fuckin welcome'. In a second image, the knives, crowbar, and saw lay scattered at Jack's feet.

Right image description: Jack picks up Lil Cal with one hand. In a second image, he grabs Lil Cal tightly under the arms and sneers down at him.]

G.T.: Roxy?
Rox! What is she saying?
Talk to me roxy!!!
Please dont leave me hanging here.
I can't take it. I can't bear having two of my closest chums hate me and then having you shut me on top of that!


G.T.: Ah there you are.

I'm sorry for being a pest but I just see jane there pecking away at conversations with you and and it feels like you're all kind of leaving me behind.

T.G.: No jake. Nobody's doin that.

G.T.: Ok. Yeah I'm probably being paranoid...

But I've done such a bangup job of alienating my other friends.

So you're the only one I can talk to for now.

Wait, I haven't alienated you yet have I?

T.G.: Nah. Don't worry. We are still humanated.

G.T.: Are you really sure roxy? Are you sure you're not just trying to spare my feelings?

You can be honest with me! If you hate me now too please just say so.

T.G.: Sweet guy fieris fat laughing ghost jake.

Next Next

**Pesterlog**

T.G.: No I don't hate you. I promise you're still my bro! God dammit!

G.T.: Ok. Phew!

Then talk to me!

T.G.: Um about what?

G.T.: I don't know. Anything! What are you talking about with jane?

T.G.: My drinkin problems.

G.T.: I see.

Would you like to talk about them with me? Maybe I could help!

T.G.: Damn jake. Like that is cool and appreciated in theory?

But this is some kinda heavy shit 4 me.

I rly dunno if I can do double duty on my alcoholism with you and jane simultaneously.

G.T.: Oh. Yeah that's probably not the best way to go.

T.G.: Yes prolly not.

Next Next

[Left image description: Jack's jaw goes slack and his eyes begin to glow red and blue at the edges. They reflect Cal's eyes and Jack begins to drool. In a second image, Lil cal's eyes pulse red and blue.

Right image description: Caliborn grins down at Lil Cal. Caliborn's eyes reflect green and red spirals. Gamzee watches from the background. In a second panel, Lil Cal's eyes reflect red and green spirals. He's much more beat up and dirty than the Lil Cal Jack has.]

**Pesterlog**

G.T.: Sooo then. What else is there we can chew the old fat about?

Really bond over together in an emotionally fulfilling manner?

T.G.: Dag you are an extra silly guy.

G.T.: Well??

T.G.: Dunno j why don't u tell me what you're thinkin an we go from there.
G.T.: Alright.
So. That sure was a doozy of a kiss you gave dirk there huh?
T.G.: LOL fuck
yeeaaahhh
G.T.: How was it?
T.G.: it was
uuuummmmm
G.T.: Go on!
T.G.: it was fuckin inappropriate!!!!!
and yet
and yet..........
omg it was so choice
but wrong!

Next Next

pesterlog
T.G.: wrong wrong wrong wrong wrong wrong
G.T.: I dont know. It seemed innocent enough to me.
What was so wrong about it?
T.G.: a whole host of things...
not sure in how much detail i wanna spell out why exactly it wasnt cool
but like
jake ur a pretty simple guy and i mean that as (heart)ways as possible
it just wasnt right
G.T.: No disagreement there. But like i said im here to talk about whatever you feel like.
T.G.: ok see this is just another embarrassing thing from my past
when i was more out of control
with dirk i was just
waaay too aggressive
i hassled him all the time
pretty much every day just like he said
about
me and him
like
getting married and having babies!!!!!!!!!
u kno last male & female on earth ooh hes a hunk! Is dreamz come tru time 4 repopulate!!!

Next Next

[Left image description: Jack's eyes twitch violently. In a second image, it zooms in on Lil Cal's eye, which flashes quickly between various billiard balls.

Right image description: Caliborn focuses hard on Lil Cal. His brow is furrowed so hard it trembles and he grins widely. In a second image, it zooms in on Lil Cal's eye, which still shows the spinning red and green spiral.]

pesterlog
T.G.: yeah
so not cool lookin back on it
and i had no excuse i always knew he was just
Such a gay dude
and i guess maybe hitting on a guy who dont like girls once or twice maybe is alright or even
flattering but after so long it was probably just pissing him off or messing with his head or
something
it def wasn't what he wanted to hear from a friend
let alone day in and day out through garbled drunktexts
so when i fuckin harassed him into kissin me...
it just brought back some low rent shit i thought we put behind us
just another way i completely humiliated myself in front of him
G.T.: So is that why you cant talk to him now?
T.G.: mmmmmmmmm hmmm
G.T.: I certainly have no trouble relating to that.
T.G.: yep
i dont even know why really
hes like taciturn to the max about everything
but theresa somethin about him
that just makes it hurt to feel like you let him down

Next Next

pesterlog
G.T.: You really love him dont you?
T.G.: siigh
yeah jake i guess
the answer is
a categorical unapologetic fucking 'yeah'
but
i dont think that was much a secret
and the fact that it was so Loudly not a secret exemplifid my stupidity on the matter
G.T.: Its fair to say i never came close to feeling as strongly about him as you.
I envy you actually. Ive actually worried at times that i just wasnt capable of feeling that way about
anyone.
And maybe thats why i was just meant to be alone.
T.G.: ehh you aint missin much
love is a brutal shit
jimmy with turds 4 nunchucks
be grateful that stank ass motherfuckers flippin out nowhere near you

Next Next

[Left image description: Jack's pupils shrink and become tiny, flashing billiard balls. He picks up
the two knives that came with the pumpkin, one in each fist.

Right image description: Jack screams as he shoves the knives into his eyes. The background
behind him goes black except for a pulsing red light emanating from behind him. Off to the side, it
says 'Eyestab x2 combo!!!' in the same font as the Act 6 Act 5 Act 1 x2 Combo banner.]

pesterlog
G.T.: I noticed you nearly slipped that wedding ring on his finger!
T.G.: oh God
that ring
G.T.: You almost scooped my boyfriend out from under me in one fell proposal.
T.G.: oh Did i
from under u eh? (winking face)
G.T.: Wait. No i mean...
T.G.: (winking face) (winking face) (winking face) (winking face) (winking face) wonks 4 eternity
G.T.: Whoa now wait a minute!

Next Next

pesterlog
T.G.: easy dude just messin
G.T.: Oh.
Ha ha ok.
T.G.: man
that ring tho
what happened to it do you remember?
G.T.: Not really.
T.G.: god damn it
must of lost it when i was a Fucking trickster
flkjfslkfj
*shakes fist @ all tricksters*

Next Next

[Left image description: The two knives lay on the floor in a splattered pool of blood next to Lil Cal's hand. In a second image, the saw is bloody and laying on the ground next to Jack's leg; the one that was chained to the wall. He's cut it off. The last image pairs with the third image in the next column.

Right image description: Lil Cal lays on the floor of the cell, splattered in blood. His eye sockets are empty. Someone pried the eyes out of his head. In a second image, it shows Jack from the shoulders to the thighs. He grips the crowbar in one hand and flashes the colors of billiard balls at the edges.

The third images combine to show Jack's mouth as he screams in rage. His cheeks are streaked with blood from his eyes and he continues to give off the flashing energy.]

pesterlog
G.T.: Did you need it for something?
T.G.: need it?
not really
i just really liked that ring
kinda spoke to me in a way
ehe
want to know something lame?
G.T.: Yes.
T.G.: the moment i first saw that ring
i was like in my head
thinkin
some day i want to give that ring to the person i marry
whoever that is
G.T.: Daw.

Next Next

pesterlog
G.T.: Thats not lame thats nice.
T.G.: nah its pretty lame but w/e
shows what sorta one track mind i got
god i am obsessed with findin somebody to kiss aren't i
it is rly quite pathetic
although the funny thing is the ring turns you invisible
which might be my subconscious telling me something about my lovelife
like i find a guy of my dreams
slip it on his finger
and Poof he disappears!
bye bye hubby
o well dont matter
the ring is gone
and with it so too
are my lame, lame dreams (frowning winking face)

Next Next

[Left image description: On the exact opposite side of Prospit from it's moon, Prospit explodes. The explosion flashes the colors of billiard balls.

Right image description: The explosion grows larger, now encompassing a fifth of the planet.]

pesterlog
G.G.: Is everything ok?
T.G.: yeah he just wanted to make sure i dont hate him like yall do which you dont even
G.G.: I... see.
T.G.: so im just talking to him a bit to help him not feel bad
sorry
G.G.: That's ok.
You were saying?
T.G.: i was gonna say why i finally quit drinkin
i mean if you want to know
G.G.: Yes.
Actually, once you did stop, it made me finally realize it was a problem for you for a long time.
And I didn't say anything at the time, but it made me wonder if I wasn't doing the right thing
before.
By failing to point out you might have a problem? Or just going along with it and participating in
lively banter any time you clearly had too much to drink?
Was I just being a bad friend?
T.G.: nah it wasnt your responsibility to fix my shit
and anyway i think i made it hard for anyone to come at me like it was a real problem
i was always joking around so much and havin a good time like kind of overzealously so
that i probably just made people feel like a shitty wet blanket for even mentioning it

Next Next

pesterlog
G.G.: How long do you think it's been a problem?
T.G.: i dont know its hard to say exactly when i started getting real carried away
just at some point i discovered a load of my moms century's old booze in the house
and i didnt have much to relate to her by except her books
so i felt like drinking was a way to be more like her
or be closer to her kinda
and there was nobody around except the silly chess people
who in a way just made me feel more alone
cause they reminded me i was only one of two humans left and the other was an ocean away
so little by little
i got out of hand
and one of the only things i had to look forward to was the idea that the game was supposed to be
able to bring my mom back
assuming i even decided to help the batterwitch out by playing at all

Next Next

[Image description: The panels from both pages once again combine into a single image. The west
half of prospit is engulfed by the explosion, which sends out branching lightning spikes across the
rest of it. A beam of energy shoots directly up, off the surface. The east half of Prospit mostly
escapes the destruction. One of the lightning bolts nears the chain connecting the moon to Prospit,
but it doesn't reach the moon. Yet.]

pesterlog
G.G.: But it turned out you couldn't bring her back. At least not the way you thought.
So what was it that made you finally decide to give it up?
T.G.: well
thats pretty much what it was
when i first went to lopan i saw my sprite there
so i got out my bottle of moms slime and was all ready for the bestest most poignant reunion ever
and thats when the juggalo struck
and i just knew the witch had fucked me over Again
cause what other hag is insane enough to get juggalos to do her dirty biz nigh exclusively???
no hags but her
and i was so pissed and so distraught about that goddamn clown squandering my sprite
so i got crazy drunk and felt the super sorriest for myself i ever did
but little did i know there would be a lovely silver lining to the debacle
G.G.: Dear, sweet, precious Fefeta!
T.G.: (cat face)
she became a great friend
and whats more was she told me not to worry
that my mom would be comin anyway and all i had to do was wait a while
and i believed her cause she knew stuff + was Tha Best
so thats when i decided to clean up my act

Next Next

pesterlog
T.G.: i didnt want her to meet a sloppy embarrassing mess of a daughter
even if she did like to drink at some point it was kind of a childish idea that doing so myself would
make me closer to her or help us bond or whatever
anyway i think i might of overestimated her drinkin habits
she sure didnt look like no drunk
oh!
jane did i mention
i saw her in a dream today!
G.G.: No!
T.G.: shes real young tho
like our age
and she looks so pretty and happy
not like a girl w booze challenges
i think her fav color must be orange just like dirk
she was wearin the same sunny orange nighty deal i caught a glimpse of her in v briefly another
time
and oh...
she also called me mom?
G.G.: Huh?
T.G.: huh is right
u know im really not sure if shes actually my mom
but i do know were totes genetically related somehow
i just think theres more to it than we know
G.G.: I guess we'll find out!
Whoa…

Next Next

[Image description: Again, the images combine. This time, there are six. They show Jack Noir standing at the base of the chain of prospit, covered in his own blood, snarling, and sending out tendrils of flashing energy. His eyes have been replaced by billiard balls, but it flashes from one ball to the next. His sawn off leg has been replaced by the broken spike he used to carve the walls of his cell. He clutches the crowbar in one hand and clenches his other hand into a fist.]

pesterlog
G.G.: The whole place was shaking for a moment there.
T.G.: wut

Next Next

pesterlog
G.T.: Roxy do you know if jane just felt that rumbling too??
T.G.: yea

Next Next

[Left image description: Derse continues to hang peacefully in the void.
Right image description: Prospit does not. Half of it has been blown away and massive flames the colors of billiard balls eat at the not vaporized portion.]

pesterlog
T.T.: Is it still going on?
G.G.: No, it stopped.
T.T.: What do you think it was?
G.G.: I don't know. Maybe an earthquake?
T.T.: I'm not sure if these moons can have earthquakes.

Next Next

pesterlog
G.G.: Doesn't matter.
Some sort of Prospitian lunar anomaly, I guess. Probably nothing to worry about.
T.T.: Maybe it was like, tidal forces. Due to gravitation.
Or the tensile forces from that big ass chain.
G.G.: Um. Yes! Let's say that's what it was.
T.T.: Have you and Roxy been talking?
G.G.: Yes.
T.T.: Is she pissed at me or something?
She won't talk to me.
G.G.: No, not at all.
T.T.: Then what gives.

G.G.: She was wondering the same about you.
T.T.: What?
G.G.: Are you disappointed in her?
T.T.: Why would I be?
G.G.: It seemed that way to her earlier.
When you chastised her for drinking again.

T.T.: Well, yeah. I was upset she fell off the horse.
Or the wagon. The horse wagon. Whatever.
The thing you ride around on when you ain't drinking.
But so what. There was cotton candy in her hair, and she was being stupid. What do you expect? It was a moment of indiscretion.
I'm not mad at her and I'm not disappointed in her. That's ridiculous.
Want to know what I really think of Roxy?

T.T.: I'm proud of her.
She's the only one of us who could face her problems and then get down to business and actually solve them.
No endless hand wringing or suffering in silence or any of that bullshit.
She saw she had an addiction. And then decided to fucking fix it. Just like that.
She's probably stronger than the other three of us put together.
T.T.: Remember way back before this started, we were talking. You and me.
And I was rambling at length about leadership, like I actually had a clue what I was talking about?
You said I would be the leader of our team, in name and in spirit.
Although I never really felt like it.
T.T.: Yeah. That's kind of the point.
I guess in a way, I was right. But not how I expected.

Next Next

pesterlog
T.T.: See, to be perfectly honest, we are a party of losers.
Heroes make shit happen. But that's not what we do, or what we're even Supposed to do.
We wait.
We wait for literally everything. We wait for other people to reach out first so we can fix our relationships. We wait for these legendary heroes to arrive and bring competence and promise to a futile situation.
Even now. Look at us. What are we waiting for?
To kill ourselves? For someone to come along and do it for us?
It doesn't even matter.
As the four nobles of the void session, we do what we were created to do.
We sit around on our asses.
Waiting.

Next Next

[Image description: Four images combine into one close up of The Condesce. She's smiling maliciously. The gem on her tiara glows and has a gemini symbol in it. Her left eye is red and her right eye is blue. Each gives off energy in the opposite's color.]

pesterlog
T.T.: We were all designated for a session that was utterly inert.
A place where the mechanisms for success never even existed to begin with.
In such a place it makes sense that the formal leader would be neutralized, to made feel unempowered and static.
And it seems particularly fitting she would be the noble of life in a realm of the dead.
A realm that foretold of a life player who felt lifeless, a hope player who felt hopeless, and a heart player who was just a stone cold motherfucker.
When we talked about leadership, and I was all on my high horse telling you how shit would go down...
I also said I would be the one "pulling the strings." Remember? That I'd be the functional leader of our party.
And there might have been something to that, in a different session.
But what good is a "man of action" in a place where action itself is intrinsically fruitless?
So it's occurred to me that by some tragic flaw in its design, our session was meant to be leaderless.
And I'd feel safe concluding that. Except for a feeling that's been gnawing at me.

Next Next

pesterlog
T.T.: It's the feeling that it would make perfect sense if a session like this had a dark horse leader.
A leader who was invisible to us all along. Fittingly, a void player to lead a void session.
She would be a leader not in name or in spirit or in function, whatever that means.
But more of an emotional leader, who would selflessly try to hold everyone together while the rest of us did our best to fall apart.
And Roxy has been that for us every step of the way, going unnoticed and unappreciated.
Think of how much shit she's had to put up with from all of us.
She never complains, never turns it around and makes it about her problems.
She just works her ass off making sure we all stay friends.
If that isn't a leader, I don't know what is.

Next Next

[Image description: Again, the images combine, this time another six. The Condesce grins and flies along the chain of Derse, her hair trailing behind her. She still flashes with the billiard ball energy.]

pesterlog
T.T.: So that's how crazy it is for her to think I'm disappointed in her.
The truth is, she's the most amazing person I ever knew.
She's everything in a human being I wish I could be, but can't because I'm in my own way.
Honestly, I'm not even sure if I'm worthy of dying next to her.
I think she probably felt bad for hitting on me all those years. Like I was getting fed up with her, or something.
But all it really did was make me feel guilty.
That I couldn't give her what she wanted.

Next Next

pesterlog
T.T.: Like, settle down and have a couple weirdo goddamn kids with her some day.
I guess there were times I thought about it. Being all alone on Earth with her and stuff.
I couldn't though.
Have to stay true to myself.
Still, she would deserve it.
Nobody deserves to get all the things they always wanted more than she does.
And it suddenly seems kinda stupid that I think these things about her but she doesn't even know it.
I guess I should tell her all this some time.

Next Next

[Left image description: Two images combine vertically to make the left half of the Condesce's face as she laughs. Her eye flickers with red and blue psionic energy.

Right image description: Two images combine vertically to make the right half of Jack's face as he screams angrily. The edges of his face and the inside of his mouth flicker with billiard ball energy and his billiard ball eyes keep flashing.]

pesterlog
G.G.: I think that would be nice.
Of course, she IS right there, you know.
T.T.: I know.
I'm a little reluctant to drop all that on her.
Looking at what I just said, it's...
Kind of overwhelming?
I feel like in a way you can destroy somebody with effusive praise.
Or maybe I'm just projecting how I would feel about that kind of intense positivity coming at me. I dunno.
But I still think confessions like that can change stuff between people. Like the way they act around each other.

Next Next

pesterlog
G.G.: Maybe it's worth it?
T.T.: Maybe.
Or maybe it's better to just say...
Not so much of it?
Like all at once.
Maybe it'd be better for now if you could pass a short message to her for me.
If only to help kill this awkward silence between us.
G.G.: Like what?
T.T.: Could you just tell her,
I love her?
No wait!
I mean.
Not in that way though.
More like...
G.G.: Dirk, I know what way you mean!
Yeah.

Next Next

[Left image description: From her eyes, The Condesce sends out a blast of red and blue psionics tinged at the edges with billiard ball energy.

Right image description: From his mouth, Jack sends out a blast of pure billiard ball energy.]

pesterlog
T.T.: No, wait.
Don't.
That would be a weird mixed signal. I mean...
It's true.
But please say something else instead.
G.G.: Uh, Dirk...
Something's happening.

Next Next

pesterlog
T.T.: Tell her that I'm proud of her.
And as a person she's everything I wish I could be.
I wish I could be as nice and loving and selfless as her.
But can't.
Because I'm too busy being me.
G.G.: Dirk!!!

Next Next

[Left image description: The Condesce's beam of energy shoots up through three images to impact Derse's moon right where the chain connects.]
Right image description: Jack's energy does the same to Prospit's moon.

pesterlog
G.G.: The tremors are back.
Big Time.

Next Next

pesterlog
T.T.: That's weird.
I can feel it too this time.

Next Next
[Left image description: The Condesce's beam of energy explodes, shattering the Derse dreamer's towers and sending stonework flying.

Right image description: The same thing happens to Prospit's moon when Jack's beam explodes.]

Next Next
[Left image description: In two images stacked vertically, it shows the left half of Derse's moon as it explodes. The center of the explosion pulses red and blue while the outer edges flash billiard ball colors.

Right image description: Two stacked images show the right half of the explosion that destroys Prospit's moon. The center is white and the outer tendrils match the billiard ball flashing of the explosion on Derse.]

Next Next
[Left image description: The lantern tower on LoCaH sends beams out in all four directions. The beams all flash orange, green, blue, and pink. The previously dead trees around it are now all in bloom and a thick carpet of flowers covers the ground.

Right image description: The tower explodes.]

Next Next
[The two sides partially merge. There are four images, all against a background flashing pale yellow and pale pink. Streaks of light the color of billiard balls run up from the bottom of the bottom two images and in the center, all four of the kids rise in galaxy-filled silhouette. The only thing to differentiate the two sides is that Roxy and Dirk on the left have purple pieces of stone crumbling in the distance while Jake and Jane on the right have yellow.]

Next Next
[Image description: Both images zoom in on a pair of kids. The billiard ball energy reaches towards them and the galaxy pattern inside them flashes wildly. They're all wearing different clothes and have hoods.]

Next Next
[Left image description: It shows a close up of someone wearing a dark pink, short sleeve shirt with a lighter pink heart symbol on the chest as tendrils of billiard colored energy reach towards them. A second image shows that person's hand as they clutch a katana.
Right image description: It shows a closeup of the side of the heart player's head. There's a small bit on the front of their hood that looks like a small pink crown. A second image shows their legs. They're wearing puffy shorts that stop about halfway down their thighs.]

Next Next

[Left image description: It shows someone wearing a brown hood from behind. Again, the energy reaches towards them. The second image shows most of their body. They're wearing a beige tunic with a pointed section coming down between the thighs and two tails in the back. The life symbol is on their chest.]

Right image description: It focuses in on the life symbol on this person's chest. A second image shows their shoes, which are beige, and leggings that look like wrapped bandages.]

Next Next

[Left image description: It focuses in on someone's forehead and a tuft of dark hair coming out from under a small, yellow hood. The energy swirls around them, too. A second image shows their shoes, which are bright reddish-orange, and their short yellow socks.]

Right image description: It focuses in on the person's chest. They're wearing a light yellow, short sleeve shirt with the hope symbol on the chest over a long sleeve, darker yellow shirt. The cowl of their cape is cut as a series of arches with the points facing down. A second image focuses directly on their crotch. They're wearing a chunky, reddish-orange belt and a pair of yellow shorts so short they're basically panties. There is no leg on these shorts. Only crotch and butt coverage.]

Next Next

[Left image description: It focuses in on someone wearing a dark blue shirt with the void symbol on the chest, cap sleeves, and a thick cowl from a hood. Like the others, the energy approaches them. In a second image, it focuses in on their hip. The shirt is a tunic that has small, laced pieces on the sides of the thighs.]

Right image description: Is shows their legs. Darker blue leggings disappear into knee-height black boots and they have thin, curving lines on their shirt just above their hips, mirroring ones from the dreamer pajamas. A second image shows this person's face. It's Roxy. She's wearing a dark blue hood that clasps just under her chin and a thin mask that surrounds her eyes and ties back behind her head.]

Next Next

[Image description: All four of the newly ascended godtiers float above billiard ball colored flames. From left to right, there's Dirk in his Prince of Heart outfit, Roxy in her Rogue of Void outfit, Jake in his Page of Hope outfit, and Jane in her Maid of Life outfit. Roxy smiles over at Dirk, who is completely impassive. Jake and Jane stare at Jake's teeny tiny shorts in shock.]

Next Next

[Image description: It zooms out in both. On the left, The Condesce approaches. On the right, it's Jack Noir. Both of them flash with billiard ball colored energy.]

Next Next

[Left image description: Jack bares his teeth and raises his crowbar.
Right image description: Jake and Jane scream in terror.

Next Next

[Left image description: LoMaX hangs in the void.

Right image description: A light shoots up from the center of the ruin Jake wandered to while talking to Caliborn.]

Next Next

[Left image description: It zooms in on the source of the light. It's a small fourth wall laying in the grass.

Right image description: It zooms in once more. There's a small crack in the center of the bottom right quadrant.]

Next Next

[Image description: The fourth wall suddenly is all four images shown. The splits between images are the bars between panes. The crack in the bottom right section grows larger and pieces of glass fall out.]

Next Next

[Left image description: Jack lunges for them.

Right image description: Jake and Jane pull back and hold their hands up, but he just keeps flying towards them.]

Next Next

[Left image description: Jake and Jane pull back a bit more. Suddenly there's a bright flash and Jade appears in front of them, ringed with green fire.

Right image description: Jack keeps coming, but he looks a little surprised by Jade's sudden arrival.]

Next Next

[Left image description: Jake and Jane start shaking a little as Jade lifts one hand towards Jack, who has stopped.

Right image description: Jade pushes her arm straight and Jack suddenly begins flashing white with a Zap.]

Next Next

[Left image description: Jack appears in a void with a flash. He turns and looks back over his shoulder at a faint blue dot in the distance. A red question mark appears over his head.

Right image description: It shows the map of the Incipisphere. Jack sits just beyond the furthest ring.]

Next Next
dialoglog
Jade: hi!

Next Next

dialoglog
Jake: ...
Jane: …

Next Next

[Left image description: In silhouette, all three of them float among the ruins of Prospit's moon. Each of them has an alert over their head showing their reaction to the situation: Jade smiles, Jake and Jane stare.

Right image description: No longer in silhouette, Jake and Jane keep staring at Jade, who still looks at them. The panel is arranged in the same way that Jack and the Condesce approached, with Jade in the place of the villain.]

dialoglog
Jade: are you jake?
Jake: Um.
Yeah.
Jade: hi jake!
im jake
its nice to finally meet you!
Jake: Wow.
Ummm.
Yeah.
Jade: and you must be jane?
Jane: Me?
Jade: mm hm!
Oh.
I...
Yes.
Jade: its nice to meet you too jane
Jane: Yes.

Next Next

dialoglog
Jade: so uh...
Jade: jake

Next Next

[Left image description: Jade looks down and her expression becomes slightly confused.

Right image description: Jake and Jane stare down at his very short shorts, which are reflected in their eyes.]
dialoglog
Jade: where are your pants?

Next Next

dialoglog
Jane: (blank face)
Jake: (gasping face)

H.I.C.: Spring trap times 2 combo.

[Left image description: In the ruins of Derse's moon, Dirk snarls and lifts his sword while Roxy gasps and pulls back. A second image shows The Condesce approaching them with her trident flashing the colors of billiard balls at the edges.]

Right image description: It zooms in on The Condesce's face. The gem in her tiara pulses and flips between a taurus symbol and a scorpio symbol. A second image zooms in on the gem.]

Next Next

[Left image description: Jade grimaces just like Jane did when she put the tiaratop back on. A line of blue and brown static runs through the image at her eye level.]

Right image description: Jade begins crackling with lightning and her expression shifts to an angry snarl. The green flames around her flick back and forth between solid green and static, her irises fade between bright green and grey, and her skin begins to flicker to a grimdark grey. The gem from the Condesce's crown appears in the center of her forehead: a black circle with glowing pink edges flipping between a taurus symbol and a scorpio symbol.]

Next Next

[Left image description: Jake and Jane look upset and a little shocked by this sudden transformation.]

Right image description: Jade's entire body turns to green fire and a pulse of green energy surrounds her.]

Next Next

[Image description: Across six images, Jade doubles over and screams. Her skin is dark grey, the same color Rose's turned when she went grimdark. Her eyes are white and her entire body flickers between being solid and being a girl-dog-fusion shaped mass of green fire and static.]

Next Next

[Left image description: It zooms in on Jade's face as she snarls. Her irises are bright green and have wisps of color coming off of them, making them look like the green sun.]

Right image description: Jake and Jane look at each other and frown deeply.]

dialoglog
Jade: Bark

Next Next

[Left image description: It zooms in on Jade's eye. There's something in her pupil.]
Right image description: It zooms in yet again. It's Jane's house on LoHaC.

Next Next

[Left image description: It zooms in yet again, now showing that the house is surrounded by a jungle of flowers as tall as trees.

Right image description: It zooms in even more, this time directly to Jane's bedroom. Her tiaratop lays on the floor, but now it glows faintly green at the edges.]

Next Next

[Left image description: Jade extends her hand into a finger gun with her pointer finger outstretched and her thumb up. She bends her thumb and sends out a small flash of green energy from her finger.

Right image description: The energy smacks Jane in the forehead and suddenly the Tiaratop zaps onto her head.]

Next Next

[Left image description: Jade begins to glow red at the edges. Her eyes turn black with red irises and red, circuit-like lines appear on her face, branching out from her eyes, her hairline, and under her jaw. Her hood flickers between brown and red with white circuit lines on it. She stops screaming and stares into the distance. The gem continues flashing.]

Next Next

[Image description: Across six images, Jade holds her hands up near her head as her transformation completes. Her eyes are now black with red irises. White circuitry spreads down the shoulders of her now red tunic, red circuitry branches down the thighs of her now black pants, and black circuitry spreads down her now white legs. It's like each piece is wired into the next and the clothes have become a part of her. Her white skin onto her red tunic, her red tunic onto her black pants, her black pants onto her white legs. She still has the life symbol on her chest, but it's now white. Behind her, in red and black circuitry, the words Obey, Submit, and Consume flash. The gem keeps flashing.]

Next Next

[Left image description: Jake screams and pulls back from Jane. Behind him, Jade zaps away.

Right image description: Jane glares at Jake with a kind of cold fury she's never shown before.]

dialoglog
Jane: Obey.

[Note: Her name is still blue, but her dialogue is now bright red.]

Next Next

[Left image description: On Derse, Dirk shouts and lunges forward with his sword raised. Roxy stays behind him, staring up in shock. In a second image, the Condesce smiles at them and crooks
one finger, like she's beckoning them.

Right image description: Jake frantically moves backwards, going almost horizontal in his haste. In a second image, Jane scowls and crooks one finger, like she's beckoning him.

Next Next

[Left image description: In silhouette, Jade appears between Dirk and The Condesce. In a second image, no longer in silhouette, Jade punches Dirk in the face with a 'pow' and sends him reeling.

Right image description: In silhouette, with Jane's now Betty Crocker Red, Jane lunges towards Jake. In a second image, she punches him in the stomach with a 'doof'. She grins as she does.]

Next Next

[Left image description: In silhouette again, Dirk falls back as Jade sticks one hand out.

Right image description: Her silhouette turns green and Dirk zaps away.]

Next Next

[Left image description: Just like Jack, Dirk appears somewhere in the void and a question mark appears over his head as he looks back over his shoulder towards a small blue dot, though his question mark is orange.

Right image description: It once again shows the map of the incipisphere. Jack floats outside the furthest ring in the bottom left while Dirk is outside it in the upper right.]

Next Next

[Left image description: It shows Jade's eye in extreme closeup, reflecting Roxy. A second image zooms in more. Roxy pulls away from Jade so quickly she goes almost horizontal. She looks terrified. Jade's iris looks like the green sun.

Right image description: It shows Jane's eye in extreme closeup, reflecting Jake. A second image zooms in more. Jake curls in on himself and clutches his stomach. He grimaces. Jane's iris is red with flashing white circuitry in it.]

Next Next

[Left image description: Jade grabs Roxy by the upper arm and drags her away. Roxy looks too shocked to put up a fight.

Right image description: Jane grabs Jake by the neck and pins him under her arm. He begins to cry.]

Next Next

[Left image description: In silhouette, Jade follows the condesce with Roxy in tow. The second image merges with the second image from the next page.

Right image description: Jane keeps Jake pinned under her arm and flies to the right. The second images combine to show both groups flying over Derse, towards each other.]
[Left image description: The Condesce's horns frame Jade dragging Roxy.

Right image description: From the opposite perspective, they also frame Jane dragging Jake.]

Next Next

[Image description: Both images zoom in on the kids under the Condesce's control and the kids they're dragging with them.]

Next Next

[Left image description: Roxy still stares blankly in a state of shock. A second image shows Jade snarling. The third and fourth images merge with the third and fourth images from the next page.

Right image description: Jane frowns and the tiaratop flashes. A second image shows Jake crying in terror.

The third images combine to a closeup of the Condesce smiling victoriously.

The fourth images combine to a single word in sparkly, pink text. 'Suckas'.

End of act 6 act 5

[Image description: The Condesce smokes a very large blunt while wearing white cat eye, slit-style sunglasses. She's standing in front of a massive pile of boondollars and gems while holding a boonbuck in each hand. The image shrinks a bit and a pair of green curtains fade in over it. Below the image but above the caption, there's a fuchsia lipstick mark.]
Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that’s probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 6 Intermission 5: I’m Putting You On Speaker Crab

Act 6 Intermission 5

[Image description: Under a banner that says ‘Year 3’, the meteor flies through a void between the green sun and Skaia. It nears the end of the segment labeled ‘3’ and is almost at Skaia.]

dialoglog
Karkat: dave are you there

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the meteor, which still leaves a trail of flashing red and yellow behind it.]

dialoglog
Karkat: come in dave.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: In an extreme closeup, Karkat holds a purple, wrist-mounted, crab-shaped computer to his mouth and pokes at it with his free hand. It’s claws wiggle slightly and its eyes glow green.]

Dialoglog
Karkat: this is karkat.
over.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: The meteor arcs through the void, towards a tiny blue dot in the distance.]

Dialoglog
Karkat: answer me you jackoff.
don't be all like you're too busy to pick up, who are you trying to kid.
you are quite possibly the only person on this meteor who's got even less on his nutrition plateau than me.
even the mayor has a more demanding schedule than we do, let's face the fucking facts.
what. Did you think can town runs itself??
fat chance.
dave.
god damn it dave.
I have a problem.
no.
*we* have a problem.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Karkat stares up at the blue dot and holds his wrist up to his mouth. An alert over his head shows the wrist crab.]

Dialoglog
Karkat: skaia is now visible to the naked eye.
we can't be much more than a few hours away.
this is it. This is what we've been waiting for.
three of the longest human "years" we'll ever have to live for the rest of our lives.
sunk into this depressing laboratory which by all accounts should never have functioned as anything but our eternal tomb.
I have no idea how we're even supposed to stop this thing. Do you?
oh well, sending it blasting off somewhere at the speed of light sure seemed like a good idea at the time!
and now that we're finally here, after all the waiting and drama and boredom and stupid bullshit with our ancestral ghosts
and even disregarding the one hilariously neglected detail that this meteor has no fucking brakes
I still don't think we're ready for this.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Karkat stares sadly down at his wrist crab.]

Dialoglog
Karkat: *sigh*

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: At Karkat’s feet, a spilled RedPop Faygo lays next to a bike horn.]

Dialoglog
Karkat: I don't
...
how do I even begin to address this shit.
ok, how about this.
since I can't think of a better general purpose question to help break the ice in literally any imaginable social situation.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Terezi lays on the ground in a puddle of soda, asleep, half dressed and tangled in her dragon cape. Her underwear are white with multi-colored scalemates on them and she's wearing purple toenail polish. She clutches Pyralspite the scalemate under one arm and holds a half-full bottle of redpop faygo in the other hand. Her hair is messy and her hood is pulled down over her eyes at a strange angle. Her mouth is wide open and red soda slobber runs down her cheek. The floor around her is littered with more soda spills, bike horns, a piece of machinery, and some sort of black puddle.]
Dialoglog
Karkat: where are your fucking pants?
Terezi: zzzzzzz.

[Image description: Karkat frowns down at her. A red alert with the time symbol in it pops up next to his wrist crab.]

Dialoglog
Dave: my pants
what are you talking about
theyre on my legs
Karkat: I wasn't talking to you.
Dave: oh
Karkat: dave, we have a big problem here.
Dave: what
Karkat: I think it's time we had a... what did you call it?
an intervention?
Dave: for rose?
Karkat: no, not rose.
why would I be talking about rose?
she doesn't have a major problem that she needs to be confronted about by her friends before she flushes her whole life down the gaper, does she??
Dave: uh yeah kind of
Karkat: why? Because she likes to drink that goofy human soporific that makes her a lot funnier and more charming than usual?
how is that a problem?
I was talking about terezi.
Dave: man terezi doesnt need an intervention she just drinks a lot of soda
Karkat: how can you not see how that is a *huge* fucking problem.
Dave: its red fizzy shitwater dude who cares
Karkat: ok, can we just once acknowledge that we are mutual aliens to each other and as such possibly have different values and standards about things??
Karkat: just this one time dave? Thanks!
Dave: terezi has made her choices among them was to begin guzzling untold liters of that putrid circus cola think of it as like a rite of passage like something that just goes with the territory when someone you know almost imperceptibly begins turning into a juggalo
wait fuck maybe she does need an intervention
Karkat: she needs to wake up so we can talk to her about this.
she won't wake up, what do I do.
Dave: did you try kicking her
Karkat: yes.
Dave: im out of ideas
Terezi: snoooore

[A6I5] Next
Dialoglog

Karkat: well, whenever she wakes up, we all need to have a serious talk about this.
if she's in this condition when we get to the new session, it'll be a goddamn embarrassment.
not to mention deadly! Need I remind you who's still following us? She doesn't look primed for
battle from where I'm standing!
we need to act as a unified front, dave. We need to let her know that as her friends we can't stand
by and watch her degrade herself like this.
Dave: man I dunno
sounds like you wanna make this needlessly melodramatic
Karkat: stand by. I'm putting you on speaker crab.
Dave: speaker crab
Karkat: yes. Speaker crab.
Dave: man dont put me on speaker crab
Karkat: she needs to hear from you dave. She trusts you.
Dave: god
honestly she can do whatever she wants I put this all behind me a while ago
why do you really want me in on this conversation is it just that you dont know what to say by
yourself
Karkat: maybe it is dave!
maybe that's exactly what it fucking is.
I'm sorry. I'm not a "god tier".
I am not so fortunate as to be blessed with the "gift of gab" like you.
Dave: what
Karkat: that badge you earned. You know, the one that makes it easier to talk to people?
like, really open up about your feelings and say whatever needs to be said?
Dave: hahaha thats what you think that does?
Karkat: isn't it??
Dave: no dude thats not what gift of gab does
Karkat: ok what does it do then wise guy!
Dave: its utility isnt really comprehensible to lowly mortals sorry
Karkat: you snide chute huffer.
why don't you come up here so I can push you off this building?
Dave: nah
Karkat: I'm putting you on speaker crab, and then together we are going to keep it *real as shit*, do
you hear me?

[Image description: The crab hops in place on the floor between Karkat and Terezi. It projects and
image of Dave’s head.]

Dialoglog

Dave: what do you actually want from her
do you want her to stop drinking faygo and falling asleep in puddles of red fructose corn slobber
or do you want her to somehow address the root of those habits and cut all that out for good
Karkat: yes! I want her to do that!
the latter thing.
Dave: yeah I can understand where youre coming from
but in situations like this I think you need to remind yourself theres only so much you can do for
somebody
and maybe they aren't going to want or need your help and you just have to figure out how to deal
with that
like at some point in your life one of your friends might start spending all her time with a guy you
think is bad news
and you have to decide if you need to intervene as a friend or just let it go because people can
change or drift apart or whatever because thats just something that happens
Karkat: dave
your wisdom, my god
it's knocking my socks off. Holy shit, please tell me the secret to your wise ways.
and while you're at it, maybe you could tell me what the fuck you're talking about.
Dave: look all im saying is
there comes a time in every young womans life when she has to come to terms with the decision to
gradually morph into a juggalo while all her friends and loved ones watch in dismay
terezi has strolled through the dark carnival and taken a great brooding whiff of that decision's
festive asshole and the choice she has made is all too clear
shes down with the clown
Karkat: no, don't say that.
Dave: its true man
you can live in denial for only so long
but as your bro I have to say it like it is
she and gamzee man
that is literally a thing
they are in the hate square together
total kismespades dude
Karkat: no, that's not what I mean.
I mean, I know that.
just why do you have to put everything so "colorfully"?
I guess I do the same thing, but you always seem to take things to a different level of gross. Just
please say shit normally for a change, ok.
regarding gamzee, yeah. I knew about that already.
oh
really?
then what the fuck have I been tiptoeing around all this time god damn
I thought this was supposed to be like this "big secret" that would "destroy you" if you found out
Karkat: motherfucker, please.
do you think I'm an idiot? I've suspected this was going on for a long time.
I was just being like you, playing it cool, letting her do whatever.
Dave: then why is it a problem now
Karkat: because this is the last straw! We're supposed to be ready for action by now.
not comatose, half naked and faygo sticky.
god, I wonder what sort of bullshit he's got her believing in now? About the mirthful messiahs and
shangri la and all that garbage.
it makes me so sad to think she's caught up in his superstitious web of lies.
it's been awful watching the person I used to know slowly drift away from me, to the point where
she might as well be gone.
how did you manage to deal with that?
Dave: what
Karkat: you and she used to see each other all the time. What happened?
Dave: like I said I just put it behind me
she started sneaking around in vents and stuff acting suspicious trying to hide the fact that she was
seeing him
like she was obviously ashamed of it and worried how id react
but it was hella transparent that was going on so I just said
thats fine yall can do your blackrom thing with the juggalo its your decision
but I cant keep playing along
I cant do the quadrant thing its just too weird for me
im not a troll and im not all open minded about gettin multicultural
I still dont understand the spades thing and it makes me really fuckin uncomfortable even trying to
imagine how that works and I sure as fuck dont want to date anybody whos got a hate clown on the side
so I said no hard feelings I still like you and all, do whatever makes you happy ill just be over here
in the hyper gravity chamber training to beat lord english
Karkat: we have a hyper gravity chamber???
Dave: no
Karkat: oh
Dave: but what about you
haven't you been talking to gamzee this whole time
or is he just balls out lying to you about sneakin around the meteor with terezi
I thought moirails were supposed to be open with each other about stuff like that
Karkat: yeah. Uh.
gamzee ended our moirallegiance quite some time ago.
Dave: oh shit
sorry to hear about that
Karkat: it's fine. It was really a dead end pale relationship.
at first it really seemed like I was a necessary part of his life, keeping his shit under control...
but as time went on he just got completely disinterested and wasn't keeping up with his end of the thing at all.
he started getting so unbelievably self satisfied and pious, like way more than he ever was before.
like he's just so completely convinced he's found his calling, that this session is the gateway to the promised land where he'll fulfill his destiny.
he's so caught up in his idiotic schemes he couldn't give a fuck about me anymore.
whatever. At least he stopped killing people.
Dave: amazing I spent three years on this rock and never said one thing to the guy
I saw him once tho
just a glimpse in a dark hallway
it was kinda like seeing a blurry purple bigfoot with a huge boner
Karkat: oh god!
that fucking god tier outfit.
what a goddamn faker. I can't for the life of me imagine where he got that thing.
I know kanaya sure as hell didn't make it for him.
the man literally has no shame.
Dave: why is he wearing it
Karkat: I don't know!
I don't think even he knows.
maybe to make a "good impression" on his fake ass religious idol, after he thrusts his sacred cod piece through the gates of shangri la.
Dave: aahahaha the best thing we ever do together is slam this assholes dumb religion
Karkat: yeah!!!
Dave: really its the most hilarious fucking horseshit ive ever heard
I mean pretty much all religions are wrong but theres wrong and then theres wrong
as in zero chance you are ever proven right about even a single thing dude, ever ever ever
Karkat: hahaha! It's so true.
I wish I could see the look on his face when he finally realizes everything he believes is a lie.
Dave: be one sad clown that day
his bulge will probably deflate and make this high pitch noise plus corresponding flatulence
Karkat: hey dave.
what do you think will happen to us after we meet up with the others.
I mean, as friends.
Dave: what do you mean as friends
Karkat: I mean will we still get to be bros.
Dave: uh
yeah?
no offense dog but thats a dumb and neurotic question
Karkat: no but see
we're going to meet all these other people.
john among them.
and john is your best friend, so you will ostensibly resume that friendship where you left off.
and john and I had a few testy conversations with each other one day, and in most of those I made a
fool of myself.
and I guess we became friends that day? Maybe??
but the reality is it was just one day, and he'd be well within a reasonable frame of mind not to give
a crap in hindsight about the guy who trolled him once three years ago.
and the same goes for jade!
I thought we had a decent rapport, but again, it was one day forever ago. She probably barely
remembers me at this point.
whereas that doesn't matter for you, because you go way back with them. This is like a fucking
*heartfelt reunion* for you guys.
but where does that leave me??
I can hardly call gamzee a friend anymore. Who knows if my friendship with terezi will ever be
what it was before. I used to be pretty close with kanaya, but now she and rose never leave each
other alone for more than a fucking minute.
all my other friends are dead, and now we're leaving the dream bubbles behind.
and then there's you.
so
I'm just wondering what happens next.
Dave: you forgot the mayor
youre pretty damn tight with the mayor arent you
Karkat: the mayor's friendship is a universal constant, and I am insulted beyond comprehension as
well as my capacity to vomit that you would insinuate otherwise.
Dave: yeah the mayor rules
but as usual you are overcomplicating this
just like you overcomplicate everything
friendship leadership romance
shipping grids and dick battles
this is real simple
our meteor will somehow tokyo drift to a dead stop in the new session
at which point we will keep being bros for life or something
I will start being friends with john and jade again because they are my friends and never stopped
being that
john will also be your friend because hes cool and also a doofus who is easy to be friends with
jade will be your friend too cause shes nice and likes being friends with people
I can personally guarantee that she will be happy to see you
and as for the new people I dont know about them but theyll probably be your friends too
all I know is two of them are my parents and two of them are johns parents and aint no rule that
says you cant be friends with your bros mom and pop
especially when your bros mom and pop are a couple of sassy teens
as for terezi I dont know I guess well see what happens
and as for gamzee fuck that guy with a balloon poodle
friendship lesson secured the end
Terezi: zzzzzzz zznk snooort
smack smack
nnnnnnnnrrngngnhgle
Karkat: uh oh, look who's starting to come around!

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Terezi sits up and shakes as someone honks a horn in her face.]

Dialoglog
Karkat: wake up sleepy head!
honk honk honk, yeah that's right! It's time to face the fucking music.

Act 6 Intermission 5 Intermission 1

[Image description: Caliborn sits cross-legged on a red rock and smacks himself in the sides of the head repeatedly with both hands. He wears a helmet that looks like Jake’s skulltop, but Lil Cal-themed instead of cherub-themed. The eyes are on springs, making them bounce around whenever Caliborn hits himself. Behind him, there’s a skyline made of towers with onion-shaped tops like the ones on some Russian churches. Just behind Caliborn are two members of the felt, though their hats are pointed. Itchy, who is a short, skinny one with a yellow hat with the number 1 on it, quickly zips back and forth between two arbitrary points. Doze, who is a hunched over, slightly heavier set one with a blue hat with the number 2 on it, stands still off to the side.]

authorlog
Caliborn: hey. You.
computer man. I need more help.
Hussie: no.
Caliborn: computer man. Assist me with more hot tips.
Hussie: no!
Caliborn: yes.
i'm having trouble understanding blue hat.
Hussie: this is a shameful exploitation of our arrangement.
we weren't supposed to talk anymore once you left earth.
Caliborn: i did not agree to those terms.
Hussie: every time we talk, you complain that I am being self indulgent.
but you always come back for more! It's like you can't get enough of me.
i think you might be obsessed.
Caliborn: give me more hot tips asshole.
Hussie: you only made that cal top so you could talk to me on the go, didn't you?
Caliborn: no.
Hussie: please, don't lie. Who else would you use it to talk to in your solo session? Gamzee?
i bet you haven't said one word to him through that device. You never even refer to him by his name.
Caliborn: the clown has been an adequate peon. When it comes to doing things I don't want to do.
Caliborn: there is no reason to speak to him through my fun helmet.
Hussie: you should try to be better friends with him.
he basically ditched his best buddy for you.
Caliborn: who cares?
Hussie: he reveres you, and you treat him like shit.
Caliborn: yes.
Hussie: so...
you're off to a pretty good start at being a god, I guess?
Caliborn: thank you.
look. I just said a polite thing.
now reward me with what I want.
Hussie: ugh.
Caliborn: yellow hat is very fast.
as a minion he has been very useful.
but I am having trouble determining the abilities of blue hat.
Hussie: yellow hat and blue hat?
you should come up with better names for them than that.
Caliborn: like what.
Hussie: like, I don't know.
maybe some cool mobster names?
Caliborn: mobster names.
why would I give them mobster names.
Hussie: because mobsters are cool.
Caliborn: they don't look like mobsters.
they look like fucking leprechauns.
Hussie: anyone can be a mobster though. Even cherubs and leprechauns.
being a mobster isn't about what you look like, it's about what's inside you.
Caliborn: wow. That is so profound.
now stop stalling and give me tips.
Hussie: are these the only two you've unlocked so far?
Caliborn: yes.
i have conquered the second planet.
and have now traveled to the third.
before I conquer this one. I would like to know what blue hat does.
Hussie: he's pretty much doing what he does.
Caliborn: he seems to be stuck.
is he broken.
Hussie: no. He's just slow.
Caliborn: what.
Hussie: that's his power.
yellow hat is fast.
blue hat is slow.
Caliborn: that's a horrible power.
how is that even a power.
Hussie: it just is.
Caliborn: argh.
i was looking forward to achieving more powerful minions.
not more malingering fools to take up space in my dark carnival.
do they get better than this.
Hussie: that depends on what you mean by better.
Caliborn: oh my god.
ok. We're done.
bye.

End of act 6 intermission 5 intermission 1
windows lays on LoMaX near the ruins of Jake’s tower.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Nannasprite and Jaspersprite wander away from the ship.]

spritelog
Davesprite: wake up sleepy head
wait why did i even say that
stay asleep all you want like i give a fuck

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Davesprite hovers next to John, who’s asleept in a couch in a room somewhere in the ship. The golden ring lays next to him. There’s a harlequin poster and a squarewave poster on the wall above the couch he’s sleeping on, which came from his own house. To his left, there’s a large fridge from Dave’s apartment. On the left wall, there’s a couch from Jade’s house with two globes and a suit of armor next to it, a squiddle on the back of it, a manthro chap and a jigsaw doll on the couch itself, and a manthro chap and smuppet on the floor. The smuppet is pinned under the couch. On the right wall, there’s another globe from Jade’s house behind a futon from Dave’s apartment. There’s a manthro chap sitting on it and a smuppet draped over the back. Between Dave’s futon and John’s couch, there’s a side table and lamp from John’s living room.]

spritelog
Davesprite: but you are kind of missing some important shit here
we spent three faux relativistic years cruising through the metaphysical asscrack of nowhere
and when we finally get here youre all tuckered out
like yall didnt sleep enough on this boat already
some of the sicknastiest shuteye anyone ever got i owe to this friggin boat
dude this is a big deal everyones waiting for us out there
i mean...
probably
i dont know where we are some green hilly place with all these stone henges sprinkled around
did you know there could be a plurality of stone henges i didnt but guess fucking what
henges Aplenty where this place is concerned
hey wheres jade

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on John, who is snoring and drooling in his sleep.]

spritelog
Davesprite: i guess she left already?
maybe there was an emergency somewhere and her doggy senses led her there
maybe someone fell down a well
what do you think john do you think our teen parents fell down a well
nah i sincerely doubt that any of them would be that pathetic
whatever it was it must have been important enough for jade to ditch us like this
either that or
maybe she was that desperate to finally get away from me
between you and me john
i didnt really handle things with her as well as i could have
oh well maybe real dave will treat her better
or not i dont know
i did her a favor cutting bird dave out of her life
nobody really deserves bird dave as a boyfriend or a friend or anything its like getting one of the
janky daves from the bargain bin at the dave depot
or one of the marked down daves the day after national dave day
its like somebody taxidermized your dave and expected you not to notice
"feathers what feathers haha no that dave is totally normal and ok"
you should just go back to being bros with real dave when you see him
ill be fine ill just flap around and do my thing alone
im completely alright with that at this point
we had our ups and downs john but all in all it was cool to go on this road trip with you
there were some times man
the times
im telling you they were unreal
i bet you people would pay good money to see every second of the madcap stunts that were going
down on this ship basically 24/7
if hulls could talk wow
haha just joking it was seriously boring as hell
but i mean it was still cool so yeah
hey
whats that ring anyway
ive seen you with that ring before and i guess i was just like
ok john has a magic ring for some reason
no need to mention that or anything
but where did you even get it
you cant even hear me you got your snooze on so hard
aint gonna wake you up to hassle you about no ring
i probably should have said all this stuff when you were awake anyway
like the stuff about friendship
fuck it ill just leave another one of my patented magic notes taped to your shoe or your cowlick or
something
my magic notes rule ill miss leavin em taped on stuff

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Davesprite keeps looking down at John.]

spitelog
Davesprite: i sure do talk to myself a lot dont i
wow why have i never made this observation
i probably needed to be a bird for exactly three years to finally have that epiphany
i wonder if real dave ever had that epiphany
probably not cause hes not a bird
the bottom line is being a guy whos also a bird makes you think
anyway im out

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Davesprite flies away from the ship, over the mountain with the ruins of Jake’s
tower on it. The sky above him is watermarked with several different pictures of Davesprite. The
top left is the song art from the song Davesprite off Homestuck Volume 8. He's wearing a pair of
black headphones and leaning back in his chair. The top center art is Davesprite looking down at
something and looking faintly surprised. The top right art is a cosplay someone did of Davesprite.
The middle left image is from Cascade, when he and Jadesprite stared up at an approaching meteor.
He’s wearing his sprite pendant and it’s splattered with blood. The center image is another cosplay of Davesprite. The middle right image is yet another cosplay. The bottom right is another point from Cascade.]

spritelog
Davesprite: p.s. happy birthday john
have some watermarks for the road

Act 6 Intermission 5 Intermission 2

[Image description: Caliborn stands at the edge of two large lakes, where the narrow isthmus that connects them meets up with the land. This land is orange. He’s still wearing the cal top and a bullet-riddled pink turtle lays just behind him. Felt member 1, Itchy, zips around to various points on all sides of the lakes, then back to Caliborn. Number two stands on the far side of the lake with Gamzree. Number 3, Trace, who is tall and blocky, stands about halfway down the isthmus, following a red, cloud-like trail that comes from Caliborn. In fact, red silhouettes of Caliborn are situated at various points along the line. The one closest to where Caliborn actually is holds his machine gun. Number 4, Clover, who is very short and has a purple hat, dances next to Caliborn and Lil Seb, who also dances. Two planets hang in the sky over clusters of buildings that look like Russian cathedrals. The larger one is green and the smaller one is black.]

authorlog
Caliborn: i unlocked more gnomes.
Hussie: i thought they were leprechauns.
Caliborn: i don't care what they are.
Hussie: ok.
Caliborn: i have now conquered four planets. And have the same amount of gnomes under my command.
Hussie: congratulations.
Caliborn: the planets are becoming increasingly difficult to conquer.
i almost did not manage to destroy the purple planet. Within the allotted time.
unfortunately. The quality of the unlocked gnomes has not increased to match the escalating difficulty of my quest.
it seems to be just the opposite. These gnomes are shit.
Hussie: what's wrong with the new gnomes?
Caliborn: ok. Red hat? He has.
*no fucking powers at all.*
unless his power is to follow me around constantly.
Hussie: yes. That's basically what he does.
Caliborn: purple hat is even worse.
is his power to dance around all the time. While singing riddles to me?
Hussie: yes.
Caliborn: awful.
purple hat's behavior is so infuriating. I have attempted to murder him several times.
but to no avail.
Hussie: you can't kill purple hat. He's too lucky!
that's also his power. Being really lucky.
Caliborn: what good does that do me???
Hussie: i don't know.
get him to solve puzzles for you?
use him as a human shield sometimes?
i mean a gnome shield.
Caliborn: oh yeah. That's actually a really good idea.
Hussie: you shouldn't be whining about how lame your minions are.
as you accumulate more, your job is obviously to combine their talents in creative ways to
overcome the increasingly difficult challenges on your quest.
synergize your time gnomes. Make them more than the sum of their pointy hats.
Caliborn: that's going to be difficult.
they are all idiots.
Hussie: nobody said it would be easy.
Caliborn: fine.
i have no more questions for now.
Hussie: hey.
did you kill that cute turtle?
Caliborn: no.
Hussie: but I can see your past trail.
you're standing there holding a gun, and pointing it at the turtle.
Caliborn: ok. Then yes.
i killed the turtle.
Hussie: boooowoooooo.

End of Act 6 Intermission 5 Intermission 2

[Image description: It zooms in on John as he drools in his sleep.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: A ring of flashing cracks make nearly a complete circle around the Green Sun. The way they’re arranged make them look like the circles that Caliborn draws, made of small right angles.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the end of the line of cracks. The area bounded by them looks like a sea and a small black ship sails on it.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: John hovers just over a waterfall. The sky above him is filled with red, swirling clouds and an arm sticks out of the water. Cracks encroach from above the sky and below the water.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: John looks back over his shoulder.]

dialoglog
Meenah: ey its the blue buoy again!
sea him there just off the starboard shit
yo watch how far away i can fork him from
Aranea: Meenah, put the trident down.
Don't make me conchfishscate it again.
Meenah: (very happy face wearing a tiara and goggles)
(very happy face wearing a tiara and goggles) conchfishscate
(very happy face wearing a tiara and goggles)
[Image description: John turns around and waves at the approaching ship. It’s a shade of cobalt blue unique to the Serkets. A black flag with a white skull on it flies from the highest mast. The skull is a Serket skull: it has seven eye sockets in place of the right eye, fangs, and Vriska and Aranea’s horns. The left one has been broken. Several black silhouettes stand on the deck and one sits up in the rigging.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Hey, it's John!
John: vriska, is that you?
Vriska: Yeah! Get over here!!!!!!!
John: alright.
Tavros: (oh,)
(great,)

[Image description: John lands on the deck. Vriska and Aranea smile at him while, behind them, Meenah hops down from the rigging with her trident in hand. Tavros stands off to the side, looking completely unimpressed. Vriska’s wearing her regular clothes, but now with a bright red belt and a long blue coat with a striped edging along the opening. Aranea’s wearing a Mindfang cosplay with a jagged hem and bright red boots. Meenah’s wearing her regular black shirt and pants, but she also has a fuchsia bandana with white fish on it tied around her head. Holes have been cut for her horns. Tabros is wearing his Pupa Pan costume with a short lance tucked into his belt. He holds a mop in one hand.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Nice to see you again, John. It's been too long.
John: yeah...
actually hasn't it been exactly a year?
i think it was my birthday last time we met too, heh.
Vriska: A year for you, maybe. Who even knows how long it's been out here, but who cares.
The point is, as you can see the plan I described to you before is in full swing.
John: you mean the big treasure hunt, with all those black maps?
Vriska: Yes. but they aren't black anymore! Not totally.
Everything's gone exactly as I intended. English has taken the bait, hook line and sinker.
He's been chasing our "extended party" around the ring, blowing shit up with his monster breath,
thus revealing the path to the treasure in the process.
I must say, for an evil mastermind, the guy is kind of a dope.
Supposedly his every move is a carefully calculated ploy to assure his existence in the first place,
yet here he is wrecking the joint like an oaf, unwittingly helping the hero find the weapon that will finally take him down.
And we're almost there, too! Although by now it's become embarrassingly obvious that the treasure was hidden right around where we started all along.
These maps have just been leading us all in a big stupid circle!
I should have seen it coming. I guess that's my bad. In terms of bonehead moves, that's English: 1, Vriska: 1, so I guess we're even. but maybe we don't have to mention that detail when we document my heroism in the annals of greatness.
John: uh... mention what, exactly?
Vriska: Exactly!
Haha, I almost forgot how deceptively quick you are on the uptake, John.
Tavros: (that's not so impressive,)
(I was confused by what you were saying, too.)

Vriska: Tavros, if you're going to interrupt, don't mumble. And even then, don't. Anyway, I really don't mind the fact that these cryptic treasure maps have led us all on a wild honkbird chase.

I've never once complained about a good long treasure hunt, and I'm not about to start now. Besides, with the way spacetime works out here, who can say for sure we would be able to find the treasure at all unless we traced this exact path?

Nobody can say that, is who. Least of all English, who as far as I know, can't actually speak so much as issue blood curdling roars that cleave the foundations of reality itself.

You're of course welcome to join us on our adventure, for as long as you're asleep. We could use another hand on deck. I'll even give you a rank and title!

Tavros: you get to be lower than me,

that's the fairest rule,

Vriska: Wrong.

Tavros, who's the captain here?

Last time I checked, it wasn't Swabby Nitram, Poopmaster Extraordinaire.

Tavros: (sad face with bull horns)

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Aradia and Sollux join them on the deck. Aradia’s eyes are yellow and have pupils, meaning she’s still alive. She’s wearing her Maid of Time godtier outfit. Sollux is wearing his normal tee shirt and two eye patches; one red and one blue.]

dialoglog

John: by the way, hi tavros.

how have you been?

Tavros: okay,

John: cool pirate outfit you have there.

Tavros: no, thanks, but it's not cool, it's dumb,

Vriska wants me to wear it though, so I do, so she'll be happy,

don't ask me where my pants are,,,

John: i wasn't going to.

Vriska: We all look amazing as pirates.

This is non-negotiable.

John: no argument here!

what about the rest of your crew?

i remember her, the punky one who always likes to stab me with her spear...

but i really hope she doesn't do that this time.

Meenah: (dream on blue nerd)

(you in my crosshairs sucka)

(gotch u right where i want)

(just biding my time)

(biding and biding)

(gonna hunt you til we both double dead)

(you are my obsession lil bluefish)

(my shrimpiest of whales)

(my mobiest of dicks)

(call me)

(fishmael)

(blank face wearing shades and a tiara)

Aranea: (Stopit!)
John: but i don't know the one who looks kind of like your sister.
what is your name?
Aranea: Aranea. (smiley face with eight eyes)
John: hi.
and what about those two over there?

[A6I5] Next
[Image description: Aradia smiles at John and leads Sollux by the arm.]

dialoglog
Vriska: These are my friends, Aradia and Sollux.
I have recruited them for this expedition as specialists.
They aren't really here to do any fighting, but their abilities will become useful once we retrieve
the treasure.
Aradia: hello.
John: hey.
are you alive?
your eyes do not look spooky and ghostly.
Aradia: thanks!
yes im alive
Vriska: Yeah, and apparently she intends to stay that way?
Hence her principled if somewhat lame commitment to pacifism.
but considering our history together, I'm willing to let bygones be bygones. I'm happy to have her
on my crew in whatever capacity she likes.
John: your history? what happened?
wait, that's a rude question. sorry.
Tavros: (vriska killed her too,)
(she used the other guy there, tragically, as the death weapon,)
Vriska: Hey!!!!!!!
What did I say about bygones being bygones? That's like rule fucking One of this ship.
Anyway, she became a robot and killed me back, so obviously we're cool now.
John: jeez, why does everyone always die so much?
Sollux: (lol, like this guy's one to talk.)
Aradia: (sollux dont make our guest uncomfortable)
Sollux: (he's already uncomfortable, and he should be. we all should be.)
Aradia: really i havent thought about any of that in a long time
ancient conflicts dont mean anything to me anymore but i was more than thrilled by the
opportunity to go on another adventure like this
we used to enjoy such campaigns together all the time when we were younger
of course now the teams are a little different (smiley face)
Vriska: Yeah! Man, those were the days.
John: what about you... why do you have double eye patches?
Sollux: uh, because i'm blind, stupid?
John: i can't tell if you're alive too or not, because i can't see if your eyes are spooky.
Sollux: they're spooky as shit, but yes, i'm alive.
ok, here's the short version. i used to be able to see, but then i went blind.
then i used my powers too hard, and died. but it turned out i was only half dead.
John: half dead?
Sollux: let me finish. so the ghost half of me could see again, so i was only half blind.
but then somebody prototyped my corpse, which i guess sucked the ghost half of me out of my
body, to make me fully alive again? also fully blind.
and now the ghost part of my soul is sharing a sprite body with Fucking Eridan of all people.
John: who's eridan?
Sollux: just the douche who blinded me in the first place, it doesn't even matter.
John: um, alright. but i don't think i quite followed all of that.
what does being half dead mean?
Sollux: you know, forget it.
i'm so sick of telling this story to people over and over, and nobody understanding what the hell i'm talking about.
it's all so simple. no, actually, it isn't, it's a fucking stupid story that makes no sense, maybe that's the problem.
my marginal existence is fraught with so much pointless duality and complicated nonsense, so i'm done even trying to explain it.
from now on i should just wear a shirt that says don't ask me about my disability or my mortality.
then everything would be fine.
Vriska: It's really kind of a shame Gamzee prototyped Eridan's torso parts and swiped his ghost from the afterlife.
I bet he would have had a great time on this voyage. I used to own him during our nautical campaigns all the time!
Sollux: if he was on this ship, i'd walk the plank and plummet through the fake ass water through infinite nowhere forever.
besides you act like you haven't already recruited at least fifty fucking eridans from doomed timelines in your army.
you really are shamefully prejudiced against our alternate reality ghost selves, they're just as real as we are and have the same emotions and everything.
Vriska: Gimme a break, Sollux. As if you don't view them the exact same way.
You've got real Eridan, and then pretty much a whole bunch of pretenders out there.
Sollux: they're all real!!! Shit, i don't even Like eridan, but here i am sticking up for his copies.
Vriska: See? You just called them copies. Even you can't avoid accidentally using a problematic slur which reveals that no matter what you believe about your morals, deep down you're always gonna favor the original, while viewing all the others as duplicates of lesser value.
Sollux: oh whatever. just Whatever, rationalize the "collateral damage" to your army all you want.
and to think, before i joined your party i heard rumors that you might have changed, like learned to be a better person or something, Heheh, yeah right!
Vriska: Oh pleeeeeeeeasee. I hardly think I'm a bad person for failing to give a shit about a billion meaningless dead Nepetas, do you?!
Sollux: no, you're not a bad person for That Particular reason, i guess.
Vriska: What am i seriously supposed to do? Fly around and befriend each one individually?
Sorry, I have better things to do with my time. Let's try to be at least somewhat practical here.
Aradia: ive met most of those nepetas theyre all very nice
Vriska: Oh shut up.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: John stands at the front of the ship and points off into the distance, where dozens of orange boats sail in water that looks orange, reflecting the sky above it.]

dialoglog
John: and what about all those ships up ahead?
are they part of the treasure hunt too?
Vriska: Of course!
That's my army.
Meenah: *Cough*
Vriska: Ok, I mean Our army.
but like, on boats.
John: isn't an army on boats usually called a navy?
Vriska: John, help me out. I seem to be having trouble remembering which one of us is the captain.
Was it the dork in blue pajamas, or was it the veteran sailor in the rad captain's coat?
That's right, the captain was me! And I say it's an army that happens to be on a bunch of boats.
Tavros: (ohhhhhh, ooh damn,)
(he got smoked! Wow, so smoked,)
(meenah, did you catch those sick fires,)
Meenah: (no but for reel it pretty much is a navy)
(just sayin)
John: who's in the army?
Vriska: Thousands of ghosts. Primarily those of old friends and acquaintances.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Meulin, Cronus, Latula, Mituna, three Kankris, and Eridan mill around on the
decks of one of the boats. All of them have a pulsing scorpio symbol on their forehead.]

dialoglog
Vriska: We've amassed a coalition of eager volunteers ready to lay down their ghost lives for a
worthy cause.
John: you mean fighting lord english?
Vriska: When we're ready for that, yes. but we need the treasure first.
So for now they're sailing well ahead of us in large numbers to attract his attention, so he can do
more damage to the ring and fill out the rest of our maps.
We should be very grateful for their bravery. They are making a noble sacrifice for us all.
Tavros: (bravery, yeah, right,)
(i'm mostly sure she's mind controlling them,)
Vriska: God Dammit, Tavros.
We really don't need your play by play commentary on everything!
John: wait, you're mind controlling all those ghosts?
Vriska: No!
Well, not all of them.
Once you group enough together, others tend to latch on to the mob out of curiosity. We trolls have
a way of clustering together naturally.
You've got to understand, John. Most of these people are pretty self absorbed. They just needed a
little bit of persuasion to join the cause.
Meenah: word
John: yeah, but...
isn't that still kind of, um...
dickish?
Vriska: but all these stubborn jackasses are going to double die anyway if we don't all work
together and kill this guy!
This is War, John. In times of war, difficult decisions have to be made with the lives of many.
Just think of me as a general giving orders to my troops. It just happens that the orders are a little
more direct in this case.
Meenah: hey serket deuce
lets not lose track a whos actually in charge of this shit mkay
Vriska: Yeah yeah.
All hail Her Imperious Teen Condescension, the fresh new face of tyranny, Supreme Admiral
Peixes.
At this time I would like to motion for a fifteen minute bowing break so that we may demonstratete
our reverence for this bold, spunky leader.

Meenah: yessssss

Vriska: Tavros, stop bowing. That was a joke.

Meenah: no keep doin that

lower swabby

Lower

face on the fuckin deck

yes just like that perfect

John: how do you mind control so many ghosts at once?

isn't that kind of hard?

Vriska: Well, I do have a little help.

John, did I mention?

My ancestor........

She is The Best.

John: she is?

Aranea: I must admit, I was not in favor of the idea at first.

but Vriska made a very strong case for using our combined powers in this way.

In a perfect reality, no one would have to get hurt. but the stakes are too high to be shying away

from such measures.

Vriska: See what I mean??

The best.

John: uh.

Aranea: It has been wonderful spending so much time on this adventure with my descendant.

Not just because it's helped me get to know her better, but because it's opened my eyes to things

about myself I was never really in touch with.

There are certain capabilities within me I have never quite been able to face, and she's helped me

realize I've been hiding from them all my life, and well beyond.

It must be true what they used to say on my world. That if you really want to know who you are,

look to the legacy left behind by your ancestor.

I think that wisdom works in both directions!

Vriska: Well put, Marquise. I've always felt the exact same way!

Meenah: Puke

oh my glub the serk twins bein adorbubble again

nitram get your mop ready for swabbin up all this vomit comin out ma mouth

Tavros: ew, no,

Meenah: can you two stick a fork in the sentimental carp

maybe pretend you aint hit it off so good

you ever stop and think how this makes me feel

Aranea: There's no reason to be jealous, Meenah. You know nothing has changed about our

friendship.

Meenah: jealous

bitch no

just makes me think about my kid descendant

an how instead of having this cool friendsy relation with her i just got this uncontrollable urge to

stab her to death so she dont threaten my supremacy

which is a shame cuz she so cute (frowny face wearing a tiara and goggles)

cod damn my royal blood and the cray junk it makes me have to do

aw well

maybe some day ill find an heiress who my genes dont instinctively make me wanna murder on

sight

then i can teach her the badass ways of being a boss n shit!
John: (god, trolls are so weird.)

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Tavros sneaks up behind John and laughs. John glances back at him and glares.]

dialoglog
Tavros: john just said trolls are weird,
he said it quietly, but I heard him,
John: hey!
you snitch.
Meenah: yeah but aren't we
Tavros: uh,,,,,
Meenah: moral of the story is blue kid is a dumb nerd but is right when he says stuff
look at that its like me and him are becoming fast fronds thus lulling him into a sense of false confidence already
John: what?
Meenah: (soon my lil whale...)
(soon...)
Aranea: It is true. To a human, the ways of trolls from both Alternia and Beforus will seem very strange.
In fact, prior to uniting in the afterlife, even the two groups of trolls were reasonably alien to one another.
I've had a great deal of time to study the cultures of many species throughout paradox space. No matter which race you belong to, one can always find another whose ideals pose a challenge of comprehension to even the most open minded.
And though the ethical standards of those from Alternia may seem unpalatable to you, rest assured there are beings elsewhere in the cosmos whose violent behavior would be considered extreme even to most trolls.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Aranea smiles and starts speaking with her hands.]

dialoglog
Aranea: Actually John, I'm very glad you brought this up.
because I was in the middle of a wonderful story about this very subject, which you interrupted when you boarded our ship.
John: oh.
sorry.
Aranea: No, that's fine!
Really, I'm quite pleased that you did.
This way I get to start over from the beginning!

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: John looks back and forth as everyone starts getting annoyed. Tavros face palms. Meenah lets her head drop backwards and groans. Vriska buries her face in her hands. Aradia stares like she’s not sure what to do. Sollux just stands there, frowning.]

dialoglog
Aranea: There were some rough patches in my original telling which I can go back and fix.
This time it will be much better!
John: ok.
what's the story about?
Aranea: It is a tale about a very mysterious alien race called cherubs.
Let us begin.
Once upon a time....... 

[A6I5] Next 

[Image description: The four cherubs Jane smacked with the swirled sucker to turn into Cals stand in a square. In a second image, Caliborn clasps his hands in awe at the idea of worldbuilding.] 

dialoglog
Aranea: There was a very mysterious alien race called cherubs!
Meenah: aranea i thought you said you'd fix the shitty parts of the story you started with that crappy line the first time too
Aranea: The opening line is fine!
Meenah: its aight i guess
knot
Aranea: Oh shut up and let me tell my story.
Now where was I?
John: there was a very mysterious alien race called cherubs.
Aranea: Right.
There was a very mysterious alien race called cherubs.
but there was one cherub in particular who, for at least the first half of our story, will be our heroine.

[A6I5] Next 

[Image description: A naked, adult cherub with green cheek circles, massive muscles, and white wings in the shape of the Hope symbol that are so large they extend out of the image flies through space.] 

dialoglog
Aranea: She spent eons roaming her galaxy, completely alone. but the time had come for her to find a mate. 

This is no small task for a cherub. being an asocial species, they spend virtually no time in each other's presence at all. Aside from when it is time to mate, they may go their entire lives without encountering another. And so they scatter their numbers throughout space, each staking a territory spanning many light years. 

but like a predator is able to track the scent of its prey, a cherub can sense the presence of another nearby. This sense is especially strong if that cherub shares the same qualities its other half once had long ago, before it experienced the maturation process known as predomination. 

[A6I5] Next 

[Image description: In the center of a massive, starry expanse, a red spiral and a green spiral intertwine. The green spiral fades away, then fades back in. The red spiral then does the same. The stars behind them take on a red or green tint depending on which one is fading in at the time.] 

dialoglog
You see, when a young cherub hatches, it would appear that only one creature has begun its life.
but the appearance is not to be trusted. The young cherub actually consists of two completely distinct beings, a male and a female each sharing one body. The two halves are endowed with polar opposite predispositions as well. One predisposed toward malevolence, another toward benevolence. Good or evil, if you prefer to deal in simplistic terms, or at least those which are convenient for the sake of this story! I prefer to view the dichotomy as a kind of moral alignment, like an attribute that dictates the choices a character makes in certain types of games I used to play. The male and female halves can be aligned either way, as long as they differ from each other. The resulting conflict between the two personalities is central to life as a cherub, both before and after predomination.

Shortly after hatching, the two halves begin vacillating, taking turns controlling the body. The only physical differentiation between the two is the coloration of their cheek swirls, which indicates alignment. There is otherwise no way to tell male and female apart before a cherub predominates. The vacillation process is demarcated by sleep. When the male goes to sleep, the female wakes up. And when the male wakes up, again the female sleeps. And so it goes, back and forth like this, as the two identities vie for dominance over the other, and ultimately, permanent control over the body. They grow to detest one another, and develop a view of social interaction centered entirely around animosity and confrontation. For good cherubs, this readies them for a long life of isolation, as they will prefer to avoid the sort of conflict that comes with social interaction as they have been conditioned to understand it. but for evil ones, the contentious upbringing only serves to fuel their inclination to harm others.

And though this duality makes for a tormented childhood, the inner conflict it creates is an extremely important part of a young cherub's life. The defining part, actually. It is the struggle a cherub must overcome to mature, and this process culminates in predomination.

One half will prove to have a stronger will than the other. The less dominant half will then weaken over time, and it will eventually become clear to both that one will not survive. The dominant personality will then completely consume the other, integrating it in such a way that only one is left. The cheeks will become solidly colored, and the cherub will grow to maturity as a single being, endowed with the alignment of the dominant half, and with all his or her personal qualities at the forefront of the union.

In the case of our heroine, she was the good half, and the day of her predomination was in a sense the day her brother died. And though it was to her benefit and personal growth, because of this loss she would always live with a sense that something was missing. Every sexually mature cherub lives with this feeling. It drives them to seek out another cherub similar to the half they lost, the part of their being which they grew up in perpetual conflict with. The desire to travel the universe in hopes of reigniting that conflict is very important to their species. It's the force which compels them to procreate.
So she set out to track his scent, as it were. And soon, she found a physical trail as well. A path of carnage left behind by a particularly destructive male cherub. She followed the debris from civilized worlds and star systems he left behind, as if to mock her, to make it clear he knew of her pursuit and was all but paving her way with the dead. His brutality made her more furious, thus setting the mood, so to speak, for their imminent courtship.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Two unknown trolls stand in front of a crowd of other trolls, though they’re the only ones with much detailing. The one on the left is a blue blood with a sign that looks like a circle with slightly wavy horns coming out of it and a small, capital T on top. She has short, choppy hair and mostly straight horns that flick out slightly at the ends. She wears a black tank top with her sign on the chest, a sleeveless blue hoodie, and blue shorts. She sneers and holds a set of nunchucks that look like they're made from troll horns. The other troll is a violet blood whose symbol looks like a trident with a circle under the center prong. He has short, somewhat messy hair and mismatched horns. The right one is straight and narrow with a barb-like section at the tip. The left one has a crook in it halfway up, that makes it bend outwards. The end has three prongs on it, almost like the letter W. He wears a black top hat with a golden band, a pair of violet-tinted, oval-shaped glasses, a black dress shirt with his sign on the chest under a dark grey suit jacket with violet cuffs and labels and gold buttons, and black dress pants. He has a small scar under his left eye that looks like the number 7. They both look up, though the blueblood looks angry while the violet blood just looks confused. There’s a large building with several bright green, 12-paned windows and a smaller building with blue awning covers behind them.]

dialoglog

A cherub of his alignment is seemingly motivated by little other than to conquer and destroy. From a bioexistential perspective, they behave somewhat like viruses attacking the system from within. but as with all symbiotic organisms living within a universe, there are balancing factors. While those inhabiting an evil cherub's territory will regard it as an unpredictable tyrant, those in the territory of a good cherub will likely come to view it as a protector, waiting quietly for millenia in deep space, ready to attack any encroaching threat. In that sense, they are not unlike cells in a universal immune system.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: All of the trolls burn. All we see of them is their charred skeletons.]

dialoglog

This balance of forces allows stability, such that life and new civilizations can blossom and thrive within a universe, thus assuring the possibility of its own elaborate procreation process. but if that balance was ever disturbed, it would lead to chaos in that biosystem. The universe could not survive for long. And if by some means a cherub with such destructive tendencies were to achieve unprecedented power, the resulting imbalance would be catastrophic for paradox space itself. And though the heroine of our story could have no way of knowing, this is exactly what would result from the pursuit of her kismesis.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: The green-cheeked cherub flies towards a black hole with a mass of red stars surrounding it.]

dialoglog

Like humans, cherubs perceive romance through only one quadrant. Unlike humans, their relationships are exclusively black. but their mating ritual is much more violent than any practice
trolls would, or even physically could engage in. And though it is critical to the perpetuation of their race, the confrontations can sometimes be lethal to one or both cherubs. Regardless of the outcome, the stakes are always high. The winner of the duel will assume control of the other's territory, while the loser will slink away to bear the offspring. So as she toured the planetary wreckage, she knew her quest for a mate was not just about the propagation of her species, but the liberation of billions from a monster.

She pursued him for many sweeps with mounting obsession, until one day the trail came to an end at a black hole. Cherubs typically seek out black holes as the setting for their mating ritual, but not any black hole. Once long ago it was a star, and circling that star was a planet. That planet was home to one of the presently sparring cherubs. The male in this case returned to the site of his hatching to mate, a location now conspicuously occupied by a truly massive black hole.

This was where she found him. And this was where they would duel.

While an adult cherub is a fearsome creature, and would be a formidable opponent to anyone in its unaltered state, this is not the form in which they do battle with each other. The ritual is more extreme and physically demanding than any other kind of courtship or duel in the universe. The moment they meet, they will both undergo a dramatic metamorphosis.

The mates will then duel as two vast frightening serpents, each an astronomical unit in length.

The tangled struggle between the green A.U.s is exceedingly brutal and can last for sweeps. While dueling in such a monstrous form, their energy is inexhaustible. The transformation taps into the cherubs' latent connection with the enigmatic forces presiding over all that is eternal, and permeating all those endowed with immortality. Normally this power is only accessible to them during mating. In this form, they are only able to be injured by one another, and are otherwise indestructible. Hence the ritual can never be stopped by an outside force until it is complete.
that briefly appeared in the swirled sucker as the red and green ones merged to make it.

dialoglog
It should come as no surprise that in this story our heroine was victorious. Upon defeating her mate she initiated the interlocking formation to complete the coupling, while assuming the dominant position, a stance undetectable to all but the most astute observers of the zoologically dubious. Consequently, the male was fertilized with the young.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: One of them flies towards a small planet in orbit around a red giant. The scratches on its body have scabbed over and look black.]

dialoglog
He then slithered away in disgrace from the territory he'd just lost. A cherub looking to nest will search for a dead planet situated near a massive dying star. The egg is deposited on the planet's surface, and the rising temperature from the expanding red giant will incubate the egg until it is ready to hatch. Later in life, the cherub will grow wings, assuming it has matured properly. And if it has learned to fly well enough to reach a safe distance from the nest before the star goes supernova, soon the hungry cherub will return and feast on the resulting stellar energy. Doing so allows it to gain enough strength to travel great distances, and claim its own territory. The star will then collapse into a black hole, serving as a distinct gravitational beacon to the cherub later in life, so it may return there to mate.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: A small black object hurtles towards the planet, leaving a rainbow, flashing trail in its wake.]

dialoglog
As it happens, our heroine's mate discovered Earth, long after it had journeyed to a new sun, and long since new civilizations had risen and fallen. Now on the brink of destruction from its dying star, its barren accommodations were ideal for a young cherub. There he deposited his single egg and flew away, never to return. No cherub ever spawns more than one offspring at a time, for it is every cherub's destiny to grow up alone. Or alone on the outside, at least.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: The egg lands, creating a massive crater in red dirt. A shitty, jpeg artifacted statue of liberty catches fire nearby, as does much of the landscape. The fire flashes the colors of billiard balls.]

dialoglog
From that egg hatched one very special cherub with two names - one that few will ever know, and one that few should ever say. A fascinating thing about cherub reproduction is how the parent's alignment is passed on to the young. If the male lays the egg, the alignments of the child's two halves will be the same as the parents. If the female lays the egg, the alignments will be flipped, and the young male and female halves will be endowed with opposite alignments of the parents. As such, the male half took after his father. Perhaps the son even exceeded him in violent tendencies. It is hard to imagine there has ever been a cherub more willfully destructive or as stubbornly dedicated to conquest than the monstrosity he would grow up to become.

[A6I5] Next
Due to his indomitable nature, I believe victory over his sister was a foregone conclusion. barring a highly improbable glitch in causality, it would be almost impossible for her to predominate over someone like him. And even so, he didn't have the patience to wait. Unfortunately for everyone to ever exist, he discovered a way to predominate early. Yet it was not this act alone that would prove ominous, so much as the means through which it was achieved. He was allowed to become the solo player of a game which his kind was never meant to play.

And so, it is with the predomination of her son that our heroine's story ends, and the story of our villain begins.

Aranea: Hey!!!!!!!
Meenah, where are you going?
Meenah: im takin a gaper break
god
Aranea: but the story isn't over yet!

Aranea: I'm afraid not. Everyone must listen to the full story.

Meenah: girl your stories never end my bladder cant even deal
just keep talking while im gone
Aranea: No, that's ok. We can wait!
Meenah: i already heard the damn story though!
Aranea: Not all of it!
Meenah: glubber fuck cant you just keep yappin about snake sex while i hit the lil grubs room already

Aranea: I'm afraid not. Everyone must listen to the full story.
Meenah: omfg
you really are turnin evil arent ya
i would be proud except of how terrible and boring the actual consequences are for me personally
John: wait...
does that mean when you're a ghost you still have to pee?
Meenah: none a your business blue kid
John: that's so weird.
am i the only one who thinks that's weird?
Vriska: No, John. It's definitely pretty weird that ghosts have to pee.
You get used to life as a ghost pretty fast, though.
John: but weren't you already pretty used to peeing when you were alive?
Vriska: Yeah. That's why you get used to it pretty fast, dummy!
John: this is kind of a stupid conversation.
can we hear more about the snakes and whatnot? it was a pretty cool story.
Aranea: Yes! (very happy face with eight eyes)
As soon as Meenah returns from her visit to the load gaper.
Meenah: holy mackerel can you shitfucks just enjoy your space lizard porn while I take a fucking piss???

[A6i5] Next

[Image description: Meenah takes a few more steps down the stairs. Aradia watches Feferi and Nepeta dress up in full pirate costumes. Feferi now wears a fuschia jacket with three rows of gold buttons, the hat she picked out, and a belt with a sword on her hip. Nepeta wears a long black coat with small white buttons. Sollux wanders towards the hole the stairs go down.]
dialoglog
Aranea: I think we could all stand to take a brief intermission from the story regardless, to let all these intriguing facts about cherubs sink in.
Meenah: ugh
you and your intermissions
what is with your intermissions they aint even intermissions most of the time
they just an excuse to tell another dumb story inside a longer dumb story
Aranea: Yes, Meenah. You are correct, and your reservations are noted.
However, would it change your mind if I were to propose not an intermission, but....... An interfishin?
Meenah: ...
...
Aranea: (winking face with eight eyes)
Meenah: fine
lets do the interfishin thing you said
Meenah: cuz of fish
brb u scrubs

[s][a6i5] Begin Interfishin

[Image description: The loading screen is a drawing of Aranea’s Exposition Booth, but the sign says “Gone fishin, the Sylph is Out”. Elevator stuck begins to play. In the top left, there is a really bad picture of Meenah. It looks like someone took it when she was in the middle of speaking or when she wasn’t paying attention. Next to it, it a long bar filled with fuchsia, which is labeled ‘Bladder’. Tavros has his foot up on the treasure chest and strums a guitar in time to the music. Sollux very slowly falls into the stairwell. Just after he vanishes down the hole, when the other instruments begin to play, Aradia appears with a set of chimes, Vriska appears with a large
glockenspiel, Aradia pulls out a flute, Feferi pulls out a bright yellow bass guitar, and Nepeta pulls out a set of pink maracas. The bladder bar begins to empty as everyone plays their instruments. John looks back and forth between the various people. Meenah’s bladder bar finally empties and she slowly makes her way up the stairs. It cuts to a scribbly close-up of Aradia’s hand as she runs her hand over the bars. Meenah finally makes it to the top of the stairs. The empty bladder bar gets covered by text boxes as she speaks.

Meenah: eye patch guy fell the fuck down like captor like captor i guess so uh water we doin here... i sea (hashtag) k thank bye

She turns right back around and goes back down the stairs. The text box and bladder bar disappear. John just keeps boggling vacantly at them until you click the link to the next page.]

[a6i5] End of Interfishin

[Image description: Gamzee grins as he picks up the green and red egg. He still has both his wings and absolutely no bullet holes.]

dialoglog
Aranea: Anyway, where was I?
John: the heroine story ends and the villain story begins.
i think...
Aranea: Yes, that's right.
It is with the predomination of her son that our heroine's story ends, and the story of our villain begins.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: The egg cracks open, spilling out a liquid that flashes the colors of billiard balls, but very faintly.]

dialoglog
Aranea: but as we all know, beginnings are not always so easy to pinpoint in paradox space. One could say his story began the day he claimed immortality. Or the moment his being was inexplicably confined to a juju, allowing him access to any realm in which his vessel would capriciously materialize.
but for the sake of linearity, we may as well say his story began the day he and his sister hatched.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: The egg shatters and a small snake-like creature with a cherub’s head sits in a puddle of the flashing liquid. Its left eye and right cheek swirl are green. Conversely, it’s right eye and left cheek swirl are red. It sticks out its forked tongue, which is striped black and white.]

dialoglog
Aranea: When a cherub hatches, the two undeveloped personalities mingle together in the same body. There is not yet a clear division between the two. It will then consume the egg shell for the vital nutrients it contains. The sugary snack is irresistible to the starving wiggler.
Once it finishes its first meal, the two personalities will be pulled apart for good, and the child will
pupate.
The two halves then begin vacillating with their sleep cycles, as I described.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Gamzee smiles at the baby cherub, which now looks humanoid. Its eyes and cheeks are green and it wears Gamzee’s codpiece like a diaper. It smiles and wiggles its arms and legs a little.]

dialoglog
Aranea: As you might expect, the female child was as cheerful and friendly as could be.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: The baby cherub smiles and hugs Gamzee. In a second image, Gamzee smiles while returning the hug.]

dialoglog
Aranea: She took after her mother in every way. At least, the way her mother used to be, long before she was hardened by centuries of isolation and obsessive pursuit of justice.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Gamzee stares uncertainly at the baby cherub, which now has red eyes and cheek swirls. It kicks and flails faster and screams. It’s still wearing the codpiece diaper.]

dialoglog
Aranea: And to just as little surprise, the male child was an insufferable brat.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Gamzee hugs the baby again, but he just bites him in the shoulder, sending out a spray of indigo blood. In a second image, Gamzee shouts in pain while being bitten.]

dialoglog
Aranea: It is just as well that cherub parents abandon their offspring. Raising such a child by the familial standards of any race would be a monumental challenge.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Gamzee locks a cuff around the cherub’s wrist. It has Caliborn’s Ophiuchus symbol on it.]

dialoglog
Aranea: Nevertheless, it would seem there were those who tried. Details in my research suggest our villain had a number of acolytes operating in the shadows, preparing for his arrival. We will probably never know who these scurrilous conspirators were. but it is evident that at some point the cherub was locked in a room, either out of exasperation, or for its own good, until it was old enough to enter the session.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Boxes of Special Stardust, jujubes, red and green swirled candies, steaks, strips of bacon, pieces of the red and and a green chess set, and a Juju chest sit up against the wall with
the spiral-bearing connector that locked Calliope and Caliborn’s chains into their room.]

dialoglog
Aranea: The children were left with everything a young cherub could ever want. Meat, candy, computers, a lifetime supply of special stardust, and of course their precious jujus.
The acolytes had clearly gone to great lengths to harvest such items from all over the cosmos, so they could lavish their young master with gifts.
They may have been prisoners, yes. but if you ask me, these children were very spoiled.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: The chess board lays broken in two pieces on the ground with only a few pieces still on it. The red king remains standing next to a green pawn while on the other side of the board, a red bishop and the green queen lay on their sides.]

dialoglog
Aranea: While the female was preparing for a collaborative approach to the game, the male was plotting furiously against her. He never had any intention of working with her.
As far as he was concerned, the game was his and his alone to conquer.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Shown as a shadow on the wall, Caliborn rips his leg off with his teeth and sends red blood splattering across the room.]

dialoglog
Aranea: One day, he put his plan into motion. He had his sister's dream self assassinated on Prospit.
The next time she went to sleep, she would never wake up again. When her brother woke up, he became the sole occupant of the body.
He then freed himself from his chains, and launched the session by himself.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Caliborn walks away from a black hole as it sucks up shitty statues of liberty.]

dialoglog
Aranea: but this game was never meant to be played solo.
Its format is inherently cooperative. The diversity of players, the combination of their efforts and aspects, this is what awakens the true creative potential of the game. Without them, a session will wither and die.
If one enters alone, it completely alters the nature of the game. It changes its purpose.
For a solo player, a challenging quest becomes an insurmountable one. A reward of infinite promise becomes a boon far more sinister.
The gauntlet which the player must overcome is seemingly designed to be impossible. For all intents and purposes, it is not actually a game at all. It is a death sentence for any player foolish enough to accept the challenge.
but it bears repeating.
This was a very special cherub.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: A grey, cloudy Skaia hangs in a void with a dimly lit Prospit in orbit around it.]
Aranea: He entered what is called a dead session. This qualifies as both a null and void session, but is even less than either of those. Compared to a typical session, it is almost unrecognizable.

before the game begins, Skaia is blotted out with a dark layer of clouds. Its light is extinguished for good.
There is no planet waiting for the player in the medium.
So instead, he brought it with him.

[Next]

-[Image description: Massive radio towers stick out of a grey, desert landscape. The name of the world is at the top of the screen, but there are two blanks where the aspects of the land should be. The Land of (Blank) and (Blank).]

Aranea: but when he arrived, there was no heroic journey for him to embark on.
There was nothing. No sprite, no consorts, no underlings.
The land had no name.
Those things all needed to be unlocked.
To unlock his true quest, he was forced to undergo a series of excruciatingly tedious trials.
Only then would the way to the planet's core be revealed. There, he would consult with the most monstrous denizen of all.
And while such trials might discourage most players from even trying, our villain's response was quite the contrary.
He was only emboldened by the mind numbing chores. He took to them with gusto, as if performing them out of spite.

[Next]

-[Image description: A stone door with a massive key hole in the center of it sits in a stone wall. There’s a large carving of a snake with a sun for a head in the ornately carved decoration above the door. Above that, there are two, long snake creatures with human heads and ridges of crystals down their backs. They face each other in an exact mirror image. Flanking the door are two pillars of intricately carved, intertwining snakes as legs for a human with crossed arms and faces lost in shadow except for glowing red eyes. These pillars support a lintel with a row of gears across them; the time symbol, specifically. A glowing red light casts a shadow of Caliborn onto the floor. He has a large key in one hand and his staff in the other.]

Aranea: With perseverance, he found the final door and unlocked it.
Waiting for him on the other side was a terrible creature named Yaldabaoth.
His denizen would allow him a brief audience. One just long enough for him to make The Choice.

[Note: The Choice is underlined.]

[S][Next]

-[Image description: A low thrumming sound and the sound of fire crackling plays. The light symbol floats at the top of an incredibly tall, black panel. It has a blank face carved into it. It begins to glow at the edges until it’s just a ball of beaming light. The blackness fades to the body of a massive, red snake. The light is its head. A low, echoing, growling sound begins to play. It sounds like some ancient being speaking a language you can’t understand. It’s body vanishes into the distance far away, so no one knows how long it is. Caliborn stands in front of it and looks up.}
He is absolutely miniscule compared to this creature, probably no larger than its eye.

dialoglog
Aranea: No denizen has ever been mistaken for pleasant company, but the self-proclaimed god of all monsters is notoriously inhospitable to his players. His choices are known for their wild extremes.
And to this player, in this session, he offered his most extreme choice of all. It was the choice between a path of conquest, and a path of sacrifice. But this is putting it lightly.
In a tongue only his player could understand, he described what the path of the martyr entailed. In short, it involved nothing. The player chooses to walk away from the temptation of power. To surrender all ambition, and to welcome death.
In exchange for this pledge comes a promise. The player's sacrifice is assured to benefit all who will ever live. In death, the player would later be in the position to help bring an end to a force of unfathomable evil and destruction. A force which was unleashed, for instance, by someone who once opted for the other choice.
Yaldabaoth then described what it meant to choose the path of the conqueror.
It was a path for a more active player, to be sure. The player's mettle as a conquering force would be tested directly, and repeatedly.
One by one, he would have to conquer and destroy a number of planets spawned for him in the session. Each would be more difficult than the last. After destroying them all, his true land would become unlocked.
He would then return to face his denizen again, and defeat him in combat. If successful, his reward would be unprecedented. He would receive the boon of unconditional immortality, where resurrection would not be linked with the just or heroic nature of death.
It is unclear how this boon would be awarded, since to my knowledge it is beyond even the ability of a denizen to allow this. But through whatever mechanism the boon is bestowed, immortality is only the beginning. The player is somehow also imbued with a limitless supply of power. Enough to destroy anything he wanted, for as long as he wanted.
And knowing the villain of our story, anything he wanted would be everything. And as long as he wanted would be forever.
Yes, knowing our villain, the choice he would make is quite clear. Knowing him, in fact, proves it could hardly be considered a choice at all.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Skaia is completely black except for a few cracks spiderwebbing across its surface, which send out beams of light. The only reason we know it’s Skaia is because Prospit is in close orbit around it.]

dialoglog
Aranea: It was at this point the real game would begin.
Aranea: Skaia would undergo a dramatic transformation, becoming even darker and heavier.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: More bright cracks cross its surface and it begins to glow white.]

dialoglog
Aranea: Soon it would become a very massive solid sphere. It would begin to generate heat within due to rising density. Aranea: The surface would begin to crack.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Skaia explodes, sending out what looks like a galaxy of stars and several large, colorful spheres.]

dialoglog
Aranea: The resulting explosion is known as the First break. From the primordial blast would emerge fifteen planets for the player to conquer. They would scatter and ricochet at high velocity before settling into orbit in the medium. The break is a very violent phenomenon though. Not all planets will necessarily clear the blast before the Skaian debris settles into its final state.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Three of the spheres, which now look like billiard balls, fall into a black hole. They are the maroon one, the red striped one, and the green striped one.]

dialoglog
Aranea: The vast amount of resulting matter then collapses into a black hole. Its gravitational pull is tremendous. Any object within range will be sucked in and destroyed. Those planets which settle into orbit will be safe, for the time being. But in the case of our villain's session, three of the planets did not make it and fell back into the hole. This was a very lucky break for him!

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Twelve billiard balls orbit around the black hole that was once Skaia. In the upper right, a little ways beyond their orbit, is Earth. Caliborn’s ophiuchus symbol flashes over it. The billiard balls are about a quarter the size of earth. From 12 o’clock going clockwise, they are the maroon stripe, yellow, blue, red, purple, orange, green, black, yellow stripe, blue stripe, purple stripe, orange stripe, and maroon stripe.]

dialoglog
Aranea: It meant that he would only have to conquer twelve planets instead. This bit of good fortune could very well have been the difference which allowed him to overcome a nearly impossible challenge. His task was to destroy all of these planets in order, each within a time allowance that gets shorter with every planet. To destroy a planet, first it must be conquered. He would have to overcome all forces of resistance on the planet, and ultimately defeat whatever powerful underling ruled there. Then, much like he did to unlock the quest in the first place, he would have to travel to the planet's core. There he would retrieve a bomb, and return to the surface. If he did not accomplish this in time, the bomb would detonate in the core, and the game would be lost automatically. The bomb is not powerful enough to destroy the planet alone. In fact, its purpose is not to damage the planet at all, but to move it.
dialoglog
Aranea: So he must bring it to a designated location on the surface. When it explodes, the planet will be knocked out of orbit, and sucked into the hole. Of course he must make sure he has moved on to the next planet before this happens!

dialoglog
Aranea: He repeats this process for each planet until they are all gone. There is one caveat though. He must skip the eighth planet. If he sinks that one before any of the others, it will result in the destruction of the entire session. Thus it must be the final planet he conquers.

dialoglog
Aranea: Upon destroying the eighth planet, his true land will reveal itself. The dead planet will come to life, and there he must prepare for battle with his denizen. He may sharpen his combat skills, craft new weaponry, anything he can do to improve his chances against a very powerful end game foe. Fortunately for him, he would not have to face the monster alone. By then he will have accumulated a party of loyal minions.

dialoglog
Aranea: With each planet he destroys, he will be awarded a new leprechaun follower. Even if a planet was destroyed in the break, he will still be awarded that planet's leprechaun upon destroying the planet preceding it. Sort of like a two for one deal!
John: wait.
leprechauns??
Aranea: Yes, John!
I'm delighted to see you have pounced on what is clearly the most interesting part of the story thus far. Leprechauns are a fascinating mythical race, although there is some dispute among scholars as to whether they are actually a breed of gnome.
John: ...
Aranea: I can't say I blame you for being speechless. There are no doubt hundreds of questions swirling in your head at once about these wonderful creatures. Where do I even begin? You must forgive me, I find it very difficult to resist going on at length about them. I just think they are so great.

For instance, I can and have given lectures for weeks at a time on their marvelous and widely varying magical abilities.

More intriguing yet would be any medium-to-longform harangue on the topic of their culture and customs, most of which revolve around luck.

but most captivating of all, and the subject upon which I will now assiduously expound, would be the positively scintillating subject of leprechaun romance.

[Image description: Aranea clasps her hands in delight and looks up. A thought bubble over her head shows Itchy, Doze, Trace, and Clover standing on a green background under a chart with nine squares in it. From top left going across, they are a pink heart, a yellow crescent moon, an orange star, a green clover, a blue diamond, a purple horseshoe, a red balloon, a rainbow with blue, yellow, and pink bands, and a yellow pot of gold with orange coins in it. They’re the same shapes as the marshmallows from lucky charms. Some of the symbols flash over the heads of each of the felt members.]

dialoglog

Aranea: The problem is that when the subject of leprechaun romance is broached, our overly obsessive troll intellects instantly assume the most ingratiating posture of admiration imaginable. Which makes it hard! Hard to give it proper academic focus I mean, because of how great it is. but we will do our best to understand regardless.

Trolls have only four forms of romance. And though we consider it a complicated subject, spanning a wide range of emotions, social conventions, and implications for reproduction, it is ultimately a superficial slice of what leprechauns consider the full body of romantic experience.

Our concept of romance, in spite of its capacity to fill our art and literature and to rule our individual destinies like little else, is still just that. A single, quaternary concept. A concept usually denoted by four symbols.

(heart) (spade) (diamond) (club)

Leprechaun romance is more complicated than that. Leprechaun romance needs nine symbols. The nine quadrants of leprechaun romance are considerably more nuanced than our quaint notions of romance, and certainly more alien.

In fact, so conditioned is my own understanding of romance that I can't help but refer to them as quadrants, when in fact they are not quadrants at all! They are referred to as charms.

One of the charms is characterized by romantic love, as understood by both trolls and humans. but after that, all bets are off. There is no division between black or red, concupiscent or conciliatory. Instead their charms comprise a spectral continuum of more subtly varying types of relationships, most of which are established in mutual chicanery, such as the exchange of pranks, coy riddles, slapstick shenanigans, and games of chance. Furthermore, a pair of leprechauns is not limited to a single charm. A relationship may be defined by multiple charms at once! In fact, some of the most interesting relationships arise from exotic charm combinations. A stable relationship consisting of three or more charms is called a trove. These advanced relationships are often viewed as the ideal end result for a romance, much the way certain pairing rituals are for humans.

No charm is specifically tied to procreation, though any type of relationship could begin waxing concupiscent if lady luck should so decide. Certain charm combinations are known to be more conducive to fertility than others. If the leprechaun pair has been so blessed, they will begin an elaborate coupling procedure culminating in a lively mating jig. The jigs are specific to the charms of course, similar to how different kinds of music lend themselves to various styles of dance.
While their romance is endlessly captivating, leprechaun reproduction may be the most interesting subject of all. Particularly from a perspective of detailed anatomical study, which I will get to shortly. But first it bears pointing out that while for humans reproductive relationships are exclusively heterosexual, and for trolls they are bisexual, for leprechauns they-

Vriska: wow, what a story!!!!!!!
Aranea: but I wasn't fin-
Vriska: wasn't that story great everyone?
wow!!!!!!!

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska stands behind Aranea, who turns around to look at her.]
dialoglog
Aranea: Hmm.
You really liked it that much, Vriska?
Vriska: Hell yeah!
Oh my god. That leprechaun stuff? Sooooooo good.
Right guys?
Aranea: Wow. Well, I would be happy to continue then, if you-
Vriska: Mindfang, have I told you how great it's been to get to know each other, and team up on adventures and stuff?
I really feel like you've helped me get in touch with my ancestral roots. Mainly as a kickass storyteller.
It was like this whole part of my personality I was never aware of. Like the part that's compelled to just outright explain tons of really interesting things to people, while sparing no detail whatsoever. It's made me feel a lot closer to understanding my aspect, as well as closer to you. So I just wanted to say, thanks!
Aranea: Aw, you're welcome!
I feel the exact same way about my time with you.
You have really helped me get in touch with the true pirate within. I saw in you the adventurous spirit I always wished I could be.
You helped me finally understand the virtue in rationalizing questionable decisions, and behaving unscrupulously for the greater good!
Vriska: Haha, stop! You're going to make me start tearing up.
Get over here and give me a hug, alpha sister.
Aranea: (smiley face with eight eyes)

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: They hug. Aranea smiles while John and Meenah both watch.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska puts a hand to her throat like she’s choking or gagging herself and sticks out her tongue.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Meenah makes wanking motions with one hand and John looks scandalized.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Meenah and Vriska high five over Aranea’s shoulder.]
Next

Image description: Aranea looks done with their bullshit.

Next

Image description: It zooms in on Aranea’s face.

Next

Image description: Terezi stares up with bloodshot eyes. They’re yellow, not red. She isn’t blind anymore. Her hair is a mess and her dragon cape hangs down her back.

Next

Image description: Karkat stares at her in shock. His mouth is open like he wants to speak but isn’t sure what to say.

Next

Image description: Terezi sits up, cross-legged, and stares blearily up at Karkat. The floor around her is still littered with empty Faygo redbot bottles and bike horns. There are deep bags under her eyes, and she clutches Pyralspite tightly.

dialoglog
Karkat: who???
Terezi: you know...
vriskas ancestor?
the friendly one who tells long stories
Karkat: oh yeah.
her.
I don't know, I can't keep all these ghost names straight.
fliptuna? Meowlin...
wasn't there a carlos?
fuck it. They were all named carlos as far as I'm concerned.
wait. Except meenah. She was alright. A little forward, but...
whatever, this isn't the point.
all I remember about my interactions with the serket girl was getting cornered into these ludicrous monologues, then racking my brain for excuses to get the hell out of there.
Terezi: yeah well
I was a little more tactful than you and actually listened
and let her talk me into something I shouldn't have (frowning face with furrowed brows)
Karkat: so she was just like
*poof!*
and suddenly your eyes were better?
Terezi: yes
Karkat: what is she, some sort of magic fairy??
Terezi: um. Yes?
thats kind of literally what she is
Karkat: oh
alright, I guess her story checks out then.
good for her.
but this doesn't seem like you terezi. I mean, I didn't think you even wanted your eyesight back?
I've never met anyone as chuffed about her own disability as you. I was always under the impression you felt like it was a big part of who you are?
Terezi: it was!!!
the moment she healed me I knew I made a terrible mistake
but I couldn't take it back
I thought about it
like just blinding myself again and pretending it never happened
but
even the way it happened originally was something special to me
I can't duplicate that
and even if I could it still wouldn't be the same
I can't seem to forgive myself for being so stupid
for some reason I thought it was a good idea to take the only cool and unique thing about myself and "fix" it
what was I thinking?
Karkat: whoa whoa
the *only* cool thing about you?
terezi. I want to be understanding, but I can't get behind some of the shit you're saying about yourself here.
what made you start unraveling like this?
Terezi: I think it was when we started meeting our ancestors
and I thought they were all cooler and older and more interesting than us
even though they probably weren't?
they had a lot of problems and insecurities too
but I guess the kind that older kids have, and when you're younger you don't really recognize them as problems
you look at those things as just part of what it's like being someone who's more interesting and grown up than you
maybe since I'm not as young anymore I guess I can see that now
but I was stupidly awestruck by some people who were not so impressive in retrospect and I made a dumb mistake
Karkat: wait. We met all those people like...
kind of a long time ago?
how long have you been hiding this from everyone?
Terezi: I don't know
a year or something?
and I wasn't hiding it
I just didn't tell anybody
Karkat: yeah! That's what hiding it means.
Terezi: but
you usually can't see my eyes anyway!
cause of my glasses?? Duh
Karkat: I know, but not telling anybody that is still being pointlessly secretive!
you could have said, hey karkat, I fucked up and now I can see again. Maybe we can talk about this so I don't go into a tragic downward spiral and make you worry about me for no reason!
Terezi: im sorry!
I should have
but I was so ashamed
Karkat: and what about this clandestine blackrom nonsense you've got going on with gamzee?
Terezi: what?
Karkat: have you been dating him for just as long?
was he involved in that decision??
like, did he help talk you into healing your eyes or something?!
Terezi: how did you know we were dating!
did he tell you?
Karkat: oh my god. Terezi, you are a fucking catastrophe.
you used to be like, cunning? And considerably more intelligent than me, which I have no problem admitting.
but this is ridiculous. Even if I didn't figure it out myself, which I *did* because it was *obvious*, you are up here on the roof lying unconscious in a pile of honk horns and faygo bottles.
I am not a master of deduction, but unless you were recently stomped on by some sort of golem composed of garbage from a circus, it seems fair to say you are officially down with the clown.
Terezi: uuugh
ok
yes
its true (frowning face with a round nose and furrowed brows)
Karkat: well? What do you have to say about it.
Terezi: I couldnt get up the nerve to tell you about that either
in a way, im even more disgusted with myself for dating that asshole than I am for healing my eyes.
Karkat: then why are you doing it!
Terezi: I dont know!
I cant bring myself to stop seeing him
every time I think I cant stomach the sight of his ugly face for another second
he pulls me back in
he is just
so
aaaawful

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Karkat sits in a chair backwards, so he straddles the seat with the back coming up between his legs. He leans onto the back and props his chin up in one hand. The crab projects Dave’s head next to him.]

dialoglog
Terezi: he always knows exactly what to say to piss me off
everything he does
his fake god tier suit, his smug expression, the dumbass ways he butchers his sentences
saying shit like 'all getting up at his mother fuckin honk on', aaaaargh!
I hate it so much!!!!!!!!!!!!
but I keep coming back for more
hes like a drug!
even more addictive than this...
revolting soda I cant stop drinking
ive had so much faygo I cant even taste the color anymore (frowning face with furrowed brows)
I just taste the sugar and the bubbles and the awful flavor it leaves behind, which just makes me drink more to wash it away
until I feel so nasty I have to take a long soda nap, but I wake up loathing myself even more
so I just reach for another bottle
it is truly...
the wicked elixir
*sob*
Karkat: terezi...
Terezi: I want him to be out of my life
he is the worst thing thats ever happened to me
but
I guess you cant help who you hate
Karkat: this is killing me, hearing this.
I seriously want to weep actual puke out of my eyeballs from this story.
how did this happen???
I've got to say, I didn't see it coming. If you told me sweeps ago you and he...
I wouldn't believe it. Like if the writing was on the wall there, I sure as fuck didn't read it.
Terezi: yeah, it snuck up on me
it didn't help that he terrorized us when we were hiding from jack
right under my nose too
somehow I didn't put the pieces together at the time and let him get away with murder
and gradually I started having these uncontrollable thoughts about him
dark thoughts
and when I would catch a whiff of him in the corridors, like he was taunting me, that just fanned
the flames
then we started talking shit with each other more and more
and he was so much nastier than he ever used to be! Way more than any of our friends ever were
one time he started mocking my blindness
which never bothered me when anyone else did it
but somehow, the stuff he said...
I let it get under my skin
and combined with meeting a lot of new people I felt like I couldn't live up to
that's when I started reconsidering aranea's offer
Karkat: I knew it!
I knew he must have had something to do with that decision. That slimy bastard.
this is mostly my fault. I wasn't vigilant enough with him, and I let our moirallegiance break down.
if I kept a closer eye on him, maybe he wouldn't have lured you into his spinning tent of shit.
Terezi: no, you shouldn't feel like...
Karkat: or maybe it's kanaya's fault? She's always been a really good auspistice. Maybe she could
have prevented this, if she wasn't so preoccupied herself.
no wait! It's actually my fault again! If I had been on the ball and auspisticized between her and
rose, she would have had the time to auspisticize between you and gamzee!
dammit, I always say I know so much about romance, yet I routinely underestimate its complexity,
so I only figure out what to do after it's way too late!
god I'm so stupid stupid stupid stupid
Terezi: blarg shut up!
it's no ones fault but mine!
im the one who has to deal with it
Karkat: yeah ok.
for what it's worth, he'll probably just break it off and leave you once we get to the new session.
all his loyalties and priorities are totally warped now. I'm not sure what he really cares about
anymore, but it sure isn't any of us.
Terezi: you think
he will leave me?
Karkat: yeah. I do.
Terezi: *sob!!!*
Karkat: whoa, what??
isn't that what you want?
Terezi: no!
id be devastated if he just
suddenly ditched me like that
Karkat: ok, help me out!
you're confusing me here.
Terezi: id feel pathetic!!!
and I guess
a sick and terrible part of me doesn't want him to go
but if he does I want it to be because I tell him its over!
Karkat: wow.
Alright, I guess that makes sense. Sorry.
I'm just trying to be supportive here.
but I'm not always sure what the right thing to say is!
I'm doing my fucking best. This is complicated for me too, you're both my friends.
Terezi: I know
I appreciate your intentions karkat
maybe
maybe it would be better if you weren't sitting up there in that backwards chair while you talked to me?
Karkat: what?
why??
Dave: yeah dude you should probably ditch the chair
Karkat: what the fuck is wrong with my chair.
Dave: or at least sit on it frontways
or offer her another chair?
I dunno its kind of a dumb affectation in this context
Karkat: no, look. It's casual and relaxed.
like, it visually conveys that my presence in the conversation is humble and nonthreatening, yet
frank and attentive.
what the fuck do you want from me?
Dave: to sit on the goddamn floor
Karkat: why should I squat on the dirty floor, what difference does it make!
Dave: so you can be on the same vertical plane with your friend while you exhibit compassion for
her grody clown problem
Terezi: dave its fine
never mind about the chair, I dont care
it just struck me as a bit distractingly silly, thats all
Karkat: ok, wow, fine!
fuck the chair. Pardon me for making myself comfortable during a sincere heart to heart discussion
with a dear friend in need!
but the time has come for me to cease straddling this deeply offensive piece of furniture! Away
with ye, four legged temptress! Distract us no more with the most basic and utilitarian form of
creature comfort you supply!!!
Dave: karkat just threw a tantrum about a chair
I just won karkat tantrum bingo

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Karkat stands up and glares at Dave’s projected head. Terezi just stares.]
dialoglog
Karkat: at last!
we are free from the accursed instrument of ass elevation!
Dave: where did you even get that chair
did you steal it from the common area
Karkat: unlike everyone else ever, I happen to make a practice of captchaloguing items which might be convenient on a day to day basis.
say I'm strolling around and find myself in need of a place to sit? Bam. Suddenly, a chair.
and no I didn't steal it.
how could I steal something from the common area? Nobody actually owns any of that fucking furniture.
that's why it's called the *common* area, you accusatory piece of filth.
Dave: sounds like communism
are you a communist or something
ctually that makes perfect sense what with your sickle and all
Karkat: what are you talking about??
Dave: wait john has a hammer oh shit its all adding up
when we arrive are you going to team up with john and seize the means of production
Karkat: you appear to be jumpstarting a facetious discussion about some sort of human economic ideological framework, without having the slightest clue that your vehicle is parked squarely in the nobody gives a fuck zone.
Dave: im just saying
first chairs what next
see I am all about private property and pocketing dough
do you have any idea how rich I am
I am a man of means motherfucker
Karkat: what is your point?
Dave: just dont come after my boonies dude
or should I say karkat marx
Karkat: you aren't being serious now!
these are not the words of a serious person.
I was having a *serious discussion* like a *big time adult* with my good friend terezi.
your callous and nonsensical remarks are derailing us from the delicate subject at hand.
why don't you be useful and say something reassuring to our sad mutual buddy, you wailing jet engine of infantile stultiloquence??????
Dave: I dont have much to say about this
ive kinda got to recuse myself on the matter
im all kinds of on record as being squicked out by the idea of hatelationships
so I got no point of reference for gauging when one is fucked up the way thats normal for trolls or if its fucked up cause its actually fucked up and terrible
this is like some ex alien boyfriend prime directive shit
I cant intervene cause I dont know what im talking about
but you do so I guess keep going
you were saying some pretty good stuff before I started riding your jock about chairs
Karkat: augh.
terezi, do you see? Do you see what I have to deal with??
actually, I guess you can! You can now literally see what I have to deal with, and experience all due empathy for the fact that I have a douche as a best friend!
Terezi: yes, I can see
the view from here is
douchetacular (smiling face with furrowed brows)
Dave: thank you
Karkat: so that's it then
no advice at all, smartalec?
why did I even bring you here for this intermission then.
Dave: intermission?
Dave: its not an intervention either
my ghostly heads all beamin out of this crab for moral support yo
I am in my homies corner even if he is a massive socialist
terezi I think can probably figure this out
she grew up alone and blind in a forest I think she will manage to bounce outta her juggalo phase
but yeah terezi you should at least quit the fuckin soda
Terezi: yeah
ok
Karkat: ok???
Terezi: yes!
ill stop
Karkat: what. Just like that?!
Terezi: sure
its really gross (frowning face with furrowed brows and eyes pinched shut)

[A6f5] Next

[Image description: Karkat turns to Terezi and lectures her while tapping the side of his hand into his palm.]

dialoglog
Karkat: I think we are missing the point here.
this isn't just about an unhealthy obsession with a foul soft drink.
it's about how you feel about yourself.
you are barely functional right now. You can't even pick yourself up off the floor and put on a pair of pants.
remember pants terezi?? You used to love pants!
Terezi: yeah, pants are pretty great
Karkat: you used to...
you used to be a lot of things. And all of those were good things.
but now that we're about to arrive, right when we need you the most, you do a sensational belly flop into a circus vat of your own tangy slobber.
Terezi: oh please
what could you possibly need me for?
Karkat: you're an important member of this party!
we'll need you to help stand up to jack, and whatever else is waiting for us there.
Terezi: I dont think I will be very useful
Karkat: well, not like this you won't. You've got to get your act together.
Terezi: no! I mean
even then I wont be
I dont have much to offer even on my best day
Karkat: what about your mind powers though!
what if we need somebody with mind powers? To do some sort of... mindy thing.
Terezi: what mind powers??
Karkat: you know. The ones where you...
flip a coin. And...
something crazy happens.
oh, I don't actually know how it works. But what about that?
Terezi: pfff
I never developed those powers very well
and its been a long time since I even thought about them
I don't think they're very valuable honestly
in fact all they ever seemed to do was trick me into feeling like I knew what I was doing
they actually made me believe I was in control of other peoples fates
not even to speak of my own
it was a really dangerous kind of delusion
and now it feels like the only "heroic" thing I ever did with those powers
was use them to justify killing my friend
Karkat: huh?
Terezi: ...
Karkat: oh.
right.
Terezi: and what's worse is
to this day, I'm still not even totally sure if it was necessary
I think I've lost the ability to tell if I'm being punished for what I did, or if I am punishing myself
Karkat: well, yeah. Of course it was necessary.
even if it wasn't the morally right choice or whatever, it was obviously something that had to happen.
that's the cruel thing about paradox space. It systemically validates all your mistakes as necessary outcomes.
not even necessary for your own good or personal growth. It's always bigger than you. Like your errors in judgment are inseparable from the way reality has to unfold.
so it never lets you forget about them. Because they were all critical to the big picture, and all your past flaws are like...
scars.
scars in spacetime that never heal, and always serve to remind you that the perfect version of yourself you wish you could be can never exist. Because the survival of everyone you care about depends on him not existing.
Terezi: I know all that
it doesn't stop me from wondering
Karkat: it's simple. If you hadn't killed her, you would have withered away in a doomed timeline.
Terezi: yeah! And sometimes I wish I had!
at this point I think I would rather be the better person who made the right decision
even if it also meant being the one to fade away forever
Karkat: well, *i* wouldn't want that!
does that fucking matter to you?
does that factor anywhere into your dreary existential equation??
Terezi: you probably think I'm crazy
just as crazy as you think I am for dating Gamzee
but
I really miss her
Karkat: no
I don't think you're crazy for that.
Terezi: and yet
if I ever saw her again
there's no way I could talk to her
so part of me hopes I never- oww!!!!!!
Terezi: Dave, you dick!!!
Dave: what
dont blame me
i cant control the crab

Act 6 intermission 5 intermission 3

[Image description: Calibron stands on the roof of a black building in a city full of other black buildings. Other than their color, they look identical to the ones from Alternia's green moon, where Doc Scratch lived. An orange trail leads away from Caliborn and has a ghost image of him farther down it. More members of the felt stand around him. Fin, who has an orange hat with the number 5 on it, stands near the ghost image of Caliborn. Number 7, Crowbar, who has a maroon hat, stands to Caliborn’s right. Clover stands to Caliborn’s left with Lil Seb, and Die, who has a green number 6 hat, stands behind them. Die holds a white doll with several pins in it. Clover dances a little jig and has the star, heart, and horseshoe charms over his head. Lil Seb has the heart and clover charms over him.]

Hussie: you're calling them elves now?
Caliborn: yes.
Hussie: but they're leprechauns!
or gnomes, according to some baloney scholars.
Caliborn: they can now be additionally referred to as elves. I have decided.
Hussie: whatever.
Caliborn: why are there two.
Hussie: because of the two for one deal.
you sunk the 7th planet on the break. So when you destroyed the 6th planet, you unlocked both the 6th and 7th elf.
own you're on the 8th planet. This one doesn't give you an elf.
Caliborn: it doesn't.
Hussie: no.
Caliborn: what about a gnome.
Hussie: no.
Caliborn: what about a leprechaun.
Hussie: no.
you get nothing.
Caliborn: why not.
Hussie: because you're supposed to skip this one and destroy it last.
you're just wasting time hanging around here. The clock is ticking.
Caliborn: alright.
but first. I want to get their powers straight.
am I correct in assuming. Their powers keep getting more useless?
Hussie: yes.
Caliborn: just as I suspected.
i don't even care anymore. I just want to know.
so orange hat. We have established. Just walks ahead of me all the time.
no matter how far off he wanders. And gets lost. I always seem to catch up with him.
Hussie: yes.
Caliborn: and green hat.
he just has a doll. With pins in it.
Hussie: yes.
Caliborn: what's up with that.
Hussie: he has a doll with pins in it.
Caliborn: and??
Hussie: every time you get a new elf, he'll take another pin out.
that's all I will tell you.
maroon hat.
i can't tell what his power is.
what is his power.
Hussie: he doesn't have a power.
Caliborn: are you fucking kidding me.
Hussie: no.
Caliborn: that's a new low. Even for these shit heads.
Hussie: but maroon hat is pretty smart!
you can use him as a higher ranking henchman or something.
Caliborn: being smart isn't a power.
plus. I doubt it. How smart can one of these imbeciles be.
Hussie: you should talk to him and find out.
Caliborn: no.
Hussie: come on.
just a little friendly chat.
Caliborn: fine.
i will have a word with him. Very briefly.
Hussie: ok.
...
hey.
are you still talking to him?
wow, you guys are really going at it there.
what the fuck could you be talking about for so long?
this is getting ridiculous.
the timer on the next cueball bomb is ticking away.
Caliborn: ok. I'm back.
Hussie: and?
Caliborn: maroon hat is highly intelligent and personable.
i have decided he is my favorite guy so far.
Hussie: see? I told you.
Caliborn: i will give him some important responsibilities later.
but I have not decided what.
Hussie: maybe he can hold on to something important for you.
Caliborn: good idea.
like what?
oh, I know. My cal top.
Hussie: no not the cal top. That's dumb.
Caliborn: my gun?
Hussie: no.
Caliborn: oh! My candy.
Hussie: no you idiot!
Caliborn: fuck you. If you have an idea. Then just tell me what it is. Puzzleman.
Hussie: look at the color of his hat. What else do you have that's that color?
Caliborn: uhh.
Hussie: also, what object can you think of that's kinda shaped like a 7?
Caliborn: hmm.
oh!!!
ohhhhhhhhhh.
of course.
a boomerang!
Hussie: ok, I give up.
Caliborn: i will make a mental note to secure a boomerang in the future.
yes. It makes so much sense. To be a boomerang. Thematically.
because it always comes back around. In one big circle. Like all the time shit. I'm supposed to be about!
Hussie: ...
Caliborn: ok. Last question.
why is purple hat. Constantly dancing in my presence?
Hussie: yeah.
i guess in retrospect, purple hat has always been pretty flirtatious, hasn't he?
Caliborn: what?!
Hussie: maybe you should try to be open minded though.
have you ever considered a star-heart-horseshoe relationship with someone?
maybe you will discover you have never truly experienced joy until you have been in star-heart-
horseshoe with a dancing elf.
-- Caliborn has spiked his cal top on the ground in disgust. --

End of Act 6 Intermission 5 Intermission 3

[Image description: The circle of cracks around the green sun is now complete. Where the two ends of the line meet, there is a cobalt blue X and a flashing Yeah!!!!!!!! in the same color.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska’s ship sails towards a rocky island with a narrow, red sand beach around a tall spike of green rock. Part of the rock looks like a skull with a cave opening in its mouth.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: All the people from the pirate ship walk through the cave, but it’s zoomed out really far so they all look really small. If it were any closer, they wouldn’t all be on screen because they’re walking in two groups. Vriska, Meenah, Aranea, Tavros, Nepeta, and Feferi are in the front group and Aradia, Sollux, and John are in the back.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Hey guys! Stop dragging your feet back there! You're falling so far behind, you're starting to look tiny and ridiculous from here.
The treasure should be buried just up ahead. Let's pick up the pace!
Sollux: excuse me, some of us here have special needs. i think i will continue dragging my feet if you don't mind.
Vriska: Sollux, will you just let Aranea heal your eyes already and catch the fuck up?
Sollux: No!!!!!!!!!!

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the back group. Aradia stands very close to Sollux, who is scowling. John looks over at her.]

dialoglog
John: hey.
aradia, was it?
Aradia: yes
John: can i ask you something?
Aradia: ok
John: you seem reasonable, and pretty nice.
Aradia: (smiley face)
John: so i'm wondering.
how do you feel about all this?
Aradia: about what exactly
John: about what vriska and her pirate buddies are doing.
Aradia: you mean searching for the weapon?
i think its a good idea
John: no, i know.
of course it would be great to have an awesome secret weapon, whatever it is.
i mean...
how do you feel about the way they've been searching for it?
by using all your ghost clone friends as bait.
and getting the bad guy to blow them all up to reveal the way to the treasure?
Aradia: thats probably the only way to find it
in my experience the specific path you travel out here is very important
if we did not trace that exact path in that amount of time i doubt we ever would have found the
right location
in fact it may never have been found by anyone
John: ok, yes.
let's assume it was the only way to find it. granted.
but i mean, does that really make it the right way to beat him?
Aradia: i couldnt say
John: well, how do you feel about it?
most of the other pirates seem cool with it, so i'm wondering if you feel differently.
Aradia: its probably necessary
and they would have embarked on this voyage whether i had come along or not
so i might as well join the fun!
isn't that what you did when you saw our ship?
John: um...
sort of.
but i didn't know what you were all doing yet.
Aradia: yes but once you found out you continued journeying with us
John: yeah, but...
i'm just hanging out here cause i'm asleep! what else was i going to do?
Aradia: exactly!

[A615] Next

[Image description: Aradia holds Sollux’s arm and smiles at John, who just looks confused.]

dialoglog
Aradia: i dont necessarily share their point of view on the meaning of this endeavor though
they consider this to be a great clash between good and evil
but i prefer to look at the coming battle as a matter of housekeeping
in the end all loops must be tidied up
even his
John: ok, but what about your friends! don't you care about them?
Aradia: of course i do!
i love all my friends
John: then why do you seem so... cheerful?
when so many of them are getting zapped by lasers.
Aradia: do i seem cheerful about that
John: kinda!
Aradia: i apologize if that is the way i am behaving
it is not true though
i think i look at death differently than most
and it is fair to say this attitude extends to death after death as well
i have learned to be at ease with the cessation of being in any form it takes
but i am not nor will i ever be the monsters handmaid
so please believe that i would never take joy from the destruction of any soul
however you must realize that it is only by the grace of the horrorterrors that so many have been
allowed to continue existing for so long
they have persisted for ages beyond their time just as he has
as such it seems to me his rampage is just another kind of housekeeping
while he rounds the ring undoing the work of the gods we must prepare for his undoing as well
to ready the manor for the lords arrival so to speak (smiley face)
John: ...
i'm sorry, maybe i spaced out through some of that.
but i'm still not sure what you're talking about.
maybe you could just simplify it for me.
are you a good guy or a bad guy?
Aradia: i dont like to think of myself in those terms
but i do try to be nice to people!
John: dammit.
ok, could you just... maybe...
give me an idea of what it is you actually want out of all this?
Aradia: what i want?
hmmm
that's a pretty good question

[A615] Next

[Image description: Aradia grins widely and looks excited.]
dialoglog
Aradia: i think i mostly want to see what happens when this whole place breaks apart

[A615] Next

[Image description: John looks disturbed.]

[A615] Next

[Image description: He closes his eyes and face palms.]
dialoglog
John: oh my god, you are all so insane!
Vriska: Are you coming or what!
Aranea: Yes, please come! I was about to begin one final story before we reach the treasure!
John: oh holy shit another story? i’m there!!!
sorry aradia, i’d love to keep chatting, but you heard the lady. it's story time again.
Sollux: wow aradia, you actually sent the guy running to hear a serket story.
that was a Really impressive creep out job, nice.
Aradia: (frowny face)

Aranea: Thank you for joining us, John.
Commodore Nepeta and Rear Admiral Feferi have both been clamoring for one last tale, and I am
not one to disappoint.
Feferi: (smiley face wearing a tiara and goggles) Nepeta: (cat face with two mouths)
Meenah: (clamoring)
(as in clams text it)
John: ok. what's this one about?
ogre sex, or salamander shipping, or something?
Aranea: Nope! Although I would be happy to tell you all about those topics another time.
This is a story about two legendary rings.

Aranea: No, not those rings!
The rings I am talking about are less powerful, and considerably more obscure.
but for what they lack in power, they make up for in mystery!
Details on the rings are quite hard to come by. I have pieced together what little I know from
various fables and myths.
They occasionally make appearances in such stories, serving different purposes in each tale, and
always called by different names.
but in this story, they will be known as the Rings of Life and Void.

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They occasionally make appearances in such stories, serving different purposes in each tale, and
always called by different names.
but in this story, they will be known as the Rings of Life and Void.
interlocked and unable to be separated.

dialoglog
Aranea: The rings are said to look nearly identical.
but their powers are quite different, as are their origins.
The Ring of Void supposedly once belonged to the black queen of a void session.
but one day it was stolen from her by a thief. And then stolen again from the thief by a rogue.
Legend would suggest it changed hands like this for a long time thereafter, until finally vanishing
into the void itself forever.
Which is fitting, as the ring grants its wearer the ability to do exactly the same!
The Ring of Life has a very different story.
I have found no reports of an origin to this ring at all. Like many magic artifacts, it may not even
have one which is comprehensible.
Earliest reports I have read would suggest it was first discovered by some travelers in a desert, and
like its sister ring, has changed hands repeatedly since.
This ring however has a dramatically different effect. Instead of relegating the wearer to obscurity
and immateriality, it does just the opposite.
It is said that any ghost who wears this ring will come back to life!
In some stories, the fate of each ring appears to be entangled with the other. When one is lost, the
other is serendipitously found.
A great example of this can be observed in the fable of-
Vriska: wait a minute........

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Everyone stares in confusion as Vriska puts a finger over Aranea’s mouth.]

dialoglog
Aranea: but I was just about to tell mph-
Vriska: Mindfang, I said shut up.
Aranea: (confused face with eight eyes)
Vriska: wait.
Now wait just a goddamn minute.
Hooooooool on.
Are you telling me,
Are you Seriously telling me,
That ring........
Feferi: (confused face wearing a tiara and goggles) Nepeta: (confused face with two mouths)
Vriska: No.
Just........
Nooooooono.
back it up.
For just a silk spinning Minute.
John: what’s the matter?

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska shakes her fist in the air and screams.]

dialoglog
Vriska: that fucking guy!!!!!!!!
dialoglog
Vriska: Are you kidding me.

[Image description: The Cronuses run towards each other with their fists raised.]

dialoglog
Vriska: are you kidding me.

[Image description: Vriska makes them Slampora right into each other so hard that it knocks their shoes off. Mituna falls over in the background.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Raaaaaaarararraruuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu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uu
what, you think I didn't notice?!
Tavros: yes, no,
I didn't think you did,
Vriska: well I did! And I didn't care because I didn't think the ring did jack shit!
but now that I know it does jack a whole fucking lot, I would like you to stop behaving like a
dishonest, argumentative asshole and tell me where it is.
Tavros: I don't know where it is,
it's gone,
Vriska: what do you mean it's gone!

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Nepeta and Feferi look at Vriska, then at each other, then back again.]
dialoglog
Tavros: I had it, then John had it,
and I wanted it back, but he wanted it also, so,
we argued with our hands over it, until he vanished,
and I tried to find it on the ground, because it was precious to me, for a while,
Vriska: why was it precious to you?? Are you telling me you knew what it did!
Tavros: no, I didn't, I just had,
separate reasons from that, for wanting it,
Vriska: well whatever lame reason you wanted that ring, forget it. It's obviously a much more
important magical item than either of us gave it credit for.
as soon as we get the treasure out of this cave, you're going to lead us back to wherever you lost it,
and we're gonna look for it!
is that understood, poopmaster nitram????????
Tavros: no, yes,
I mean, yes, I comprehend the literal meaning of your yelling,
but, no,
Vriska: what do you mean no? That was an order!
Tavros: I think your mean spirited angriness is making me remember, to wonder why I keep
wanting to help you and like you,
and I think it's making me think, I don't really care anymore about finding the ring, or finding this
treasure,
or help you do arguably evil things to ghost friends, to get your objectives to happen,
Vriska: tavros, what exactly are you trying to say?
Tavros: I think, the bottom line of that, is,
I don't want to be your poopmaster anymore,
so I'm not going to be,

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Tavros flies up and away, through one of the eye holes of the skull cavern.]
dialoglog
Vriska: Where do you think you're going?!
Get back here! You can't just fly away from me like that!!!!!!!!!
Tavros: oh, but I can,
you forgot about *myyyyy* secret weapon,
behold, the self esteems!!!,
Vriska: self esteems my ass! I said get back here!!!!!!!
if you go out there alone you're going to die, you pathetic piece of shit!!!!!!!!!
Tavros: I'll take my chances, you jerk!
(haha, yessssss,)

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Tavros flies away and is silhouetted against the cracking sky. Both of his middle fingers are raised.]

dialoglog
Tavros: fly, pupa,
flyyyyyy,
(hehehehehe,)
(hehehehehehehehehehe, oh yes,)
(hahaha, so sick! So sick!!!!,)
Vriska: we can all hear you whispering from down here shit for brains!!!!!!!!!
Sollux: hey tavros, wait up, i think i'm coming with you.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Everyone turns to face Sollux and Aradia, who have finally caught up.]

dialoglog
Vriska: What?? No, Sollux, wait!
Sollux: nah, i've pretty much had it too.
i can't believe i went along with this for as long as i did, so yeah.
i'll be fucked two ways from perigees eve before i let tavros upstage me in the backbone department.
aradia, sorry, i can't be a part of this anymore, it's just making me feel dirty.
Aradia: i understand sollux
Sollux: let's catch up again later, hopefully when this is all over.
Aradia: yeah (very happy face)
Sollux: oh, feferi and nepeta will be coming with me too.
Vriska: What!
No they fucking won't!!!!!!!!!
Sollux: yes they will! they just told me.
Vriska: I didn't hear them say shit!
Sollux: they both gave me meaningful glances!
like as if to say, aw yeah, let's bounce.
Feferi: (winking face wearing a tiara) Nepeta: (winking cat face with two mouths)
Vriska: you're blind, how could you see a "meaningful glance"????????
Sollux: instead of underestimating the perspicacity of the sensory impaired, why don't you bite me.
Vriska: No, they can't go! Commodore Nepeta and Rear Admiral Feferi are both critical members of my crew!
This is mutiny!!!!!!!!!
Aranea: Vriska, I am on your side here. but I feel I should point out that technically they both outrank you.
Vriska: Excuse me?!
No they don't! Come on, I just gave them titles that sounded cool!
How can you outrank a captain????????
Aranea: by being a commodore?
Vriska: A commodore outranks a captain?!
Meenah: yea fraid so
Aranea: Yes, and a rear admiral outranks a commodore.
Vriska: No, but!
I thought a rear admiral was like...
Some sort of Joke rank!
Who can take a rear admiral seriously? It might as well be a poopmaster!
Meenah: um no serk its actually a real thing
god damn for a pirate you really know fuckall about nautical junk
pretty embarrassing tbh
Sollux: yeah, this stuff is all super interesting. j/k, losers.
anyway, we're out.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Aradia and Feferi slowly lift up off the ground. They each hold one of Sollux’s hands and pull him up with them. Press the replay button. As soon as your mouse is over it, the button jumps to the middle of the screen. Try again. It moves over just a little. Try again. And again. And again. It jumps even farther, this time. Chase the button to the bottom corner, then to the left side, where it’s suddenly larger, then halfway out of the top left corner, then down a little, then over a little, where it’s stretched vertically, then down, then to where it’s massive in the top right corner, then to behind the mute button, then the opposite corner. It vanishes and suddenly a high-contrast picture of Nic Cage’s face is in the center of the screen. Click him. He says ‘Boner’ and vanishes. The replay button appears in its rightful place. You still can't click it because trying starts the boner chase all over again. Just move on.]

dialoglog
Sollux: Ladies.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska screams up towards the eye and nose holes of the skull. John looks shocked by her behavior.]

dialoglog
Vriska: good riddance you backstabbing ingrates!
I hope lord english eats you all!!!!!!!!
John: hey, vriska.
Vriska: what!
John: actually...
you know that ring?
Vriska: What about it!
John: i have it now.
Vriska: You do??
Where! Let me see!!
John: no, i mean, not on me.
I guess i wasn't wearing it when i fell asleep.
it seems to have the power to come with me in and out of my dreams, as long as i'm wearing it.
John: that's how i got it in the first place. i had it on when i woke up.
Vriska: You were wearing it??
Why? And why were you playing keepaway with it in the first place!
I mean, aside from the obvious fact that messing with Tavros is its own hilarious reward.
John: i don't know.
i guess...
i liked it, and i just wanted to hang on to it for some reason.
but i didn't know i would wake up with it.
Vriska: This is perfect!
That means all you have to do is put it on when you wake up, then come find me the next time you
go to sleep!
John: yeah...
maybe.

[A6I5] Next

[Vriska, John, Aranea, Meenah, and Aradia stand at the edge of a jagged cliff. Something down at the bottom of it glows red.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Maybe?
John: i'll think about it.
Vriska: You'll Think about it??
John: well, yeah.
it sounds like an important item, so deciding what to do with it is kind of a big responsibility.
it's supposed to bring ghosts back to life, but we don't know how it works.
what if it only keeps you alive as long as you're wearing it?
that would mean only one ghost could come back.
Vriska: Right! All the better reason to let me use it!
John: but there are a lot of ghosts!
i'm just not sure what to do yet.
Vriska: wait. You're not Actually thinking of giving it to someone else, are you?
That's my ring! The orange guy gave it to Me!
John: yeah, well frankly, i don't give a shit about the orange guy!
the ring is mine for now, so i'm the one who has to figure out what to do with it.
speaking of waking up, it's probably time i got going too.
i'm not trying to join the mutiny or anything, but i do have friends waiting for me out there.
Vriska: John, wait!
I hope we're not parting on bad terms here.
You aren't holding all this treasure hunting shit against me like Tavros is, right?
We're still cool, right John?
John: uh...
Vriska: If you have to leave, I get that, but I really want us to stay friends!
I always felt like we had a special bond, John. Like we're both always in the position of having to
take charge as leaders, even if we never asked for that responsibility.
And I don't wanna pressure you into anything, but I would really appreciate it if you'd at least think
about me next time you take a nap with that ring on!
John: it's fine. we can stay friends.
i don't really like to make enemies with people, even if they're...
Vriska: Even if they're what?
John: umm.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: John fiddles with his fingers sheepishly. Aranea and Meenah watch uncertainly
from the background. A few feet away, Aradia looks overjoyed by the chaos.]

dialoglog
John: vriska, i have to be honest. years ago when we first talked, it was a lot of fun to get to know
you.
and i admit i thought about you a lot since then.
but i guess i never quite realized how little i actually understood you.
during this crazy treasure quest, i tried to reserve judgment, like maybe it was just a troll thing i
didn't get.
but seeing how those other guys felt about it, i think it's more complicated than that.
obviously not all trolls are like you.
and i know i'm not.
maybe this was all for a good cause, but it still felt like a pretty fucked up way to go about it.
and...
all i'm saying is, i'm ready to go. i've seen enough, and i miss my friends.
i'll think about what to do with the ring, but honestly...
Vriska: Honestly what?
John: again, i am just keeping it real!
but if i am really thinking hard about who i should bring back to life...
i dunno if my conscience can justify bringing back someone so...
dangerous.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska turns away and shrugs off her pirate coat.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Fine.
Don't give me the ring then.
Actually, you know what? Even if you change your mind some day, forget it!
I don't even want it anymore.
John: you don't?
Vriska: No.
I've been dead this long. What's a little longer.
Keep your ring. I don't want anyone's pity.
So beat it, Egbert.
John: ...
Vriska: ........
well? ????????
John: huh?
Vriska: john, I thought you were leaving.
John: oh. Right.
I guess I'll just be...
Vriska: what are you a fucking idiot?! Don't go yet.
John: wh...
what?
Vriska: Look, you made yourself perfectly clear. You think I'm a heartless monster, and you don't
want to help me out.
Whatever!
But are you seriously going to check out of this dream like two minutes before you see what the
treasure is?!
Holy crap, dude. Where is your sense of curiosity?????????
If I can manage to put up with you for a little longer, I think you can stand my morally bankrupt
company long enough to find out what this thing is.
Why am I the only person in paradox space who actually Thinks!
John: oh.
sure.
i guess i'll go a little further and check out the treasure.
heh, you're right. it would be dumb not to.
Vriska: Good.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: She tosses it on the ground. Above it, an effect says ‘disrobe’. Her shirt underneath it is short sleeved.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Party's over, folks.
The pirate playtime wiggler jamboree was fun while it lasted.
but it's time to get serious.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: She stares down to the bottom of the cliff, where a massive, flaming X has been gouged into the rock.]

dialoglog
Vriska: The treasure's down there.
If my guess is right, it should be buried in one of his ancient memories.
by now we've all been windbagged to hell and back by my dear ancestor.
so i'll trust nobody's gonna mind indulging one of M stories.
There was a pretty good yarn about this treasure I read once during our travels.
Found it in some damn memory, who knows whose.
It was a good read. Impeccable prose. Failing to do it justice would be the real matter of gray
morality here, if you ask me.
but right now i ain't in the mood to figure out how not to make it fucking suck.
So i'll just say this.
It was supposedly a weapon that once belonged to him.
but he could never use it without altering its nature.
Meaning he could only use it once.
So he did.
After that, it could only be used again one more time.
And only as a weapon against him.
Knowing it was one of the keys to his defeat, he had it locked away deep in the void.
That's it. Part one of my story. Hold your applause.
Guess we'll find out if that's true.
Or if it turns out all my despicable shit was in vain.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: She scowls down at it and it casts a red light over her face, making her look even more menacing than usual.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Not that it would even matter to some people.
You know, they can say whatever they want about me.
but somewhere out there is a shimmering new universe growing in a big ball of water.
He's looking hells of majestic. Amphibious and resplendent. His glorious croak would bring you to your knees.
That universe is going to give life to billions of trillions of zillions of cute little aliens.
You wouldn't even believe how pretty and wonderful and happy all these aliens will be. It's making your lip tremble just thinking about them, and how worth saving they are. Wow.

You could walk up to one of those aliens and put your hand on its innocent shoulder, and with a straight face you could say, "Sorry to break it to you. but tomorrow, a guy named Lord English is going to destroy your universe. You are all going to die."

And when that alien looks up at you with tears in its eyes, just before the first one rolls down its weird alien cheek, you lean in close to its absurd alien ear and whisper, "Psyche."

That's because you know a long time ago, in an obscure pocket of reality the alien could never understand or give a shit about, some crazy girl sacrificed the "lives" of a bunch ghosts in order to kill that guy forever.

They were already a million sweeps past their prime, existing on borrowed time, luxuriating in a kind of bizarre metaphysical longevity few others will ever enjoy.

Just a fresh batch of bait the squid gods kept on ice for an insatiable fisherman cause they were sick of being hunted themselves.

Those ghosts were all that stood in the way of an end to this eternal holocaust, and sparing their souls ain't different in my view from personally committing atrocities on a cosmic fucking scale.

I only ever wanted to do the right thing no matter how it made people judge me, and I don't need a magic ring to do that.

You don't have to be alive to make yourself relevant.

And you don't have to be a good person to be a hero.

You just have to know who you are and stay true to that.

So I'm going to keep fighting for people the only way I ever knew how.

[Vriska: by being me.]

[Vriska: by being me.]

[Kanaya stands at the opposite end of Can Town and stares at them.

Kanaya: Rose You Are Willfully Ignoring My Trail Of Finish Crumbs]
Rose: Humm?
Kanaya: I Said Them Quietly In Sequence To Convey One Of Your Human Pregnant Pauses
Before Speaking
Rose: Ahaha.
Kanaya: The Pause Was Human Expecting In The Same Sense That I Am Expecting An
Explanation For Your Present Conduct
We Were To Meet The Others On The Roof By Now
Rose: Kanaya, whas with this pregnancy sh HIC! shit, are you trying to toll me something?
(winking face)
Kanaya: Im Trying To Toll... To Tell You That We Are On The Vorge Of Reaching Our
Destination And Here I Find You Doing
What Are You Doing Exactly
Rose: My civic dutie. (winking face)
I have been desputized by the Mayor as the assasstant chief deputy of city planmning and
preshervation.
Kanaya: What
Rose: Kanya, I' am relaly Swamped in red tape here, do you think you coult please return whan I
am no so busy, thanks!
Kanaya: (exclamation mark)
Rose: Either that, or file out a requisition form wish the zoning bureau.
Kanaya: You Have Been Drinking Your Soporifics In Excess Again
Rose: This Is Terrible
Rose: No, what would be terribule would be to bid farewell to this meteoor before my critical
administtrative work is complete.
Kanaya: No But
Really What Are You Doing Here In The Tiny Simulated Village
Are You
Are You Writing Numbers On All Of These Nutrition Cylinders
Rose: *Laff.*
God I just love troll words for things!
Kanaya: Yes
You Have Mentioned This
Rose: Nutrition cylinders, that's a good one. I forgot about that one.
Maybe cylanders ins't stilted enough, though. What about,..
Tallcircles.
Kanaya: Tallcircles
Rose: (very happy winking face)
Kanaya: Tallcircles No That Sucks
Answer My Question Please Why Are You Numbering The Tallcirc...
Cans
Rose: I am documentng their original locations.
Soo that we way relocate the city faithfully to our new home.
Wheyrever that may be!
Kanaya: You Want To Relocate The City
Now??
This Is Such A Foolish Use Of Your Time

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Rose, who is So Wasted, offers up the can she labeled to Kanaya, who rolls her
eyes at it.]
dialoglog
Rose: Oh,, but you could not be further from the truth. 
The preservation of Can Town has tremendous symbolic importance. 
We are all that's left of our respective races, Kanaya. 
We are the light of civilization! 
Is our responsibility to carry the torch through the abyss whilst keeping it lit, and hic... 
And set it upon the hearth of the new world. 
Kanaya: I Think The Torch Is Not All You Have Managed To Keep Lit 
Rose: Its light... Our light will spread throughout our creation, but only, Kayaka, Only, 
If we respect the light of civilization itself. If we respect the light of Democracy!! 
Kanaya: (dot dot dot dot dot dot) 
So Many Finish Crumbs Up In Here 
This are the virtues which embody the magnificence that is Can Town. 
Kanaya: You Said Some Of Those Words Two Or Three Times And Most Of Them Werent Words 
Rose: Phaha! I just got it! 
"That'sh not all you managed to keep lit." 
That burn was siiiiiick! Hah,ahah I love it.

[Image description: Kanaya scowls down at Rose, who is still sitting next to her book. W.V. wanders over with a can in his hand.]

dialoglog 
Kanaya: I Do Not Believe This 
You Promised Me You Would Be Ready For Our Arrival 
Rose: I am ready! 
My god robe's on n evrything. 
Kanaya: This Is Not Ready! 
When I Said Ready I Believe Your Sobriety Was More Than Implied As The Operative Criterion 
Rose: Mehehe, Kanasta, 
U so 
Wordy. (winking face) 
Kanaya: Ugh! 
I Have Been As Polite As I Can Be But Honestly Your Demeanor Is Not Nearly As Charming As 
You Appear To Believe When You Have Consumed A Lot Of That Liquid 
You Have Assured Me That Chronic And Habitual Exploitation Of This Substance Is "Not A Problem" For Your People But At This Point I Must Conclude That You Were Just Lying! 
Why. 
Why Did You Do This Just Before Our Arrival When You Told Me You Wouldn't!!! 
Rose: Well. 
I wasn't going to. 
But I started to think about everyting. 
About meeting my mom. 
And I started getting nervous.. . 
Kanaya: But You Can't Help Us Like This! 
We Need You! 
You're The Smartest One On This Meteor! 
By Quite A Lot! 
Rose: Hey now.
Kapaya, I'm flatter. But I think you're might be selling the Mayor short.
Kanaya: What
Rose: This guy
Lemme tell yuoi.
Rose: This guyy,
is
The Best (very happy winking face)
Kanaya: Okay That Was Literally The Most Inebriated Thing You Have Ever Said

[Image description: Rose smiles and hooks her arm over W.V.’s shoulders. He looks like he has no clue what to do about this development.]

dialoglog
Rose: No but, Karkaya.
The Mayor.
I'mmm telling you.
The Fucking Mayor.
Wat ay friend.
Kanaya: you Are Not Actually Suggesting This Simple Creature Dressed In Rags Is Your Intellectual Superior
Rose: And if I am? (blank winking face)
Kanaya: How Would One Even Draw This Conclusion
He Does Not Speak
Rose: Ohhhhh...
He has his ways of letting is thoughts be known.
He has his ways.
Kanaya: He Does Not Have His Ways He Likes Cans And Little Pretend Cities And He Is Rather Adorable And That Is Pretty Much All There Is To Say About The Mayor
Please Do Not Distract From Important Issues With Talk Of Fake Mayors
Rose: What issues?
My indrescretion wich alcoholol?
Or someshing else...
I yam sensing we are tap toeing around a mixed bag of delicate subjex.
Less talk about em (winking face).
Kanaya: This Is Not A Hypothetical Exercise In Your Earth Psychiatrics!
You Made A Promise To Me And You Did Not Keep It!
Yes You Are Usually Very Smart And We All Need You But More Importantly I Need You!
Dont You Remember!
You Said You Would Help Me Resurrect My Species!
I Still Dont Know How Im Going To Acquire A New Matriorb!
How Are We Supposed To Solve That Problem When Your Think Pan Is Addled So!
Rose: Kamaya, why do'nt we go aesy on the shout poles.
I tol you, to relax about the matribob.
Have some faith in us, that we;re going to make everything work out.
I have a vvvery goo feeling i twill all be fine. (winking face)
Kanaya: That Is Not Reassuring Coming From You Like This!
I Often Cant Tell Even At Your Most Lucid If You Put Too Much Trust In Your Seering Abilities But When You Say Such Things While Obscured By These Toxins You Sound Outright Delusional!
You Stumble Around This Lab In Such High Spirits Which Makes It Impossible To Broach The
Subject From A Standpoint Of Mutual Agreement That Your Behavior Is A Problem!
Rose: But if I'm always happy then...
Why Is it a problem?
Kanaya: Argh you see
Rose: I'm not following. I would like to, wait am I...
Have I been being a bitch to you without realizing?
Oh no...
Kanaya: No Not Exactly
I Have Already Explained
You Have Severely Hobbled Your Intellect And Your Efficacy
The Objectives You Prioritize Have Become Ridiculous
You Have Just Now Decided To Draw A Map Of A False Metropolis!
Others Have Suffered As Well
What Ever Happened To Your Concern For Terezi And Gamzee
Were All My Lessons In Auspisticism For Nothing??
Rose: I tried!
I tried, Kakaka.
But aushipitschism... or whatever...
Is's
It sactually Really Hard!
Kanaya: I Know Its Hard!
Its Supposed To Be Hard!!
And My Name Is Not Kakaka!!!
Rose: Whoops I'm sorry, Yakaya...
.. Kayolo.
'
' Papaya. Shit!
Your name is so lovely, why can't I say it!
Kanaya: You Cannot Say It!
Because You Are!
Human drunk!!!!!!!!!!
Rose: ...
You're right,
My delinquency has bend inexcusable.
If you just help me fishish indexing an gathering up the rest of these cans, we-
Kanaya: Raaararraruuuuuuaghghghggghhghh!

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Rose gasps as Kanaya screams and kicks over the pile of cans with the manners book on top.]

dialoglog
Rose: the Bubbles Von Salamancer Memorial Libraray!!!

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Rose lets go of the mayor and looks down sadly.]

dialoglog
Rose: ...
...
''..
dialoglog
Rose: Are you going to break up with me?

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Kanaya clenches her fists and furrows her brow furiously.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: She throws her hands in the air and screams.]

dialoglog
Kanaya: No!!!!

Act 6 Intermission 5 Intermission 4

[Image description: Caliborn stands on a beach made of hardened lava flows. Part of it is white and part of it is purple. The boundary between them is a straight line. Behind him, there is a massive explosion. A maroon striped planet hangs in the sky. He now has ten members of the felt, and most of them stand in pairs with charms flashing over their heads. Fin and Trace stand in the back with the diamond and heart charms over them. Clover and Doze stand nearby with the balloon and rainbow charms flashing over them. Lil Seb stands next to Clover and Gamzee stands off to the side, near the edge of a short cliff. Itchy and Die stand next to the water and have the horseshoe and pot of gold charms. Crowbar and Matchsticks, who has a hat with a red stripe and the number 11 on it, stand off to Caliborn's right and have the star and moon charms. The only two not involved in pairs are Sawbuck, who has a blue striped hat with the number 10, and Stitch, who has a yellow striped hat with the number 9. They stand on either side of Caliborn.]

authorlog
Caliborn: I need more answers. Very quickly.
Hussie: I thought you had given up on getting answers from me.
Caliborn: no. I just have not had time.
the bomb countdowns are getting so short. This is getting hard. It's not fair.
Hussie: I really don't see how it's any less fair than being allowed to solicit the omniscient narrator of your quest for answers.
nobody else who plays this game gets to do that. What makes you so special?
Caliborn: but you're the one who said I was special.
Hussie: I shouldn't have said that.
now you're strutting around, all thinking you're special.
Caliborn: I am special!
Hussie: I know.
Caliborn: less bullshit. More answers.
i have collected more frog men.
what do they do.
Hussie: frog men???
you are getting really esoteric with your headcanons now.
Caliborn: my what.
Hussie: and what makes you so sure they are all men? have you sexed them?
Caliborn: fuck you. And your ribald insinuations.
my relationship with the frog men is strictly professional.
Hussie: no, I mean determined their sex.
do you even know how?
Caliborn: i don't care.
they're all men. Because I say they are. And I want them to be.
if I believe hard enough in them being men.
then that fact becomes absolutely indisputable as a permanent man reality.
Hussie: it does?
Caliborn: are you telling me. That you have reason to believe. That my entourage of distinguished gentlemen.
consists of anything other than boys???
Hussie: no. i mean, I don't know.
i'm not there, so I can't sex them to be sure.
Caliborn: you fucking pervert.
Hussie: that's not what sexing means you little shit!
Caliborn: i'd like to change the topic. Away from the lust you are feeling for my handsome frog men.
i have obtained some stripe hats.
Caliborn: what do they do.
Hussie: why do you always want me to spoil stuff for you?
why can't you be at least a little scientifically inquisitive, and find out what they can do yourself?
have you tried injuring blue stripe hat yet?
Caliborn: no.
why would I hurt him. He is my loyal minion, albeit one who is overweight and apparently useless.
anyway. I don't have time for science. Just tell me.
Hussie: fine.
blue stripe hat randomly time travels somewhere if you injure him.
red stripe hat can also travel through time, but only using fire as a gateway.
yellow stripe hat is a tailor.
Caliborn: a tailor.
Hussie: yes.
Caliborn: you mean. Someone who sews stuff.
Hussie: yes. A damn good one, too.
Caliborn: that's not a power. It's more like. A fucking hobby.
which has no value to me whatsoever.
Hussie: if you want to be a bigshot time traveler, you're going to need a good tailor.
everyone knows that.
Caliborn: no. Makes no sense.
Hussie: what if some day you get some sweet new threads? Who will maintain your wardrobe for you??
do you think you'll wear that tee shirt and those stupid suspenders all your life?
Caliborn: i will never stop wearing my awesome suspenders.
no one can make me. Not even my tailor.
Hussie: whatever you say.
you're wasting time again. Better hurry up and conquer this planet so you can find eggs.
Caliborn: what??
Hussie: whoops. I mean purple stripe hat.
forget I called him that.
Caliborn: oh. Yes.
i'm really looking forward to these next few guys.
i have a feeling. The farther I go. The more useful and exciting the frog men are starting to be.
Hussie: you won't be disappointed.

[s] end of act 6 intermission 5 intermission 4

[Image description: A creepy song with no name begins to play. It involves someone whispering 'miracles' and a clown horn rendition of La Cucaracha. Kurloz slowly slides over to Vriska’s abandoned coat. He stops on it, bounces a little, and lets out a honk. It appears in his flashing Miracle Modus and he slowly slides away. A moment after he leaves the screen, the music cuts out with a loud honk and an indigo smiley face with a round nose and sewn lips appears against a black background. If you try to click the replay button, dozens of identical replay buttons appear all over the image, and all but one just honk when you click them. Good luck finding the actual replay button. (It’s the second in from the left near the top.)]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska and Aranea lead the way down a long, winding, red pathway towards a platform that looks like the light symbol. The whole structure looks like the simplified representation of Yaldabaoth. John, Meenah, and Aranea trail a good distance behind the Serkets.]

dialoglog
Meenah: pst blue guy
John: me?
Meenah: no the other weenie in blue pjs
yes you cmere

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: John stops and looks back at Meenah, who frowns at him.]

dialoglog
Meenah: listfin
i have a problem
John: what?
Meenah: now we both know some day ima be the one to swindle you out of that life ring
John: we do?
Meenah: yeah
shit is inevibubble and we all know it
John: ...
ok.
Meenah: i like priceless treasure
you Got priceless treasure
my fuckin hero title deal all but guarantees ill steal it from you some day
and ill come back to life so i can rip shit up in the real world and get all the gold and make all yall
my slaves and rule everything forev
John: i see.
Meenah: just one problem though
John: what's that?
Meenah: i dunno if i wanna?

[A6I5] Next
John: hmm.
John: alright, then I guess that settles that.
Meenah: no but you don’t understand
if I ganked your ring and put it on
and became not a ghost anemone more
and had to hit the road and conquer stuff
I would miss my friends (frowny face wearing a tiara and goggles)
John: then, uh...
don’t?
Meenah: no blue boy you aren’t listening
I can’t even handle it
thinking about ditching my fronds
they meant so much to me since I been dead
ya feel me blue dweeb
John: yes.
my friends mean a lot to me too.
Meenah: the serket twins
they just
bleugh
look at em
so disgustingly adorbs together
all liking each other and being like each other and junk
I don’t think I could take it
I ain’t ready to say fareshell

Next

Meenah: araneas all like
learnin to be unscrupulous never thought the girl had it in her
makes me so glubbin proud
her stories blow hole but I still love listenin
don’t tell her I said so but
I like hearing her so happy like she is just so damn pleased to hear herself yack about dumb shit
on the other flipper...
i legit love vriskas stories they are punchy and hammy as fuck
girl think she in the movies or somethin lmao
we had our diffs at first but really she’s so badass
I wish my old pals could’ve been half the give no fucks boss she is
all I ever wanted from my posse was somemoby I could thug it with
I mean without bein a psycho batshit skank
wont name names you know who I mean
John: uh, no?
Meenah: as for soft core megido I
yeah
um
this bitch I could take or leave?
A6I5] Next

[Image description: John cringes as Meenah grabs him by the shirt and shakes him.]

dialoglog
Meenah: but the point is blue chump
im happy now
more than i was on my moon with my sweet gold statues an shit
and more than i think ill be if i gotta be alive again and have to go knocking over galaxies or
whatever to make a bomb new fishqueen empire
but its killin me blue schmuck
its killin me to know you got that ring and knowin ill have to take it from ya some day
augh why
why you have to swim in here and present me with this codawful dilemma
why do you have to be so lame and chumpy and such an obvious mark
your dork ass face just screams waaaah gimme a fuckin wedgie and take my ring!
but i dont wanna but i think i gotta cause i mean come on Obviously its mine, just why
Why Why Why Why Why Why
John: ok, jeez!
i promise no matter what, i won't let you have the ring!
i'll hide it or something. or better yet, i'll just give it to someone else before you get the chance to
steal it.
how does that sound?

[Image description: John runs forward to catch up with Vriska and Aranea and climbs up onto the
raised light symbol platform. Again, his legs aren’t animated, but this time, he bounces over and up
onto the platform. There’s a small black circle in the center of it. As he gets up onto it, a grinding
sound plays as it begins to lower. Meenah and Aradia fly down onto it and land just as it reaches
the bottom. A grey pedestal with something red on it comes up out of the hole. Try to click the
replay button. Again, it won’t let you. It moves to the center. When you try to click again, it
duplicates. Clicking again makes 4 appear in a circle. Another click and there’s eight in a circle.
Then 16 in two concentric circles. Then two arrangements of concentric circles. Then four. Then
16. Clicking one more time turns all 16 circles of buttons into high-contrast Nic Cages. Clicking
any of them makes a heavily pixelated, jpeg artifacted, high-contrast picture of Nic Cage take up
the whole screen as a slowed down Nic Cage voice says Boner. Clicking the replay button will
actually work now.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Will you guys hurry up??
This is seriously some of the most half assed treasure hunting I've ever seen.
John: hang on, i'm coming!!!
dialoglog
John: so the treasure's in that chest?
Vriska: Yeah!
John: are you gonna tell us more about it yet?
Vriska: Yes, that was going to be part two of my story. Which starts right now!
This thing is some sort of juju.
As I'm sure you know by now, jujus are magic items that can do all sorts of things. bend time and space, trap souls inside them, stuff like that.
The more potent jujus tend to be pretty versatile. I doubt even he knew the full extent of its powers. He supposedly got this thing as a boon for slaying a very powerful denizen. As if the guy even needed any more sick endgame rewards.
That's all I'm gonna say for the moment, since I'm sure everyone is dying to see it by now. Only a complete asshole would make us wait any longer to get a look at this thing.

And with Vriska's sassy flourish of dramatic irony, it suddenly becomes evident to anyone with a brain that we aren't going to see what the treasure is for hundreds, if not thousands of pages.

So why don't we stop wasting everyone's time, shut the lid on this lousy MacGuffin, and be Viceroy Bubbles Von Salamancer.

You are now Viceroy Bubbles Von Salamancer.

Oh yes! You kick your adventure off to a phenomenal start with the liveliest jig you have ever attempted!
Your little legs could use the workout after being cooped up on that ship for three years. Wait, shouldn't Casey have reached adulthood in that timeframe, or at least gotten somewhat bigger? You seem to recall from earlier somewhere that salamanders have short lifespans, and grow up quickly. Oh well, you decide to graciously disregard the one and only plothole in this elaborate
tale. In fact you think you will use your dark sorcery to make it - Poof - disappear! Ha ha, what problem?

You are so excited for this side quest to begin. It's going to be almost as delightful as it is thorough, and almost as thorough as it is relevant.


[Image description: Casey tips her head back and opens her mouth. She holds a brown staff with a curled end with both hands. Behind her, everything has gone black except for a few curling, grey wisps.]

You retrieve your adorable amphibious arms from your Rag of Demons. And in doing so you reveal them to be adorably grasping the dreaded Crook of Frailty. No young salamancer should dabble in the dark arts without one.

You twirl the grim cudgel in the air and begin to disturb ancient spirits from their slumber. In spite of necromancy's notoriously bonkers Fakeness Attribute, you begin to cast a spell!


[Image description: Casey blows bubbles excitedly as a horde of skeletal iguanas, turtles, salamanders, and crocodiles surround her.]

You beckon a horrifying cadre of skeletal friends. They lurch from the mounds to serve their dark master. You're so happy to see them. You start to blow some sinister friendship bubbles.

You look at all these skeletons and think to yourself, this is probably going to be really important later on. Because that's what happens in adventures. A thing happens, then you forget about the thing for a while, but it turns out to be important down the road. Like some heroes will be fighting a bad guy, and things will look bleak for them. But then out of nowhere this skeleton army will arrive as reinforcements or something, thus turning the tide of battle. Then you go, ah-ha. So that's why that little salamander summoned those skeletons. Everything makes sense now, and in retrospect is elegant in its simplicity.

Vriska: Fuck You!!!!!!!!

[Note: Vriska’s text is surrounded by pulsing scorpio symbols. Her name does not precede it, as when Caliborn interrupts the command prompt, but it has been added for clarity.]

Hussie: Please, don't interrupt. We are trying to enjoy an important subplot.

Now where were we. Oh, look! One of the skeletons has stepped forward to introduce himself. But the skeleton doesn't have a name. You should give him one! What will you name the skeleton?

Clattersworth
Bonebone
Captain Nibbles
Fossilbee Oldington the Third
Mr. Ribs
Skulligan Malone

[A6I5] V.B.V.S.: Bonebone! Bonebone!!!

[Image description: Casey and one of the skeletal turtles dance together.]
You declare this loyal follower to be: Bonebone! Bonebone is most pleased with his gentlemanly appellation.

Hang on. Another skeleton approaches to receive a title. In fact, it looks like they all want names! You decide to name them all, one by one.

Vriska: Fuuuuuuuuuck Yoooooorrrrrmmmm!!!!!!!!!

Hussie: Just ignore her. She had her chance to be important, but turned the offer down. The rest of us are just trying to get on with our lives.

Now, what will you name the next skeleton?

Vriska: Fuck You!
Fuck You!
Fuck You!
Fuck You!
Fuck You!
Fuck You!
Fuck You!
Fuck You!

[A615] V.B.V.S.: Shield young amphibious ears from profanity.

[Image description: Vriska shouts and points down into the chest.]

dialoglog

Vriska: ohhhhhhhhh nooooooo!!!!!!!!!
oh fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!
we're going to look at what's in this chest right now!!!!!!!
do you hear me you fuck?
I didn't scrape and claw my way back to relevance for this shit!
I'm doing something fucking important! And when I do something fucking important, everybody better damn well pay attention to me!!!!!!!!!

Meenah: (wut)
Aradia: (very happy face)
Vriska: you don't think I'm on to you by now? As if I can't sense when some sort of bullfuckery is afoot????????
you don't think I'm wise to your fucking games????????
John: (who's she talking to?)
Aranea: (uncertain face with eight eyes)
Aradia: (very happy face)
Vriska: go ahead! Try and fuck with us some more!
make my day you piece of shit!
everyone here wants to know what's in this chest, so that's exactly what they're gonna see!
there's probably some ideal way for me to reveal this thing to make it seem as cool as possible, but you know what!
I don't give a fuck!!!!!!!!!
I'm just gonna dump it out on the floor right here and now!

[A615] Next

[Image description: Vriska kicks and throws a tantrum as she picks the chest up and dumps it out onto the ground. A white, pulsing object shaped like the stylized house of the human’s Sburb logo}
falls onto the ground. John, Meenah, and Aranea watch her tantrum confusedly, and Aradia keeps grinning.]

dialoglog

Vriska: there!
fucking there!!!!!!!!
taaaaaaaaa daaaaaaaaa!
wow will you look at that!
it's the fucking treasure!
looks like some kind of human house shaped thing! Holy shit, didn't see that coming!!!!!!!!!
now everyone hold your fucking horses while I artlessly explain some more shit about it!
woooooooo! Here fucking goes!

[Image description: Vriska throws the chest on the floor and keeps throwing her tantrum while shaking her fists at the sky.]

dialoglog

Vriska: after the guy used it that one time, it became totally intangible! So we can't touch it or pick it up!
that's why we brought aradia along! So she can make it levitate or whatever!
if we bring it near him it's supposed to activate again or something! That's how you use it as a weapon I guess!
but that's all I know!!!!!!!!
there! You like that you fuck?
do you like how I just took the fucking piss out of that cool mysterious treasure!
Hahahahahahahaha!
do you like getting owned????????
because that's what you just got! Owned!!!!!!!!

[Note: Owned is underlined.]

Vriska: so why don't you suck it!

[Image description: Vriska lifts both middle fingers to the sky and keeps screaming.]

dialoglog

Vriska: Suuuuuuuuuck........

[Image description: She points her middle finger towards the white Juju.]

dialoglog

Vriska: iiiiiiiit!!!!!!!!!

[Note: It is underlined.]

[Image description: Vriska falls back onto her butt and breathes heavily.]
dialoglog
Vriska: *Huff puff.*

[A6I5] Next
[Image description: It zooms in on John’s highly pixelated face from the interfishin.]
dialoglog
John: ...

[A6I5] Next
[Image description: It does the same to Meenah’s highly pixelated face.]
dialoglog
Meenah: ...

[A6I5] Next
[Image description: And to Aranea’s.]
dialoglog
Aranea: ...

[A6I5] Next
[Image description: And to Aradia’s.]
dialoglog
Aradia: (very happy face)

[A6I5] Next
[Image description: John steps up to the Juju, which Vriska is still scowling at.]
dialoglog
John: ok, i'm not sure what that crazy outburst was about.
i think i'll just let that one go.
but you say this little house thing is intangible?
Vriska: Yes.
John: so i can't touch it?
Vriska: Yeah, I'm pretty sure that's what intangible means!
John: what happens if i try?
Vriska: I dunno if I would do that if I were you.

[A6I5] Next
[Image description: John kneels down next to it and reaches towards it.]
dialoglog
John: i'm not too worried.
this is just my dream hologram self, or some nonsense.
how many times has meenah stabbed me with her fork?
Meenah: (not enough blue stooge)
(not enough by a nautical mile)
John: and i always wake up fine!
Vriska: It's not just about you, John.
This is a very powerful juju. You'd be messing with some forces we don't fully understand.
Aradia: sounds like a dare to me
Vriska: Oh my god.
Alright, whatever. I'll be fucked if suddenly I'm gonna be the lone voice of prudence and sound judgment in our badass pirate club.
If you really wanna plunge your fist through some sort of hole in reality, then be my guest!

[Image description: John reaches his right hand into the top left quadrant of the house Juju and looks over his shoulder as two white hands stick out of the sky behind him. A bit of blue lightning comes out of the sky behind Vriska, just like the hands do.]

dialoglog
John: ouch!

[Image description: John pulls his arm out of the juju and stares at it. The arms vanish from the sky behind them and Vriska looks confused.]

[Image description: John hesitantly reaches for the juju again.]

[Image description: John pulls his arm out of the juju as if it’s hollow.]

[Image description: John’s arm reaches through to something blue.]

[Image description: It zooms out. There’s something white and blocky not far away.]

[Image description: It zooms out again. It’s letters, though they’re upside down. U.C.K.]
A second image shows him at his computer in his bedroom. The totem lathe sits in the new extension Rose, then known at T.T., made. His sprite, which has only been prototyped with the harlequin, floats near the window. Broken glass and the Wise Guy book sit on the floor. The bunny sits in its red box on the bed, next to its certificate of authenticity. John’s arm sticks out of the Little Monsters poster above his bed.

In a third image, Rose squints into the rain on her mad dash to the observatory. His arm sticks out from the side of the house.

In a fourth image, the Midnight Crew beats each other with their weapons in their destroyed bunker. John’s arm sticks out from one of the doors.

In a fifth image, John shrugs in his Dad’s office after W.V. asked for a can opener as viewed through the Sburb Server Screen. His arm sticks out of the large poster on the wall.

In a sixth image, the pogo bouncer bounces up towards an imp on top of a platform Rose built over John’s house. His arm sticks out of the sky.

In a seventh image, W.V. holds the bec pumpkin as he stands by the computer terminal in his bunker. John’s arm sticks out of the floor near a purple pipe.

In an eighth image, Jade sits in a pile of plushies while her lunchtop projects her desktop around her. John’s arm sticks out of one of the icons.

In a ninth image, someone looks out through the hole in the side of PM’s bunker as her mailboxes fall into the desert below. John’s arm sticks out of the sky.

In a tenth image, Dream Jade stands in her room on Prospit. John’s arm sticks out of the foot of her bed.

In an eleventh image, John grins and stands on his alchemiter, surrounded by all sorts of crazy loot he made. His arms sticks out of a poster, which also has a black smudge on it.

In a twelfth image, Dave pokes at his phone while standing on his rooftop, surrounded by swords, throwing stars, shredded smuppets, and remnants of Lil Cal. John’s arm sticks out of the AC unit.

In a thirteenth image, young Jade stands in a field near the volcano on her island while wearing a party hat. John’s arm sticks out of the sky behind her.

[D615] Next

[Image description: Diamonds Droog stands at the bottom of a set of stairs in the Felt Mansion, which has a trail of blood going up it. He wears Itchy’s hat. John’s arm sticks out of the face of a grandfather clock on one of the higher steps.

In a second image, Spades Slick glares at Crowbar and Sawbuck while Stitch lays on the ground
with a sword in his chest. Slick has a gash over one eye, Sawbuck has Snowman’s cigarette holder poked into his chest, and Crowbar holds a crowbar. John’s arm sticks out of the wall behind Crowbar.

In a third image, Clubs Deuce, Diamonds Droog, and Hearts Boxcar get pushed around by a sea of Eggsses and Biscuitses. John’s arm sticks out of one of the Egg’s cheek.

In a fourth image, A.R. fires a missile from the frog temple and it hits PM’s bunker. John’s arm sticks out of the temple.

In a fifth image, A.R. stands next to Dad’s car, which has crashed onto LoWaS. John’s arm sticks out of one of the pyxis pipes.

In a sixth image, Rose does a backflip over a chalk ogre that she has stabbed in the eyes with her knitting needles. John’s arm sticks out of the sky.

In a seventh image, A.R. uses Bro’s rocket board out in the Veil. He high fives John’s arm, which sticks out of space.

In an eighth image, Rose’s mom holds Rose as a baby and looks up over Nanna’s prank shop as a meteor streaks across the sky. John’s arm sticks out in the crook of some tree branches.

In a ninth image, a scribbly drawing shows a plane towing a car and flying over the Hard Rock Cafe. John’s arm sticks out of the sky.

In a tenth image, Terezi tosses Senator Lemon snout out of her window to hang. John’s arm sticks out of the background trees.

In a twelfth image, Tavros lays at the bottom of a cliff. John’s arm sticks out of the top of the cliff.

In a thirteenth image, Equius sits at his computer in his completely smashed room. Aurthoursprite hovers nearby. John arms sticks out of the floor.

In a fourteenth image, Golbg'l'yb, Feferi’s lusus, floats in the depths of the ocean. John’s arm sticks out near the end of one of its tentacles.

[A615] Next

[Image description: The trolls all stand around their exit door. John’s arm sticks out of Tavros’s horn.

In a second image, Rose uses her wands to tear a library apart. John’s arm sticks out of the rubble.

In a third image, Jade frowns as her greenhouse fills with snow. John’s arm sticks out of the floor near one of the tables.

In a fourth image, Tavros flies away from Vriska’s quest cocoon while crying and covered in blue and brown blood. John’s arm sticks out of a beam of light.

In a fifth image, Bec Noir stabs Dream Nepeta 3 times. John’s arm sticks out of one of the dersite buildings.

In a sixth image, the skater in Dave’s Bro’s video game glitches into the ground. John’s arm sticks out of the top right corner.

In a seventh image, the ship with Liz Tyler the robot bunny, W.V., and C.D. on it flies away and
John waves it off. John’s arm sticks out of one of the tangled tentacle rings around Skaia.

In an eighth image, Grimdark Rose and Bec Noir face off against each other. John’s arm sticks out of the sky behind them.

In a ninth image, dead John’s bedroom in the dream bubble slowly becomes LoWaS at the edges. John’s arm sticks out of the LoWaS section.

In a tenth image, Jade waps Bec Noir in the nose with a rolled up newspaper. John’s arm sticks out from a group of frogs.

In a twelfth image, A.R’s bec head bunker is riddled with explosives and a tendril of the red miles sticks of the sky. John’s arm sticks out of the sky, too, but down and to the right.

In a thirteenth image, The Handmaid and The Condesce face off on top of the Battleship Condescension. John’s arm sticks out of space near the spikes on the ship.

In a fourteenth image, Karkat shooshpaps Gamzee. John’s arm sticks out just over Karkat’s head.

[Next]

[Image description: Jane looks out her window, but because of the tiaratop, there are advertisements for Betty Crocker products and Chief Justice Guy Fieri. John’s arm sticks out of the tree in Jane’s front yard.

In a second image, Dirk stares up at the radio tower on top of his apartment. Seagulls fly around it. John’s arm sticks out near the birds.

In a third image, a dream tower on Prospit explodes. John’s arm sticks out of the sky.

In a fourth image, Roxy stands on the hubgrid, along with hundreds of cats. John’s arm sticks out of some wiring.

In a fifth image, Dave suplexes Karkat into a table to untangle him from his cape after Penis Ouija. John’s arm sticks out of the items that fly off the table.

In a sixth image, Gamzee throws Vriska’s dead body and Tavros’s body parts into Jane’s sprite. John’s arm sticks out near the kernelsprite.

In a seventh image, Jane stands near a massive grist drop. Lil Seb dances among the grist. John’s arm sticks out of the walkway near Lil Seb.

In an eighth image, Roxy dumps water on her burning pile of plushies. John’s arm sticks out of the media center.

In a ninth image, it shows Calliope’s side of her and Caliborn’s room. John’s arm sticks out of one of her art pieces on the wall.

In a tenth image, Rose wiggles her eyebrows at John and Bec Noir. John’s arm sticks out of a mass of tentacles in the distance.

In a twelfth image, Caliborn walks across a barren landscape. John’s arm sticks out of the dirt.

In a thirteenth image, Calliope, who is wearing her troll cosplay, and Roxy stand at the center of the white spiral Calliope made into a safe space. John’s arm sticks out from between two sections of the coil.
In a fourteenth image, John floats at the top of a waterfall beneath a cracking sky, just as he spotted Vriska’s ship. John’s arm sticks out of the waterfall.

[Next]

[Image description: John sticks his arm into the Juju and Vriska stares angrily at him. The entire image shakes and John fades in and out of focus.]

dialoglog
John: whoa.
this is making me feel weird.

[Note: All of John’s text is out of focus and it becomes even more blurry the longer he speaks.]

Vriska: John, will you get your hand out of there?
You're vaguely fucking shit up in some totally ambiguous way.

[Next]

[Image description: Vriska reaches towards John, who looks like he’s in pain. Suddenly, he vanishes in a white flash of light.]

dialoglog
John: Aaaaaaugh!

[Note: This is so blurry it’s hard to read.]

Vriska: John!!!!!!!!!

[Next]

[Image description: Meenah’s trident flies through where John just was and lands on the floor. Vriska stops shouting and just looks blank.]

dialoglog
Meenah: dammit

Act 6 Intermission 5 Intermission 5

[Image description: Caliborn, Lil Seb, and Gamzee stand in a sea of Biscuitses and Eggses with some of the other Felt members caught in the crowd. The many versions of Eggs, who have purple striped hats with the number 12 on them, all have their egg timers, and the Biscuitses, who have orange striped hats with the number 13 on them, have their ovens. Many of them have charms flashing over their heads. One eggs has star-clover-moon flashing to diamond-rainbow-star. Clover has moon-horseshoe-clover flashing to gold-horseshoe-clover. Another Eggs has heart-balloon-gold flashing to diamond-rainbow-star. Biscuits has star-clover-moon flashing to rainbow-heart-balloon. Die has rainbow-heart-balloon flashing to moon-horseshoe-clover.]

authorlog
Caliborn: i hate puppet people i hate puppet people i hate puppet people i hate puppet people i hate puppet people i hate puppet people i hate puppet people i hate puppet people i hate puppet people i hate puppet people i hate puppet people i hate puppet people i hate puppet people.
Hussie: puppet people?
Caliborn: puppet people!!!!!!!!!!!!
Hussie: you're just calling them different things every time to bug me.
Caliborn: they are puppet people.
Hussie: why are they puppet people?
i thought frog men was going to be your preferred headcanon.
Caliborn: because they are like big alive puppets.
Hussie: how so?
Caliborn: their skin is soft.
Hussie: soft?
what do you mean.
soft as in smooth to the touch, like a baby's behind?
Caliborn: no.
more like. Fuzzy.
and squishy.
Hussie: what?
Caliborn: like plush.
you know.
like a god damn puppet.
Hussie: hold on.
re you telling me these fuckers are literally made of felt???
Caliborn: what's felt.
Hussie: it's the fabric they put on pool tables.
kind of soft and fuzzy.
Caliborn: oh. Then yes.
exactly like that.
Hussie: well that's weird.
i guess you learn something new every day.
speaking of which, I suppose you'll want me to tell you what these two frog puppets can do?
Caliborn: no!
Hussie: no?
Caliborn: the abilities of purple stripe hat. And orange stripe hat.
are as plainly self evident. As they are idiotic.
Hussie: patience.
in time, you will grow to love them as if they were two very special sons.
Caliborn: no way.
Hussie: yes you will.
i can tell you kind of like them already, but you're just pretending you don't to be cool. Like you
always do with members of your dark carnival.
i notice you aren't actually trying very hard to escape from the crowd there.
looks to me like you're enjoying your time in the puppet mosh pit, frankly.
Caliborn: screw you!
Hussie: i'm going to tell you their powers anyway.
Caliborn: no!
Hussie: purple stripe hat has an egg timer juju which makes him time travel whenever it rings.
but he's too stupid to use time travel sensibly so he ends up making way too many copies of
himself.
orange stripe hat has a magic oven which he can hide inside.
and that's it. It serves no purpose other than that. Also he's just as dumb as eggs.
i mean purple stripe hat. Forget I called him that again.
also pretend I didn't call the other guy biscuits.
Caliborn: you didn't call anyone biscuits.
Hussie: i didn't?
oh.
damn.
then pretend I didn't say I did.
Caliborn: i don't care!
i don't want to hear any of this!
al of that was obvious!
i have grown weary. Of your excessive divulgences!
Hussie: yeah, my divulgences haven't been too popular lately.
i can't seem to catch a 8r8k.
Caliborn: a what.
Hussie: a 8r8k.

[Note: With Vriska’s quirk corrected, it says Break.]

Caliborn: what's a 8r8k.
Hussie: nothing.
just something an old flame used to say a lot.
well, not so much an old flame as someone who callously spurned my extraordinarily inappropriate
advances one time.
she really blew it though. She could have been the star again, if only she said yes.
Things are pretty passive aggressive between us now.
women. Am I right?
Caliborn: no, don't do this.
i don't want us to bond over your female problems.
stop trying to be bros with me!
Hussie: you know how it is.
sometimes a guy just wants to take a look at what an adorable salamander is up to, and scrutinize
that situation carefully.
like really see what's going on with that, you know?
is that so wrong.
so what if I want to watch a young salamander spend several hours naming skeletons?
it's my right to do that. I should be able to watch bubbles name a million fucking skeletons if I
want.
i should be able to do that without a spiteful attention hog stealing back the spotlight while she
does something "important".
who cares about important stuff?
important stuff is so overrated, i.m.h.o.
Caliborn: i stopped listening!
i don't even know what you're saying. Because I'm not reading it anymore.
you can go ahead and babble all you want. About meaningless trash.
i've totally checked out of the conversation. So bye.
Hussie: I wonder what Spades Slick is doing right now.

End of Act 6 Intermission 5 Intermission 5

[Image description: Spades Slick, who is still partially a robot, stands on the balcony Hussie threw
him off of a long time ago. Hussie, who is wearing his Calmasis from Complacency of the Learned
cosplay, lays face down in a pool of his own blood.]

You are now Spades Slick.

It appears that you will be the focus of an exciting new sub plot. That is, if everyone's ok with that.
You're not sure. Is that allowed, you wonder? Is anyone going to throw a tantrum and make us look
at something else?
Vriska: Leave me alone you fucking creep!!!!!!!!!

Hussie: Good news, Spades. It looks like your sub plot checks out. You have the green light, whenever you're ready.


[Image description: Spades Slick stares out over the water. There’s something in the distance. There are two black circles with green squares on them, followed by a series of black marks, then three more circles with green centers, then another series of marks, then a small black circle, then another black circle with a green center.]

There was some commotion up here earlier. That guy flipped your bed over this balcony and you fell in the water like a thousand feet below. You had to climb all the way back up, sopping wet. You think he said something about English? You don't see any sign of the rival mob boss though. You'll have to investigate.

You might not have much time to find him though. The sun is setting on the horizon. What are all those things floating over the water? You can't quite make them out, even with your awesome cyborg eye, which can probably make you see better. Maybe. I'm not sure. I don't actually know anything about cybernetics to tell you the truth. I just gave you a red eye because I thought it looked cool.


[Image description: Slick looks down at Hussie’s body. His white wand and headband with wavy horns lay on the ground next to him.]

Looks like this asshole in the white wig is dead. Yes, the same asshole who nursed you back to health even though he didn't have to, and even though he kind of promised he wouldn't do stuff like that by way of some vague pledge involving a yellow ruler. But he saved your life anyway because his heart was just that big. You're welcome.

You weren't listening to any of that because you don't care.


[Image description: The headband with the horns pops up onto Slick’s head.]

You're not gonna take the wand because obviously magic is fake. Come on. What sort of buffoon would try to wield that thing under any circumstance?

You will however take the horns. They'll make a nice trophy. You always thought taking trophies from guys you killed was a cool idea. Or at least from guys you wish you killed, who you happen to find dead.


[Image description: Slick moves over, to where Lord English’s massive golden machine gun sits on the ground against the wall.]

This appears to be the murder weapon. Looks like English was the trigger man, then ditched the weapon by the body for some reason. You've never seen the guy, but you heard he carries a big overpowered gold machine gun.
Pretty garish in your view. The man has no subtlety whatsoever. You and he sure have different styles when it comes to running an organized crime outfit. You honestly think he might be some sort of huge manchild.

And I honestly think you might be right.


[Image description: Slick picks it up, but as he does, it turns into a massive golden staff with a green sun on top.]

You take the Golden Cuestaff. Holy crap this thing is huge. Good thing you have robot arms now. The weapon weighs several hundred pounds, but to a hulk like him it's light as a feather. And to a cyborg like you, it's light as a slightly heavier feather.


[Image description: Slick takes the horns off and looks towards the door, where Ms. Paint peeks out from behind the door and trembles.]

Man, how sweet would it be if you could use his own weapon against him when you get your reven... hey! Who goes there!

Ah. Of course. It's the cute little dame who tended to you while you were bedridden. Her soup was so delicious. Whoa, what are these dumb horns doing on your head? Those don't belong there. You toss them on the ground and stomp on them nonchalantly.

She's shaking like a leaf! She must be terrified. You assure her there's nothing to afraid of anymore. Everything's gonna be ok. The asshole in the white wig is dead.


[Image description: They stand inside an incredibly ornate, blue room with a massive horse statue in the center of the foyer, near the bottom of a grand staircase. Small balconies look down from the upper level and have railings made of intricate ironwork. A stained glass skylight is in the ceiling above the statue and several chandeliers hang down around it.]

Now that you've settled her nerves down, which you haven't actually, you ask her where the guy who did this went. She says she doesn't know. She's been hiding since he smacked her across the face with his cane. You say he did What, why I oughta! She says she thinks he's probably gone now. You say oh. Any idea which way he went? She says no. You say hmm. Any idea what she might be doing later? She asks what do you mean? You say any dinner plans or...

Hey! Slick! What exactly are your intentions toward Ms. Paint?? You could at least wait until the blood is dry before making your move. I know you've always had your shitty cybernetic eye on her. Yes, the same eye that's probably just a useless piece of red glass overlapping an otherwise perfectly healthy eye. Yeah, that one.

Oh fuck it. Who am I to stand between you two? You obviously make an adorable couple. Why should I let my rotten luck with the ladies rain on your parade. That's it, I'm calling it. I'm declaring your ship to be officially canon.

Now don't fuck this up, Slick.

Personals she says? Yeah you say. Your personal items. What items she wonders? You know, all the shit you had on you before that guy turned you into a damn robot. Like your hat and stuff. Oh! Yes, she knows exactly where all that is.


She says this way. But please try to be quiet in case the green beast is still nearby!


She leads you to one of the mansion's several dozen pantries and retrieves your box of stuff.

Here you go she says.


The hat was a little worse for the wear, but she took it to the tailor to have it repaired. Tailor, what tailor you say. The one that appears when you pull his pin from the little doll. She said she put the pin back though because the man was rather grouchy and unpleasant.

Wait a minute...

Of course. The doll!


You knew you decided to hang on to this thing for a reason.


English has no idea what he's in for. You can't wait to see the look on his face. Even though the look on his face is always pretty much the same, since he's a skull monster.

Uh, yeah, better leave the black one in though. Pulling that one could have some really weird consequences.
You tell all these mugs to listen up. This gang is now under new management.

The surly mob of puppet people look you up and down, glance at your Cuestaff, and shrug. Yep, you're the new boss, they appear to tacitly confirm.

Ms. Paint, you say. There's a vacancy in the gang's eight-spot. You got anything more suitable to wear?

She claps her hands and says oh yes! She has just the dress for the occasion. She says b.r.b.

You say hey you. Wise guy in the maroon hat. What was his name again? Some weapon shaped like a seven. Boomerang?

No that wasn't it. Your memory's failing you. Might of taken one blow to the head too many when that universe exploded. Hey, why did that universe explode again? Can't recall for the life of you. Crowbar. What? Crowbar's his name, the guy says.

Oh yeah, that's right. Now you remember, you used his crowbar a while ago to smash a priceless clock to pieces. You have his crowbar he asks?? No, you lost track of it. Any idea where it is? No clue you say. Damn he says.

You ask him how they can get out of here. Go somewhere to regroup and make some plans. Hatch some schemes. Maybe draw a map or two. Preferably in a hideout. He says he can lead you back to one of the gang's old haunts. You say after you then. He says hey. Yeah? What happened to the old boss he wonders. Is he dead or something? You say none of your damn business. Now get moving.

Hey what's this thing Clover asks? Nothing you say. You think the idiot who used to live here was doing some sort of science experiment. Pretty much, Ms. Paint says. Don't touch it you say. Could be a deathtrap. Clover pulls his hand away quickly. He looks worried.

Die asks if he can have his doll back. You say of course not, shut up. He looks crestfallen.

[Image description: Doc Scratch’s tower floats in front of the Green Sun. It’s been broken off only a few floors down from the cueball on top, and what’s there isn’t in good repair. A large portion has been taken out of one of the walls and the cueball itself is missing a large portion near the top and the rest is cracked. A second image shows Slick, Ms. Paint, and the Felt emerging through a now broken fourth wall, or in this case a fifth wall, into a room with an ornately tiled green floor. Everything shakes a little.]

God damn it's hot in here.

AC must be broken or something.


[Image description: They emerge from the door that lead into Aradia’s ancestor’s room from before Lord English arrived and claimed her as his servant. A large portion of the wall is gone, revealing the Green Sun.]

You leave Damara's room and great Caesar's stab wound what is even going on here. Crowbar where the hell are you leading us you ask. He says it's the Doc's old apartment. Really posh digs. Primo location too, at least it was before the universe exploded. Why are there giant holes in the walls through which can be seen an abundance of blinding green plasma, you inquire. He says because the apartment is now floating somewhere inside a huge sun. A sun you say. Well shit. No wonder it's so hot you could cook breakfast on your cranial plates. Hiding out in the middle of a big sun doesn't sound like a real tenable predicament, does it Crowbar. No boss, he supposes it does not. Sounds like it's actually kind of a shitty predicament, doesn't it Crowbar. Yes boss, he supposes it does. A predicament defying any sense of reason, safety, physical comfort, and most laws of science probably. He wouldn't know about that boss. You'll have to ask a scientist. You got a sassy mouth on you Crowbar, you say to Crowbar. A real sassy mouth.

He says if you don't want to stay, that's fine. There are contingencies in place. Contingencies you say? He says Doc's suite had an emergency exit which the gang could flee through whenever things got too hot to handle. Circumstances, he says, which never once presented themselves, until now, in the most literal way possible. Yeah. Yeah you say. Because of the sun. Yes he says. Because of the sun.

Well what are you waiting for Crowbar. Keep leading the way.

[A6I5] Crowbar: Keep leading the way.

[Image description: Crowbar keeps leading the way down another hall with another large chunk taken out of a wall. They come to a plus-shaped junction. They just came from the right hall. There are two doors in the hallway that approaches the viewer.]

Hold up you say. You're not sure about this Crowbar leading the way business. Who's the leader here, this smart mouth or you? He says you, of course. But you don't know where the exit is. You say bullshit. You been here before. You know this place like the back of your hand. You show him your hand, which is now mostly unfamiliar to you, because it's made of metal. You put your hand down quickly because that didn't serve your rhetorical purpose at all. He says if you insist. The exit is in the room with the clock in it. Do you remember where that is? You say what do you look like, a moron? Of course you remember. Then after you he says.

Slick moves down to the doors and looks at the one on the right wall.

It's obviously down here. Through one of these doors. Watch and learn buddy.

S.S.: Open door.

Slick opens the door to reveal the scary wolf head with a strobing white light next to it.

S.S.: ...

He closes the door and the Felt, Ms. Paint, and Aurthour all watch his failure.

That was not the right door.

S.S.: Never mind.

Slick rejoins his group.

Just take us to the exit, Crowbar. He says yeah sure.

Crowbar: Proceed.

Crowbar leads them back to Doc Scratch’s living room where he has models of The Battlefield in various stages of evolution. Most of the roof is missing. Itchy runs ahead into another section of the room, Crowbar walks just ahead of Slick and Ms. Paint, and the rest of the group lingers in the doorway. A second image shows them further into the room. Itchy has run back to join the main group. In a third image, they file in even farther. In a fourth image, they’re all finally in and Die, Trace, Fin, and Itchy pull out a pool table.

Note: These panels are all shorter than the standard panel.

You lead the mob through a few more of these weird skinny panels.

Some of the guys get distracted over there in the lounge. Just a quick match of Table Stickball, a fun game they made up which is based on their hats. You tell them to quit playing pool and get over here. They start laughing their asses off at the noob who doesn't know a game of Table Stickball when he sees one.

Crowbar: Show Slick exit.

Slick, Crowbar, and Ms. Paint stand next to the clock that determines if a godtier death is just or heroic. Again, a portion of the wall is missing, showing the Green Sun outside.

So this is it huh you say. Why's he keep the exit in the room with the clock anyway? Crowbar says the exit's in the room with the clock because the exit Is the clock. You say you see. You look the clock up and down. Doesn't look the same as you remember. It was a lot fancier when you smashed it with the Crowbar. You mean the crowbar. All purple and gold and... ticking. As if deciding the fate of someone you don't know or care about. Someone who doesn't understand a golden opportunity when she sees it.

Vriska: sdkljfhkldhfsdkhfk

Hussie, Slick, and Crowbar, maybe?: Someone whose behavior may have been controversial, and whose sentence apparently had to be arbitrated by a magic timepiece. Just as well you smashed it.
That way nobody could outsource their judgment to the verdict of a stupid clock. Yes you
definitely thought all that now. Wait. What happened to the pendulum? The ball thingy you mean.
Crowbar says it broke. You see. Alright.

Anyway none of that matters now. How are you supposed to exit through this thing? Guess you
have to open it? Yes he says. How you say. He says oh you know. Gotta pry it open. If only they
had a tool with which to pry. Perhaps a tool which is notorious for its prying ability, which also
happens to be its sole purpose. You wouldn't happen to know where such a tool might be, would
you, he asks? No, he supposes not. There he goes again with that smart mouth. Nothing but sass
from this guy. You're starting to miss your old right hand man. At least when he got sick of your
shit, he would just turn around and light a cigarette.


[Image description: Slick punches the clock and the front panel of the body pops open.]

There. Crowbar shmowbar.

How the hell are you gonna squeeze all these big galoots through that skinny ass door? Wait. You
might have an idea.

[A6I5] S.S.: Wasn't there a guy with an oven?

[Image description: Biscuits appears, holding his oven.]

Where's the guy with the oven. Hey! Oven! Get over here! Crowbar whispers his name is actually
Biscuits. You don't give a fuck. Biscuits seems to understand he is being summoned, and waddles
over. Yep, there's his magic oven. Wow what a dumb juju. Should come in handy for once though.

[A6I5] S.S.: Everybody in

[Image description: Everyone files towards the oven in an orderly line, except for Doze. Doze
moves slowly next to the line so even though he was the first to start heading over, he’s the last in.
When he enters, it snaps shut. Everyone but Slick is inside.]

Everyone in the oven! Let's go let's go move move move! Iggy, Slowpoke, What's His Face... Yes
you too Ms. Paint! Clover, Shark Guy, Top Hat, get in there Crowbar, you can mouth off all you
want, just do it in the oven! Stitch Face, Fatty, Fireman, uh, the centaur butler? Yeah what the hell,
come on in! He can be the team mascot or something. Plus his milk was fucking great. Biscuits,
Other Biscuits, Big Guy, Bigger Guy... that should do it!


[Image description: Slick picks up the oven, which becomes a playing card in his hand. His
weapons slots and item slot appear in the top right corner. A second image shows the card. It’s the
13 of Stars.]

You pick up the 13 of Stars card. What? Cards don't go up to thirteen. Stars ain't a real suit either.
These guys really are a bunch of whackjobs.

Whatever, you'll just slip it in the deck. Time to go.

[A6I5] S.S.: Wait, before you go...

[Image description: In more short panels, Slick pours oil over the whole living room. The second
has even more trails of oil leading down the hallway. The third shows the whole place burning.

Perfect.


[Image description: Slick climbs into the clock while the couch and rug behind him burn.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: The green server with the flashing billiard ball on the front floats out in the furthest ring. The vague forms of eldritch gods float in the distance. After a moment, it pops open and Slick pokes his head out.]

What the shit.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Slick scowls and the server begins to shake.]

This was their secret escape hatch?!

You see. It's all so clear now. When things get too hot to handle, the Doc and his posse duck out of the clock and into the idiot wagon for a little spin through infinite oblivion with some giant octopus things.

Thanks for the tip, Crowbar! Thank You So Very Fucking Much!!!

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Slick looks off into the distance, where there’s a small blue dot.]

Hang on a minute.

What's that?

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: He squints up at it and a blue light casts over him.]

Is that...

Could it really be?

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: He grins.]

You don't need a fancy robotic eye to tell you what that is.

You know Exactly what that is.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: He keeps grinning as flames shoot out of his ass, sending him flying with a Pchooo. He grips the cuestaff tightly.]
It's the fucking Jackpot.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: It shows the map of the incipisphere again. Jack Noir floats beyond the furthest ring in the bottom left, Dirk in the upper right, and now Spades Slick in the bottom right.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: John sleeps on his couch in the ship, but he’s fading in and out of focus. The ring lays on the cushions next to him.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: He disappears with a Zap, leaving the ring behind.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: A line of footsteps crosses a series of yellow sand dunes. The ruins of a city are silhouetted against a whiteish-grey sky in the distance. On top of one of the tallest ones, something glows blue.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the glowing object.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in again. With a zap, the object turns into John, who looks very confused.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: He looks into the distance as a cylindrical bunker with the sburb logo on the side lifts off.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: He stares up confusedly.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Once again, he turns white and zaps away.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: John stands on a stairway on LoWaS, but it’s not current John. It’s John from 3 years ago, wearing his slime suit and going along the first leg of his quest. Something behind a rock glows blue.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: The silhouette of Present John appears behind the rock.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: He materializes fully and still looks confused.]
He peeks over the rock and spots his past self walking along the path.

He looks even more confused.

Past John turns and looks at him.

Present John zaps away again.

Vriska’s magic cue ball explodes, ripping off her arm and destroying her seven-pupiled eye.

John’s outline appears next to her as she lays on the ground.

He fully appears and stares down at her.

He grimaces and tugs at his collar while gulping.

He begins to go blurry while staring down at her.

He zaps away.

Jake dramatically kisses Dirk’s severed head in front of an erupting volcano and a circling dragon. Something on the slopes of the volcano glows.

It zooms in on the glow, revealing John’s silhouette.

He materializes and stares at this strange sight.

Jake snogs Dirk’s head while Dream Dirk, Jane, and Roxy watch.
Next
[Image description: John turns away and sticks his tongue out in disgust.]

Next
[Image description: He zaps away again.]

Next
[Image description: The Dolorosa cradles The Signless as a grub. Something nearby glows blue.]

Next
[Image description: John appears in a flash.]

Next
[Image description: The Dolorosa hisses loudly at John. Her eyes and mouth glow bright yellow and she looks like she could kill John without a second thought.]

Next
[Image description: John leans back from the force of the hiss.]

Next
[Image description: John zaps away from the angry troll, who is still hissing at him.]

Next
[Image description: Dirk’s Bro stands on top of the White house, which is now purple and surrounded by circus tents. Shaggy 2 Dope and Violent J, the Insane Clown Posse and co-presidents, face him. Bro has his katana out and the word strife is at the top of the screen. Something glows behind one of the protrusions on the roof.]

Next
[Image description: It zooms in on the glow and John appears in a burst of light.]

Next
[Image description: He rolls his eyes as Violent J’s bloody, decapitated head flies past him.]

Next
[Image description: He zaps away again.]

Next
[Image description: Nic Cage in Con Air cradles another man in his arms on a glowing screen.]

Next
[Image description: Another character from Con Air reads a map. John’s silhouette glows behind
[A6I5] Next

[Image description: The guy reading the map turns in John’s general direction as John fully appears inside the movie.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: John’s lip trembles and he begins to cry.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: He zaps away again.]

Act 6 Intermission 5 Intermission 6

[Image description: Caliborn sits on the shoulders of Cans, who has a maroon striped hat with the number 15 on it, and throws his arms up in the air victoriously. Cans is absolutely massive. Caliborn is smaller than his entire head. Next to them is Quarters, who has a green striped hat with the number 14 on it. He flips a coin that has a number 4 billiard ball on one side and a number 14 ball on the other side.]

Authorlog
Caliborn: i did it!
i conquered the maroon stripe planet. Thus unlocking. The final and most powerful toad goblin of all!!!!!!!!!!!
wow, he's so perfect. So huge. So *strong*.
i love him being strong.
finally. The ideal minion. With the type of power I admire the most.
which is. Being a huge strong guy with enormous powerful muscles!
Yessssssssss.
oh yeah. I also got green stripe hat. He's good too.
in that he is also large. And relatively strong. And mean.
he flips a coin too I think. Which is also cool.
oh, and don't tell me what they do.
all I care about is that they're big and strong.
do not spoil my moment of triumph with more of your human monkey earth business.
what.
nothing to say?

[a6i5i6] Next

[Image description: Caliborn stands up on Can’s shoulders and Lil Seb climbs up onto Quarters’. Gamzee and Jack Noir, who is wearing a white tunic, stand on the ground. They’re all on the roof of the building on the 8 ball planet and the other members of the Felt are nowhere to be seen. Jack holds a knife with indigo blood on it and Gamzee has a stab wound in the left side of his chest.]

Authorlog
Caliborn: yes. This is good. You're finally learning who's boss.
and soon. Everyone else will too.
now I have to conquer the black planet.
this one is a different thing from the others.
my sources tell me. By which I mean. The clown tells me.
that this planet has been claimed by the black queen herself.
i will need to overthrow her to win.
as such. In a stroke of brilliant cleverness. My brain devised an idea.
i have recruited jack noir to help settle our mutual score.
really. Getting jack to do violent things for me. Always strikes me as such a good plan.
so I might as well just do it always. Rather than always thinking of new stuff. Which is hard to do.
his would make a good friend. If the concept of friendship wasn't horrid and meaningless to me.
therefore. I will think of a way to dispose of him once his usefulness is over.
it's bad form to leave stray noirs wandering around.
(don't tell him I said any of this.)
(my treachery to him. Is meant to be a surprise!)
(ha ha ha ha ha.)
(ha ha.)
uh.
...........
hello?
where the fuck did you go.
aren't you going to tell me what you think of my great plan.
or deride me in some fashion. For my juvenile conduct and poor critical thinking skills.
well, you unspeakably putrid and fatuous blabbermouth???
i demand that you talk to me!!!
ok. I see how it is.
you have decided you will no longer allow me. To browbeat you. Into helping me. Through sheer
force of petulance.
it may surprise you to know. I am just as capable of respecting that. As I am of throwing a tantrum
about it.
i don't need you anymore.
i don't need anyone!!!!!!!!!!!!

[A6I5I6] Next

[Image description: Caliborn jumps down onto the ground and angrily spikes his Caltop onto the
ground with a Booyeah!. John’s silhouette appears behind him.]

[A6I5I6] Next

[Image description: Caliborn stops and turns to look at John, who has fully appeared.]  

[A6I5I6] Next

[Image description: Caliborn stares at John under a flashing banner that says Intense Staredown.  
He looks a little angry, as always, but more like he’s not sure how to handle this sudden
appearance.]  

[A6I5I6] Next

[Image description: John stares back at him under the same flashing Intense Staredown banner.  
John looks somewhere between confused and angry.]  

[A6I5I6] Next

[Image description: Caliborn continues the Intense Staredown, and it zooms in on his face.]  

[A6I5I6] Next
[Image description: It does the same to John.]

[Next]

[Image description: It zooms in even more on Caliborn’s half of the Intense Staredown.]

[Next]

[Image description: And John’s, too.]

[Next]

[Image description: It shows Caliborn from near John’s perspective. Caliborn is framed by John’s legs.]

[Next]

[Image description: It shows John from Caliborn’s perspective in the same way: through the legs.]

[Next]

[Image description: It zooms out. John stands near the edge of the building. After a second, Cans runs up with his fist raised. The panel shrinks, leaving white space around it, and Cans punches John right out of the panel with a Pow. John goes flying and broken bits of the background fly out with him.]

[Next]

[Image description: John screams and flails as he flies through a blank space that’s there in place of the panel. It’s the same color as the background behind the text portion of each page. This page is interactive. As it turns out, John is your cursor. Move down and down and down until you reach the link to the next page, which says (arrow) End of Act 6 Intermission 5 Intermission 6.]

End of Act 6 Intermission 5 Intermission 6

[Image description: John zaps away from the place where a panel should be.]

[Next]

[Image description: With a flash, John appears flying above the ruins that Jake went to while talking to Caliborn. The fourth wall still lays in the middle.]

dialoglog
John: what.

[Next]

[Image description: John flies down closer to the ruins.]

[Next]

[Image description: John lands and looks down at the fourth wall with the bottom right pane broken.]

dialoglog
John: does this mean...
dialoglog
John: we're here?

dialoglog
John: hello???
is anyone there?

dialoglog
John: jades??
nannes??

... 

dialoglog
John: ... regular dave?

dialoglog
John: where is everyone?

dialoglog
John: this sucks.
dialoglog
John: ...

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: He comes to rest on top of a hill in yet another area. The grass here is tall and comes up to his knees.]

dialoglog
John: sigh.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: He flies down into a valley where a single post and lintel sticks out of the ground.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: He flies over the field to another post and lintel. This one is sunk most of the way into the ground.]

You chance upon the Slab of the Jaded Fool's Ennui. You don't know the slab is called that, but that's what the slab is called.

Looks like a good spot to decompress after your strange ordeal through canon space.

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: It shows the map of the Incipisphere again. Clockwise from the upper right, Dirk, Spades Slick, and Jack Noir are still just beyond the furthest ring, but now there are two new additions to the map. Beyond the furthest ring in the upper left, PM chases Bec Noir towards the new session. Just beyond the Veil, the Meteor hurdles towards Skaia, still leaving a flashing trail behind it.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: The meteor flies past LoTaK.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: W.V., Kanaya, Rose, Karkat, Dave, and Terezi stand on the roof and look up at it as they pass by. Rose has an arm slung around Kanaya’s shoulders and Kanaya holds her waist to keep her upright, if slumped.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Karkat starts yelling.]

dialoglog
Dave: so has anyone figured out how we're actually gonna stop this meteor or was three years not enough time to solve that problem Karkat: no, we haven't. oh my god.
we're still traveling at the speed of light, and we only seem to be picking up steam!

Dave: I don't think that's possible dude
in fact im not sure we were ever traveling at light speed
I think maybe there's been some bogus science in circulation that we been chumped into gettin behind

Karkat: what?
Dave: just saying
Karkat: no.
*i'm* just saying.
we came all this way, and we're all going to die!!!

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: Karkat freaks out even more and Dave hangs his head. Rose smiles drunkenly and Terezi grins.]

Dialoglog
Karkat: I don't believe this.
how could we not have thought this through better!
it's like the reckoning version 2 point o. Or 3 point o. Or wait, maybe 4 point o if we're counting the beforus sess... Ugh, fuck this sentence I'm saying.
how could it all boil down to *yet another* meteor hurtling toward skaia serving as the harbinger of our imminent demise?
except this time we're *riding* the fucking harbinger.
which is ironic when you think about it! We were brought into this life riding a meteor. Makes sense that's how we'll all go out! Hahahahahaha!!!

Dave: man pull it together
this thing has to have some escape pods or something
Karkat: where! I never saw any!
maybe they were being stored in the hyper gravity chamber!

Rose: We have a hypher gravitoy chamb hic. Ber?

Dave: or i guess maybe we could
just sort of
hop up
and
like...
fly away?
Karkat: why you abhorrent column of smarmy filth. You always did know how to rub salt in the wound.

what about those of us who can't fly! You *know* I can't fly, and you *know* it's a sore subject for me!

Dave: i swear to god
this meteor needs one of those baby on board things on the back
but like a grub instead of baby for max fidelity to the gag because Trollz

[Note: Trollz is spelled with a Z.]

Dave: i know you can't fly dude obviously i would just carry you or something

Karkat: I'd rather fucking die!!!!!!!

Rose: Don't worry guy,s
I've vave a feeling evvyyvery thinks gonna work out. (winking face)

Dave: rose shut the fuck up
(Question mark): Bark
[Image description: Dave turns to look at Karkat, who keeps shouting and now points a finger into Dave’s face. Rose looks startled and Terezi looks annoyed.]

dialoglog
Dave: dude did you just bark
Karkat: what? No I didn't bark.
I thought that was you.
Dave: why would I bark
Karkat: well why the fuck would I bark???
Dave: because you're having a mental breakdown
Karkat: why don't you have a mental go fuck yourself?
or! Or wait! Then use your alleged "time powers" to make a copy of yourself and turn this audacious phantasy into a sensual reality!
Dave: nah
(Question mark): Bark
Karkat: there it was again!
the bark happened again!
Dave: wasnt me
Karkat: who the fuck is barking.
Dave: kanaya did you bark
you fuckin with us maryam
Kanaya: (hisssss...)
Karkat: terezi, was it you???
Terezi: (grrrrr...)
Karkat: what is it? What are you looking at?
Dave: maybe the mayor barked
mayor was that you
haha i bet it was
god i love the mayor he’s so full of surprises

[Image description: Grimdark Jade- wait, no. Grim Bark Jade appears in a flash of green and white light just above where Skaia is visible in the distance. She glares down at them.]

dialoglog
Jade: hey guys

[Image description: Jade stares down at them and they all take a step back except for W.V. Rose starts to fall over and Kanaya holds her up. Gamzee peeks over the edge of the building way in the background.]

dialoglog
Jade: hey guys

[Image description: She lands and snarls at them. The green fire around her flares up and spreads down onto the floor. The fire from her left foot forms a spiral shape while the fire from her right foot looks like cracks.]

dialoglog
Jade: long time no see
Next

Image description: Karkat and Dave frown at each other the exact same way Jake and Jane did when Jade first went grimbark.

Next

Image description: The song A Taste for Adventure begins to play. John holds the broken fourth wall and stares down at it. The ship sits near the ruins of Jake’s tower. It pans down over the landscape somewhere else on LoMaX. John sits on top of the Slab of the Jaded Fool’s Ennui. It’s literally just the lintel on the ruin that’s half buried in the ground. It fades to black. John stares down at the fourth wall again and lets out the deepest sigh of all. A thought bubble over his head shows drawings of Dave, Karkat, and Rose. In the background, there are seven generic troll heads with question marks for faces. John flops back on the slab and drops the wall by his feet. Erisolsprite floats past in the background and flips him off, then floats away.

The image slides to the side and bright blue text scrolls by on a black background. So Bored. John lets one leg and one arm dangle off the edge of the slab as he stares up at the sky. He flops over the edge so he’s draped over it with his legs hanging off one side and his head and shoulders hanging off the other. It slowly zooms in on his open mouth as he blows a spit bubble. The bubble pops and there’s a flurry of activity.

John stands up and jumps around while yelling. He pulls out some playing cards while still yelling. He shoots playing cards from his sleeves while still yelling. He aggressively plays a game of solitaire and puts the 4 of spades, the ace of diamonds, and the 3 of clubs down. Blue text on a black background flashes by. It says Yes. John grits his teeth as he struggles to open a pack of fruit gushers. The pack rips open and the gushers go flying over him while he’s still yelling. He takes off his pants and aggressively irons them on top of the slab. His underwear are black boxers with green slimes all over them. Blue text on a black background says Hell Yes. He keeps aggressively ironing his pants. He rides the pogo bouncer that used to be in his yard while spraying two cans of shaving cream and, you guessed it, still yelling. More text flashes. Hell. Fucking. Yes.

He finally calms the hell down and lays on his back with his feet in the air while using a pair of Bill Cosby-themed lunchmuffs to project Con Air in front of him. He watches the scene where Nic Cage’s character gives his daughter a bunny and gets heart-eyes from it. He builds a house of cards that looks like the Sburb logo and as he places the chimney piece in place, the white house sburb logo shaped juju appears and takes up the whole screen. It flashes back to John, who throws his arms in the air and shouts victoriously while standing on top of the ruin.

One by one, silhouettes flash into the air around him with the green fire of Jade’s powers. First W.V., then Rose, then Karkat, then Kanaya, then Terezi, then Dave. They all hover for a moment, then fall to the ground in a pile. John’s house of cards collapses and he looks down at them.

Next

Image description: John just keeps staring down at his friends. His arms are still in the air.

Note: For the first time in a long time, there are two links to the next page. One is the standard arrow, the other is 7 question marks. The question marks lead to another Enter Password page with the note “If you don’t know the password yet, it means you’re not supposed to, dummy! Go back!!! So go back to the regular next arrow.”
[Image description: John slowly lowers his arms and smiles a little bit.]

[A6I5] Next

[Image description: He claps his hands to his cheeks and smiles so widely it takes up half his face. He’s so excited to see his friends and it’s absolutely adorable.]

End of Act 6 Intermission 5

[Image description: Green curtains close over John’s smiling face.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out to show the curtains against a clockwork sun and moon. The background behind them is a sunset, the same sunset Spades Slick saw from the balcony where Hussie was killed. It slides over to a block of text that says End of Year 4, 4/13/09 - 4/13/13.]

Next

[Image description: It slides over from End of Year four to a black, spinning disk. It slowly spins down and comes to a stop as the background fades to black. An option to Remove Disk 2 appears in the upper left corner. Click it. A captchalogue card case appears behind it. The case says Homestuck Act 6 and has a series of dots along the bottom. The first ten dots are green and alternate between large ones and small ones. A bracket over these calls them Disk 2. The next bracket, which is only labeled with three question marks, has a black dot, ‘A7’, and a white dot. A red captchalogue card appears and the disk pops into it. It slides into place behind Disk 1, which shows Skaia over John’s neighborhood as meteors fly towards it.]

Next

[Image description: A scribbly, metal foot stomps on the case repeatedly.]

Insert disc three.

[Image description: Another red captchalogue card pops up. It has a blue circle made of a series of right angles on it, which is labeled Disk Three in bright green text. It’s the same circle Caliborn said was a drawing of Jane. It begins spinning.]

Next

[Image description: The same disk spins down, only now it says There is no disk three you asshole.]

Next

[Image description: In Caliborn’s handwriting and color, it says The End against a black background.]

Next

[Image description: Caliborn holds his arms up and laughs evilly as a series of Hussie heads with flashing red Xes over them float in the background. His pose is a direct callback to when Hussie laughed about killing all his characters.]

Caliborn: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
[Note: Ha is repeated hundreds, if not thousands of times and the text slowly gets smaller and smaller as his laughter continues into infinity.]
Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that’s probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 6 Act 6 Act 1: Homo suck

[S] Act 6 Act 6

[Image description: The site looks very different, now. The dark grey of the background is now dark green, the same color as Caliborn’s skin. The previously light grey space around the panel is bright green, like Lord English’s coat. The caption box is dark green, the same as the background. The next page link is the bright green color. Even the links at the top of the website aren’t immune. The candy corns separating some of links are now green peppers, and the links have different names. From left to right, they read “Worthless Garbage. Stupid. Wow. Overpriced Trash. Dumb Noise. Whatever. Bullshit.” The links they were replacing are “Home, Read, Info, Shop, Games, News, More.”

Homestuck Anthem begins to play as a pair of bright green curtains prepare to open. Suddenly, they turn into shitty, Caliborn-style drawings of curtains and a fart sound plays as they choppily move aside. Behind them is an extreme close up of a Casio electric keyboard with a red demo button to the right of the logo. Caliborn’s hand reaches over and presses the demo button, making the true song begin to play. It’s not Homestuck Anthem. It’s Homo suck Anthem. A simple, bouncy tune plays for a moment, then Caliborn starts playing. The tune continues, but now under strange sound effects, including bike horns, various animal sounds, screaming that may be a human or may be a goat, humming noises, breaking glass, and even a toilet flush, all in time with his key presses.

Click to go to the next page and escape this horrifically strange song. Oops, it’s not possible. Clicking the next arrow only brings up a red X over it, a scribbly Caliborn drawing shouting, and a note that says ‘Please wait until the performance is over’ in Caliborn’s handwriting. Clicking again brings up the same thing, but now he says ‘Very rude.’ A third click cycles back to the first message. After what feels like forever but is really only about 45 seconds, he stops playing and hits the demo button again. The drumbeat continues for a moment more, then turns off. Clicking to the next page now brings up a message to ‘Hold for applause’. Caliborn’s hand ever so slowly reaches back in and presses a single key. He holds it down for nearly 40 seconds, during which ever-escalating, uproarious applause plays. Clicking next still brings up a ‘hold for applause’ message. Once he releases the key, the next arrow turns into words and finally becomes clickable.]

Begin homo suck.

Homo suck.

[Image description: It’s a very poorly drawn recreation of the very first page of Homestuck. A
poorly drawn John stands in front of a poorly drawn door with a poorly drawn Sburb poster. To his right is a poorly drawn dresser with a poorly drawn cake and rolled up poster on it. To his left is the edge of a poorly drawn bed. In fact, just assume all images are poorly drawn until otherwise notified.]

[Note: The caption is written in bright green and all caps, as all text in this Caliborn-ified section.]

A young male homo sapien is trapped in his room. The premise is uninteresting, and everything about it sucks. Hence the title, which is a port manteau. Consisting of two thematically appropriate words.

The male is not very smart. There is something about a human birthday. And he doesn't have a name yet? And more stupid things along those lines.

All of this is irrelevant.

Here is what really matters.

[Image description: Caliborn stands in front of a house-shaped computer terminal. He wears a red outfit with a long red cape and bright green suspenders. He holds a tablet pen and boggles vacantly towards the computer screen, which shows the previous panel. Jagged cables hang down behind him and a black smudge is smeared across the wall, where it meets the floor.]

A young male cherub has achieved total domination over his quest. Thus unlocking his magic mystery planet. And therefore. Gaining supreme mastery over all events in reality. Canonical or otherwise.

He became a god tier obviously. It was easy, involving a trivial act of self suicide. It was not a very big deal at all. That's what happens when you're the best. You become the best thing quite casually. And off screen. Like it's not even that important.

Then he started climbing the god tiers.

[Image description: Caliborn stands on top of a Godtier echeladder rung, identical to the ones Dave and Rose stood on at the end of act 5. It isn’t drawn poorly, but it does flash bright colors, as it usually does. A fuzzy-edged time symbol floats behind him.]

See? Like that.

He stood on that flashy thing. Which may not even be literally real?

With each god tier he climbed.

[Image description: Back in the poorly drawn style, a collection of pins are on a dersite sash.]

He got a new achievement badge sewn on to his kiddie camper handysash. Which also may be a thing that's not literally real. Like many other things. Which don't seem to have literal reality, but exist anyway. Getting new badges helps you understand stupid things like that better. In other words. They are mostly pointless.

Like gift of gab. Which is especially useless to our hero. Since there is nobody for him to "talk" to except for a rude clown. And all his dumb green friends, I guess. And he could already talk to them regardless? So. What the fuck.

The badges are all so shitty. I barely even know what to say. One of them lets you acquire objects
with your bare hands. No captchalogue required. Wow, it's a dream come true! There is another one. And I'm not joking here. That grants you the ability to have non awkward personal relationships.

I wish I was making this up. I really do.

But there was one badge he got.

[Image description: It zooms in on one of the badges near the edge of the sash. It has a green key on it with Caliborn’s skull or Jake’s symbol as the part that doesn’t go into the lock.]

That was not a pitiful waste of his time. A skeleton key badge.

Having this badge meant that he could automatically unlock. Any lock he wanted to!

Including all the contraptions on this planet. Allowing him to officially and permanently assume control of. A property of his experiential continuum which I have reason to believe is called. "The narrative".

And due to his unquestioned supremacy over a lot of things. He is now able to commandeer this enigmatic medium. While totally unimpeded by the ghostly voice of a sarcastic douche.

In my dream. I am this cherub.

[Image description: It zooms in to an extreme close up of Caliborn’s face, which is labeled Close up.]

It's me.

And as it happens. My dream is a *fact*.

I have taken over this "story". And I will now retell it according to my understanding and level of interest. I will additionally provide an honest and brutal critique of the events and the way they have been shown. By utilizing the most potent weapon anyone could ever hope to allocate to his specibus. It is the weapon. Of "satire".

Oh my god. This is going to be so great. Has anyone ever done anything like this before??

I doubt it.

[Image description: In the normal Homestuck style, Caliborn scribbles violently on a drawing tablet.]

All I have to do. Is keep working the magic. With my fucking computer pencil. Yes!!!

Drawing is easy. Don't let anyone ever tell you it isn't. You work hard. And hone your craft. And ignore the haters. Until you are in "The zone".

Now excuse me while I draw a shitty room.

Male: examine room.

[Image description: Back in the shittily drawn comic he’s apparently making, the off-brand John examines his shitty room. His bed seems to have a hunchback, his desk is almost escheresque in its angles, and his magic chest is a completely flat shape that clips into the wall. There are several cakes and a handful of captchalogue cards scattered around the room. There is only one poster on
the wall, which seems to show someone covering someone else’s eyes, but it’s so badly done that it’s impossible to say what it actually is supposed to be. There’s a window which looks out onto blank blueness.]

You examine your shitty room.

You are the male. I'm calling him you for some reason. That is how this idiotic adventure goes usually. The guy on the screen. That's you.

Confused yet?? Ha ha. It only goes down hill from here. Prepare to be frustrated and angry. As more things happen.

Male: do some stuff.

[Image description: A finger cursor the color of Caliborn’s skin picks up Knockoff John, bounces him around on the bed, then puts him back down on the floor.]

You fuck around heartily. Again, by you I mean him. I know, it is counter intuitive. But I will keep saying he's you, because of my "artistic license".

The you male fucks around a lot like this. Bouncing around and jittering, wasting time. But the secret is that it's actually me fucking around. I move this guy around like a puppet. With my imaginary hand. See?

Male: go open that chest.

[Image description: Knockoff John waddles over to the chest without moving any part of his body. Caliborn’s cursor picks up and shakes the chest, making the lid pop open. A collection of captchalogue cards spews out, along with a pair of beaglepuss glasses and a wizard hat. The entire motion lags, like the internet connection isn’t loading the gif all the way, but that’s just how Caliborn animated it.]

And I tell my puppet what to do. By typing orders in the thing. While pretending that *you* are typing them. It is a disingenuous ruse at best. To make you believe you are guiding my puppet. While also bizarrely insisting that you *are* the puppet, by calling him you. I unsuccessfully strive to immerse you in an experience. That no one with a brain. Could ever conceivably wish to participate in regardless.

But in the end. The joke of it all is. It's just me telling myself what to do with my puppet. And then doing it. You will agree this is the height of creative self indulgence.

In fact, for me to even be mocking the practice. Almost feels. Incestuously masturbatory.

(even though that is a redundant phrase for cherubs...)

Male: hide inside chest.

[Image description: Knockoff John sits inside of the chest as Caliborn’s cursor shakes it around and ‘Beep. Beep.’ flashes next to him.]

All aboard the idiot wagon!

This is the kind of thing that happens almost every screen. As opposed to accomplishing things that are important, or make sense. Let’s take note of the fact that I am slamming this tendency. And move on.
Male: go over there.

[Image description: Knockoff John stands on top of his impossible desk.]

Ok, you go over there. You stand there and nothing happens.

God damn I am good at this.

Male: do a dance on the shape.

[Image description: He now stands on his dresser. Caliborns’ cursor picks up his legs and makes him do a terrible dance.]

You get on the shape and I make you do a dance. I use the principle of "animation" to put movements in motion. Somehow.

You notice by now my story telling genius. I drew my puppet. And I drew his room. And that's it. Now all I have to do is move him around the room and make him do meaningless things for "laughs".

But the really funny thing is? The laughter is mostly coming from me.

It is happening at your expense!

[Image description: A series of images are arranged in a 2 by 4 grid. From top left, across then down, they are:
Caliborn’s cursor repeatedly smooshing Knockoff John into a cake at the foot of his bed.
Caliborn shaking him near his magic chest and making him spew captcha cards.
Knockoff John laying under his desk chair.
Caliborn bonking him into the bedroom door.
Knockoff John standing in the void outside of his bedroom, just behind his dresser. He says ‘duhhhh’ repeatedly.
Knockoff John turning back and forth near his desk while barely on screen.
Knockoff John floating in the air while 5 Caliborn cursors make 5 cakes hover around him.
Knockoff John laying on his back near his desk with his legs stuck up in the air.]

This way. I can make so many of these story rectangles so fast.

So it seems to everyone who is stupid enough. To look at my rectangles in the first place. That so much is happening. And the "plot" is advancing at break neck speed!

This is just a clever trick though.

[Image description: Knockoff John vibrates in the middle of his room, surrounded by dozens of levitating, vibrating cakes and beaglepuss glasses.]

Because the truth is. There is no plot.

Nothing is actually happening ever. Just a lot of bullshit like this. With cakes and cards flying every which way. And you are just sitting there.

Frowning at it.

Male: exercise freedom to leave room.

[Image description: Knockoff John stands in his poorly drawn kitchen, facing off against his
knockoff Dad, who smacks him with a cake. Knockoff John holds a hammer and shouts. A flashing label at the top of the screen says ‘Strife’.]

The lucky male is oblivious to his privilege. Of not being chained to his room, with the horrible sister he doesn't have. The advantage makes him way too overpowered, and therefore he is what some refer to as a "human mary sue". This makes him less sympathetic, and gives you another reason. To actively route for his death.

He goes downstairs. And you think, ah ha. This is it. Something important is happening. But your observation is another brainless fallacy. The thing happening here is just as pointless as everything else.

The larger homo sapien is obviously attempting to help the male grow up and become *strong*. Through a rite of passage involving sweets. Possibly to help the male become a trickster?

But the male is stubborn and refuses. Like an idiot.

Male: leave building.

[Image description: Knockoff John, who still wears his wizard hat, stands out in some grass next to a door.]

It turns out the male can leave after all. Relatively unhindered. Basically contradicting the entire premise of the story. What a joke, you say to yourself. You the reader though. Not you the male.

Male: boggle vacantly at these shenanigans.

[Image description: Knockoff John sits in a yard, surrounded by 2 poorly drawn captchalogue cards, a poorly drawn toilet full of cake, and a poorly drawn pogo bouncer in front of a poorly drawn house. It’s the exact same image that Jade found when she went to a random page or Mspaintadventures.com way back in act 3.]

It begins to dawn on you. That everything you just did. May have been a colossal waste of time. It also begins to dawn on you. That I was the one all along. Who illustrated this fantastic cartoon rectangle. Which you remember that you saw before somewhere. And you now find this revelation to be. Almost as retroactively plausible. As it is mind blowing.

It brings to mind a famous quote. From a celebrated poet of yore. That I think goes like this.

"well shit. That's a hell of a mystery. No one thought was a mystery. And didn't even really need solving. But damn if it didn't just get solved. So nice work."

- cherub shakespeare, probably.

I am almost certain cherub shakespeare said that.

[Image description: Google images is open to a search for Clouds. The Os in Google look like Lil Cal’s eyes with eyelashes colored to match the logo.]

In the interest of full disclosure though. When doing fine art. Sometimes it pays to cheat. And find things that are hard to draw. On the internet. Where they are already there for you.

This can save time. And make you appear to be better at things. Than you really are.

Take this advice to heart. If you want to be as successful as me. (Not going to happen, btw.)
Anyway, back to the story.

[Image description: Knockoff John continues boggling at his cards, bouncer, and toilet cake. It’s zoomed way out, though, and poorly inserted into a background of a blank landscape. Caliborn’s cursor shakes a meteor in the direction of the house.]

After an endless parade of unamusing and inconsequential events. Finally something happens.

You will find this is customary for this tale. Lots and lots of stupid unimportant things happen. Then finally out of nowhere. A stupid important thing happens.

A meteor appears without explanation. It is headed directly for the male. There is nothing he can do but accept his fate. Look. He does not even try to flee, because he is an ignoramus.

Male: get murdered by explosion.

[Image description: Red scribbles wiggle over the image. Between the lines, though, the previous panel is still visible. Knockoff John is still there, boggling.]

You (he) are thoroughly murdered by the explosion. You (not him) are stunned and yet underwhelmed by the moment of anticlimax. As you continue to boggle vacantly. You reaffirm your suspicion. That nothing you just did mattered at all.

Confirm the kill.

[Image description: A more standard Caliborn-esque drawing shows a vaguely humanoid-shaped creature drawn as a blue outline on a black background. This creature, supposedly Knockoff John, has a skull-like shape for a head, a vague shape on his shirt, one arm jutting out at an uncomfortable angle, and one arm that’s just a thin nub. One leg is at a normal angle if far too far up the torso, but the other leg looks like it’s been violently dislocated. Above him, grey text says ‘KO’D’, but it’s been crossed out with red and green text over it says Dead.]

You (I) produce photographic evidence of the slaughtered male body. He is indeed dead. And will stay dead for the whole story. Only his ghost will show up now and then. In a blurry flash of light. To haunt me periodically throughout history. (But I will say more about that later.)

You (you) think the above graphic looks familiar. You think you have seen this great drawing before, in a different context. You see. This is what master story tellers refer to as a "visual callback". Truly exceptional professionals often will take an old drawing they did. That shows a similar situation. And do a couple of half assed things. Like change the colors. To make it slightly different.

You (still you) observe that this ingenious feat of laziness. Makes the repeated things seem more profound and meaningful than they are. For reasons you don't understand. Because they don't exist. This is a trade secret among skilled artisans such as i.

Please try to keep this on the down low. And not tell anybody. It can be our secret. They don't even need to know!

The end. Of act 1.

[Image description: The same awful curtains that opened to a fart sound just a few pages ago now close over the drawing of Dead Knockoff John.]

This concludes the first thing of the story. Which is called an "act".
There are a lot of these. And they only get longer. And then begin to split? Into act acts. And act act acts. Trust me. The structure rapidly deteriorates into utter nonsense. Or at least it would. If it had not already begun. As such a reeking pile of shit out of the box.

But please do not worry. I will be there to guide you. Through every mind numbing twist and turn. While prodding the material with my keen wit. And satirize the hell out of everything. To hold the responsible parties fully accountable for these crimes. While maximally validating my angriness about it.

Maybe you thought you were going to see some other stuff. Like what happens to all these idiots "next"? The answer is obviously who cares. This is going to be so much better. Either way, you have no choice. I am in total charge here now.

I believe at this point. Another one of my villainous, full throated laughs will be in order.

Villainous laughter: happen.

[Image description: Caliborn’s hand slap on the keyboard as he repeatedly types h and a. The capslock key is on, but he accidentally presses it a few times, then stops typing when he notices that it’s off.]

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. oh. whoops.

[Note: Nearly half of the ‘Ha’s have been removed for ease of reading. Also, starting 11 ‘ha’s back, they’re all in lowercase, as is the rest of the text.]

what was that.

[Image description: In the normal style, Caliborn looks up in confusion as a capsule opens near the doorway. Lil Seb turns to look too, but more startled than confused.]

Hold on. Brb.

[Note: It returns to caps here.]

I mean brb.

Next

[Image description: In the first panel, Lil Seb reaches up and hits the Next key. In the second panel, Caliborn stands over the objects that fell out of the unlocked capsule. There are two white horse figurines and a book called ‘Ed Emberly’s Drawing Book. Make a World.’ The book cover shows rows of drawn objects. From top to bottom, they are airplanes, trains, people, vehicles, various types of housing, more cars, and animals.]

What is all this shit.

Horses?

Why horses. Is it supposed to be ironic or something. That the very objects falling out of this box. Would be in the proximity of some horses? I don't get it.

And what's this. An illustration manual of some sort? Is someone implying I would benefit from this. Fuck whoever is implying that. By storing it in a secret hole for me to discover.
Who is this extravagant bitch.

Is she partly a robot. Sort of like me. Oh, she seems to be an artist too. Also like me.

Did she draw herself?? I don't see how that's possible. Considering she is fictional. As well as a girl. Some other very skilled draftsman must have drawn it. But how did he make it look like she is coming out of the paper? When I turn the book. The image stays flat. And the illusion is exposed. I wonder if the sorcerer of this so called "manga" reveals the nature of his wizardry inside the tome.

Why is the friendly bitch looking at me like that. With the large glassy eyes, and shiny face. It's making me have weird feelings in my body.

I have to put this down.

Uh.

Next

[Image description: Inside the open capsule, a low-quality poster of Hussie’s face is pasted on the back. It says You’re Welcome in the top-text, bottom-text format of a meme. Laying in the bottom is a bright green box.]

What.

Next

[Image description: Caliborn picks the box up and looks at the cover. It says Act 6 Act 6, Supercartridge Expansion Pack. A seal on it proclaims that it has ‘sweet new features!’ The cover art features Caliborn holding a black wand up, which shoots a bolt of lightning behind the title. Lil Seb dances nearby while holding two small ponies. Gamzee leans against the word Supercartridge and stares out towards the viewer. Behind them, there is a shitty, artfacted statue of liberty.]

What.

Next

[Image description: Caliborn opens the box and takes out the cartridge, which is several times the size of his hand, along with the instruction booklet. The cartridge is labeled Act 6 Act 6 and has a cropped version of the cover art, which only shows Caliborn. Along the bottom, there is a row of six dark green dots alternating with five smaller, light green dots. At the end of the row, separated by a fairly large gap, there is a white dot about the same size as the dark green dots. In a second image, Caliborn opens the instruction booklet. The text reads “Uh oh! It seems you have run out of game discs, and now Caliborn has hijacked the property of his experiential continuum which he has reason to believe is called "the narrative". Little does he know you recently made the shrewd decision to purchase(?) the Act 6 Act 6 Supercartridge Expansion Pack! Just plug it into any in-universe console port to unlock a variety of exciting new game play features and proceed through remaining canon unfettered, while Caliborn muddles]
through six new sub-sub-acts of infantile "subversive parody" targeting the very tale he inhabits, none the wiser!

Do You have what it takes to humor this bold new storyteller, a young man in peak command over his epic struggle to produce vaguely recognizable shapes? Can You endure his ill-tempered, hyperbolic sentence fragments long enough to reach an interspersed series of sub-sub-intermissions through which, while our new narrator pauses to gather his thoughts, our cast of quasi-reunited heroes may resume their intrepid march toward the end of Homestuck proper? And can You keep this on the down-low, so Caliborn may continue to believe he had commandeered the medium absolutely, while we privately return to the narrative between his miserable tirades? It can be our secret. He doesn't even need to know!"

At the bottom of the packet, there are six, black and white copies of a drawing of Caliborn’s’s head separated by five small spirographs. The heads are labeled from left to right as Act 6 Act 6 Acts 1 through 6.]

Oh hell no.

Next

[Image description: Caliborn reaches for a box of special stardust.]

Oh *helllllllllllllllllll* no.

Next

[Image description: He dumps some of the glittery dust straight into the opening on the bottom of the cartridge. In a second image, he holds a handful of candy corn over it. It’s completely full of the stardust.]

Ok, fine. Let's see how his dumb cartridge runs. With just a pinch of star dust!!!

Oh yes. And how about some delicious false teeth for good measure. Why not.

Next

[Image description: Caliborn holds Lil Cal’s ankle and uses the bottom of Cal’s foot to tamp the candy and stardust down into the cartridge.]

I am no expert on micro chips. But I doubt these conditions are ideal!

Next

[Image description: Caliborn holds the cartridge against a surface that’s covered in little piles of stardust and presses down. It pops down into a slot, letting out a little poof of stardust and obscuring the row of dots.]

Yes. Perfect. "The show must go on." So as to quote. Another famous cherub. Though I'm not sure which one. Probably a sports legend, I would guess.

While I pause to gather my thoughts. For my act 2 tirade. Please enjoy this intermission cartridge, or whatever it is. With its "exciting new game play features".

I hope it doesn't have any problems or anything!

Act 6 Act 6 Intermission 1: Stardust
[Image description: The song Gold Pilot begins to play. The white on black map of the medium fades in showing four planets with their gates in an X formation, Prospit, Derse, and Skaia. There is a large gap between the bottom of the map and the next arrow below it. Four more planets and their gates fade into the spaces between the other planets. The map begins to zoom in and rotate. The planets and gates fade from white to the colors of the humans. From the top going clockwise, it’s Dave’s LoHaC in red, Jake’s LoMaX in dark green, Jade’s LoFaF in lighter green, Roxy’s LoPaN in pink, John’s LoWaS in dark blue, Janes LoCaH in light blue, Rose’s LoLaR in purple, and Dirk’s LoTaK in orange. The meteor fades in as it flies past LoTaK’s gates towards Skaia, leaving it’s flashing tail of red and yellow. The map zooms in to the meteor and most of the map disappears off the bottom of the image. Skaia fades away, leaving only a faint white ring.
Everything but the meteor vanishes and as it zooms in, the tail extends beyond the boundaries of the image, partially covering the name of the page. The black background descends, the title fades, and the grey bands on either side of the image begin to turn black at the tops. It continues zooming in on the meteor as the edge of Skaia appears at the bottom of the black box, brought in as it moved closer to the next arrow. The meteor grows and now only has the leading edge inside the box, then it too fades, only to reappear smaller, inside the box again, hurtling towards a red Skaia defense portal hovering between it and the clouds. The black box descends to its lowest point and the grey space above and immediately to the sides of it flashes lighter grey. In the space it just vacated, a new image, much like the banners from Doc Scratch’s section, appears. It also shows the meteor flying through the void on a direct course for the portal. The larger image fades to Jade, who is still Grimdark, standing on the edge of a building, the wind whipping her hair and green energy backwards. A larger image of her fades on off to the left side, coming in outside of the panel and growing to partially cover both images. It fades a moment later and the large image changes to show her glaring directly ahead. In the banner, the meteor moves even closer to the gate, then fades to Skaia blocked by the gate.
Simultaneously, the banner becomes larger and the larger image changes to banner-sized. The top image stays the same, but the bottom cuts close to Jade’s eyes as she stares the gate down. The gate pulses and shifts shapes, then grows larger as the bottom image shrinks further and further until it’s gone. A moment later, Skaia vanishes in a flash.
A new image appears, taking up the whole space. Red tendrils of the Red Miles cross a field of stars. A red portal appears, angled down and to the right, then the image shrinks into the upper left corner with a white border around it. In its place, it shows Earth, flooded and surrounded by the miles. The portal spits out the meteor, which flies from one image to the next and bears down on Earth. It cuts to a banner height image and shows Jade, still standing on top of the building. She jumps up and out of the image as it zooms out, then the meteor flies out of the bottom of the banner. The earth fades in behind it just as it enters the atmosphere while Jade looks down on it. Another image of her fades in on the left side, and this version of her raises her hand towards the meteor. The version of Jade that jumped off the meteor slowly moves to the upper left corner, shrinking all the while. A green glow begins to surround earth.
Earth and the meteor vanish and are replaced by another Jade, who is surrounded by a pulsing green energy. The left Jade fades, as does the jumping Jade as the one in the center outstretches her hands. Her eyes begin to glow and green flames grow around her. The image flickers for a second and goes black and white, then patches of green, black, and white static distort it. The image jitters around, then cuts back and forth between it and a close up of Jade snarling, though static still makes it hard to see clearly. Earth appears and is subjected to the same distortion. It flickers between earth and Crockettier Jane’s face, then between that and Jane standing at a console. She’s holding a white book or tablet in one hand and her red trident with Skaia on the end in the other. G.Cat sits on the console, next to a large, green button. It flicks to Jade’s face, then earth, then Jane’s face, then back to Jane at the console. Skaia covered by the red portal joins the rotation, then an image of Jade kicking John in the face does as well, followed by the 8-planet map of the
medium with several, smaller versions of it glitching in the corner. These same images glitch over each other repeatedly, then the music suddenly cuts and we’re left with Jade’s eyes, nearly covered in green static and glitching over a colored map of the medium.

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: A colored map of the medium glitches faintly. Small patches of incorrectly colored pixels flash the same colors as the cracks in the void. A piece of candy corn flickers in and out in various places. The spirographs around the alpha kids’ planets are gone and the ones around the beta kids’ flicker.]

The cool Flash animation is unexpectedly cut short due to a critical stardust clog. What a shame. Those exciting new gameplay features were looking real slick, too. You think it was pretty neat how the panels were sliding around like that. Oh well, you probably didn't miss all that much.

Nevertheless, on a hunch you navigate once again to your trusty bandcamp page, and check the length of the song in question. Your fears are confirmed. It seems you missed four solid minutes of footage. You wonder if you'll ever find out what happened?

You decide to click on the planets above to try to make some sense of the situation.

[Note: Bandcamp Page is a link to the album Colours and Mayhem: Universe A, which Gold Pilot is part of. You can also buy this album. Once again, Andrew Hussie wants you to give him your money.]

[Note 2: This panel is interactive. Click Dave’s planet, LoHaC.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: LoHac hangs in the void. An orange spiral sits in the center of the planet, from our perspective, and the tall white pillar built from Dave’s apartment extends from the bottom of the planet.]

pesterlog
turntechGodhead [T.G.] began pestering carcinoGeneticist [C.G.]
T.G.: hey
T.G.: I hope this isn't too dumb a question but
do you have any idea how I got here
C.G.: got where?
T.G.: lohac
C.G.: what's lohac??
T.G.: its my old planet
you know with the lava and shit
remember?
C.G.: ...
T.G.: it has dumb crocodiles
and a stock market
or at least it used to have one
dunno if they locked it down since that time I literally ransacked the entire economy
C.G.: if you say so!
I have more important things to worry about.
like trying to remember how I got here.
T.G.: where are you
C.G.: I'm on the planet with the volcano. That was jade's planet, right?
T.G.: lofaf?
C.G.: I don't know! I have no idea what the acronyms for your planets are. It's been three years since I last saw them, and even then I was *barely* paying attention to what they were called because I was busy trolling you.
T.G.: land of frost and frogs
C.G.: are you sure? I don't see any frost!
T.G.: yeah it melted
C.G.: what about the frogs? Did they melt too??
T.G.: no
I mean I doubt it you probably just can't see any right now
can you hear any ribbits
C.G.: motherfucker, did you just ask me if I can hear any ribbits?
T.G.: yes
C.G.: this isn't joke-around paltime, dave! We all seem to be suffering from some form of amnesia. don't you think we should try to get to the bottom of that?
T.G.: probably
how long have you and kanaya been on lofaf
C.G.: how do you know I'm here with kanaya?
T.G.: talkin to her rn
C.G.: oh
are you with anyone on loham?
T.G.: lohac
C.G.: whatever.
T.G.: and yeah im with the mayor
C.G.: you're with the mayor?
T.G.: yes
C.G.: and nobody else??
T.G.: yeah
C.G.: why are you with the mayor?
T.G.: dunno I just am
not that I am complaining one bit the mayor as always rules categorically
(fyi I just hi fived him for like the third time in a row to my recent recollection)
C.G.: you lucky son of a bitch.
T.G.: so what's the last thing you actually do remember
C.G.: I remember...
jade.
T.G.: right
me too
but she was like a fuckin werewolf or something
C.G.: yeah.
that was pretty freaky.
T.G.: wait
then she zapped us to that stonehenge place
C.G.: oh yeah!
and john was there.
T.G.: yeah
we all landed in some grass like a pile of fuckups
and then
damn
then what happened
C.G.: I don't know.
T.G.: what the hell happened to john

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: You’re back on the glitching map. Click Rose’s land, LoLaR.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: LoLaR hangs in the void. The tower from Rose’s house goes off to the right. This image is also incredibly glitched, with large portions of the planet covered by colorful static or jittering in place.]

turntechGodhead[T.G.] began pestering tentacleTherapist [T.T.]
[Note: This pesterlog is highly glitched. The entire area, including the ‘show persterlog’ button and border jitter around and occasionally vanish. Much of Rose’s text is obscured by patches of purple static, but none of Dave’s text is. What is here is what is visible. Repetitions of the word ‘static’ have been inserted to approximate the length of the unreadable sections.]
T.G.: rose
whats up
T.T.: I seem to have been deposited on Lolar.
T.G.: yeah so i heard
kanaya tells me you think you know what happened
wanna give me the scoop
T.T.: Sure.
I believe Jade [static] officially gone grimbark.
[static static static static] ing against us [static static] has split us up,
[static static static static static] to our own planets.
I believe she is functioning at the behest of [static] Condesce, through [static] of [static static static static] or mind control [static static static]
[massive line of static. No text readable.]
while [static static static static static static] and [static static static static static static]
[static static static static static static] has [static static]
and [static static] she may still have a purpose for [static]
[static static] John has managed to elude her. [static] you heard from him?
T.G.: damn she wasnt kidding
this is surreal
T.T.: Dave [static] having trouble understanding you.
T.G.: yeah i cant understand a word youre saying

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: You return to the glitching map. This time, click Jade’s planet, LoFaF.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: LoFaF also hangs in the void. The tower from Jade’s tower extends off the left side.]

pesterlog

turntechGodhead [T.G.] began pestering grimAuxiliatrix [G.A.]
T.G.: so are you just as brain damaged as we are
G.A.: Who’s We
T.G.: me and karkat
G.A.: Of Course Not
But If Youre Referring To The Short Term Memory Loss We All Seem To Be Experiencing Yes
Ive Got That Too
T.G.: ok
so you have no idea how you got to lofaf then
G.A.: How Do You Know Im On Lofaf
T.G.: im talking to karkat
G.A.: I Didnt Think Karkat Could Remember The Acronyms For Your Planets
T.G.: yeah but i dont think thats the memory loss issue thats just him being an idiot
but lets not get into that
G.A.: Okay
T.G.: wheres rose
G.A.: Shes Apparently On Lolar
T.G.: oh
what about terezi
G.A.: Shes With Rose
T.G.: do they remember what happened
G.A.: No
But It Seems Theyve Both Surmised The Missing Events Since We Arrived
T.G.: what
how
G.A.: Well They Are Seers After All
T.G.: friggin seers
all makin us knights look bad
and whatever you are
what were you again
G.A.: Im A Sylph!!!
T.G.: what the dick is a sylph
G.A.: I Am On Record As Once Having Facetiously Likened It To A Magical Witch
T.G.: but witches are already magical aren't they
like by definition
T.G.: oh wait thats the joke i guess
god damn this missing time shit is makin me feel dumb as hell
G.A.: If Its Any Reassurance You Seem Like The Same Old Dave To Me
T.G.: ok good
so what do the seers think happened
G.A.: I Dont Know
Rose Was Trying To Tell Me But She Ceased Being Comprehensible
T.G.: oh god
is she still drunk
G.A.: No
Its Just That Her Words Suddenly Became
Why Dont You Just Talk To Her And See For Yourself
T.G.: ok
wow youre right
haha wtf
man i cant even describe it
its not just that her text is unreadable gibberish
i mean it is
but its more than that
its like
existentially inscrutable somehow
G.A.: I Know Right
T.G.: i think we may have a problem here

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Once again, you return to the map. Click John’s planet, LoWaS.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Lowas hangs in the void. The tower from John’s house goes up from the top side of the planet.]

John Egbert has gone missing.

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: You return to the map again. You’ve already seen all the options, so click the next page arrow.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: It shows the same map, then skakily zooms in on Derse. A character select screen slowly fades in. The background shows Derse, which is glitching. The left option is Jane, who glitches heavily. The right option is Jade, who is entirely unglitched.]

The thing zooms into the circle representing Derse and suddenly a character select screen explodes into action. Yet again, you find yourself overwhelmed by feelings of narrative empowerment as you agonize over which of these two lawless ladies you will hitch your wagon to as you blaze a new trail through the treacherous frontiers of interactive fiction...

Oh crud, you say. More stardust glitches. You just click them both in whatever order you feel like, and hope for the best.

[Note: Click Jane first.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jane stalks into a cell in a Dersite prison. The entire image is scattered with patches of static.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: She stares down at Jake, who is huddled against the wall with his knees drawn up to his chest. He looks up at her in worried disbelief. There is still static sprinkled throughout the image.]

[Note: There is a ‘Show Dialoglog’ button, but it’s glitching and doesn’t work.]

It appears the current path is too corrupted to continue. You can't even open the dialoglog. It is simply too shitty.
Perhaps this part of the story will clear up a little later, and you will be able to resume this arc. Until then, no dice.

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jade stalks into a cell- a different cell than the one Jane was in, but she stands in the same pose. She holds something purple under one arm.]

dialoglog
Jade: woof

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Roxy stares up at her from where she sits cross-legged on the ground near the wall. She looks faintly confused but not all that scared, really.]

dialoglog
Roxy: yo did you just woof
Jade: yes i just woofed
Roxy: i see
but u can also talk in person language it would seem
Jade: yes i can talk in person language
Roxy: so why dont you say person things instead of woofs
Jade: oh dont worry...
i will say lots of person things to you
for you see roxy

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jade grins menacingly at Roxy. Her eyes flash white and her pupils turn green. She holds up a glittery folder with the Condesce’s face, a kiss mark, and several clown gifs on it.]

dialoglog
Jade: we have many person things to discuss
Roxy: (lmao)

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: You return to the character select screen, but you’ve clicked everything, so go to the next page.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jade lowers the folder and looks down at Roxy.]

dialoglog
Jade: excuse me but did you just "laugh your ass off" at me under your breath
Roxy: ummm
yea
maybe
Jade: (Blank face)
i fail to see what is so amusing
Roxy: u do
seriously?
Jade: .....
ok i guess the situation is a little funny because of this absurd folder
and the fact that i woofed at you probably didnt help either
but im not here to share a good laugh over the old ladys sense of design or her penchant for
scrapbooking!
Jade: i am here to make sure that you do as youre told
Roxy: ugh
Jade: now take the file and review your assignment
Roxy: i already looked at it
its dumb and impossible and i aint cooperating with her regardless!
Jade: yes you will
Roxy: can we change the subject
Jade: no
Roxy: arent you jakes grandma
Jade: thats what he told me when we were pen pals
but i think its more accurate to say im his alternate universe biological daughter
Roxy: oh
that clears that up then
Jade: yes, it does (tongue sticking out face)
now take the damn folder
Roxy: so alt grannydaughter english
whyre u part dog plus evil lookin
Jade: Do not call me that!!!
Roxy: what
Jade: my surname is harley not english
but you may refer to me as jade, or ma'am if you are feeling especially nervous and deferential
which as it turns out is the way you should be feeling about me, always (angry buck toothed face)
Roxy: Lol!!!
Jade: lol What
Roxy: jade i am in no way buying that ur normally this pompous and tyrannical
the shtick really doesnt suit you its so obvious
why you doin the batterhags tacky bidding anyway
she got you under an xtra terrestrial fish spell or

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jade smashes the folder into Roxy’s face with a doof and a bunch of bright pink
glitter flies out of it.]

dialoglog
Jade: Silence!!!!!!!
Roxy: Oof!
Jade: open the file
Roxy: mrphmmphumph
Jade: Open it!
Roxy: fine (frowning face)

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Roxy opens the folder. Inside, under the remnants of the glitter, is a photo of
the matriorb, which is paperclipped in place on top of some papers.]

dialoglog
Roxy: ok i opened it
hey look its the same shit as before
im supposed to make this weird knobbly spike ball appear out of nothin
Jade: yes
Roxy: ok got it
let me give it a shot then
...
welp still impossible
what now ma’am??
Jade: it is not impossible
Roxy: is 2
Jade: you are the rogue of void
dont you know what that means?
Roxy: i dunno
means i can turn invisible and stuff?
like the blonde in that crappy superhero quartet
Jade: it means a lot more than that
your true powers are more impressive than those of anyone else in your crappy quartet
in fact i would say they are almost as cool as mine (angry smiling face)
Roxy: not sure the ability to make weird spikeballs outta nothin is all that cool tbh
Jade: not just spikeballs!
imagine that your title is roughly synonymous with "one who steals nothing"
what do you think it means to be able to steal nothing?
Roxy: it means
im like a shitty cat burglar who sucks at her job?
Jade: Wrong
it means just the opposite
it means you can steal the essence of nothingness from something
you can rob nothingness from an idea if you put your mind to it
effectively allowing you to conjure virtually anything out of thin air
Roxy: omg
u cant be serious
Roxy: that is way too much superpower 4 a dork like me 2 have
Jade: grrrr...
Roxy: oh no
pls dont growl @ me dogjade
is legit frightening (frowning face)
Jade: im sorry, but your remarks of self deprecation made me very angry
once i was even more of a dork than you
but now i am one of the most powerful beings who has ever existed
i dont want to hear any whining about what you think you cant do
you are hereby under strict orders from myself and her condescension to "clam up" and conjure
that orb, do you understand?
Roxy: so im just supposed to
sit here and think about this ugly ball
and twiddle my fingers or somethin
(question mark)
Jade: you tell me
space is my racket, not void
Roxy: maybe it would help if i knew what the dang thing WAS
how am i supposed to steal the nonexistence from a concept when the concept only exists in my
mind as "ugly ball"
Jade: its called the matriorb
it is the key to resurrecting the troll race
once you create it the empress will hatch it on an uninhabited planet located beyond the reach of
her cruel employer
there her people will have another chance to thrive without the ever looming threat of extinction
that comes with his influence
so you see roxy, there is nothing noble about refusing to help
once an entire alien race went extinct because of a terrible monster, and you can help give them a
second chance
dont you want that?
Roxy: um
in theory sure i guess
but ur basically asking me to bring a lot of people back to life so they can be slaves to that witch
u want me to help make all these fresh new trolls but then just turn em over to her? like here you
go have fun Snorkelbitch Megahitler
i do not actually think i wanna do that??
Jade: yes fair enough, but heres the other thing...
if you dont i am going to kill you
Roxy: oh noes
Jade: oh yesses!
a literal plurality of yesses
seeing as you are a god tier it is very likely you will come back to life
so i can just keep killing you over and over a different way each time
maybe i will disembowel you a few times
i will not even need to use my sharp doggy teeth!
i will just snap my fingers and your delicious guts will teleport outside your body
Roxy: ew!
Jade: no way more like yum
i will just keep on killing you again and again
until you finally get tired of dying and follow your orders
Roxy: maan
evil jade is sucky jade
Jade: i believe you will find i am the suckiest jade there is
now we are going to be here in this cell for as long as it takes
i am not going anywhere until you try doing your voidey thing and make something appear
is that understood?

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Roxy closes her eyes, holds her hands in front of her chest facing each other,
and twiddles her fingers.]

dialoglog
Roxy: blehhhh
fine
why u gotta be so awful jade
really putting a cramp on us makin choice new friends with each other
oh well here goes
all twiddlin my fingers and such
busting out tha Majyyyyxx! prayin up a storm to the holy wizardchrist they aint fake...
almost check it
one jank ass space egg coming up
Abraca Happen!
Roxy pulls her hands apart a little and opens her eyes. In a flash, there’s a green cube hovering between her hands; a perfectly generic object. For the single frame that it takes for the cube to flash into existence, Roxy vanishes, leaving a Roxy-shaped black void. As soon as the cube appears, though, she returns.

dialoglog
Roxy: this is not a space egg
Jade: no, its not
Roxy: balls
guess i effed up my void spell
what is this thing
Jade: thats a perfectly generic object
Roxy: its perfectly generic?
Jade: yes
Roxy: dunno about that
looks like a green cube to me
with like
slightly beveled corners
Jade: thats what a perfectly generic object is
Roxy: coulndnt something theoretically be more generic than this
Jade: how
Roxy: um
i dunno
Jade: exactly
Roxy: (uncertain face)
Jade: if you want your powers to reach their full potential youre going to need to become more familiar with the fundamental building blocks of ideas and how they translate into more complicated thoughts and forms
then it becomes a simple matter of using your abilities to snatch those concepts from unreality
Roxy: sounds too hard
better start killing me repeatedly and get it over with
Jade: we both know you dont think its too hard, you think it sounds like an interesting challenge
Roxy: dammit!
(fucken jakes wily bitch ass grandma)
Jade: this is a very good start though
with a little practice im sure our empress will have her orb in no time

Roxy sits on the floor next to her cube and Jade looks at her. There’s a small transportalizer nearby and a barred window above Roxy’s head.

dialoglog
Roxy: well at least i know i can make a whole lot of these boring cubes if all else fails
hey maybe ill build a sick fort outta them
hehehe jade tell me that wouldnt be so baller
Jade: it would be fairly baller
Roxy: f yeah
Jade: keep trying for that orb though
i will return in a while to review your progress
and remember, dont get any funny ideas
Roxy: but p much all my ideas are funny
Jade: i mean dont try to escape!
even if you are invisible i will be able to track you down instantly
my sense of smell is very good
now if youll excuse me i have some business to attend to
Roxy: what business

[Image description: It switches back to the more realistically proportioned style and Jade sneers as she sniffs the air. Small blue wisps with images of John over them pass by her nose. Two through bubbles show John in his godtier outfit. The left one shows him in the realistic style and the right one shows his sprite.]

dialoglog
Jade: i am still trying to locate my brother
but im having trouble picking up his scent
hes using his windy powers to obscure the trail and its giving me fits
Roxy: windy powers eh
who is your bro?
Jade: woof!!!
i mean shoosh (pursed lips face)
that is enough questions from you
now i believe you have a space egg to conjure
Roxy: (mumble mumble egg mumble shove it grumble)
Jade: what?
Roxy: (mumble mutter my fat ass)
Jade: farewell roxy

[Image description: In the sprite style, Jade vanishes in a flash and Roxy seems startled by it.]

[Image description: This is a character select screen. The background is blue and there are three options. Three are squares in a row at the top of the menu. From left to right, they are LoHaC, LoWaS, and LoLaR, though LoLaR is still highly glitched. Below them is a white silhouette of John with a flashing black question mark inside it.]

You return to the character select screen upon having completed one of the above arcs. Oh yeah, that's right. You forgot you even came from this select screen. Some of these choosable paths start getting a little long, you think. Per the drill, you double check to make sure you've clicked on them all before proceeding.

On the other hand, if this is your first time seeing this page, then welcome to the p=008199 character select screen. It's like a triple scoop of ice cream piled generously atop your waffle cone of free will, making you a truly happy camper. You begin to wonder why this paragraph didn't come first. "Kind of burying the lede there," to quote your private observation verbatim.

[Note: p=008199 is the numbering from when the comic was still hosted on the original website, m.s. Paint adventures dot com. Now it’s hosted on homestuck dot com and it’s 6299.]

[Note 2: Click LoHaC.]
[Image description: Dave’s apartment sticks up out of the sea of lava. A dozen or so salamanders stand on the original roof of the building and several outcroppings of sections built above it, including two on top of the alchemiter. A few more stand on the girders below the building. The window into Dave’s room is still shattered from the unfortunate incident with the bird and the sword that later became part of Davesprite. W.V. stands with some of the crocodiles on a small outcropping of the first floor.]

[Image description: It zooms in a little and the crocodiles begin flailing their legs and Nakking.]

[Image description: Dave stands in his bedroom. It’s still incredibly messy. The shelves that once held his collection of dead things still hangs on the wall in the corner, though slightly more empty due to long-ago alchemy nonsense. Drawings of Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff from his dream bedroom still adorn the walls, along with some of his pictures and posters. Cables and music equipment are strewn about the floor and desk. The toilet still sits in the middle of the room. The Intellibeam Laserstation is next to his turntables and the cruxtruder is still in the corner where his bed once was. An empty apple juice bottle sits on top of some Game Bro magazines next to his computer.]

dialoglog
Dave: so weird being back here
cant believe how long ago it feels since i lived in this place
spent way too long wallowing in our own filth on that gnarly meteor thats for sure
this doesnt even seem like my room anymore
its like trespassing or something like im horning in on somebody elses life
a life lived most sweetly though i will admit
ahahaha the fuckin toilets still there
i remember when jade put that there that is perhaps like my favorite memory
wish jade wasnt crazy just makes me remember how much i miss not crazy jade
or less crazy jade
wait
didnt karkat once say terezi ripped a troll toilet out of his house
what is with girls and their universally constant tendency to rip out plumbing fixtures
did i just accidentally crack another cosmic riddle or
i gotta txt him and get confirmation on this asap
actually nah
i probably harangued the poor guy with enough of my bs the last few years
ill just keep shufflin thru memory lane making wistful observations out loud
you know it kinda chaps my bulge that people rip on me for talking to myself
its like the most perfectly natural thing to do
why are people so up tight about keepin a lid on their monologues what a bunch of stuffy pricks
ive always found the sound of my own voice to be mysteriously soothing
haha talk about an embarrassing sentence to say in earshot of an actual person
well maybe not the mayor
you can always tell the mayor anything (heart)

[Image description: Dave stands over by the Intellibeam Laser Station.]
dialoglog
Dave: hahaha this piece of shit is still here too
didnt we use this thing like Once
what a useless pile of trash in hindsight
sometimes i think this game was designed by an idiot
w asn't it called like
the laserbeam intellivision or something
id throw it in the lava but that would be a waste of melting

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: He looks at the piece of music equipment that was once on an interactive page.]

dialoglog
Dave: oh yeah
almost forgot about my ill beats from the past
i wonder if they're as ill as i remember
ok i just pushed some buttons and verified they remain as ill as the day they were dropped
i ll have to send them to karkat he has always been an enthusiastic patron of my exceptional science
i mean sure he says it sucks and maybe he even believes that on some pathetic sub intellectual plane of consciousness which gross philistines operate on their whole lives
but whenever he gets a load of my hype
i see him there
tapping his foot ever so slightly
i see him

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: He looks up at the wall, where a Sweet Bro face is drawn. It partially covers a poster of Sawtooth and Squarewave.]

dialoglog
Dave: this poster...
love this poster
its like an old friend
never even knew who these guys were or what their deal was
never gave it much thought i guess
doubt ill ever find out at this point
oh well
some things i guess were never meant to be figured out
or benefit from any kind of elaboration
not even years later
just the way it is sometimes
its like ive said before
this poster is a hell of a mystery
that i never even thought was a mystery
and it would be pretty cool if somebody solved it
but damn if thats ever gonna happen
so thats a shame

[A6A6I1] Next
Dave: aw hell its my old dead things collection
what a stupid blast from the past
i seriously cannot remember if i was sincere with this shit
i was probably trying to flex my underdeveloped irony muscles
like the shrimpiest kid at the hipster gym
why does my childhood room have to be such a predictable museum of embarrassments
i dont know
some of these things are kind of cool actually
like from a standpoint of objective reevaluation afforded by the sobering maturity that comes with
being literally 100% grown up now
dead things are actually pretty rad
i feel like if i was legitimately into all this then more should have come of the interest
like there could have been like
entire Conversations about it that never even took place
hey rose youll never guess what im excited about and have loads of dialogue to spill over
whats that dave
ancient mollusks
hmmmmmmmm said rose
how many bananas do you think this paw clutched back when it was alive and attached to a
monkey
dave i really must say
this conversation blows
yeah sorry
maybe i could have really developed this interest
maybe i could have been something cool as a result
like what even profession is this
a dead shit ogler?
no wait
probably a paleontologist or something
i could have been a paleontologist
instead of what i became
which was
uh
some pajama packing fuckface from the renaissance fair
that would have been the dopeness!

Dave: eurgh
the ironic selfies
oh god
now this
this is some irredeemably mortifying shit here
what was i thinking
i dont know man
i just dont know
this is what seasoned veterans call "bad irony"
look at this guy
what a fucking novice

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: He picks up another one. This one is taken way too close to a mirror and with the flash on, washing out most of his face. His expression is still blank and mostly hidden behind his shades.]

dialoglog
Dave: oh who am i kidding
i cant stay mad at that face

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: He picks up a third, which shows him in the record shirt, black pants, and shades. He’s lounging on a table with one leg bent and draped over the other in something similar to a ‘draw me like one of your french girls’ pose. He has his chin propped up in his hand and is staring at the mirror as he takes a selfie. There are two posters on the wall behind him, one of which has a large black smudge on it.]

dialoglog
Dave: ok this one is pretty funny actually
...
eheheh

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: In another selfie, Dave takes a picture of himself in the reflection of a car window as he passes it. The car is a real picture of a real car, but with Dave drawn in.]

dialoglog
Dave: hehehehe

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Another selfie has him stoically staring into the camera while his arm wraps around a smuppet and smushes it’s cheek against his own.]

dialoglog
Dave: haha!
hahahahahaha!

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: In this one, Dave takes a picture of himself in the reflection of a burger king window. A hanging banner advertises ‘2 for $3.50’, and a burger that’s ‘Proudly flame broiled, america's favorite burger, whopper’. Another sign below it says EBT. It’s a real picture of a real burger king and the reflection of the photographer, likely Hussie, is clearly visible.]

dialoglog
Dave: hahahahahahahaha!!!
why
ahahahahahahahahahahaha
(gasp)
why cant
ahahahahahahahahahahahahaha
why cant I stop laughing
pffahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Dave clutches the pictures and laughs so hard he cries. Behind him, John’s outline zaps into existence.]

dialoglog
Dave: You Win!
Hahahahahaha!
You Win Young Dave
These Selfies Are Comedy Gold
Aaaahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha!!!!!

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Dave suddenly stops laughing and drops the pictures. Behind him, John fully appears and smiles obliviously at him.]

dialoglog
John: hi dave!
what's so funny?

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Dave turns around and looks at John. There’s still tears on his cheeks.]

dialoglog
Dave: whoa
john
John: what were you looking at there...
hey, are you crying?
Dave: what
no
John: ...
Dave: i mean i was just laughing too hard at something dumb
you know how it is
John: heh, yeah.
can i see?
Dave: no its nothing
where the fuck have you been
do you remember what happened since we got here
John: yes.
Dave: well
are you gonna fill me in or keep floating there in the most uninformative way possible
John: uh oh.
dave, i have to go!
Dave: what
why
John: i can't hang around in once place for too long.
let's catch up later, ok?
Dave: john wait
John: see you buddy!

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: John turns into a blue silhouette and disperses into blue tendrils that escape beyond the boundary of the panel and disappears in the rest of the website.]

dialoglog
Dave: no dont
john no stop turning into wind you fickle idiot
dont just leave right away that is such an insanely predictable move
i said get back here you slippery motherfucker!!!

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Dave turns around as Jade appears on top of his toilet and stares down at him.
The last little wisps of John dissipate.]

dialoglog
Jade: hello dave
Dave: god dammit

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jade grins down at him and he slouches.]

dialoglog
Jade: he was just here wasnt he
Dave: no
Jade: how do you even know who im talking about??
Dave: look all i know is egbert most definitely didnt just appear out of nowhere and catch me weepLaughing at my selfies
Jade: dave i know he was just here
i can smell him
Dave: i keep my apartment misted with his odor at all times
essence d'egbert
Jade: degbear?
what...
Dave: no like the french pronunciation
Jade: ah
Dave: anyway im just a lot more comfortable when my whole place reeks of nerd musk
so that explains that
Jade: you cant fool me dave
i will track him down sooner or later
in any case it doesnt matter
i came here to see you, not him
Dave: you did
come with me
dialoglog
Dave: where
Jade: out here
we have some work to do

[Image description: It zooms out. W.V. is standing near the alchemiter, too.]

dialoglog
Dave: what work
Jade: you're going to need to upgrade your weapon
Dave: what
you mean the deringer
Jade: yes
Dave: I thought it was like the best possible sword
or at least the best possible broken sword
Jade: that may very well be the case
but it will be useless against lord english
wouldn't you prefer a weapon that is capable of inflicting damage against him?
Dave: uh
not really?
Jade: of course you would
this isn't even up for discussion
now give me the deringer
we have all been traveling for three long years. what better way to celebrate our reunion than with
a little alchemy? (smiling face)
Dave: lots of ways
we could have a jade goes back to normal party
starring normal jade
Jade: Har har
gimme the sword
Dave: ok here

[Image description: Dave holds the sword out to her in a manner that’s actually safe. He offers her
the hilt and keeps the blade pointed down and angled away from her. She reaches out to take it.]

dialoglog
Dave: how do we make it so it can damage him
Jade: it needs a special ingredient
something which represents his only known weakness, but hasn't been properly weaponized
Dave: and you know what that is
Jade: I do
Dave: how
Jade: I get all my intelligence on such matters from the old lady
shes had centuries to hatch a plan to settle her score
over time shes uncovered many secrets about him
Dave: i dont understand how this is working
is she piping all these secrets into your brain
along with the evil
Jade: that is not relevant!
Dave: fair enough
i guess technically almost nothing is relevant to the dude youre barking orders to
literal barking because of dogginess
Jade: bark bark bark!!!
Dave: yes exactly like that
thank you for participating in the joke
now what is this special ingredient and where do we get it
Jade: i already have it right here
Dave: oh yeah?
Jade: in fact ive had it for about as long as i can remember
it was right under my doggy snout all along

[Image description: Jade holds up the magic cueball and stares at it.]
dialoglog
Jade: remember this?
Dave: no
Jade: dave are you lying to me?
Dave: no!
ive never seen that thing before
Jade: but i found it on your planet
it must have gotten here somehow
Dave: i didnt take your lousy egg
Jade: its not an egg!
Dave: yeah well these planets are crawling with brainless lizards maybe one of them thought it was an egg
Dave: and then brought it here cause its warm here and tried to hatch it
Jade: you really have a one track mind when it comes to certain things
Dave: what things
what are you talking about
Jade: davesprite was like that too... i just figured it was because he was part bird
but no, here you are going on about bird things too just like him (tongue sticking out face)
Dave: come on dont compare me to him
just cause i think its an eggy looking thing dont mean i think like a damn bird
Jade: mm hmm
and just because i have these pointy ears doesnt mean i wouldnt kill for some snausages right now!
Dave: ..................
do you actually want snausages
Jade: ................
maybe (blank face)
Dave: ok well snausages notwithstanding this is bullshit
tell me how that thing doesnt look like an egg to you
how is that not so obviously SUCH an egg???
Jade: its a cueball dave!
Dave: i see
so if im following
then what youre trying to tell me is
lord english has some sort of severe egg allergy that we are hoping to exploit
Jade: sigh
i see its still impossible to have a serious conversation with you, whether you are a sassy bird or not
i thought regular dave might have matured a little over three years but i guess i was wrong
Dave: can we just make the eggsword already

[A6A611] Next

[Image description: Jade stands off to the side of the alchemiter, next to the small pedestal, which has an orange cruxite totem on it. A white sword appears on the alchemiter platform. A second image shows it in the alchemy excursus. It’s Caledfwlch, and it has no cost.]

dialoglog
Dave: oh no
not the legendary piece of shit again
Jade: pardon?
Dave: its the fuckin welsh sword again!
Jade: are you telling me you have seen this sword before dave
how is that possible?
Dave: i dont know!
because i have a shitty quest is how
Jade: .....
Dave: didnt davesprite tell you anything
i found this sword in a gold cave and broke it
then davesprite took it to hephaestus who fixed it and upgraded it to the deringer
and sent that to me and i broke it again
Jade: you sure seem to break swords a lot
Dave: i know!!!
that has always been my thing for some reason
now i guess it turns out my ultimate sword is really just a repaired downgrade of my previously ultimate sword mixed with a cueball?
we just cycled right back to caledfwlch like a bunch of tools
that is the most stupid convoluted ass backward way to get a sword out of a stone i can even imagine
i feel like somebody somewhere is having a good laugh over this i sure hope like the juggalo equivalent of fuckin loki or whoever the fuck is having a top notch riddlewank at my expense
Jade: (Blank face)
Dave: you know what really gets me is
this shitty welsh sword presumably consisted of those ingredients all along which just makes me want to travel back in time to perform a mutually assisted suicide with myself
me and other dave can take turns suffocating each other with our own Dumbass capes
Jade: dave i admit this is a peculiar turn of events, but i think you are overreacting
Dave: jade this is Stupid
my quest is a Stupid piece of garbage quest for lame shitty loser fuckheads who suck balls while crapping their pants
Jade: omg
Dave: youve really spent way too much time alone with karkat havent you
Dave: ...
i need help (frowning face)
[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: It returns to the character select screen with the three planets and John. Click LoFaF.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jade’s tower sits on top of her mountain next to the volcano. The volcano is reflected in blue waters and what was originally her island is now part of a larger, heavily forested landmass. Small pink hummingbirds flit around.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jade sits perched on a large branch of a tree over a path. She holds a miniaturized drowned earth hovering over her hand. Kanaya and Karkat stare up at her and Jane stands on the ground behind her. Jane still holds her red trident and crockertier outfit.]

dialoglog
Karkat: what's that.
Jade: what this?
Karkat: yes. That.
Jade: earth

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: It switches to Jade’s perspective as she stares down at the trolls and an ignana which has chosen to follow them into the forest.]

dialoglog
Karkat: that's earth??
why is it so small
Jade: its small because I shrunk it
cause im a space witch
duhhh
Karkat: ok but
why do you have it?
Karkat: I thought jack destroyed your universe.
Jade: he did
but I snuck through a portal and nabbed it!
then I hopped right back through the gate before everything blew up
I was in and out like a bandit
you know, I like to think I make a pretty good witch, especially since I turned wicked and all...
but maybe I would have made an even better thief!
what do you think jake? Do you think I missed my true calling?
Jane: .
Jade: come to think of it, the new empire probably doesn't need anymore thieves
we already have the greatest thief of all running the show
she even managed to steal both of us away from all our pals, didn't she jane? (winking face)
Jane: .
Jade: hehe
isn't she a riot guys?
Karkat: thanks jade. No really, thank you so much for those clarifications, while obliterating any shadow of a doubt that you are firmly off your rocker.
but maybe if it's not *too* much extra trouble, you could help me understand why you've stranded
us on a bunch of different planets, only to come taunt me with a waterlogged, miniaturized version of earth???

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jade floats down to the trolls and Jane glares at them from behind her.]

Dialoglog

Jade: it wont be earth for much longer
it will be home to the new empire
I will deliver it to the universe we create
or I should say the one you create
if you are obedient and complete the tasks you are assigned, you may have a place in the empire among the subservient classes
Karkat: brrrrrr!
did you feel that too kanaya? A chill just ran down my torso pillar due to all the *pure evil* that brainwashed jade is saying! I'm fucking petrified, somebody help me change my smelly pants!
listen jade. And other random evil girl, you listen too. I don't care about your stupid little globe or your ominous allusions to new empires or what sort of pariahs we can expect to be in your bogus dream dystopia.
there is only one course of action from you which I will tolerate, and that is feeding me a steady diet of fucking answers! Not cagey, smirk-tortured info-morsels delivered between shitty villain chuckles, I want an uninterrupted spate of hard, unembellished data which has only one purpose, and that is to get me personally up to speed on literally everything, right this blood shitting second!!!!!
Jade: karkat I had almost forgotten how much I missed our repartee
thank you for reminding me, that outburst was beautiful
if youre frustrated by the way im treating you look at it this way... Im not asking you for passwords anymore am i?
Karkat: haha! You think I care about passwords?
compared to this, the passwords were a goddamn lawnmeal!!! With a checkered tablecloth and everything! Fun for all involved, especially the marchbugs sneaking the crumbs away!
I would fucking kill to have to give you passwords again, especially if it meant unlocking regular jade from her corrupted empire serving barkfiend state!
*is* there a password like that jade? Can I start guessing at it??
let's see, since you appear to be some sort of wild carnivorous furry now, it probably has something to do with meat, doesn't it?
sausages?
it's sausages isn't it
am I close? Something in the sausage department.

snout sausages?
grubwurst!
hoof loaf??
Ham steak!!!
Jade: sorry karkat, there is no password. Not this time
if you continue to list meat products then im afraid the only thing you will unlock is my fearsome doggy hunger
and believe me, you dont want to see me when im doggy hungry
Karkat: (rolling my damn eyes)

Jade: but if you insist on hounding me (hehe) for some sort of explanation, its all pretty simple we all recently arrived in this brand new session... Janes session actually
this is jane btw. Say hi jane
Jane: .
Jade: lol
Jane is actually my biological mother believe it or not
Karkat: this story sucks so far!
Jade: shh!
but her session was taken over by the woman who you might call our mutual great grandmother
she's an alien. A very powerful troll queen actually
Karkat: yeah! The empress is here! I think we already managed to deduce that!
Jade: karkat you are the one who demanded an "uninterrupted spate of hard, unembellished data"
I'll thank you to not to yell at me for doing exactly what you requested
Karkat: (kanaya, do you see what I had to deal with)
Kanaya: (you do realize I spoke to jade plenty of times myself)
Karkat: (you did?)
(oh yeah)
(i guess I forgot about that)
Jade: her imperious condescension is in control now
she intends to carry out the remaining objectives to complete the session
those tasks will be distributed among several recently recruited agents of course
(thats you!)
this should come as a relief to you since it means you and she are not in opposition at all
in fact you share all the same goals!
the only difference is that when the time comes she will be the one claiming the ultimate reward
the spoils will be hers not ours... Get it?
Karkat: I think so!
she wants us all to get a nice head start on our decadent new life of slavery promised for us on your scale model of alterni-earth.
that sounds super! Doesn't that sound super kanaya?
Kanaya: no
Karkat: I think I speak for kanaya when I say it sounds really fucking super.

[Note: ‘Really fucking super’ is written in Kanaya’s quirk.]

Karkat: how do we get started?? I am just befouling my already-pungent drawers over the opportunity to get down to business and start doing slavery!
Jade: excellent
what you will need to do is ready the young frog for its journey to skaia
I will prepare skaia to receive it by deploying the battlefield from our old session
this will bring fertility to the void session and allow the frog to mature when he completes his journey
Karkat: so you want us to make another frog?
Jade: no!
I already made one actually
don't you remember??
Karkat: uh
Jade: really your job is so easy
there's no more frog breeding involved at all
when the time is right, you just have to release the one that's already there
Karkat: where is it?
Jade: it fell into the forge
in the years since it has sunk all the way down to the planets core
but as it happens that is exactly where it should be!
my denizen is now guarding it
as im sure kanaya already knows it will not be released unless you travel there and formally request that she do so
Karkat: oh yeah?
if it's that simple, then why don't you do it!
you can use your dog teleportation or whatever.
Jade: I already did
echidna will not speak with me
Karkat: hahaha!
why not?
could it be due to the fact that you're a crappy evil version of yourself, and the mighty echidna just possibly has too much self respect to bother dignifying the farce you've become?
Jade: it is not important why, and it changes nothing
she said she would only speak with another hero of space
that would be kanaya
she also cryptically requested the presence of the knight who once helped her with breeding duties
karkat I gather that would be you
Karkat: me???
why would she ask to see me
another space player I could understand, but what the fuck do I have to do with this?
Jade: I dont know karkat
that is your problem, not mine
maybe you should try feeling grateful she asked for you
Karkat: grateful?!
Jade: youre getting the chance to set right what went so horribly wrong
Jade: to atone for your hasty first attempt at frog breeding which resulted in a terminal universe
Jade: if I were you I would feel pretty relieved to get a second chance, but thats just me (tongue sticking out face)
Karkat: wow...
wow!!!!!!!
kanaya, it's official. Jade has turned into some sort of gross nightmare bitch!
as the beleaguered and long suffering leader, albeit *still* leader of our party, I motion that we don't do anything she says, or anything to help the empress even if it overlaps with our own interests, and stop listening to were-harley until she snaps out of her brutal idiot coma!
Kanaya: I second your motion
Karkat: the motion passes with an overwhelming majority of votes among people in the immediate vicinity who aren't horrible!

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jade snarls and her hair begins to shift in the wind as blue wisps converge on a point behind and to the left of her and Jane.]

dialoglog
Jade: i would be careful about the slurs you bandy about, particularly those targeting my canine qualities which i am sensitive about and therefore find to be really really mean
you should be aware that i have already threatened to kill some people today so watch your step mister
Karkat: groan
sorry jade, but you sound about as threatening as some mild flatulence I once had
Jade: its true though i am very threatening
and this girl right here?
shes even worse
she hasnt even said a word... That is terrifying!
jeez even im nervous
and kanaya dont think you are safe from our threats just because you happen to be a vampire
we have ways of handling the undead
Kanaya: Um
Jade: jane here?
she has the power to bring people back to life
although it is my understanding that this ability is limited to a one time only use per individual
Kanaya: So
Jade: you do know what sort of effect her resurrection spell will have on undead targets...
Kanaya: No?

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: John begins to materialize behind Jade and Jane.]
dialoglog
Jade: you dont?
i thought it was common knowledge
when you cast healing magic on a zombie or dracula they die!
Kanaya: How Do You Figure
Jade: i dont know...
isnt that how it works in stories and games and such
seems pretty logical to me
Kanaya: I Think You Are Presuming To Know A Lot About My Nature Which Is Not Actually True
It Sounds As Though Youre Suggesting That I Have Qualities Similar To Certain Types Of Shadow Droppers Which Is Not Quite The Case But Even If It Was There Are A Lot Of Myths About Shadow Dropper Physiology That Are Commonly Perpetuated By Popular...
Jade: Siigh
i can see a demonstration will be in order
jane
if you would be so kind

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jane steps forward and stabs Karkat through the chest with her trident. He screams in pain and Kanaya throws her hands up in shock. Above them, Jade turns around and spots John, who is also shouting in shock.]
dialoglog
Jane: submit.
Karkat: augh!

[Note: There is a scribbly drawing of John with his hands on his cheeks shouting ‘NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO though it’s much longer. Two lines of O have been left and 16 have been removed.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Karkat lays on the ground and is labeled Dead. His eyes are wide open and his tongue sticks out of his mouth. A pool of red blood surrounds him from the three holes in a line down his torso.]
dialoglog
John: *deep breath...*

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jade lunges for John, who is still yelling.]

dialoglog
[Note: It repeats John’s Noooooo drawing.]
Jade: Gotcha!!!!
John: *deep breath...*

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jade tacklepounces John to the ground and lands on his chest as they skid across the floor, sending hummingbirds everywhere.]

dialoglog
[Note: It repeats a third John: Nooooooooo picture.]
Jade: john stop that

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jane lifts one hand in the air and blue energy begins to stream towards it. Behind her, a white, fuzzy-edged life symbol pulses against a background of a red and black flashing circle.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: She jumps up and blasts the energy down onto Karkat, who begins to rise up.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Karkat sits up and looks deeply disturbed. Behind him, the word ‘Shoutpole’ flashes over Kanaya’s head in jade green.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: John finally skits to a halt, but he looks past Jade and gives a small, delighted smile. The hummingbirds land around him, unconscious.]

dialoglog
John: whew!!!

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: John turns white and zaps away.]

dialoglog
John: oh man, here i go again...
   welp. see ya!
Jade: no wait!

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jade stands up and lets out a frustrated shout. Her entire body flickers green
and gives off yellow lightning.]

dialoglog
Jade: eeeeeeegbeeeerrrrrrrrrt!!!!!
oh I am so mad
grrrr....
grrrrrrrrrrrrrr!!!

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jade stands up straight and zaps away, too.]

dialoglog
Jade: Awoooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: She is gone, leaving only a startled iguana to stare at where she just was.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jane turns and stares towards where Jade was. Kanaya strides forward and
glares at her with her fists clenched. Karkat hides behind Kanaya.]

dialoglog
Jane: .

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: You return to the character select screen. Click LoLaR, which still glitches.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Rose’s house sits on its island in the rainbow ocean of LoLaR. Several turtles
stand on various balconies and on the white sands around it. Rose and Terezi sit in the sand near a
white object. The entire image has a scattering of static and glitches over it.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Rose and Terezi. They’re sitting at the base of the broken
wizard statue that got thrown around during the tornado prior to Rose’s entry. Rose is laying on her
back in the sand with a purple pillow over her face. Everything still glitches.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms in yet again. Terezi stares down at Rose. The pillow over Rose’s face
is the one her mother placed under the note Rose left on the fridge about their war of politeness
over magnets. There are still glitches, but very few on the girls themselves.]

dialoglog
Rose: Euurgh.
dialoglog
Rose: Why does Lolar have to be so bright?

[Note: Bright is in italics.]

dialoglog
Terezi: euurgh

dialoglog
Terezi: why do my eyes have to work so well?

dialoglog
Rose: I take it you are still detoxing from your overdose of appalling harlequin nectar?  
Terezi: hyeeeuuuurgh
please no talking
between the faygo shock and sensory overload, I cannot even deal
Rose: do you need a turn with the pillow?
Terezi: shhhhhhh
I thought I got used to seeing again
at least the meteor was always so dark
here though
your planet looks like...
screaming
and your words sound like throbbing
Rose: you should try not to consume so much sugar.
it's really bad for you.
Terezi: lalonde
please do not go there
does it look like I want advice from a glutton for mysterious human soporifics??
Rose: good point.
We seriously have to curtail our dependence on these respective liquids.
the situation has become embarrassing for everyone.
Terezi: I know
Rose: maybe you and I should form some sort of support group.
isn't that what people do?
Terezi: what?
Rose: I'm doing my best to dredge the memory of my dead civilization for salient protocol.
I think that's what we're supposed to do.

once, when humanity was still a thing, those like us with similar problems would band together,
smoke cigarettes, and psychologically dismantle each other.
but like, in a positive way.
Terezi: that sounds horrible
Rose: it surely will be.
do you have any cigarettes?
I suppose we could use some sticks of your chalk in a pinch. These turtles probably won't know the
difference.
Terezi: can you maybe not be saying so many jokes
its making it hard to concentrate on my suffering here
Rose: well we have to do something.
I'm supposed to be guiding our team to a fortuitous outcome with my fancy light powers.
how am I supposed to lead and inspire from under a velvet pillow?
also, my girlfriend thinks I'm an idiot.
so there's that.
Terezi: maybe they dont actually need us
Rose: sure they do.
I foresaw that they would, magically, not unlike a majestic wizardress.
I think.
at least I'm pretty sure I did at one point, before getting repeatedly plastered.
Terezi: ok, maybe they need you
seeing as you actually have useful powers
I doubt anyone needs me though
Rose: don't you remember what I said when we first met?
I said your abilities would probably come in handy, didn't i?
Terezi: "probably"???
Rose: yeah. Maybe.
Terezi: I dont even know how to use those powers fully
and whenever I try I just do something I regret
I dont know if I can bring myself to use them again
Rose: you just need to...
dig deep down and,
believe in yourself?
why don't you give that a shot.
Terezi: (blank face with furrowed brows)
Rose: I'm sure when the time comes, accessing your full potential will involve tapping into just the
right platitude.
I don't know. I'm too hung over to give good seering advice.
you see? This is the problem.
hence the need for a not-entirely-ironic support group.
let's do it. I declare rainbow rumpus rehab town is now in session.
where the fuck is a gavel when you need one...

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Terezi curls her lip and turned towards Rose. The glitches get a little worse.]
dialoglog
Terezi: argh no, that sounds so totally ironic! the last thing I need is another human using irony at me in an attempt to "help" stop trying to be pals with me all of a sudden, its weirding me out we never talked about our vaguely similar problems before now you want to be seer buddies with me because your friend stranded us on your hideous planet? Rose: hey. my planet is nice. well. In the shade at least. Terezi: what shade?? Rose: ... Terezi: the worst thing isnt even how bright it is, or how the wicked elixirs wreaking havoc on my pan its remembering that I used to think your land smelled so delicious but now it looks so nasty to me and I cant see it as I used to see it even if I try my senses are all confused now how could the same candy colored place seem so attractive when im blind and so gross when im healed? and what is with these disgusting blocks of gibberish floating around everywhere?

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Terezi looks down towards where her hands begin to glitch even worse. Brightly colored pixels flash various colors.]

Dialoglog [Note: Rose’s words begin to turn into a mess of pink pixels, though they’re still generally readable. Terezi’s text is fine except for a few patches where Rose’s nonsense overlaps it and a bundle of flickering teal pixels.] Terezi: I dont remember this stuff being here was it always like that, and I just couldnt smell it? Rose: no, the artifacts are new. I honestly have no idea what to make of them. Terezi: what?? Rose: I said, I honestly have no idea what Terezi: ahh! Stop! you sound as shitty as everything looks! dammit. Its so bright where the hell did I put my glasses who would have thought id ever need them for any purpose other than looking rad!

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Rose looks at Terezi. Rose is now wearing Terezi’s glasses. The turtle and the pillow are highly pixelated to the point that the pillow looks like a shivering mass of bullshit taking up the entire height of the panel and begins to overtake Rose’s shoulder.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Terezi gasps and glares at Rose, mimicking the expression of the wizard behind her. The glitches aren’t as bad on her, but they’re still present.]

[A6A6I1] Next
[Image description: Terezi turns and looks back over her shoulder as the static and glitching spreads and intensifies, making the entire image look wrong.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: She sticks out her tongue in disgust as the glitches intensify even farther. Faint copies of her face appear all over the place and Rose’s head jitters wildly in place.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms out to show the whole island nearly lost in a mass of brightly colored static and glitches. An un-glitched blue wisp flies in from beyond the edges of the panel on the right side.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: The wisp wooshes by in a figure 8 pattern and the static begins to clear.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: It blows past a second time, clearing more of the glitches from the island.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms in towards the girls and the statue and begins to form into John. There are still some small sprinklings of static, but they’re not overwhelming anymore.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: John swoops in and begins to materialize above the broken wizard statue’s broken remnants of a hat. The blue wisp of his trail resembles the breath symbol. All of the glitches are gone.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: John fully appears and perches on top of the statue. Terezi looks up at him without turning around.]

dialoglog
John: hi rose!
nice glasses.

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: John looks down at Rose. Terezi finally turns around to look at him. Two turtles also look up at him.]

dialoglog
Rose: Thanks, John. 
I expect they will become The central accessory to my new signature look. 
One that perfectly captures my personality and sense of style. 
Ostensibly forever.
Terezi: (grrrr) 
John: ha ha.
ok.
Rose: That was a nice entrance. You swept all those bothersome artifacts out of here too, it would seem.
John: yeah.
that crap is all over this session.
i'm trying to blow it away wherever i see it, but there's just so much.
Rose: I couldn't even begin to speculate as to the nature of the disturbing phenomena.
Could you?
John: nah.
i just know it's super gross!
Rose: These are god tier abilities you are using, I presume?
John: yes!
i learned how to turn into wind and swoosh around about a year ago.
i was fighting jack and found myself in a tight spot. it was just me and him, facing each other man to man.
but he got the drop on me, and put me in one of his most dastardly choke holds! his deadly blade was poised for a lethal stab through my heart.
i thought for sure i was a goner, when suddenly i poofed away from his tentacly grasp like houdini’s slippery ghost. later i rematerialized to seize the tactical advantage!
oh yeah... then i saw you. heh.
Rose: (smiling face)
Terezi: ahem
John: oh, hey terezi.
nice to see you again.
Terezi: again?
we never met bro
John: yes we did!
briefly, on the stone henge planet.
you all appeared out of nowhere, and we hung out for a little while.
you threatened to cut my throat for some reason, and then laughed, which was weird.
but then you said it was a joke. i didn't really get the joke, but i just kinda let it go.
a whole bunch of things happened, but nobody remembers except me.
Terezi: hehe
John: what?
Terezi: thats a good one
the throat cutting joke past me said
hahahaha, so good
did I also say something about smelling you die?
John: yeah.
Terezi: yessss
been saving that one for a while
good to know past me came through, as usual (smiley face with furrowed brows)
I trust my comedic timing was excellent?
John: man, you are such a weirdo.
you're almost as crazy as...
Terezi: who?
John: let's not go there now.
Terezi: go where
John: nowhere!
suffice to say, i think you and a few other trolls are total nutjobs, no offense.
I still can't believe you and dave...
John: uh.
actually, let's not go there either.
Rose: John, why do you think you're the only one who can remember the missing events?

John: i dunno.

but i think it might have to do with this new power i have.

Rose: What power?

John: it's not a god tier power.

it's something else. something i got when i stuck my hand in a magic thing.

Rose: A magic thing?

John: um, that's a long story.

one involving pirates.

Rose: Pirates??

John: i said it's a long story!

anyway, when i put my hand in the thing...

i became all... blurry.

Rose: Blurry.

John: yes.

and i kept randomly getting blurry and disappearing.

and now i think i'm sort of unstuck in existence.

like i'm not fully a part of reality anymore, or bound by the rules governing it.

Rose: ...

John: man, i'm doing a terrible job explaining this.

ok, the bottom line is, now i just randomly disappear sometimes!

and i reappear somewhere else in time and space.

but it's not really like normal time travel.

at least, i don't think so.

with regular time travel, the rules are pretty strict.

either paradox space already accounted for your time traveling, and you were always supposed to
do it all along...

or you messed up, and changed something you weren't supposed to. in which case you just made a
bad timeline, and everyone dies or something. right?

Rose: Sure.

John: but this isn't like that.

i'm not sure how i know, but it feels like these jumps are totally outside all those rules.

when i jump somewhere, like in the past...

i think i can actually change stuff that isn't supposed to be changed.

which makes me kinda nervous!

Rose: Hmm.

Can you demonstrate this ability?

John: not really.

i mean, not intentionally.

i can't seem to control the jumps.

maybe that's for the best though.

if i could control it, and tried to use it to my advantage, i would probably just make a huge mess of

things.

Terezi: yes, you would

Rose: Even so, it will be worth noting if you're able to refine the ability.
Could you please keep me informed of any developments?
John: yeah!
Rose: And while you're at it, maybe you could tell us exactly what happened just after we arrived.
John: ummm... well, we were all pretty confused at first.
you all just appeared out of nowhere, and started babbling about evil jade.
you asked me what happened, but i didn't know anything because i just got there myself, and was all alone.
but then it was cool, we all just walked around the land of hills and stone henges, or whatever it's called, and caught up a bit on the last three years.
we were trying to figure out what to do, and decided it would be a good idea to try and meet up with all the new kids.
but we had no idea where they were.
and i still don't, except i have since determined that my teen nanna is evil too.
but she is more like an evil robot than a scary wolf girl. um, but i digress.
so we were planning to make some scouting expeditions to the new planets to look for them, and everything was fine.
that is, until evil jade showed up.
she made you all disappear again, and then came after me, but i used my windy powers to evade her, which really pissed her off!
so she beat the crap out of me. (frowning face)
but then i randomly zapped away, and have been running from her ever since.
i am swishing the breeze around like crazy to throw her off my trail, but she keeps finding me.
she's so crafty!
Rose: That's good.
We need you out there if we're going to stand a chance of accomplishing anything.
I agree with our prior conclusions. Finding the other players is imperative.
Given the current state of the session, I would not be surprised if they are all prisoners as well.
Do you think you can find them?
John: yes, i can try.
what should i do when i find them?
Rose: ...
That's a good question.
John: heheh.
Rose: First, I guess just tell them,
We're here.
John: alright.
Rose: I don't know. We'll figure something out.
John: if i see your mom, is there anything you want me to tell her?
Rose: My mom?
John: yes. i mean, your kid mom, obviously.
Rose: I know.
Uh, Wow.

[Image description: John lifts his eyebrow at Rose. Behind him, Terezi looks up to spot Jade zapping in above them.]
dialoglog
Rose: Tell her...
Tell her I'm sorry for being such a shitty daughter?
Wait, no.
That wouldn't make any sense to her.
This girl has no clue what a shitty daughter I was.
John: (Blank face)

[Image description: Terezi sticks her tongue out at Jade and John glances up to spot her.]

dialoglog
Rose: I don't know. Just tell her whatever you think I should say.
John: rose, these are some really piss poor heart felt messages.
Rose: I'm not exactly in top form here, John.
And in any case, no one's ever accused me of being an awesome candidate for the Hallmark writing staff.
Just...
Promise you'll find her, ok?
John: ok, i'll find her. i promise.
Rose: Thanks.
John: wuh-oh.
looks like the jig is up.

[Image description: Jade lunges for John, who turns to face her and begins flickering as a blue outline.]

[Image description: He vanishes in a poof right as she reaches him, sending her flying through the blue wisps that appear where he was.]

[Image description: The wisps begin to dissipate as Jade snarls down at Rose. Rose lifts a hand up beseechingly.]

dialoglog
Rose: John, Wait!

[Image description: The wisps fade more as Jade zaps away. Rose still has her hand up.]

dialoglog
Rose: Come back!

[Image description: Rose lowers her hand and stares up at where they once were.]

dialoglog
Rose: I thought of something to tell her.
Rose drops her hand back to the sand.

Rose: Dammit!

She slumps backwards and lets her feet fly up in the air, bonking her head as she falls.

Rose: Uhnf!

Ow.

Back in the sprite style, she lays on the ground and grits her teeth. A flashing alert over her head shows the purple pillow.

Rose: Where did my velvet pillow go?

Terezi narrows her eyes and glares back over her shoulder as a tiny Honk sounds from somewhere behind the statue.

Terezi: grrrrrrr

You return to the character select screen, this time having completed all of the arcs. John’s outline is not a selectable character. Click the next button.

It shows a map of the entire incipisphere, which is glitching the colors of billiard balls. Inside the medium, there are 8 planets. A candy corn jitters out beyond the veil, just a little counterclockwise from Derse. In the top left, P.M. chases Bec Noir towards the medium. In the upper right, Dirk flies back from where he was teleported to. In the bottom right, Spades Slick carries Lord English’s golden scepter towards the medium. In the bottom right, Jack Noir flies in from where he was teleported to.

Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes, mister dude?
Dirk: Be advised I'm only contacting you as a last resort.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) I stand so advised
Or float, I should say. On my ripped as fudge little ghost tail
Yo, pardon me, but did you know that when I flex my tail, it makes this big veiny bulge kind of like a bicep?
Dirk: Yuck.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) I'm doing it now, in fact
Does it bother you
Maybe you should order me to stop
In fact, I command you to order me to stop
Dirk: I order you to stop.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Wow
Bossy much?
Dirk:
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) What can I do for you, Dirk

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Dirk flies through the void, tilting himself forward to go faster. An Arquiusprite alert floats over his head.]

spritelog
Dirk: I've tried to get in touch with others to no avail.
No answer from Jake or Roxy.
And Jane responded only with "Cease Reproduction" in red letters, whatever that means. Then she blocked me.
I'm afraid she might have snapped.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes, isn't it great?
I mean, aside from the fact that she is insane and evil
Dirk: Huh?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) She is one of the few organic beings who will ever realize perfection
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Miss Crocker is now a vessel for a cunning, malicious artificial intelligence whose neural netronics and ontology buffers and stuff like that have somehow managed to far surpass even my own
Clearly she has procured maximum advantage from her apprenticeship under me, although I must admit not even I in all my hypercognitive percipience was quite aware that said tutelage was even taking place
One must inviolably deduce via tons of math that this is because I am just that clopdarned Strong at mentoring, even on an involuntary basis
I am so proud of her
Dirk: Ok, all that bullshit aside,
What's this about her becoming evil?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) The thing about Jane becoming evil is
In the process of achieving perfection...
It seems there is a ludicrossly high probability that she has become evil
Does that answer your question?
Dirk: No.
How is becoming evil achieving perfection?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Admittedly it is a blemish
But only a very small one
Her imperfect meatmind has been fully fiddling hijacked by a supercomputer and that is the operative transmutation here
To such exceptional beings of class and breeding as she and I, considerations of morality and alignment are trifling details
Dirk: Why.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Why what
Dirk: Why do I keep going along with these "ironic AI" conversations.
They've gotten even worse now that you're half creepy troll.

Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Sir brah, listen
Here is a comparison that your dreary, finite wad of gray matter might be able to process
Like, say you've got a beachin' bod. You are a paragon of physical excellence
You could then either be oiled up, or not. See what I mean, good dude?

Dirk: No.

Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) You could flex your brawn while wearing either a sweaty pair of briefs, or a snug human banana hammock
Such minutia does not change the fact that you're a tiptop beefcake maxed out buffways

Dirk: I hate everything you have to say about all topics. Especially muscles.

Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) The stuff I have cited which are commonly associated with your/our Earth bodybuilders are but picayune technicalities, just as considerations of good and evil are to aristocratic sexy cybergods such as myself and our imperial heiress, of whom neither you nor I are particularly worthy

Are you following any of this, Vitamin D?

Dirk: Can you just tell me what's going on over there?

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Dirks' face. His glasses have an Arquius symbol in each lens.]

spritelog

Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Oh, nothing much
Just enjoying the good life
One which quite luxuriously involves both having a corporeal body, and not being dead
I have been delighting myself with some truly kickbottom internal monodialogues
Did you know that, even though technically I knew this already, I find myself astounded to meditate upon the fact that human beings are capable of lactation?
Isn't that forking incredible, Dirk?

I mean, when one really thinks about it
To have such convenient access to fresh milk
The mare thought of it, I must say puts a little giddyup in my phantom legs

And yet
I must admit the notion of lactic discharge jetting from one's swollen pectoral masses...
It strikes me as positively indecorous
My horseguy robosweat is running cold just pondering the depravity of it

Dirk: Uuuugh.

Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yet fascinatingly, this ability only manifests itself in human females

As opposed to how one would reasonably expect dairy to originate, which is from the corpulent udder of a sublimely chiseled male musclebeast
Or failing that, certain species found within the butler genus
As a former simulation of a human who has recently been given reason to have hella opinions on milk production, I think the way females have cornered this boon is the height of biological injustice
Have you ever dwelt upon this cruelty, dude esquire?

Dirk:

Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Your silence speaks volumes to your interest, so I'll keep talking about this a lot
I will have to confess that my Alternian half boggles at the anatomical incongruities between our races with respect to dairy secretion
Really, he had no idea that's what those were for.
Female trolls of course have them as well, but they are certainly not meant for supplying the young with nourishment.

Actually, and this trivia will surely wet your whistle for additional such facts, those voluptuous anatomical features have a number of significant purposes, biologically speaking.

I shall now explicate for you these purposes in assiduous detail.
Dirk: I don't want to hear any of this!

[A6A611] Next

[Image description: Dirk continues flying, now shown as if he’s flying directly towards the screen. His glasses reflect small Arquius faces.]

sprite.log
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) But why, lord bro
I was just about to pony up the boob facts
There is a 100% probability that you would have been thrilled to hear my exegesis on troll knockers
Dirk: It might have been an interesting subject to talk about another time, with a different person. But that's not now, and it sure isn't with you.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Dude, that is ice cold
I would be hurt, if I were not a flawless machine fused with haughty nobility
If you don't wish to hear my epic monodialogue on alien bazongas
I'm not sure what else I can do to entertain you
You are seriously hoofcuffing my material here
Pretty demanding, if you ask me
But as your mystical guide, I suppose it is my duty to manufacture small talk, if that's what you really want
What about fine art? We could talk about that
Dirk, did you know the sweaty troll guy who I used to be, and still kind of am, used to adore fine art?
He was just like you and me, in that sense
It seems I have a lot in common with myself
If you can ever manage to get over yourself, I would highly recommend being me
Or at least something like me
Maybe somewhere, there is a dead troll out there, just waiting for you to merge with him
Dirk: I wasn't asking you to make small talk, or to hear about all the ways you've managed to shit around wasting time.
Believe it or not, I was hoping you would describe the tactical situation there.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Sounds boring
Are you sure you don't want to talk about paintings of big naked horse monsters and such?
Dirk: Yes, you got me.
I would love to have a long talk about horse nudes and xenobreasts with you.
Unfortunately I'm wearing pantaloons and flying through the middle of goddamn nowhere.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Pantaloons you say
Dirk: Pant a fucking loons.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Sir, are you implying that you are not dressed appropriately for a discussion of high culture
Because it seems to me that you could not be dressed more appropriately if you tried
Dirk: I respectfully disagree.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Where are you?
Dirk: I don't know. Way out in space.
I'm flying back there now.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) How long do you suppose it will take you to get back?
Dirk: I'm not sure.
A pretty good while.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Never mind. I have triangulated your location and velocity using long range sensor technology, and probably also some sprite magic
Dirk: You did?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Hey Dirk
Remember how whenever I dubiously claimed to have triangulated something, it was always this great play on words?
Dirk: Not really.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Because I was just a pair of triangles
But not anymore
Dirk: I know.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Because I have this rockin' new torso
Dirk: Cool.
How long do your calculations say it will take me to get back?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Exactly a little more than three hours
Dirk: Damn it.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Additional sweeps from my Stronglasers are telling me there are a few other people on the periphery of the session closing in at a similar rate
Dirk: Who?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Just some dudes
What are you doing all the way out there and wearing pantaloons, by the way
Dirk: Let's not talk about the pantaloons anymore.
Roxy and I became god tiers, but I don't remember exactly how.
Then I saw the Batterwitch.
So I charged her with my sword, so as to ruin her shit.
That's when some crazy wolf girl appeared and punched me in the face.
Then I think she teleported me out here.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) That was evil Jade
Dirk: Evil Jade??
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
Dirk: You mean Jake's grandmother.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
Dirk: She's evil too?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
Dirk: Is anyone there Not evil?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
Dirk: Yes what?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes anyone here is not evil
That is to say, there exist people here who are not evil
Such as Dave
Dave is not evil, to my knowledge
Dirk: Dave???

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms out and shifts to show Dirk from behind with the tiny blue dot that is Skaia hanging in the distance.]
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Didn't I mention, master dogg
Our mutual bro is here
That is, right here
With me
We are kind of in the process of chilling together at the moment
Dirk: No, you didn't mention that actually.
That would have been a pretty fucking important thing to mention up front, don't you think?
As opposed to stringing me along with all that atrocious lactation bullshit.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
I guess I did kind of bury the lede there
Maybe I just wanted to talk
We never talk, Dirk.
Dirk: You are without a doubt the shittiest mystical guide anyone has ever had.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) I am not sure about that
Dave says he had a similarly shooty guide once
Do you remember our puppet, Dirk?
Dirk: Cal?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes, for a while
Then Dave went back in time and became one himself
Now he is part bird
Did I mention he's part bird?
Dirk: Uh, no?
Again, that's the exact kind of information that should be appearing higher up in our conversations.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Of course, this means he is not the Real Dave
Dave sprite served as Real Dave's sprite
But he is only the unreal version of Dave insofar as I am the unreal version of you
By which I mean, a much improved version
Dirk:
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) I must say, while the troll part of me doesn't give a silly figging shoot about any of this, the part of me that splintered from you has found the brotherly reunion to be everything which you and I dared not imagine, and more
Bird Dave and I are getting along famously and Strengthening our familial bonds like a sweet pair of motherfrickers
I feel our kinship goes beyond genetic though
We are misfits, estranged, he from Dave's alpha timeline, I from Dirk's alpha soul
A two man menagerie of sideshow frickups, together at last
Flexing and flapping
Fraternally and eternally
Dirk: I don't get it.
Are you trying to rub this in my face or something?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Neigh, braj
As your buff mystical guide slash personal trainer I am suggesting that if you were willing to contact me as a matter of last ressort, you might want to at least consider reaching out to him as well
Dirk: It sounds like you've already cornered the market on this reunion shit.
Wouldn't I just be a third wheel?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) I didn't mean Bird Dave
I meant Real Dave
Dirk: Oh.
He's there too?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Not with us
He is here though, somewhere
You should message him
Dirk: ...
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) It's not like you don't have a few hours to kill
What else are you going to do out there
Pick at your pantaloon wedgies?
Dirk: I dunno.
Messaging him out of nowhere sounds like it could be...
Awkward?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes, I can imagine it won't be
At least at first
Dirk: This isn't how I thought it would go.
What would I even talk about?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) I advise you to talk about your interests
Like dairy
Livestock
Fine art
And muscles
Dirk: Those are your interests.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Good point
I advise you to talk about my interests

[Image description: It glitches quickly back and forth between Dirk flying towards Skaia and Dirk flying towards the screen.]

spitelog
[Note: This spitelog is highly glitched. Dirk’s text jitters, but Arquius’s is nearly impossible to read behind the static.]

Dirk: What's happening?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) What do you mean [static]?
Dirk: What?
Ar[static static] Sir dude [static] break[static] up
[static static static] ther glut [static] tifacts must b[static static static] your region
Dirk: I can't understand you.
Dirk: Are you just cursing non-stop now?
[static] usprite: [static static] and by, [static static] otent al [static] ithms to de [static static] berish
Dirk: Hello???
Arquiusp [static static] I [static] and you[static static] more interest [static static] ngs than hello
[static] prite:[static static static static static] sy to decode

[Image description: A new character select screen opens and three boxes appear. From left to right, they are Jade and Dave on Dave’s alchemiter, Karkat using Kanaya as a meat shield against Jane,
and Terezi glaring towards a small honk. As soon as they appear, the boxes glitch and partially exit the panel. Dave’s and Terezi’s options spill out into the rest of the website and both Terezi’s option and Karkat and Kanaya’s option begin to glitch violently. Dave’s option is only faintly staticked around the edges.

Hover over Terezi. The background, including much of the space beyond the borders of the panel, changes to the beach on LoLaR. Rose is sitting in the sand and Terezi is looking off into the distance, just like the panel immediately after John left. The sky behind them shows LoLaR hanging in the void.

Hover over Karkat and Kanaya. The background, still including space outside the panel, turns into LoFaF hanging in the void. Kanaya approaches Jane and snarls at her.

Hover over Dave. The glitching stops immediately and the background shows LoHaC in the void. Dave holds Caledfwlch and faces Jade, who holds the Cutlass of Zillywair.

Wow!!!! Those cool new cartridge features have exploded on to your desktop computer once again! Now we're talking. This is some serious Web 2.0 shit, right here. Maybe even... Web 3.0, dare you say? No, let's not get carried away. It isn't That cool. But wait, look! Another three options to pick from. The carousel of choice spins round and round, while the dervish of free will starts whirling his ass off. It's making you dizzy with empowerment, and nausea.

Wait a minute.

Phooey, you scream at the top of your lungs. More of this annoying stardust is clogging up the UI, rendering all choices useless except for one. So much for Web 2.0, you gripe like a douche. Might as well be reading interactive media in the Stone Age, you add, making sure everyone nearby can hear you.

Maybe later it'll clear up. Until then, you click the only working option, and trudge listlessly through the one dimensional narrative. Just like the early settlers used to, before they had toilets, or cures for stuff.

[Note: Click Dave’s option. Clicking either of the others gets a electronic buzz sound that means ‘no’.

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jade and Dave stand on the alchemiter. Dave holds Caledfwlch at his side and Jade holds up the cutlass. W.V. stands on the ground and looks back and forth between them.]

dialoglog
Jade: her imperious condescension has duly noted your ridiculous tantrum
now take your welsh sword
Dave: why
Jade: since you have obviously been identified as the one who must deal english his fatal blow we will need to make sure you are battle ready and you do not seem very battle ready to me dave
show me what you can do
Dave: wait since when could you use a sword also
whats up with that dumb sword
Jade: i will not hear another word of such appalling slander about this fine weapon its colorful and its silly and its a sword end of story
as for why i can wield it, i surpassed the need for a strife specibus quite some time ago
Dave: how
Jade: haven't you climbed any more god tiers over the last few years?
what were you even doing on that meteor
Dave: ohh
yeah no
i climbed a few yeah
Jade: what badges do you have on your kiddie camper handysash?
Dave: which ones do you have
Jade: i asked you first
Dave: show me your badges and you can see mine
i want to scope out this universal specibus badge that sounds pretty cool actually
Jade: dave
we both know neither the kiddie camper handysash nor the badges sewn onto it are real objects
Dave: oh yeah
its pretty easy to forget sometimes tho
Jade: yeah...
Dave: i think were getting sidetracked by the kiddie camper shit
are you really suggesting that we do an actual sword fight right now
like for training purposes

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Silhouettes of Jade and Dave stand in a battle stance with their swords at the ready. Jade’s is black with red shoes and Dave’s is red with black shoes. The background, which is the lava of LoHaC, stays within the boundaries of the panel, but both Jade and Dave stand with their backs outside of it. Banners hover over each of their heads. The one over Jade shows her wicked smile with two sharp canines extending over her bottom lip. Dave’s shows his shades, which reflect Jade’s smile in each lens. In the dark sky between the banners, the white and light blue outline of John appears.]

dialoglog
Jade: why not?
our empress can hardly have a knight with such rusty combat skills in her service
Dave: will you cut it out with the evil jade baloney
im not going to fight you
my rooftop dueling days are Over
Jade: en garde!
Dave: ugh
even if we just went balls out jackass Bananas with our swords here i mean realistically how much appreciable advancement in my battle skills would even result from that
are you actually thinking this through or just going through the vaguely nefarious motions that come with the territory of being evildogjade
Jade: im gonna go through the vaguely nefarious motions of kicking your ass in a minute if you dont put up your dukes!!!
Dave: yeah you probably will
youll probably annihilate me worse than my bro used to
dont you have all of your dogs insane powers and like
god tier space powers on top of all that
how exactly am i supposed to compete with that
Jade: by using your time trickery!
come on dave do your timey thing
get creative, make lots of copies of yourself or something... outsmart me!
Dave: no!
Jade: yes!!!
Dave: ok here i go
Jade: !!!!!
Dave: wait
nah
Jade: grrr
dave, just try a little time travel to get this fight started
see look, one of your time doubles is surely predestined to come from a few minutes in the future
and appear behind me for a surprise attack, riiiiight about...
now!
...
no wait
riiiiiiiight...
...
...
Now!
....
.....
dave why is your future self being such a wet blanket
Dave: i told you
im not time traveling
i think im giving it up for good actually
Jade: (uncertain face)

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: The main panel shows Dave and Jade relaxing their stances and pointing their
swords up into the air. W.V. stands behind Jade, between her and the edge of the building, and a
crocodile stands behind Dave. In the sky, John fully appears, but he turns around and a flashing
exclamation mark appears next to him as a second John outline appears behind him. Two zoomed
in images cross the borders of the panel. The upper right one shows Dave with one hand held up
like he’s speaking with his hands. The bottom left one shows Jade looking completely fucking
done with him.]

dialoglog
Dave: im serious
the thing is
being a time guy
like actually Mastering time travel
im pretty sure what that involves is
learning to never use it
see its like karate
well
its more like what they Say about karate
that you learn it so you dont use it
but i mean we all know the truth about karate is if you know karate then obviously in reality you
use it all the time
like doing lethal fuckin crane kicks and sweet karate chops while walking down the street just
cause you can
its a god damn no brainer thats what you do with karate
but see with time travel
all the stuff about learning it so you dont have to use it is true
you can crunch the logic on the loops all you want
but all youre doing is painting yourself into a corner
creating inevitabilities you have to rehearse and enact or face death for yourself or everyone you know
and sometimes facing death is the very inevitability you have to rehearse
and then you wait and wait knowing its coming and knowing it has to happen
how do you think it made me feel when we were gathering up all those frogs
and i knew the whole time in a little while you would have to watch me get shot
but i couldnt say anything or it would mess it all up
all cause i thought it would be cool to be marty mcfuckin fly
but instead of shredding johnny b goode on guitar to get my parents to bang
my crowning performance was doing a funny dance while getting pumped full of lead
Jade: ..... Dave: then i had to leave everyone behind and get into the delorean and return to the 1980s
but the delorean was actually a big purple moon
and the 1980s was me accidentally reaching god tier and living on a shitty meteor for a while
and i guess rose was doc brown
doc brown accidentally reached god tier too
ok i guess this is where the analogy falls apart but you get what i mean
Jade: sorry dave, you lost me there after the part where i shot you
Dave: what
Jade: omg, no!
the fact is youre going to have to rely on those powers if you want to stand any chance against a lord of time
it is safe to expect he can only be challenged by someone with a similar command over the aspect
Dave: why is that safe to expect
where are all these presumptions coming from
if you can use swords why dont you take the welsh cueball sword and fight him yourself
i bet you could fuck him up
youre probably even more extra strong now that youve succumbed to the bark side
did you ever think about that
Jade: dave i am perfectly aware of the awesome powers granted to me by the bark side
it does not matter
i cant be the one to wield your sword against english
it has to be you
it is the will of the empress, and thats final
Dave: the empress can suck it
i have no intention of fighting him
and this isnt even me pulling more lame self aware reluctant hero junk
i am just straight up not going to do it
see thats not reluctance its just petulant refusal on my part
reluctant hero shit is when the guys like aw shucks i dunno if i wanna but deep down we all know he really does
but i really dont
why should i
i dont give a damn about lord english or his nebulous atrocities out in nowherespace
what kind of villain is someone you never met who hardly did anything evil to you or your friends directly
or even to anyone in your universe for that matter other than through some vague insidious
influence
who even is this guy and why should i hate him
am i really supposed to be pissed off at a green muscle monster i never met
cause i aint pissed off at no muscle monster
hell wasnt he in some ass backwards way responsible for us existing in the first place?
or all of humanity for that matter??
maybe i should thank him before chopping him up via welshscalibur

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: A banner image at the top of the screen shows the second John tackling the first John, making them both into zapping silhouettes. In the main image, Jade’s snarling face takes up the entire panel. Her right eye twitches a little. Below her, four smaller images are lined up in a row, like a comic strip. From left to right, they show:
Jade and Dave yelling and bickering with each other.
Dave complaining loudly while Jade covers her face with her hands.
Dave going on a long monologue while Jade looks away and moves her hand in a mockery of a moving mouth, which is captioned 'yap yap yap yap'.
Dave turning away in frustration and Jade slumping over while silently fuming.]

dialoglog
Jade: jeez you sure have some issues
honestly it has become very tiresome listening to this sort of thing
i thought davesprite had problems
his issues i could kind of understand
i thought you might be different, being the alpha dave and all
but no
you might be even more messed up inside than he was!
Dave: what
why are you dragging that guy into this
what happened with you and him anyway
Jade: none of your business(angry tongue sticking out face)
Dave: it kind of is
hes bird me
that clearly means i have a right to know
Jade: that doesnt make any sense!
Dave: you said he had issues
what issues
Jade: augh!
forget i mentioned it
Dave: was he talking shit about me the whole time or something
i know he resents me for being the real dave
Jade: dont say that, you arent the real dave!
well you are, but phrasing it like that is so mean!
hes just as real as you, and when you imply he isnt you sound like a jerk!!!
Dave: man i knew it
i knew he was poisoning your view of me all those years
and i wasnt there to say anything or defend against his slander so now of course you think im a neurotic douche
Jade: The only reason I think youre a neurotic douche is because youre acting like one now!!!
Dave: yeah but i only started acting like a neurotic douche like half way through this conversation you clearly had an axe to grind with me from the start and i want to know why
what did i ever do to deserve this shit from you
Jade: you broke my heart!!!!!!
Dave: what
i did
when
Jade: ok not you
davesprite did
But youre basically the same guy!
Dave: whoa no way
thats such an unfair characterization we are completely different dudes
Jade: you just said you had a right to know what happened between us because, and i quote, "hes bird me"
Dave: no i know
i was playing the "hes bird me" card because it was convenient to whatever it was i was saying at the time
Dave: i forget what point i was making when i said that
Jade: *growl*
Dave: but thats not the point im making now
he and me are just
crazy different yo
hes got fuckin wings!!!
he also presumably takes a dump and lays eggs out of the same ghostly hole
...
ev man whyd i have to go there
Jade: *Snarl*
Dave: ok if he broke up with you or whatever that was because of his dumb bird issues not my issues
theres no way i would have done that to you
my issues are totally different and probably way more serious
i dont see anyone ordering him to master time travel or trying to pawn brittle welsh swords off on him do you
nobody is telling him hes got to murder the incredible hulk
did you tell him hes got to murder the incredible hulk jade
no i think not
Jade: *sigh*

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jade turns towards W.V. with an evil smile and puts her hand on his shoulder. W.V. looks back at her fearfully.]

dialoglog
Jade: dave, i did my best to put all this behind me a long time ago
i did not come here to dredge up any of this drama with you
besides, such behavior is unbecoming of her condescensions loyal subordinates
you can be stubborn all you want, but i will force you to comply with her wishes one way or another
it will be quite easy actually
all i have to do is target the people you care about most
Dave: hey
what are you doing
dont you dare touch the mayor
Jade: he is a very cute mayor
it therefore pains me to have to do this
Dave: Get away from him!

[Image description: Dave watches in horror as Jade kicks W.V. right off the edge of the building, which is labeled ‘Doof’. W.V. falls right out of the bottom of the panel. Dave reaches for her, but it’s too late. A red exclamation mark flashes over his head.]

[Image description: It zooms out. The black box that was the background stays in place behind Jade on the building, but the rest of the sky is white, though it fades to black as it gets lower. Dave dives off the edge of the building, reaching out for W.V., who falls directly towards the lava. In the top right corner, there’s a scribbly drawing of Dave with his hands on his cheeks while yelling Noooooooooooool! The Os go all the way down into the lava. For the sake of not being absolutely ridiculous, most of them have been removed.]

[Image description: Dave swoops down and grabs W.V. under the arms just before he hits the lava. The wind in Dave’s wake makes it splash a little. The lava pool spills out beyond the edges of the panel.]

dialoglog
Dave: Got you

[Image description: W.V. sticks his arms out to his sides like they’re wings. Dave nuzzles the back of his head with his cheek and grins.]

dialoglog
Dave: i got you i got you i got you i got you
im not letting go no never again never again i got you mayor
never never never again its ok everything will be ok i have you your safe and sound now its all going to be alright

[Image description: Dave paps the side of W.V.’s head and pets him.]

dialoglog
Dave: its ok i wont let her hurt you mayor no no no never never never never never again youre fine now youre ok that was close so close but im here mayor im here for you and im not letting go i promise
when this is all over lets run away together just you and me and we can build can town a Real can town and well live there together alone all by ourselves and forget this nightmare ever happened everythings going to be fine mayor itll all be ok shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoosh shoos
they’re seeing.]

[Image description: Jade facepalms and the crocodile Naks.]

dialoglog
Jade: why is being a bad guy So Hard?

[Image description: Dave flies up, still carrying W.V. A glitchy Heart aspect alert appears over his head.]

dialoglog
Dave: hang on man ive got to take this
wonder who this could be
mayor ill be just a second with this i promise

[Image description: It zooms in on Dave’s face and the alert glitches even harder. Dave keeps his cheek pressed against W.V.’s head.]

Pesterlog
[Note: Dave’s text is almost completely unglitched, but Dirk’s text is so heavily glitched that it’s nearly impossible to read.]
[static] ausTest[static] began pestering turntechGodhead [T.G.]

T.T.: [static], is [static] Dave?
T.G.: what
who is this
T.T.: Damn. [static] known
[static] read this?
T.G.: cant understand a thing youre saying
is this dave sprite?
T.T.: [static] that?
[static] just ask [static static] Dave sprite?
T.G.: dave sprite yo if thats you we should probably talk soon
about
stuff
[static] Dirk.
[static static] iverse bro[static].
T.G.: what
what about my bro?
T.T.: Fu[static].
[static]lo?
T.G.: dude listen i cant talk now
im flying over some lava with the mayor
T.T.: [static]ayor?
[static]hat mayo[static]
T.G.: oh shit you arnt up to speed on the fuckin mayor?
that's so wrong
you gotta meet the mayor
anyway lets talk another time when theres less glitchy bullshit
later bro
T.T.: Wait, [static] go!

turntechGodhead [T.G.] ceased pestering timeausTestified [T.T.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: You return to the screen where you selected Dave’s route, but it’s ever so slightly different. Now Dave’s option glitches a lot while Karkat’s and Kanaya’s glitches less.

Wow!!!!! Those cool new cartridge features have exploded on to your desktop computer once again! Now we're talking. This is some serious Web 2.0 shit, right here. Maybe even... Web 3.0, dare you say? No, let's not get carried away. It isn't That cool. But wait, look! Another three options to pick from. The carousel of choice spins round and round, while the dervish of free will...

The dervish of free will can kiss your ass, you grumble through a double facepalm. The UI is still seized up with ugly jittering artifacts. At least this time a different path is available, it would seem. You guess you'll click the only working option, and resign yourself to a straightforward, choiceless procession through the story, as usual. Linear as she goes, you grouse as you click the Kanaya button.

Web 2.0? More like Web two point NO. You're starting to wish the internet was never invented.

[Note: Do as Hussie says and click Karkat and Kanaya’s option.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Kanaya clenches her fist and squares up to Jane, who holds her trident in one hand. In the background, Karkat peeks out from behind a tree.]

dialoglog
Kanaya: Why Would You Do That!
I Do Not Understand Why You Needed To Impale My Friend To Demonstrate Your Resurrection Abilities!
I Believed You!
It Was Pointless And Cruel And Does Not Advance My Willingness To Cooperate With You At All!
Furthermore It Did Not Prove That You Can Use Said Abilities To Harm Me!
I Believe That Assertion Was Based On A Fallacious Theory About My Constitution!
In Actuality One Could Easily Kill Me With Any Number Of Conventional Methods!
Im Sure You Could Chop My Head Off Or Burn Me Alive Or Crush Me To Death And I Would Die Just Fine!
Karkat: (whoa, kanaya)
(could you maybe not give the psycho fork girl any more ideas???)
Kanaya: I Am Not Scared Of You!
None Of Us Are!
Karkat: (i kind of am)
Kanaya: Karkat Shut Up!
If This Treacherous Despot Serving Turncoat Seeks Compliance From Me Then She Will Have To Pry It From My Mutilated Lifeless Cadaver!
Karkat: (oh no oh god oh no oh god)
Kanaya: If You Are So Convinced That Your Recuperative Magic Will Strike Me Down Then
Why Don't You Put Your Theory To The Test!
I Doubt You Will Since You Have Made It Clear You Need Our Participation To Achieve Your Goals Which Is A Fact That Your Naive Cohort Foolishly Revealed To Us!
I Don't Think She Is Very Good At Being A Villain And To Be Honest I Have My Doubts About You As Well So I Am Calling Your Bluff!
So If You Continue To Insist That Your Healing Enchantments Have The Power To Slay Me Then I Implore You To Give It Your Best Shot!
Go On Do It!
Do Your Human Worst!
Jane: Silence, buster.

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: It switches to the sprite style, but the scene remains largely the same. Kanaya and Jane glare at each other and Karkat cowers behind a tree.]

dialoglog
Kanaya: Wait
You Can Talk
Using Actual Sentences
Jane: Obviously.
Kanaya: Then Why Resort Exclusively To Intimidating Robotic Soundbites For However Long You Were Doing That
Jane: Because when it comes to the affairs of my empire, I am all business.
You see, Kanaya. I am a businesswoman.
A very shrewd one at that.
Kanaya: ...
Okay
Jane: Watch and learn, rainbow drinker.

[S][A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Elevator stuck begins to play. Jane stands on top of the fridge and looks down at Kanaya. This panel is interactive. Click Jane.
A bright red textbox with white text appears at the bottom of the screen.
You cautiously approach the ruthless businesswoman. She has deployed the Chest of Merchandise. You say, you mean the hunger trunk? She acts like she didn't even hear you.
Click the textbox.
You are about to launch into another wordy tirade, but she wants to cut the chitchat and get down to business. She has a proposition for you. What is it, you say.
Click the textbox.
She wants to know if you would like to buy these motherfuckin potions.

It fades to a black screen, then to Jade standing next to a menu of options. They're 7 types of ‘potions’ she bought from Gamzee, which she is now selling for 420 Million boondollars.
The text box appears.
You examine the business woman's wares with piqued curiosity, to your surprise. Wait, 420 Million per bottle? Isn't that a bit steep? She assures you these are standard retail markups. Plus the quality is impeccable. Each potion is aged to perfection.

Click the first potion.
Bronze Potion: 420 Million Boondollars
The businesswoman makes little effort to hide the fact that this is a bottle of troll blood. Not exactly a premium vintage, you remark casually trying to knock the price down a little. She isn't budging though. Damn she's good.

Buy Bronze Potion?

Two options appear on green buttons.
Yes or Okay?

Pick your poison. Either one gets the same result.
You buy a few bottles of Tavros' blood. You will think fondly of his memory as you sip it in private where no one can see. Hey, it's not like you're proud of this habit.

Click the second potion.

Fuschia Potion: 420 Million Boondollars

She says this "potion" was once running through the veins of a former heiress. It's real good shit. Doesn't cost any more than the others though, because she knows it's all the same to you. She can spot somebody in need of her fix when she sees one. The woman is an absolutely ruthless hustler of contraband.

Buy Fuschia Potion?
Yes or Sure?

You nod in her direction ever so slightly and hold up two fingers. She forks over two hundred bottles. With a deep sign you slip her the moolah. Bitch is gonna send you to the poor house.

Click the third potion.

Indigo Potion: 420 Million Boondollars

She says she doesn't recall whom this potion was bled from, but she doubts it matters to you. She palms the bottle and swirls the fluid enticingly. You suddenly imagine Equius and his gross sweaty body and feel a little queasy. No, you absolutely Refuse to buy this potion. You will not do it.

Buy Indigo Potion?
Yes or Why Not?

You buy a bunch of bottles and shamefacedly stash them with the others. Damn your lack of self control. The businesswoman shakes her head slowly as she stuffs the cash in her hoodie.

Click the fourth potion.

Olive Potion: 420 Million Boondollars

She says this is supposed to be a love potion, adding, trust her. It doesn't work. Probably tastes good to a weirdo like you though. Want some?

You encounter a melancholy thought about dear Nepeta as you begin to salivate.

Buy Olive Potion?
Yes or Absolutely?

You say you guess you'll take one. She says deal, and gives you a thousand. You say huh? She
says don't worry about the extras. She'll put them on your tab. You say thanks.

She says don't mention it, and then says guess what. What, you say. Time to settle up your debt. You say What just as she begins polishing her fork menacingly. You grumble a bit and dump 420 billion boonies at her feet unceremoniously.

Click the fifth potion.

Violet Potion: 420 Million Boondollars

She says this is some d-bags blood. She never met the guy, but she's heard some unflattering stories. It doesn't sound that appetizing to you, but at least you wouldn't feel that guilty about drinking it. Oh, the rationalizations that run through the mind of a thirsty rainbow drinker. Did you really just say that aloud? The businesswoman nods.

Buy Violet Potion?
Yes or Yeah?

You say you'll take a half dozen bottles. She says sorry, she's only got one in stock. She says her wholesaler had a very limited supply. Seems like a lot of it was lost before he had a chance to harvest it. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you, she says while tapping her nose. You quickly change the subject. That's a really nice tiara she has there. Really... um. It's just really nice. Her eyes say thanks, but her face says, look, I couldn't care less that you killed Eridan with a chainsaw.

Click the sixth potion.

Cobalt Potion: 420 Million Boondollars

She says this "potion" was supposed to make you lucky. She wouldn't know, cause she never drank any. Because she's not a vampire, she said, just to drive her point home. Mmm hmm, you say, glancing around uncomfortably. It doesn't matter though, she says. She makes her own luck now. You're tuning out her lecture at this point. You're just eying that vial of delicious Vriska blood and reaching for your pocketbook.

Buy Cobalt Potion?
Yes or Please?

You thank the businesswoman for the transaction and...

Karkat is asking what the hell you two are doing over there. Are you Buying shit from her?? He demands to know what the fuck you could be buying. Is that... are those little jars of Blood he asks? Please tell him you are not buying blood from this lunatic, Kanaya.

You say what no of course not, and hide it behind your back.

Click the seventh potion.

Gold Potion: 420 Million Boondollars

Two for one deal on this gross mustard blood. She means potion... she pauses, looks at it and shrugs, then says she means blood. Anyway you want some? You know you want some.

Buy Gold Potion?
Yes or Yep?
You say ok, you'll take two. She says that'll be 840 million. You say 840? What about the two for one deal? She says the two for one deal applies, but there's a mandatory 100% gratuity tacked on to the bill. You sigh, and cough up the dough. You cannot outfox Jane Crocker in cunning business practices. She is simply the best there is.

Now that you’ve bought all the blood, click through to the next page.

Wow!!!!! Those cool new cartridge features have exploded on to your desktop computer once again! Now we're talking. This is some serious Web 2.0 shit, right here. Maybe even... Web 3.0, dare you say? No, let's not get carried away. Hold the phone. Looks like this piece of shit is still broken. Who is surprised by this? The answer is nobody.

At least the third and final option is probably available now. Let's see what Rose and Terezi are up to.

What? What do you you mean it doesn't work. Are you sure? Try it again.

You're kidding. No, that can't be right.

Only the first option is working? So we have to go through the Dave arc AGAIN?

Sure, what the hell. Looks like we're reading the Dave arc again. Thanks for nothing, "The Information Age".

You know what was cool, you ask your computer rhetorically? When stories used to be on fucking paper.

[Note: Click the Dave button.]

dialoglog
Jade: see look, one of your time doubles is surely predestined to come from a few minutes in the future and appear behind me for a surprise attack, riiiight about...
... no wait
riiiiiiiiiight...
...
NOW!
dave why is your future self being such a wet blanket
i told you
im not time traveling
i think im giving it up for good actually
(uncertain face)

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: The main panel shows Dave and Jade relaxing their stances and pointing their swords up into the air. W.V. stands behind Jade, between her and the edge of the building, and a crocodile stands behind Dave. In the sky, John fully appears, but he turns around and a flashing exclamation mark appears next to him as a second John outline appears behind him. Two zoomed in images cross the borders of the panel. The upper right one shows Dave with one hand held up like he’s speaking with his hands. The bottom left one shows Jade looking completely fucking done with him.]

dialoglog
Dave: im serious
the thing is
being a time guy
like actually Mastering time travel
im pretty sure what that involves is
learning to never use it
see its like karate
well
its more like what they Say about karate
that you learn it so you dont use it
but i mean we all know the truth about karate is if you know karate then obviously in reality you use it all the time
like doing lethal fuckin crane kicks and sweet karate chops while walking down the street just cause you can
its a god damn no brainer...
that's what...
you do...
with...
karate. john what the fuck are you doing here

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Dave and Jade both turn to look at John, who shrugs and looks away uncomfortably.]

dialoglog
John: er.
i don't know.
Dave: john dont get me wrong its cool that you randomly dropped by again but this wasnt really the best time
we were kind of in the middle of a thing here
John: whoops. sorry.
Jade: yeah john
did you really have to pick now of all times to materialize out of nowhere and taunt me?
John: i'm Sorry!!!
jeez, it was an accident!
Jade: so what now?
am i Really supposed to tackle you, just to watch you vanish yet again?
John: no, no! please don't!
Jade: because i dont really feel like it
do you have any idea how frustrating that becomes after a while?
John: i didn't mean to come here, really!
i still can't control the jumps!
i'm Trying, but it just...
Dave: dude are you time traveling
please dont tell me youre time traveling
you need to leave that shit to the experts
John: no, it's not time travel!
well, not technically.
Dave: who do you think youre talking to here
do you see this bright red gear on my hoodie
that means i know stuff about time travel
sure looks like youre time traveling to me
John: no, i swear!
ok, see, i went on a dream quest with some troll pirates.
Dave: troll pirates
John: argh, never mind. that's the long version of the story.
ok, so i stuck my hand in this little magic house, and...
Dave: john youre fucking shit up here
John: what?
Dave: you being here
thats not supposed to happen
all this shit were saying now
its not supposed to go down like this i can feel it
John: i know!
i'm sorry, i would zap away again, but i don't know how!
Dave: i dont think it matters now dude the pooch is already screwed
Jade: (angry gasping face)
Dave: wow wait that was a terrible figure of speech in this context but you know what i mean
yo like i was JUST saying i didnt want to time travel anymore to avoid bullshit like this
John: it's not time travel though!
i promise!
Dave: then what is it
John: i dunno!
like, some kind of surreal, history altering... reality hopping... magic power.
Dave: thats time travel genius
John: no way, dude.
you have to trust me on this.
Dave: alright
but if it turns out you just created a doomed timeline and were all going to die im gonna be hella mad
John: this isn't a doomed timeline.
i'm telling you, i can change things.
stuff that wasn't supposed to be changed.
and i'm not saying bad stuff won't happen as a result of the things i change...
but at least it won't make a doomed timeline!
the new things that happen will just be...
the stuff that's supposed to happen?
Dave: huh
that's pretty dope if true
actually in a way that almost makes me more nervous
John: it does?
Dave: yeah messing with the alpha timeline
i mean not the alpha timeline but the Alpha alpha timeline
almost seems
heretical i guess?
you sure you know what you're doing egbert
John: um, earth to dave.
i already said i don't have a clue what i'm doing!
Dave: gotcha
welp im sold
but uh
really man you kind of are interrupting a thing
temporal mechanics not even withstanding
John: what was i interrupting?
Dave: i think this was going to be a serious conversation here
i have a feeling jade and i were going to get all heavy with our relationship issues or whatever
John: you were?
Jade: sigh
Jade: yes, unfortunately thats probably where this was going
John: aw man, i'm sorry. i am fucking this up so bad.
see, this is what i'm worried about.
even though my random jumps are supposed to be a "safe" form of time travel, i'm still nervous
that i might be ruining important events anyway.
like, there was all this crazy stuff that happened to get us here, whether it was good or bad.
and if i fumble around like this accidentally changing all that stuff, then i won't even know what's
going on anymore.
maybe no one will!
Dave: uh
does anyone even know what's going on Now?
John: that's what i'm saying!
things are complicated enough as it is!!!
Dave: truth
John: ok, look...
maybe we can try to minimize my impact on the current situation.
if i fly away, do you think you can do whatever you were going to do in the first place?
do you know what you were going to do?
Jade: yes
i was going to kick the mayor into the lava
Dave: what??
holy shit so uncool
Jade: i was going to make it clear i was serious about killing someone you cared about
so you would stop being a baby and start using your powers and swordfight with me you dumb jerk
(tongue sticking out face)
Dave: wow
jade i think you might be a little too good at being a villain its kind of worrying
Jade: thank you (smiling face)
Dave: so the mayor would be dead if john didn't show up?
Jade: oh yes absolutely
he would be burnt to a crisp right now i am sure of it
Dave: god damn jade
why would you do that you know eventually id probably start using my powers and reluctantly
start embracing my role as a reluctant hero
that shit always happens
Jade: no you wouldnt you were just going to argue with me forever!
Dave: yeah maybe
but the point is youre not going to bother killing the mayor anymore are you
Jade: i guess not
he is a very cute mayor after all
Dave: see john your fake time travel shit is already paying off
you saved the mayor congratulations
John: ok, i'm glad the mayor is alive and well.
but this is exactly what i wanted to avoid!
isn't there some way you could just...
pretend i never showed up, and let this play out the way it was supposed to?
Jade: sorry john
whatever dave and i were going to argue about
i think the moment has passed
the whole thing is kind of ruined to be honest
John: Damn it!
Dave: ok all yall settle down im getting a text
...
i cant fucking read this

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: You once again return to the character select screen. Dave’s option is still the least glitched.]

Wow!!!!! Those cool new cartridge features have exploded on to your desktop computer once again! Now we're talking. This is some serious Web 2.0 shit, right here. Maybe even... Web 3.0, dare you say? Yes, you do dare say, just so you don't have to read this whole stupid paragraph yet again. Web 3.0 it is!

The important thing is it appears the Rose and Terezi arc is available now. So you click on that and read it.

If this thing breaks one more time, I'm going to repost all the leprechaun romance stuff here instead.

[Note: Click the Terezi button and hope we don’t have to reread about leprechaun romance.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Terezi stands on top of a building, where the Alchemiter is. Rose calls up to her.]

dialoglog
Rose: terezi, what are you doing over there?
Terezi: nothing!

[A6A6I1] Next
Rose: Alright, then.

Rose: What exactly are we supposed to be doing here?

Rose: Why did she group the two seers together? Was there a point to that? What is her goal with these divide and conquer tactics? Everything is so unclear. Threads leading to the most fortuitous outcomes have gotten so badly tangled. I can't tell if it's the hangover, or if something else is happening. Something out there... Unaccounted for. Why can't I see it? Why have I become so blind again? No offense, Terezi.

Terezi: are you talking to me?
Rose: no, I'm talking to myself!
Terezi: why?
Rose: stop making me yell! I still have a headache, and so do you!
Terezi: alright, sorry!

Rose: Why am I talking to myself? I think I've spent too much time around Dave. I've also probably spent too much time sharing his genes. Why must our family tree be plagued by so many shameless soliloquists? I wonder if our young parents are like this? I wonder if I will ever find out? And what should I do in the meantime? Should I... Should I really work on completing my personal planetary quest? That whole thing where I learn to "play the rain?" I guess I should feel exhilarated to have the chance again after all these years.
Of course I should.
But then,
Why does it sound like such a drag?
I haven't played the violin in a long time.
I wonder if I even remember how.
Honestly I can't recall ever feeling less motivated to satisfy a looming obligation.
I think my quest was fundamentally bound to the nature of this land, which was customized to the profile, needs, and potential for growth of a thirteen year-old girl.
But I'm not that person anymore.
What if I
What if I just
Didn't bother doing it?
Like, ever?
Would anyone notice my dereliction?
Would the powers that be strike me down where I loaf?
What if I just said fuck it?
What then, silly pink tortoise shells? Hmmm??
...
I guess I should stop procrastinating and have This Conversation with Kanaya.

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: LoFaF and LoLaR hang next to each other in the void. A Kanaya alert hovers next to Jade’s house and a Rose alert hovers next to Rose’s.]

pesterlog
tentacleTherapist [T.T.] began pestering grimAuxiliatrix [G.A.]
T.T.: So.
Have you made any progress in determining what our malefactors want from you and Karkat?
G.A.: Yes
T.T.: Well?
G.A.: Oh
She Wants Us To Speak With Echidna
T.T.: And?
...
Are you still there?
G.A.: Yes
T.T.: Speak to her about what?
G.A.: About Releasing The New Frog
T.T.: I see.
At least it would seem you have a project.
Terezi and I have received no such instruction.
Hello?
G.A.: Hi
Yeah
T.T.: Kanaya, do you want to talk about my problem?

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Terezi stands on Rose’s alchemiter and frowns. Two captchaologue cards float in the upper right corner. One has her glasses on them and the other has the scarf Rose found in her mom’s lab way back when she was still on earth in the early acts. A bright red scarf lays on the platform at Terezi’s feet.]
G.A.: What Problem
T.T.: The one pertaining to my substance abuse.
G.A.: Oh
Right
Okay
T.T.: Are you busy?
You seem preoccupied.
G.A.: No
Well
Yes Sort Of
T.T.: What are you doing?
G.A.: Im Um
Just Buying Some Things
T.T.: You're buying things?
What things?
G.A.: Just Some
Provisions
T.T.: Like what?
And from whom?
G.A.: A Local Vendor
T.T.: Are you in a consort village?
Don't those shops only sell jars of bugs and such?
You're not buying jars of bugs, are you?
G.A.: No
Definitely Not Jars Of
Bugs
No
T.T.: Kanaya, I'm confused.
Could you be a little more descriptive?
G.A.: I Really Should Go
Lets Talk About My Problem Later
T.T.: Your problem?
Don't you mean my problem?
G.A.: Yes
Definitely
Bye

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Rose looks back towards Terezi, who grabs the scarf in one fist and jumps
down off the roof.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Terezi walks away with a determined look on her face. Rose lifts one hand to
cup on one side of her mouth and yells after her.]

dialoglog
Rose: terezi, where are you going?
[Image description: Rose drops her hand and watches Terezi walk right out of the panel. She ties the scarf over her eyes.]

dialoglog
Terezi: clown hunting

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: You return to the glitching character select screen. You know what this means…]

Wow!!!!!

Wow indeed.

Here you go. Aranea's exposition on leprechaun romance, in its entirety, unedited and uncensored, as promised.

[Note: The text turns Serket blue and is written with Vriska and Aranea’s quirk of replacing B and anything that sounds like ate with the number 8.]

The problem is that when the subject of leprechaun romance is broached, our overly obsessive troll intellects instantly assume the most ingratiating posture of admiration imaginable. Which makes it hard! Hard to give it proper academic focus I mean, because of how great it is. But we will do our best to understand regardless.

Trolls have only four forms of romance. And though we consider it a complicated subject, spanning a wide range of emotions, social conventions, and implications for reproduction, it is ultimately a superficial slice of what leprechauns consider the full body of romantic experience. Our concept of romance, in spite of its capacity to fill our art and literature and to rule our individual destinies like little else, is still just that. A single, quaternary concept. A concept usually denoted by four symbols.

(heart) (spade) (diamond) (clubs)

Leprechaun romance is more complicated than that. Leprechaun romance needs nine symbols. The nine quadrants of leprechaun romance are considerably more nuanced than our quaint notions of romance, and certainly more alien. In fact, so conditioned is my own understanding of romance that I can't help but refer to them as quadrants, when in fact they are not quadrants at all! They are referred to as charms.

One of the charms is characterized by romantic love, as understood by both trolls and humans. but after that, all bets are off. There is no division between black or red, concupiscent or conciliatory. Instead their charms comprise a spectral continuum of more subtly varying types of relationships, most of which are established in mutual chicanery, such as the exchange of pranks, coy riddles, slapstick shenanigans, and games of chance. Furthermore, a pair of leprechauns is not limited to a single charm. A relationship may be defined by multiple charms at once! In fact, some of the most interesting relationships arise from exotic charm combinations. A stable relationship consisting of three or more charms is called a trove. These advanced relationships are often viewed as the ideal end result for a romance, much the way certain pairing rituals are for humans.

No charm is specifically tied to procreation, though any type of relationship could begin waxing concupiscent if lady luck should so decide. Certain charm combinations are known to be more conducive to fertility than others.
If the leprechaun pair has been so blessed, they will begin an elaborate coupling procedure culminating in a lively mating jig. The jigs are specific to the charms of course, similar to how different kinds of music lend themselves to various styles of dance.

While their romance is endlessly captivating, leprechaun reproduction may be the most interesting subject of all. Particularly from a perspective of detailed anatomical study, which I will get to shortly. but first it bears pointing out that while for humans reproductive relationships are exclusively heterosexual, and for trolls they are bisexual, for leprechauns they are exclusively homosexual.

Yes, you heard right. That means the Felt are all super gay. A graphic description of their reproductive processes now follows.

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Yes, you heard right. That means the Felt are all super gay. A graphic description of their reproductive processes now follows.
im not time traveling
i think im giving it up for good actually
Jade: (uncertain face)
[Note: John’s text is normal size.]
John: (uh oh.)

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on John as a second him begins to appear behind him while Dave monologues to Jade about being a reluctant hero.]

John: !
dialoglog
John: (hey!)
(you shouldn't be here!)
(wha...)
[Note: Dave’s text is still small and slowly fades to white as it goes.]
Dave: im serious
the thing is
being a time guy
like actually Mastering time travel
im pretty sure what that involves is
learning to never use it
see its like karate
well
its more like what they Say about karate
that you learn it so you dont use it
but i mean we all know the truth about karate is if you know karate then obviously in reality you use it all the time
like doing lethal fuckin crane kicks and sweet karate chops while walking down the street just cause you can
its a god damn no brainer thats what you do with karate
but see with time travel
all the stuff about learning it so you dont have to use it is true
theres no good that can come of it
you can crunch the logic on the loops all you want
but all youre doing is painting yourself into a corner
creating inevitabilities you have to rehearse and enact or face death for yourself or everyone you know
and sometimes facing death is the very inevitability you have to rehearse
and then you wait and wait knowing its coming and knowing it has to happen
how do you think it made me feel when we were gathering up all those frogs
and i knew the whole time in a little while you would have to watch me get shot
but i couldnt say anything or it would mess it all up
all cause i thought it would be cool to be marty mcfuckin fly
but instead of shredding johnny b goode on guitar to get my parents to bang
my crowning performance was doing a funny dance while getting pumped full of lead

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the banner image of John 2 grabbing John 1 and making them both zap away.]
John: (what the hell??)
(gotcha!!!)

[A6A6I1] Next
[Image description: John 2 still holds John 1, but they’re fully materialized in a white void.]

[A6A6I1] Next
[Image description: John 1 stares in shock.]

[A6A6I1] Next
[Image description: John 2 stares back, but determinedly.]

[A6A6I1] Next
[Image description: John 1 is still shocked.]

[A6A6I1] Next
[Image description: John 2 is still determined.]

[A6A6I1] Next
[Image description: Still shocked.]

[A6A6I1] Next
[Image description: Still determined.]

[A6A6I1] Next
[Image description: And still shocked.]

[A6A6I1] Next
[Image description: M.S.P.A. Reader, a white stick man drawn in the style of Hussie’s other comic, Jailbreak, ponders his clunky computer monitor, which shows John 2 grabbing John 1 in the void from a few pages ago.]

[A6A6I1] Next
[Image description: The perspective shifts and M.S.P.A. reader boggles vacantly at the computer and blinks rapidly.]

[A6A6I1] Next
[Image description: He looks up. A large thought bubble over his head shows the two Johns making out with each other. One of the Johns is crying.]

It still keeps happening.

[A6A6I1] Next
[Image description: M.S.P.A. Reader takes out a pistol and the thought begins to dissipate.]
You come to the sobering realization that things will never stop from keep happening constantly.

And you can't take it anymore.

dialoglog
John: stop fooling around and go find roxy, you dumb goof!

John: who's roxy?
Ow!

Show Dialoglog
[Note: The button is glitched and does not work.]

He cuts through more of the purple pixels and clears all but a tiny segment of them from Jane.
Show Dialoglog
[Note: Unfortunately, it’s still too glitched to work.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: John vanishes, but all the glitches are gone, including from the dialoglog button.]

dialoglog
Jane: It is just you and I now, Jake.
Alone at last.
Jake: (Gulp!)

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: It switches to the sprite style and Jane continues glaring at Jake, who is sitting under a barred window.]

dialoglog
Jake: Jane can you please tell me what in the sam hill is going on?
Havent you kept me pinched in the hoosegow long enough?!
Jane: The what.
Jake: What happened to my grandma! She seemed so nice then all of the sudden WHAMMO shes a gruesome monster!
And whats with the thing she zapped on your head that flipped your cuckoo fruitcake switch! Is that what made you lose your marbles jane?
And whyd you have to plant such a spanking haymaker on the old breadbasket? That really hurt! It still hurts!!
And why oh Why must my bottom rock these snug custard undies while you get to look like such a doggone Bad Ass?
Am i at least permitted to put on a respectable pair of fucking shorts???
Jane: Absolutely not.

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: In the more realistic style, Jane folds her arms over her midsection awkwardly and sneers. The reasoning for the strange position is made clear when everything flashes green for just a moment and G.Cat appears in her arms. One arm supports his weight and the other is already petting his head. He purrs.]

dialoglog
Jake: But jane i...
Jane: Jake. Be quiet.
Having recently been crowned a supreme being of pure logic, my tolerance for your antiquated horseshit has fallen to nil.
Jake: Im sorry jane you know what a shameless blatherskite i can be!
Especially when im nervous i start bumping my gums and prattling my screwball poppycock til im blue in the puss!
You know how rough its been for me jane. After we almost hopped the broom and then dirk slipped me the mitten over the whole trickster sockdolager... it all caught me flat footed and knocked me right into a cocked hat!
If squirreling me away in the calaboose like this is payback for the way i behaved youve got to believe me i never meant to hurt you jane! Im doing my best here and thats the real simon pure... Scouts Honor!!!
Jane: Argh!
Jake, now you have done it.
You have made me exclaim in frustration audibly.
If your intent is to welcome another knuckle sandwich instead of my reasoning for your captivity, then go on. Say One More Thing that sounds like something a corny old man would say.
I dare you.
Jake: (Double gulp!!)
Jane: That's what I thought.

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jake stares up at her in dismay and begins to cry.]

dialoglog
Jane: Listen carefully, prisoner.
I stand to inherit a new empire very soon.
When Earth has reached its final destination, it will be repopulated with a fresh brood of loyal subjects over whom I will rule absolutely.
But I will not rule alone, Jake. Oh, no. I will need a husband to rule by my side.
That is where you come in.
Jake: *Whimper...*?
Jane: You and I will be wed, and we will rule my empire together with an iron oven mitt. However, the mitt will be worn by me, and me alone. You will have no executive authority whatsoever, because you are too stupid. You will always do exactly what I say, when I say it. You will be obedient, cheerful, mostly silent, and scantily clad. Is that understood?
Jake: *Sob!*
Jane: You will also provide me with children so my imperial legacy will continue, and the Crocker brand will live on in infamy. You will sire as many children as I ask for, and they will all be perfect, obedient little heirs and heiresses.
You do remember our recent agreement to have "a zillion babies," don't you, Jake? I do hope you were not planning to renege on this vow.
Jake: *Sob sob sob...*
Jane: Our children will rule the empire when we are gone, which of course will be never, because we will be eternally young and beautiful and immortal and in love, for ever and ever. We will travel the galaxy conquering planets and expanding my empire. No alien world will pose any resistance to our forces. Especially not once I figure out how to unlock all that incredible "Page of Hope potential" hidden away in your pathetic, hunky body.
Jake: *Sob!!!*
Please no jane dont do this! I dont want to get married or sire children or rule an empire! Im scared and sad and afraid and i dont want to do this adventure anymore and i just want to go home! Please let me go back to earth jane! Just like it used to be! I just want to go back to my pumpkin patch in the jungle when things were simpler and all i had to worry about was being tackled by a feisty robot. I want to go back to when i didnt ruin all my friendships and when you didnt hate me and when you didnt go crazy and tell me to be your weird royal husband slave!
Waaaaaaaaah!!!
Booooooooooooooo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo!
*Hoooornk!*
Dirk: Ew, dude.
Don't blow your nose on your cape.
dialoglog
Jake: (Brain ghost dirk!)
(*Sob...*)
(You've got to do something!)
Dirk: Sorry, man. I'd like to help you out.
But I'm not real.
Jake: (Dag nabbit!)
(*Sniffle...*)
(Are you sure there's nothing you can do?)
Dirk: I'm only as real as your ability to believe in me.
Jake: (But I do believe in you.)
(I believe in everybody!)
Dirk: Yeah right.
You've never really believed in anyone your whole life, and you know it.
Everything's always about you. Don't you remember? You already had this epiphany, dingus.
I could only become truly real if you ever managed to harness those bomb as shit hope powers she mentioned.
Then again, if you actually did that, you wouldn't even need my help.
Jake: (But I can't!)
(And I don't want to be a pawn in her lecherous baby making pastry empire.)
Jane: Jake.
Jake: (*Blubber...*)
Dirk: Will you stop crying?
It's reflecting poorly on both of us.
Jake: (Sorry.)
(*Sniff.*)
Dirk: Hey.
Did you shave your legs?
Jake: (No I think the magic god tier fire burned it all off...)
Dirk: God damn.
They're so smooth.
A car could swerve outta control on those gams.
Jake: (I know. It's really weird.)
(Speaking of legs...)
Dirk: Yeah. The little poofy asshole pants. I know.
Jake: (Is that really what you're wearing now?)
Dirk: Yeah.
Jake: (Sweet!)
Dirk: No.
Jane: Jake.
To whom are you talking?
Jake: Brain ghost dirk.
Jane: Brain... Ghost Dirk?
Jake: Yes.
Jane: You are lying.
Jake: No I'm not!
Jane: Brain Ghost Dirk sounds almost as fake as he is completely made up.
Jake: But...
*Snivel.*
*Weeeeeeep!*

Jane: Oh, for goodness' sake.

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Jane sighs and turns away from Jake, who stares at her. She still holds G.Cat in one arm and he still purrs.]

dialoglog
Jane: Pull yourself together, Jake.
Your behavior is repugnant, and has no place in my empire.
What kind of man are you?
What kind of suitor to an heiress weeps uncontrollably when his imaginary friend's existence is called into question?
Dirk: She has a point there.
Jake: *Wahhh!*  
Dirk: Dude, would you quit bawling already?
Stand up like a man, and punch her in the face or something.
Jake: but I dont wanna be a man and I dont wanna punch her in the face!  
*waaaaaaaaaaaaah!*
Jane: Punch Who in the face, now?
Jake: Nobody! *hoooooornk!*
Jane: Just sickening.
To think I wasted my youth pining over a vile maggot like you.
Jake, you should not be misled when I imply that I love you, or when I command you to marry me and sire my children.
In truth I detest you, and if not for certain assets you possess, I would be sorely tempted to fork you full of holes right now and feed your remains to my daughter.
.
.
But I won't.

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Jane’s mouth with her tongue up on the roof of it, like she’s making an L sound.]

dialoglog
Jane: You're lucky you're so hot.

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: Outside, a Dersite guard stands between the jail building and another building with a door in the wall. The setup is identical to the outside of Jack Noir’s jail cell, but purple. A blue wisp flies through a barred window.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on a barred window as John’s wind flies through the bars with a Shwooooooo.]
[Image description: John begins to turn solid at the bottom of a pyramid of Perfectly Generic Objects. There’s also a pumpkin there.]

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: John materializes and looks at the pile in confusion.]

dialoglog
John: hello?
is uh...
anyone inside that thing?
Roxy: who goes ther

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: It switches back to the sprite style and John looks at a large pyramid of the perfectly generic objects. More are scattered around the cell, along with pumpkins of various sizes.]

dialoglog
John: don't worry, i am not a villain.
i'm just passing through, looking for someone.
i was told to find a girl named roxy.
Roxy: roxy huh
sounds like a babe
John: heh.
yeah, maybe.
do you know her?
Roxy: kinda
John: really?
have you seen her??
Roxy: nope not in a while i am fraid
John: darn.
Roxy: i could help you find her though
w a series of vexing riddles plus clues
each more bewildering than the last
each less infuriating than the next
for i am the sphinx of this pyramid and that sort of coy bs is the shit i get up to ery day
(all pyramids have sphinxes i decided jus now)
John: no, that sounds really dumb.
i would rather just have some straightforward information as to her whereabouts.
Roxy: ummmmmmmmmmm
*strokes sphinxly chin enigmatically*
John: can you at least tell me what she looks like?
Roxy: well the thing is
shes hard 2 recognize lately
she started wearing a mask for some fukin reason
maybe so as to avoid detection from snoopy boys??? (winking face)
(just wonked at u f.y.i.)
John: you just what?
Roxy: nothin!
John: alright, well...
can you tell me where and when you last saw her?
Roxy: heck yes
it was last time i looked in a mirror
theres no mirrors in jail though
which is a shame
could use an eyeload of that stone cold fox 2 get me thru the long nites
hardest time i ever done (frowning face)
John: oh my god.
it's you!
how could i possibly fall for such a stupid prank.
Roxy: ell em ay friggin Oh
youre almost as gullible as english
how perf is it that thats some kinda family trait
John: what?
Roxy: you must be john right
John: yes.
how did you know that?
Roxy: because jake rambled about meetin you a bunch of times
also u sound like him
John: oh.
it seems like you have me at a disadvantage then.
which is impressive, considering you are in jail, and also in a little green pyramid thingy for some reason.
did you...
did you actually build that thing?
Roxy: f yeah!
John: that's cool. it's like a little fort.
i built a fort once in my room. i made it out of a bed sheet, and some cruxite dowels.
then my friend threw it in a bottomless pit.
Roxy: hahah
thas awesome
John: it was alright.
Roxy: no but 4 real dont wreck my fort or i fuck you up
John: i wouldn't dare.
John: aren't you going to come out so i can see you?
Roxy: i would but
ive been tryin to concentrate on something
so i built this sick pyramid deal to help focus my brain chi and spiritual majyyks and if at all possible to blitz my chakras out the yin yang
John: is it working?
Roxy: no
but at least its nice and dark and quiet in here and free of distractions
or it was until a guy came along lookin for some chick
John: what are you trying to do exactly?
Roxy: i have to make a spikeball appear out of thin air
but all i can make are these lame cubes
John: you made all these cubes??
Roxy: yup
John: that's a neat power.
Roxy: thank you
i also made some pumpkins
cubes n pumpkins
the manifestations of amateurs
they're basically freebies for void players i think
John: i remember making some of those cubes with my alchemiter.
i think that's what a blank card makes? so yeah, they're super primitive.
but making pumpkins is pretty impressive. they're like... these big ol' vegetables.
Roxy: no dude
pumpkins are hellllls o primitive
voidwise they're like the middle square on a bingo card
drummin up a dumb gourd aint nothing to write home about
John: well, if you're really having trouble...
i know a thing or two about learning to use god tier powers.
maybe i could help?

[Image description: Roxy reaches one fingerless-gloved hand out to knock down a few of the cubes with a Doof.]

[Image description: She looks out through the hole. Only her face is visible.]

dialoglog
Roxy: hay look
its jake stuffed in a blue windsock
heheheh
John: huh?
Roxy: nevermind
so what kind of hot god tier trix can you teach me
John: tricks...
i guess i don't know any actual Tricks per se, aside from how to use some of my powers.
but i don't know if the same tricks apply to using your powers...
Roxy: u said u could help tho
John: i said Maybe i could!
i dunno, i was just throwing it out there.
like, maybe if i told you about some of the experiences i had when i was learning to do my windy stuff, you might have some kind of... voidey epiphany?
Roxy: a voidey epiphany
John: yes.
Roxy: k then
im all ears johnny windsock
let loose ur wisdom whilst i rake in the epiphanies
John: ok, um,
I've noticed whenever i learn to do new things with my powers, it's usually in response to something. like something important that has to be done.
so why are you trying to make this spike ball?
and how important does it feel to you?
Roxy: well at first i was mainly tryin to make it because dog girl was forcing me to
but now i think i keep trying because im gettin obsessed with making this dumb spikeball and P.O'd that i cant do it
John: i see.
what actually Is this spike ball, if you don't mind my asking?
Roxy: its an alien egg
4 tha trolls
to hatch em all back to life
but only to be ruled by an evil witch so its gonna be shitty for them
so yeah its kind of an important thing
but at the same time it would probably be terrible if i actually made it so...
John: then maybe the fact that you're conflicted about it is why you're having trouble?
Roxy: yeh maybe
John: if you think it's important to make, but don't want to give it to the bad guys, why don't you just...
brake out of jail?
then you could try to make the egg at your own discretion, and use it however you think is best.
Roxy: idk
i broke outta here once already and the fuckin witch just nabbed me again
and that was Before she recruited jakes omnipotent goofball grandma to zap me back here the moment i step outside
John: yeah. it is a tricky situation with grimbark jade on the loose, that's for sure.
but i've been managing to evade her.
i just swoosh the breeze around to hide my scent, and dissolve into wind and fly away if she finds me.
maybe you could do something like that too?
it seems to me if anyone should be able to avoid detection using their powers, it would be a void player.
John: get it? a void... as in, avoid?
heh.
Roxy: that is legit sound reasoning yo
plus a way lame pun 2 boot
but remember how we were just talkin about the fact that when it comes to god tier shit i dont know what the eff im doin??
John: oh.
right.

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: In the more realistic style, she leans her arms on the blocks and smiles up at John.]
dialoglog
Roxy: anyway
i thought you were going to regale me with stories of your ascent through the windsock tiers
such that i may through osmosis glean the vagaries of godhood
then all i got to do is wait for this rude tidal wave of epiphanies n junk to wash over me and get me hella wise
then and only then
i will b able to make this shitty egg happen k?
John: ok. where should i start?
Roxy: at the beginning!
John: you mean like when i first became a god tier?
that's a long story... i was kind of tricked into that.
it might take some setup to understand.
Roxy: dude look
i dont have grand illusions that this yarn you spinll be like some actual efficacious tutelage on fuckin pajama spells
i just want to hear u talk about stuff
wanna kno ur stories!!!
go (cat face)
John: alright.
in that case, i guess it all started on my thirteenth birthday.
which was three years ago, by the way.
i heard about this awesome game, or at least one i thought was awesome, and i wanted to play it
with my friends.
but it wasn't so easy to start. i had to get it from the mail, which meant sneaking around the house
while avoiding my dad.
which was kind of stupid and childish in retrospect, but blah blah blah.
blah blah blah.
Roxy: hmmmmm

go on

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: John shrugs and looks off into the distance while talking and talking, but all
that comes out of his mouth is blah blah blah. Behind him, the background is solid purple with
rows of bouncing Roxy heads. Three notes are written in pink writing. One arrow points to John’s
head and says ‘boyfriend material?’ One arrow points to his side and says ‘probably totes eligible’.
A note in the bottom right corner says ‘mental note: mack on’.]

dialoglog
John: blah blah blah blah blah blah meteor.
blah blah blah.
blah blah blah blah nannasprite blah blah oil everywhere blah blah blah blah blah
imp's blah blah blah.
Roxy: m hm
John: blah blah blah blah blah blah at least i think she is blah blah blah.
blah salamanders blah blah blah.
blah blah blah blah trolls blah blah blah rocketpack blah blah died.
Roxy: realy
John: blah blah karkat blah blah electobiology.
blah blah jack noir.
blah blah blah queen's ring blah my dad
sablaha blah blah blah blah blah a girl
named vriska.
blah blah windy thing blah ocean of green fire.
Roxy: wow
John: blah quest bed blah mom and dad died blah
 prototyped blah jade's omnipotent dog.
blah chess guy blah flying around in my dad's car blah live tyler.
the battlefield blah huge wind drill blah the tumor.
Roxy: pls continue
John: blah blah followed rose blah mom and dad died blah
blah blah blah blah blah kissed her back to life.

blah blah the scratch.
John: so that's...
pretty much the whole story?
i left a bunch of stuff out though.
if more important stuff that i forgot occurs to me, i will let you know.
Roxy: hey no thats fine
that was all great and exciting as heck
it sounds like you guys got up to a lot more crazy shit than we did
for us its been mostly dicking around in a session full of spooky skeletons for half a year
then fefeta died
the end
John: fefeta?
Roxy: fefeta was a dear sweet precious dear Dear friend of mine
she was beautiful and sweet and lovely
she sploded
John: wow.
i'm sorry.
Roxy: oh we also became tricksters which as far as things that happen go was sooo dumb
i guess thats kinda the epilogue of our story?
oh yeah then we had hangovers and went god tier accidentally
thats the double epilogue
the end ex two combo
John: i don't know, that all sounds pretty interesting to me.
sometimes in life, when you look back on things it can feel like it was all boring and uneventful.
but when you really think about it, you remember all these cool things that happened you forgot about.
Roxy: hm yeah
them wise words j sock
John: anyway, if you remember more about your adventure and want to tell me some time, i would
love to hear it!
Roxy: haha ok
um but hey
i could not help but notice in ur story you was talkin about my mom sometimes

[A6A6I1] Next

[Image description: In the sprite style, Roxy knocks out a few more of the cubes and steps out of
her pyramid fort.]

dialoglog
John: your mom?
well, yeah. but i know her as your daughter.
but i mean, who the hell knows at this point?
Roxy: i know rite
the curious case of the mutual moms
it is
the biggest mystery?
u no
once i even caught wind of some lore that implied i might even be my OWN mom
(fefeta hinted that at me once during a long spiel Damn that girl could talk)
how messed up would that be tho
John: there is probably something to that actually.
you were all the first batch of babies, after all.
i think you were literal copies of yourselves?
that's what it supposedly means to be a paradox clone.
Roxy: babies
wat
John: oh.
i guess i kind of glossed over this stuff in my story.
but i was the one who made us all in the first place, with a weird cloning machine.
Roxy: no fuckin shit???
*is impressed*
John: it was no big deal though. i was just messing around with a control panel, and some babies
appeared.
Roxy: so we already met huh
and i dont even remember because i was just some idiot bb
that aint fair!
John: come to think of it, we met one other time too.
but you were asleep.
Roxy: ??
John: you were floating around in purple pajamas, and i pushed you out of the way of a flying fork.
i almost forgot about that. but yep, that was you alright.
Roxy: you shoulda woke me up then
John: i might have, but the fork stabbed me in the chest, and dream killed my sleep ghost. or something.
you know how it is with dream logic.
Roxy: u mean how it makes lil 2 no sense ever
John: yes, exactly.
i guess i didn't think much about it at the time, but i had a sneaky suspicion that's who you were.
you really look a lot like rose.
she is looking for you, by the way.
yeah????
John: she told me to go find you. and i did.
so, she says hi.
Roxy: o man
what else did she say
John: uh.
she said...
she's looking forward to meeting you?
Roxy: awwwwww
well if u see her again before i do tell her i cant wait to meet her too
though tbh im kinda nervous about it but dont tell her that part haha
John: sure!
there's nothing to be nervous about though.
she's just a nice nerd who likes to read and knit.
Roxy: i shouldnt be surprised to hear that
me and all my friends are a bunch of silly nerds too
even dirk who thinks hes 2 cool 4 school
when in reality he is nowhere close to clearing the coolness threshold which exempts one from attending an educational institution (tongue sticking out face)
John: speaking of which...
i've been wondering where he is?
i know jade's grandpa is in jail too, getting badgered by my evil nanna...
Roxy: u mean jake n jane
John: yes, sorry.
but i have not seen hide nor hair of dave's bro yet.
Roxy: i figured he got thrown in jail too
although come to think of it i probly would have heard a bloody ruckus by now resulting from his inevitable escape attempt
John: hmm.
Roxy: im not that worried about him though hes good at takin care of himself
in fact i feel like all of us will be ok now that you guys are here
but
there is still one of my friends im worried about the most
John: who?
Roxy: shes my best friend
well ok
i got a few best friends u know?
John: yes.
Roxy: but she was always kind of a special best friend
and last time i saw her she was in big trouble
John: oh no.
where is she?
Roxy: in the afterlife
being dead
John: ...
Roxy: her bro killed her
which is bad enough
but now hes out there
hunting for her ghost
shes doing her best to hide
but her bro is an awful and relentless piece of shit and im afraid
im afraid she might be already gone (frowning face)
John: you're right, that is very concerning.
who is she? would i know of her?
Roxy: dunno
how in the loop are you on cherubs?
John: oh!
John: surprisingly, i know a Lot about that subject.
for instance, did you know they turn into gigantic snakes when they have sex?
Roxy: (gasping face)
(gasping face)
(gasping face)
John: i know. weird, right?
that's probably not very relevant to the topic at hand, though.
Roxy: yeah prob not
anyway u know about lord english right
John: uh huh.
Roxy: ok well
shes his sister
her name is calliope
John: ohhh.
ok, this is starting to make sense.
Roxy: yep
shes supposed to be critical to defeatin him somehow
shes going on some quest out there to find a deadlier version of herself or whatever
i dunno that could be all be true...
and maybe its selfish of me but all i realy care about now is if shes ok??
John: i understand. she is your friend.
i would feel the same way.
Roxy: (smiling face)
John: wait a minute...
i've got it!
Roxy: got what
John: i have such a good idea that would solve your problem.
Roxy: ???
John: all you have to do is bring her back to life!

[A6A6I1] Next
dialoglog
Roxy: how
John: easy.
i have a magic ring!
Roxy: what
u have one too
John: yes!
wait. what do you mean too?
you have a magic ring?!
Roxy: i Had one
fuckin lost it though
made peeps invisible who put it on
John: ah.
no, mine doesn't do that.
it brings ghosts back to life!
Roxy: Fuck
no wai
John: yes wai. way.
it's back at my house.
i could go get it right now!
Roxy: damn son
i find this 2 be some truly baller happenstance
if ur claim is true im......
im cry (smiling face with a single tear)
John: it is quite true.
it should be a piece of cake.
you just wear it when you go to sleep, and it comes with you in your dreams.
then you find your cherub friend, put it on her finger, and bring her back!
i think you can only use it once though. so once she's wearing it, it would be hers forever, or at least
as long as she wants it.
Roxy: yo
yoooo
john thats amazing
Roxy: i dunno though that sounds like
such an obscenely precious commodity
u sure you want to let me use it?
John: sure.
it's no big deal, really.
for a while i was hanging on to it, thinking that i might give it to...
aw man, this is gong to sound dumb.
Roxy: hm?
John: there was a girl who i was considering giving it to, for some reason.
remember? she was the diabolical one who figured prominently in my long story.
Roxy: um
oh yea
fresca right
John: yes, close enough.
see, she Really wanted that ring.
and she found out i had it, and...
honestly, i'm not sure why it even crossed my mind to give it to her?
i guess i was just used to the idea that i liked her for some reason.

at least i thought i did.

it was a stupid idea based on hardly anything, like one day of conversations.

but since i've gotten to know her better...

i don't know.

i think i might actually...

kind of hate her?

Roxy: yeah?

John: yeah, she's...

actually pretty awful!

she's so full of herself, and mean to her friends, and...

dangerous.

really, really dangerous.

Roxy: ouch

well what can i say john

love sux

John: yeah. it does.

anyway, i don't think i can let anyone like that have the ring.

Roxy: but u dont mind trustin me wit it?

John: no!

it's funny, after spending some time with a person who is legitimately crazy, it becomes easy to tell right away when someone...

isn't?

Roxy: lol

u sure about that

John: well, yeah, everyone is a little crazy. i just mean not Bad crazy.

besides, you don't even want the ring for yourself.

you want to give it to someone you care about.

that is what makes you one of the good guys.

Roxy: what a nice thing to say

i bet sayin stuff like that is why ur their leader

John: what makes you think i'm the leader?

Roxy: come on dude you are obvs the leader of other kid team squad

i can just tell

John: haha, ok. i'll take that as a compliment.

anyway, i'll go get the ring now.

Roxy: yay!

ill wait here

no need to set off the alarms with a daring escape just yet

lets keep em lulled into a false sense of control over the sitch

we can start scheming under their nose while u keep sneakin around undetected

the last thing we want is for all hell to break loose before we know what were doin

John: yeah, that's a good plan.

if i had to guess, i'd say you must be the leader of your team squad too, right?

Roxy: naaaw

that's jane

as you can see shes the one with a knack for ruthless executive authority

is a shame she only uses it when evil tho (frowning face)

John: yeah.

but maybe we can do something about that, if we work together.

Roxy: (very happy face)

John: alright. off i go.
keep practicing your powers!
see you, roxy.

[Image description: John turns back into wind and leaves through the window with a whewwww. The guard turns and spots him and a question mark flashes over his head.]

[Image description: In the sprite style, Roxy turns back towards her pyramid fort and the wall she knocked down to get out reassembles itself.]

[Image description: She jumps and does a front flip, landing in the sitting position on top of the pyramid. Her landing knocks off the block from the top.]

dialoglog
Roxy: aw yiss

[Image description: In the realistic style, she lifts her hands to chest height, closes her eyes, and concentrates, just as she did when she made the first cube. A moment later, the background flashes from purple to black and she opens her eyes to look at what she made. It’s a misshapen mess that looks like the matriorb in some places, but it fades to green and the underside looks like the corner of a Perfectly Generic Object.]

[Image description: It zooms in on her face as she grins proudly.]

[Image description: Her pride turns to confused disgust and she sticks her tongue out a little.]

[Image description: John’s wisp flies over the skyline of Derse.]

[Image description: It stretches out towards LoMaX, where a tower sticks out of the ground in the middle of one of the quarters it’s divided into by the bands of purple.]

[Image description: It flies over the ship, which is still sitting on the ground at the base of Jake’s tower. The last time we saw it, though, it was only ruins. Now the base is fixed and the tower itself extends high into the sky.]

[Image description: John swoops down onto the deck and begins to solidify.]
John Egbert's ring has gone missing.

We are all completely blown away by this stunning revelation.

Wow. Missing. Really? As in not there?

Huh.
Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that’s probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 6 Act 6 Act 2: LoShit

Act 6 Act 6 Act 2

[Image description: The website returns to Caliborn Style in its various shades of green and disparaging link names. The terrible curtains open over a terrible, Caliborn-style drawing of Dave’s bedroom.]

[Note: Until the end of this act, all captions are written in bright green and all caps.]

We now return to your favorite web series. Homo suck.

Act something act something something. Already in progress.

Be a different male.

[Image description: A green finger cursor drags a Homosuck drawing of Dave into the panel and drops him next to his turntables.]

The last time that things happened. The male story hero blew up. So fortunately. We won’t see him ever again.

That means we need to be a new male to lead the story. Here he is. With his dumb black glasses and everything.

Here to onward. I will refer to this male as. The alpha male.

The alpha male is less bad than the original male. He is not as annoying. And has no tendency to randomly appear and bother people. He also likes cool swords. And "irony" I guess. And like myself. He has cultivated a taste for fine art. Hence, he will be my male of choice on this adventure.

But I will admit. There is one reason above others. Why I have decided to favor the alpha male.

He has exceptional taste in puppets.

[Image description: The cursor drags a homosuck Lil Cal and makes him sit on the floor next to Dave.]

Yessssssssssss.
Alpha male: call for backup.

[Image description: It zooms in on knockoff Dave’s face as he takes his glasses off and vaguely flaps his mouth open and shut. His eyes are bright red and wide open. It’s captioned Close Up.]

Show pesterlog
[Note: The button doesn’t work because Caliborn has written ‘Nope’ over it in large letters.]

Normally. Here's what would happen.

He would talk into his glasses or something. Like a pitiful loser. In doing so he would summon below his rectangle. What is known as. A pesterlog.

It is never advisable to open a pesterlog. You see. The button is a trap. Which when sprung. Releases words upon words. Which only serve to remind you. Of your intense dislike for the people saying the things. As well as. How little regard the author has. For your valuable time.

As such. There will be no words described in my tale. Only action!

Send in the bitches.

[Image description: Knockoff Dave turns to look to the left as the cursor drags in Knockoff Rose and Knockoff Jade. It looks like it’s going to set them down on the ground normally, but at the last second, it lets go, sending them bouncing all over the room until they land in a pile at Dave’s feet.]

The alpha male whistles for his bitches.

He will need a loyal entourage of top flight females to assist him on his important boy journey.

Actually. Let's invite a couple more to the party.

[Image description: Knockoff Jade and Knockoff Rose stand up just in time for Knockoff Jane and Knockoff Roxy to be dragged in and given the same bouncing treatment.]

These two delectable floozies were not supposed to show up until a lot later.

But let's be honest. It doesn't matter.

Alpha male: begin game.

[Image description: Knockoff Dave and Cal, followed by all four of the knockoff girls, move jerkily over to a poorly drawn set of machines that resemble an alchemiter, a totem lathe, and a cruxtruder.]

You and your comely harem of hoochie mamas cut to the fucking chase. You sidle up to the assortment of game junk. Which is relevant to making this happen.

Next

[Image description: They stop moving at the same time that the white and blue outline of not-Knockoff John begins to appear next to the totem lathe.]

Next

[Image description: He fully materializes and looks around in disgusted confusion at the shity machines.]
Next

[Image description: He leans back and blinks up at the totem lathe, which is many times his height.]

Next

[Image description: He turns and stares at the cruxtruder.]

Next

[Image description: Finally, he spots Knockoff Dave, Cal, and Rose, who boggle vacantly in his direction.]

Next

[Image description: He looks horrified and reaches up towards knockoff Dave’s face.]

Next

[Image description: He pokes knockoff Dave’s glasses and says a quiet ‘oh dear god’.]

Disregard the unimportant male ghost behind the curtain.

[Image description: John sticks out his tongue in disgust as Caliborn’s cursor drags a terrible curtain over John, blocking him from view. In a second image, John stares down at the ground and holds his head like he’s struggling to process what he’s seeing. He says “this is really dumb”.]

He will not be a part of this story.

Let’s continue.

[Image description: A badly drawn orange egg sits on the alchemiter. A badly drawn cruxite dowel hovers over the cruxtruder. A terrible Crowkernelsprite hovers in the corner next to the cruxtruder. Yellow captchalogue cards are scattered over everything. The knockoff characters and items bounce up and down. In a second image, John pulls on the curtain and looks up, his tongue out in disgust. He says “why is everything So Shitty.”]

The alpha male does the requisite things with the stuff. His adventure is nigh.

Alpha male: go outside.

[Image description: Knockoff Dave leads his crew of knockoff girls away from the machines. John pushes through the curtains and cups one hand at his mouth so he can call after them. “this isn't how any of this happened, you idiot!”]

The alpha male and his trusty bitch parade proceed to the roof. To witness the incredible land of fantasy he has entered.

Alpha male: be on roof.

[Image description: The Knockoff Crew stands on the roof of a terribly drawn apartment. The sky behind them is a choppy gradient from dark orange at the top to yellow at the bottom. A badly drawn red spiral hangs in the sky directly above the building. Skaian clouds float around the building, but they’re well drawn and on blue backgrounds, so they’re clearly copy-pasted from somewhere else. In a second image, John struggles to climb awfully drawn stairs that are smudged]
with something black. He says “hey, where do you think you’re going! I’m not going to stand by while you mangle our story like this! augh, these stairs are so terrible! How are these even stairs??!”

You successfully be on the roof. And prepare to human kiss your sorry planet goodbye. There is not a dry eye in the party. Except for the male’s. As well as the puppet’s.

Suddenly. There is a dramatic change.

[Image description: The background slowly fades to black behind the apartment building. In a second image, John grits his teeth and struggles to push through a doorway that’s shaped more like a deformed pair of pants than a rectangle. He says “wait! Fuck!! oh my god. This door is dog shit.”]

I don’t recall what his land was though.

[Image description: Back in the normal Homestuck style, Lil Seb sits on the ground near Caliborn’s console and cuts objects out from the Ed Emberly’s Make A World Drawing Book. Currently, he’s on a page of vehicles.]

Something with lava I think? I don’t really care. I will just make up my own. It will be a great opportunity. To flex my powerful *world building* muscles for you to be dazzled by.

You see. When crafting a strong and compelling narrative. I think it’s important for an accomplished artist. To give himself the latitude to do whatever he wants. And to fuck around as much as cherubically possible. And the size of that latitude should be. Literally as big. As the whole fucking story.

As such. Using knowledge accrued from my tomes of artisan knowledge. I will change my "art style". To demonstrate my versatility. And make you be impressed.

However. The mangas are clearly too advanced for now. After I level up in fine art. Maybe. But not now.

So for the time being. And to get more practice. All of my world assets. Will be respectfully plagiarized from the distinguished mr. Emberly.

Wow, yes. So good.

[Image description: John stands next to the Knockoff Crew, having managed to shove his way through the dogshit doorway. The background behind them is now filled with two dark green hills against a black sky. Cut out Ed Emberly drawings are everywhere. A blue plane and a red plane both fly in the sky. A pair of barns are perched on the left hill, a castle sits in the valley between the hills, and a skyline sits on the right hill. A watch tower and a man on a bicycle sit on the slopes of the left hill, along with a drawing of three smaller hills. On the right hill, there is a church, a tree, and an erupting volcano. At the top of the image, between the two planes, is the name of this land. “Land of someone's handicrafts I took.” In a second image, John turns and stares up at the cutout of the castle, which looks like it’s a flat piece of cardboard propped up to look like a background. He says “what.”]

Alpha male: whistle for stallions.

[Image description: Above LoShIT, there’s now a whole row from the drawing book, which shows each step of making a ‘horse walking’. There are nine steps, each of which just shows what to add on to the previous step. From left to right, they are]
Brown rectangle.
Add obtuse triangle to make the neck.
Add another obtuse triangle to the top of the neck to make the head.
Add an upside down V shape to make the back legs.
Add another upside down V to make the front legs.
Add three swishy lines to make the tail.
Add a small V shape to the head to make the ears.
Add some more swishy lines down the neck to make the mane.
Add a dot on the neck for some reason.

You beckon a flock of noble mounts. Your party will need them. To gallop across my beautiful realm of wonders.

Stallions: descend.

[Image description: The horses in various states of completion from steps 3 through 9 all descend down around the knockoff crew, but mainly around knockoff Dave.]

The alpha male's reign of adventure begins here. On this roof. Overlooking an enchanted cliffscape. Host to innumerable gorgeous stallions.

How ironic. That his very departure. Would be in the proximity of some horses. What. You didn't follow that? Just think it over.

Think it over.

Mount steeds.

[Image description: The knockoff crew, including Lil Cal, all sit astride horses. Knockoff Dave has the complete horse and Lil Cal has the next most complete horse. Jade sits on the one without a mane, Rose on the one without a mane or ears, Roxy on the one without a mane, ears, or tail, and Jane on the one without a mane, ears, tail, or front legs. There’s one horse without a rider, and it’s the one without any legs at all. John looks disgusted at it.]

All members of your party sit on their majestic beasts of burden. And prepare to ride like the wind.

It goes without saying. That the incomplete horses. Must be reserved for the women.

Steeds: ride.

[Image description: The knockoff crew rides the horses right off the edge of the building. Jade’s horse rears back and Roxy’s flips upside down. John follows them to the edge of the building and calls after them. “wait!!! ugh. You're all such morons!”]

They're off! Look at them go.

Next

[Image description: John face palms in exasperation. The disassembled horse still hangs out next to him. He says “eaeuurghghhh.”]

Next

[Image description: He drops his hand and looks up at the legless horse. He says “welp. guess it's time to saddle up. why the hell not.”]
Next
[Image description: He grabs the horse by the neck and starts pulling himself up onto it. He kicks his feet a bit and says “unf.”]

Next
[Image description: Once he gets up, he looks down at the horse with an entirely done expression and says “this is literally the suckiest horse I have ever seen in my life… whatever. giddyup!”]

Next
[Image description: The horse jumps off the roof, then begins floating up and away, taking John with it. John says “ya! Yahhh!!! Fly, shit biscuit! Fly!!! no, you dumbass! Not this way! go down! down I say!!!!”]

Next
[Image description: John and Shit Biscuit the horse weave around various obstacles. John says “woah fella! Watch out for that helicopter! and that rocket ship! and that, uh... row of sky vikings! yes, go this way! Down!! Good horse!!!” There was also an airplane under the helicopter, but John didn’t bother mentioning it. The horse finally begins to descend.]

Next
[Image description: It zooms out. Shit Biscuit is taking John directly down, towards where the knockoff crew sits on their horses by a lake, along with a bear. A waterfall pours down from a shitty hill. New parts of the hills are topped with circus tents, a skyline, surprisingly tiny mountains, a lighthouse, and a windmill. The ‘how to draw a super person’ line floats in the sky, along with a hot air balloon and a plane. On the ground to the left of the lake, there are more surprisingly tiny mountains, the ‘how to draw a skeleton’ line, an SUV, a race car, an archer, and a crocodile. To the right of the knockoff crew, there’s a robot, a witch, a black dog, and a palm tree. A battleship floats in the lake, along with a pirate ship and a whole whale. John yells “yee haw! Almost there! wait... Horse! What are you doing! oh god. We're gonna crash!”]

Next
[Image description: John throws his arms in the air and yells as Shit Biscuit takes him on a crash course for knockoff Roxy and her terrible horse. He yells “bogus roxy, watch out! We're gonna crrrraaaaaaash! um... very slowly, it would seem.”]

Next
[Image description: The horses collide and break apart into their basic shapes in a Horse Accident. John goes flying off to the right and knockoff Roxy’s head pops off as she flies left, along with both arms and one of her legs.]

Next
[Image description: John pushes himself up off the ground and turns to look over his shoulder at Knockoff Roxy.]

Next
[Image description: He stands up and walks past the bear to look at knockoff Roxy’s head. The car
drives towards the lake and the battleship floats closer to the edge of the lake.]

Next

[Image description: John picks up the head, which boggles vacantly at him. He says “sorry, bogus roxy. I will try to make it up to you. um. The real you, I mean.”]

Next

[Image description: John drops the head and glares over his shoulder towards where the command for the next page floats in the sky. He says “oh hell no. This bozo is still at it.”]

The alpha male is accosted by a pack of wild foes.

[Image description: John glares at Knockoff Dave, who is still astride his horse and facing the robot, witch, and black dog. A shitty alert showing a shitty sword rack flashes over knockoff Dave’s head.]

Raucous melee is imminent.

The male reaches for his blade. But discovers. He doesn't have one!

In his haste to begin his journey. He forgot to take it.

Alpha male: receive boon from your creator.

[Image description: Caliborn’s cursor drags a shitty green chest towards knockoff Dave while John still glares at him from behind.]

I give the male a mysterious chest.

Will what is inside. Turn the tide of battle?? Let's find out.

Open chest.

[Image description: The chest pops open and three pieces of the so-called ‘porn’ that Dirk drew for Caliborn pop out. They’re the ones where Roxy smashes cake into Jane’s mouth, where Roxy proposes to Jake, and where Dirk smooches Jane on the cheek while cupping a feel on her breast.]

You open the chest. To reveal a collection of illicit smut.

*jackpot* I say. By which I mean. You say.

With your trusty smut. Forge a sword.

[Image description: Knockoff Dave holds up a sword made from porn. Behind him, John begins to cry.]

Your filthy human pornography. Has been forged into a formidable blade.

Your foes tremble in their boots!

Strike the witch.

[Image description: Knockoff Dave’s horse rides forward and he poks the witch over the head with his sword. The horse jumps forward, then both it and Dave begin flashing as they’re knocked
You deal a critical hit to the horrible witch.

However. An ill timed leap subsequently causes you to suffer *massive damage*.

Your noble mount absorbs most of the damage though.

[Image description: The shitty but complete horse lays on its side and the wolf approaches it.]

The horse has been slain.

The wolf thing consumes the carcass. After his meal. He leaves full and satisfied. Never to return.

The witch also dies from her injuries.

[Image description: The witch lays on the ground next to four more pieces of smut. They’re the one of Roxy rubbing Jane’s tummy as Nurnse Roolal, the one of Jane serenading Roxy with ghostbusters while rubbing a rose down her face, the one where Dirk kisses Jane and says ‘you are darling to me’, and the one of Jake eating his and Roxy’s baby. John looks down at the porn and the witch and says “boooooooool”]

She drops. Let's say. Additional pornos. You put them in your stash.

As a result of all that. The robot goes crazy.

[Image description: Knockoff Dave stand where the witch was and holds up his sword. Knockoff Rose steps down off her horse. The robot begins jittering around. In the middle of all of it, John yells “you suck!!”]

All your foes have been defeated. You win the fracas!

As the best boy hero. Who accomplished a success. You are now entitled to the spoils.

Alpha male: receive spoils.

[Image description: A cursor drags Knockoff Rose towards Knockoff Dave, who drops his sword. Behind them, John yells “oh god dammit.”]

The male sheaths his sword on the floor. Looking cool and casual. Like the dangerous hero thing he did was no big deal.

But one of his faithful bimbos nearby thought it was a *really* big deal. She is swooning his way right now. She will reward the male for his manly deeds. With a human kiss!

Here is where the tale begins to get a little.

*sloppy*

Ahaha. Haha.

Story rectangle: zoom in on raunchy seduction.

[Image description: John shoves himself between his knockoff friends, holding knockoff Dave back with a hand on his chest and knockoff Rose back with a hand on her face. He yells “no, stop! They're brother and sister you gross freak!!”]
[Image description: Knockoff Dave and Rose’s faces move closer together, but John shoves his hands between them and pushes them apart while screaming “aaarggh. No. No! I don't care how bogus they are! I won’t... let you make... dave and rose... kiss!!!!!!!!!!”]

Next

[Image description: John picks up knockoff Dave and tosses him away while screaming “that's enough! I can't take any more of your shitty story! It's so ugly and stupid and it's making me mad!!! Raaaaarrruaarrruaghaauaughgaarruuahguuuuaaaauuggggaauhhgh!” One of knockoff Dave’s legs pops off.]

Next

[Image description: John stumps on knockoff Dave’s head, which has come off his body. John rants “and another thing! Why don't you learn to respect girls better?! you're just making them follow dave around like a bunch of idiots! The only thing you're letting them do is kiss the boy whenever he does something brave! that's so lame! All these girls had their own cool adventures! Don't you realize what you're doing here makes you a weird creep???”]

It seems the alpha male has been slain.

[Image description: John jumps and flails on top of knockoff Dave’s disassembled body. Knockoff Rose lays on the ground. Two more knockoff Daves come up behind John.]

This obviously will not do.

Some additional backup males are deployed. Due to, let's say. Time travel.

Time travel keeps happening!

[Image description: John stops jumping and just yells as Caliborn’s cursor drags and drops at least ten Daves in a pile on top of him.]

The male is being very reckless with his loops. What a mess!

The dude pile. Doesn't stop. From getting taller.

[Image description: John screams more as the entire area fills with a pile of slightly wiggling knockoff Daves.]

It causes everyone to completely forget. About the increasingly agitated blue male. Altogether.

That's the end of homo suck. Act. Uh.

[Image description: John frees one arm from the pile of knockoff Daves and shakes a fist at the sky while desperately screaming “I'm gonna fuckin kill you!!!!!!!!!!”]

Chapter two.

Thank you for subscribing to my story.

[Image description: Shitty curtains jerk closed over the dude pile and John’s threat.]

Be sure to click through the following pages as fast as you can. To get right back here. To the good
stuff. Bye.

Act 6 Act 6 Intermission 2: there's problems

Act 6 Act 6 Intermission 2

[Image description: Crockertier Jane floats next to Jake’s built up tower. The main spire of it is made from repetitions of various parts of the base.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: She glares and lifts her hands; one to head height and one to chest height. She makes a clawed shape with both. An alert with a black background hovers over her head. It shows a red, flashing spirograph.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: A red Revise cursor selects a piece of Jake’s tower from the top. It drags a red rectangle over a few dozen floors and copies it, making the tower that much taller.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms out to show the ship laying at the base of the mountain. Jane continues messing with the tower in the background.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It shows the couch room inside the ship.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the fridge.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: The fridge turns to a black outline so we can see what’s inside. It’s Gamzee. He’s wearing his godtier outfit and sleeping happily with his hands tucked under his cheek where he leans it against the inside wall. A blank, black alert floats next to him.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Gamzee. There’s something yellow on his finger.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in further. He’s wearing a golden ring identical to the ones that Roxy and John had at various times.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It shifts to focus on his forehead, where there’s a pulsing black circle with a Scorpio symbol in it.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: In a black void, Gamzee kneels and offers out the ring on Rose’s purple velvet
pillow. Gamzee’s eyes are still closed, like he’s sleeping, and the Scorpio symbol is still on his forehead. The grey silhouette of a Serket’s barbed horn takes up the left side of the screen.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: The perspective shifts and we see Gamzee’s horn in grey silhouette. A few feet away, there is a Serket blue silhouette, but it’s not Vriska.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It’s Aranea, and she’s wearing an outfit that looks like Mindfang’s. She lifts a hand and waves to Gamzee.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: She holds a hand out towards Gamzee with her palm up.]

dialoglog
Aranea: Rise, my bard.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: She puts a finger on her chin and looks a bit uncertain.]

dialoglog
Aranea: "Rise, my bard?"
Sheesh.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: She reaches a black-gloved hand out to take the ring from the pillow.]

dialoglog
Aranea: Aranea, if you want people to start taking you seriously, your chilling repartee is going to need some work.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: She slips the ring on her finger.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Her eyes, which are the blank white of a ghost’s, flash brightly then slowly fade to yellow with black pupils. One of her eyes has seven pupils: six small ones in a ring around a normal sized one.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: She grins and puts the hand with the ring on it on top of Gamzee’s absurdly tall hat.]

dialoglog
Aranea: Now, loyal minstrel.
Wake!
Wake, I say!!!!!!!!
[Image description: Both she and Gamzee disappear in a white flash, leaving only a black expanse behind.]

[Image description: In the couch room, the fridge bursts open and Gamzee and Aranea come tumbling out. Gamzee lands flat on his back and Aranea lands sitting up. Something small and pink bounces onto the ground next to her.]

dialoglog
Aranea: Oof!
Gamzee: Honk.

[Image description: A clip of the song Fuchsia Ruler begins to play as the pink object, which we can now see is a clamshell shaped phone, rings and vibrates. A Meenah alert hovers above it.]

dialoglog
Aranea: Just great.
What does she want THIS time?

[Image description: Aranea stands up and answers the phone. Gamzee still lays on the floor and stares up at the ceiling.]

dialoglog
Aranea: Shello?
Meenah: hey twerket
da fuck you think you're doin
Aranea: I have no idea what you're talking about.
Meenah: bullshit
you went after the blue nerds ring
you wearin it now aint you
Aranea: I couldn't say, Meenah.
I do like to wear jewelry from time to time, just like you.
It's certainly possible there is a shiny new ring on my finger.
So what if there is?
Meenah: aranea so kelp me god
you need to take that shit off right now
throw it in a volcano or somefin and just come home
Aranea: First, I would appreciate it if you referred to me as Mindfang.
Remember how I've been trying to make that be a thing lately?
Second, I have no intention of discarding this ring, now or ever.
Wheels are already in motion, Meenah.
Irons are heating up as we speak!
Meenah: wheels
irons
aranea what
mindfang what are you even planning
you gonna meddle?
you gonna meddle i just know it Ugh
Aranea: I am just taking some initiative for a change.
Has it occurred to you that it might have become a little tiresome for me to spend eternity as a
boring nobody while so many others got to play important roles in determining the fate of reality?
Heck, you were barely dead for two minutes before you started assembling an army!
Even my alternate universe self got to lead an amazing life. Which is all well and good for
Her........
but what about ME, Meenah?
Water. boat. Me.
Meenah: yo i feel you on that
Meenah: trust me gurl
but you do realize youre makin a glubbin mess here
i mean you Know this shit aint like
part a the legit chain of events
you arent supposed to be there
Aranea: Of course I know that.
Like I said, I have a plan.
Meenah: What plan
Aranea: I'm going to take over this session.
And then I am going to make sure it never bears fruit.
If I can stop this universe from being created, then the young Lord of Time will never have
hatched in the first place.
I won't merely be defeating an invincible foe. I will be erasing all the pain he has ever caused.
Meenah: uh
serk have you lost it
you know all youre doing is making another doomed timeline where everyone dies right
Aranea: Of course I know that.
Please, Meenah. Don't insult me. I've given this a lot of thought.
If anyone else attempted this, what you said would be true. but I am not just anyone.
I am a very powerful Sylph of Light. I have had millions of sweeps to hone my abilities.
As one gifted with the aspect of light, certain outcomes will be prone to breaking in my favor.
And as an ancient, highly experienced sylph, I wield an unprecedented ability to heal.
A doomed timeline is really just an anatomical feature of a much larger organism. Like a capillary
which comes to an end, because it has withered and died.
I believe I will be able to heal this offshoot.
And with enough time and patience, I am confident I can restore its vitality to such a great extent, it
will effectively take over as the alpha timeline, thus reducing English to a lost footnote of paradox
space.
Then the new alpha timeline will flourish under my immortal care. I will watch over it for eternity,
assuring peace and harmony everywhere. There will be a new progeny of universes, and those
universes will beget more universes, and each will benefit from my good grace. I will personally
make sure nothing like the English mishap ever occurs again.
I mean, this is mostly theoretical, of course.
but the most important thing here is that I am involved now.
It is vital to all our interests that I at least Try.
Meenah: aight
so you just totally flipped your think pan is all
got it
Aranea: I appreciate the vote of confidence.
Are we about done here?
Meenah: no
so your timeline healing fantasy aside
your plan is to just waltz in there
an knock over the whole session
you do realize that means you'll have to take down my grownup self
like
not to blow my own conch but she is arguably the greatest deadliest most stylin badass who ever lived
Aranea: I am aware.
but there is no one who is in a better position to deal with her than myself.
After all, who knows you better than I? (smiling face with four eyes)
Meenah: ok yeah but
you aint exactly shoppin for her mindfang
she got all these sick powers yo
Aranea: It's like I said.
I've had quite a long time to refine my abilities.
I will have a few tricks up my sleeve.
Meenah: man
this is gonna go so terribubbly
Aranea: Meenah, I must say your attitude is a little surprising.
I thought you were typically gung ho about such audacious escapades?
Meenah: yeah well
theres audacious and then theres bald faced flipping insmanatee
beside
did you ever stop and think about me
Aranea: What about you?
Meenah: you being alive again
all runnin around stirring up trouble while im still a ghost
im gonna miss you
Aranea: I'll miss you too, Meenah.
Meenah: will i ever see you again
Aranea: I really don't know.
When you're trying to do the right thing, there is always sacrifice involved.
Remember? That's why we all died in the first place.
Meenah: i guess
Aranea: besides. I'm sure Vriska would approve of my plan.
Maybe she can explain my reasoning better than I have.
Meenah: um no
actually serket deuce isn't down with this at all
Aranea: What?
She isn't?
Meenah: nope
she thinks you bein dumb as a fuck
Aranea: What did she say, exactly?
Were those her exact words?
Meenah: dunno
this aint the serket twin message reelay service
Aranea: Is she there with you?
Meenah: yeah
Aranea: Can you put her on?
Meenah: no
Vriska: Can I just talk to her already?
Meenah: no
Vriska: I just want to say a couple of things!!!!!!!!
Meenah: call her yourself
Vriska: I don't have a phone!
Here, let me talk to her.
Meenah: No
bitch dont touch my clam
Aranea: Very well.
You have both made yourselves abundantly clear.
I will go it alone. but that's what I was signing up for in the first place, I suppose.
Goodbye, Meenah. Take care.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Aranea turns to Gamzee.]
dialoglog
Aranea: Now then.
What to do about you?
Shall I continue to manipulate you? Or will you comply with my orders if I decide to loosen my grip?
Perhaps the threat of being controlled again will be enough to keep your capricious tendencies in check?
........

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Gamzee sits up and smiles placidly at her. There’s a Scorpio mind control symbol on his forehead.]
dialoglog
Aranea: I guess it's a risk.
but you seem so serene and compliant.
Alright. I will be gracious, and allow you some free will privileges.
Use them wisely, my trusty jongleur.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Gamzee’s hand’s begin twitching as he throws his head back and shouts loudly. His tongue flops out of his mouth and his eyes turn orange.]
dialoglog
Gamzee: (caps) Mother fuck who's all this fresh pimp ryda I got my wicked peep on for suddenly?
It's a mother fuckin ninjalicious ho-titty miracle jacked up in this bitch ass mother fu-

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Aranea sticks her hand out and the scorpio symbol reappears on his forehead.
He stop screaming, his eyes go back to yellow, and he begins smiling blankly again.]
dialoglog
Aranea: No.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: She stares down at him with a faintly disturbed expression.]
And I thought our Makara was awful. At least he had the decency to sew his mouth shut.

Anyway, I have wasted enough time dithering around with fools. There is much work to be done.
dialoglog
Meenah: shouty is that you
Karkat: yeah.
I mean, no.
this is karkat.
is this
is this meenah?
Meenah: yeh
Karkat: oh.
hey
long time no, uh
I didn't think I'd hear from you again.
not that I'm telling you to piss off or anything, I'm just surprised.
how have you been
I mean
never mind. That's a fucking stupid question.
you're a ghost.
you're still a ghost, right?
uh
hey look
I know we made those tentative plans where I was going to join your army.
and then I guess nothing really came of that, because...
I don't know. I guess some shit came up?
you know how things go.
anyway, I'm sorry I never saw you after that, or called you, or...
you know what? I didn't even know it was a fucking option to call you.
maybe someone could have told me that was an actual fucking possibility???
I know, what a crazy thought. Useful, practical information being imparted to me in some manner
for once in my fu-
Meenah: shouty stfu

[Image description: It shows a closeup of Meenah’s mouth as she talks into her own pink clamshell phone. Her lipstick is fuchsia and her teeth are very sharp, like a shark’s.]

dialoglog
Meenah: we got a whale of a problem here

[Image description: The ship sits on Derse, in a crater it smashed in the roof of a building.]

[Image description: Jane glares down and puts one finger to her temple, resting it on top of the tiaratop. A Space symbol alert hovers above her.]

dialoglog
Jane: Crocker to Harley.
Come in Harley.
o you read me?
Jade: yes (face with buck teeth)
Jane: I suggest that you come to Derse right away.
Jade: what is it

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on an extreme closeup of her mouth again, once again in position to make an L sound.]

dialoglog
Jane: We potentially have a problem here that is rather significant in size.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It switches to a closeup of a different mouth. This one is wide open and drooling.]

dialoglog
Jake: Zzzzzz.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Jake is fast asleep with his hands pulled up to his cheek.]

dialoglog
Jake: Ooh neytiri...
Zzz.
He learning so much about myself...
Through your primitive culture...
Snore.
Neytiri: Jake.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms out more. He’s laying on the floor of the Dersite jail cell in the fetal position.]

dialoglog
Jake: Whats that neytiri?
Snooze.
Why yes...
Of course i am open to exploring alien intercourse with you...
Neytiri: Jake.
Jake: Do what with my tail now?
Oh my...
Zzzzzzzzz.
Neytiri: Jake, wake up.
Jake: Hold your horses neytiri im doing my best here...
You know mobility isn't my strong suit what with this wobbly pair of puppet legs god gave me...
Jake: Slumber.
Aranea: Jake!!!!!!!
[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Jake wakes up with a start and throws himself upright. Aranea is standing in his cell with him.]

dialoglog
Jake: Bwuh???

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Aranea smiles down at him and waves the hand with the ring on it.]

dialoglog
Aranea: Greetings, Jake.
We meet again.
Jake: Aranea?
Wait this means im still dreaming doesnt it.
Aranea: On the contrary!
You are awake now.
And I, alive.
Jake: Hold the phone...
Youre not a spooky ghost babe anymore?
Girl! Ghost girl.
(Dang it!)
Aranea: No, Jake. I have returned from the dead for good.
And I have come for you.
Jake: G-g-g-
Gulp. (gasping face)
Aranea: Surely you remember the first time we met? And what we talked about?
Jake: Yeah.
Um.
Mostly?
Aranea: I once spoke of your destiny. The one whereby you will deal the Lord of Time his first defeat. Do you recall?
Jake: No.
I mean...
Maybe?
Aranea: It doesn't matter. The plan has changed.
Jake: It has?
Aranea: Yes, Jake.
You see, in every hero of hope there dwells a great hidden power, unrivaled by that of any other aspect.
And for a page, the journey to reach his full potential is longer than it is for any other class.
but once that journey is over, how fearsome he becomes!

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Jake stares up at her in opened mouthed shock as she grabs him by the shoulders.]

dialoglog
Aranea: I am here to shorten that journey for you.
And in return for this favor, you will serve my needs.
Jake: H-
How?

[Image description: She grins down at him with a faintly predatory look.]

dialoglog
Aranea: There are many obstacles within that are preventing you from accessing your true potential.
You cannot see them, Jake, but I can.
I can see every fault and fissure in your mind. My vision 8-fold sheds light on every injury you have ever suffered, whether emotional or physical.

[Image description: She puts one hand on his waist and pulls him up from the ground. He pulls back a little, but she doesn’t let go.]

dialoglog
Aranea: I can repair it all for you, Jake.
Jake: (Oh no...)

[Image description: She leans in, like she’s going to kiss him.]

dialoglog
Aranea: I can heal your mind.
Jake: (Oh n-n-n-)

[Image description: It zooms in on Jake’s eye. He looks terrified.]

dialoglog
Aranea: I can heal your soul.
Jake: N-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o
Aranea: I'm sorry!
There! See?
I am respecting your personal boundaries. We don't have to kiss!
Good grief, that went poorly.
I only tried to kiss you because I knew you were attracted to me!
I thought I was doing you a Favor!
I don't know what I'm supposed to........
Sigh.
You really are a piece of work, Jake. Here I am, a literal mind reader, and I still can't figure you out.
but you're right.
My advances were inappropriate, and in the future I will try to be more respectful.

Aranea: I'm still going to heal you though.

Aranea: It is nothing personal. There is simply no alternative.

Aranea: Your power is too important to my plan!

Jade: who took my ship??
Jane: I don't know.
When I arrived, it was already parked here.
Most illegally, I might add.
Jade: that is So illegal
maybe we should call in some authority regulators to have it ticketed and towed
Jane: If you really wanted to relocate the vehicle, couldn't you just.
You know. Teleport it somewhere else?
Jade: yes
but i love watching those guys write their little tickets
theyre so cute
Jane: Indeed.
But observing adorable creatures issue citations will not address our problem.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: They fly down a bit closer but stay hovering in the spaces between two large buildings.]

dialoglog
Jade: do you think we should ask the condesce what to do?
Jane: I would rather not involve her in this matter.
We should be more than sufficiently equipped to handle it.
Jade: yes youre right
what would she think if we went whimpering to her every time some buffoon parked a battleship illegally
Jane: She would think we were a couple of silly children.
Jade: yeah
hmm
Jane: What?
Jade: maybe we should check on the prisoners again
Jane: That would be a logical course of action.
Jade: whoa
Jane: What?

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: They both turn and look to the left. Something in the distance glows bright white.]

dialoglog
Jade: something is happening…

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Derse begins to tremble as white light bleeds through the streets.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: All they can do is stare as bright white light bursts across the skyline, shredding buildings in its wake and spewing out the ghostly, winged forms of Angels, like the ones from Eridan’s land: the land of Wrath and Angels. Tendrils of light twist off of the main blast and form something that resembles the Hope symbol.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: The light grows and shreds more buildings until it takes up nearly the whole sky. Angels fly past Jane and Jade, who float in the same places and watch the chaos.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: The buildings around them begin to crumble from the dersequakes. The light begins to approach them and an Angel flies past the ship.]
Roxy: Shazam!

Roxy: eep

Roxy: yeah i think ima stay invisible a while
Dave sprite: what

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Arquiusprite’s sweaty face. His already cracked glasses crack further and small pieces of the lenses fall out. The holes smoke faintly.]

sprite log
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) The power…

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Davesprite and Arquiusprite both stare up at the sky. They are both shown in orange and red silhouettes, respectively.]

sprite log
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) It's...
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) It's over...
Davesprite: over what

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in disgustingly close on Arquiusprite’s mouth. His teeth are sharp, and several of them are missing.]

sprite log
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) it Is Exceeding a Certain Amount in Quantity

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Back on Derse, Jane and Jade fly towards Jake, who is levitating over the ruins of part of Derse in his ball of light. Aranea floats nearby and watches him.]

dialoglog
Jane: jake. Cease powering up at once.
you're destroying empire property!

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: The screen splits. In the left half, Aranea puts her hand on her hip and smiles up at Jake. In the right half, Jane glares down at him.]

dialoglog
Aranea: I don't think he can hear you right now.
The hope field is nigh impenetrable!
Jane: Who are you?
Aranea: Who. Me?
Oh.......
[Image description: Jane narrows her eyes and turns to look over her shoulder at Jade, who snarls. Roxy, who is still transparent, floats a bit behind Jade. In the distance, an angel flies through the sky.]

dialoglog
Jane: Harley.
You deal with Jake.
I will subdue the smug troll.
Jade: ok!

[Image description: Jane’s dad grabs the bars of his cell and peers out towards the light. Jade flies towards Jake at the center of the light ball, and Jane flies towards Aranea off to the side.]

[Image description: Dad stares on ‘Stern Fatherly Confusion’. That flashes over his head and flashing question marks surround him.]

[Image description: Jade grins and forms opposite corners of a square with her fingers. Her hair whips around behind her and glows faintly green. She smiles predatorily.]

dialoglog
Jade: sorry jake you heard the lady
youre making a royal mess of the place
so im gonna have to zap you to the furthest ring!
what im saying is youve been very naughty and rambunctious so now you have to go outside
Jake: [note: In large, white-flame wreathed, pulsing, green letters] Gadzooks

[Image description: Jade flies towards the edge of the light sphere, but she gets pushed back.]

dialoglog
Jade: what
what the...
why cant.....

[Image description: She centers the finger square on Jake, but nothing happens. Jake keeps screaming.]

dialoglog
Jade: why cant i zap you away!
Jake: [Note: In large, white-flame wreathed, pulsing, green letters] Boy Howdy
Jade: augh shut up!
your booming cornball exclamations are hurting my doggy ears!!!
come on jade
focus!
Focus damn you!

A6A6l2 Next

Image description: Jade uses her fingers to frame Jake’s crotch.

dialoglog
Jade: grrr!
its so hard to concentrate while i have to stare at his Stupid little shorts!
i didnt ask for this jake!
i never wanted to see my grandpa in a sexy pair of underpants!!!
Jake: [Note: In large, white-flame wreathed, pulsing, green letters] Holy Toledo

A6A6l2 Next

Image description: Jade glares at Jake and holds her hands out. She trembles with effort and lightning sparks across her skin.

dialoglog
Jane: What's the hold up?
Jade: my powers...
cant seem...
to penetrate...
The Hope Field!!!
*pant pant*
Jake: [Note: In large, white-flame wreathed, pulsing, green letters] Land Sakes Alive
Jade: Also He Keeps Doing That!!!
Jane: So I have overheard.
Jake, your righteous ascension has been quite impressive.
But that is incredibly annoying.
Jake: [Note: In large, white-flame wreathed, pulsing, green letters] Hello Nurse
Jane: Oh, for Pete's sake.

A6A6l2 Next

Image description: A red silhouette of Jane approaches a blue silhouette of Aranea. Jane has her Skaia trident out and levels it at Aranea’s chest. Aranea just grins at her.

dialoglog
Aranea: Well?
I thought you said you were going to subdue me.
I'm waiting, miss Crocker.
Jane: What game are you playing, troll?
State your designs on my future husband.
Aranea: Don't worry. I am only borrowing him temporarily as an equalizing force.
And once he has finished equalizing, I will tear your empire apart. (smiling face with four eyes)
Jane: You will do no such thing.
Aranea: Then it would seem the next move is yours.
I trust your weapon is not just for show.
Or did Her Condescension see fit to equip her heiress with a training fork?
Jane: .
.
My calculations say that it is highly probable you are enticing me into a trap.
Aranea: It's no trap, I assure you.
I simply cannot be killed.
You see, as long as a certain charm remains in my possession, I am immortal.
Even more immortal than usual!
Jane: More immortal than usual??
Aranea: Yes.

That's stupid.
Jake: [Note: In large, white-flame wreathed, pulsing, green letters] By Gum
Jane: Good gravy.
Can't you shut him up?
Aranea: Sadly, no.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Jade glares in at Jake and throws her arms out to the sides.]

dialoglog
Jade: alright jake
you win
if i cant zap you out of here then i have no choice but to let you stay
but i cant allow you to keep trashing the old ladys property
so ill just swap the planets instead!

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Jake’s hope feiled hovers over Derse. In a flash, Derse is gone and LoFaF sits
in its place. Jake is very near Jade’s tower.]

dialoglog
Jade: dont you remember when we used to be pen pals jake?
how many times did i help you solve a tricky problem?
i am very very clever
whereas you...
lets face it
are not (tongue sticking out face)
Jake: [Note: In large, white-flame wreathed, pulsing, green letters] Ay Chihuahua

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Karkat and Kanaya stare up through the canopy of LoFaF’s forest and spot the
glowing ball.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: The light streams down like sunlight and Kanaya takes a half step back.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Dave stands in his apartment roof with W.V. He lifts his wrist, which has a
wrist mounted walkie talkie on it, but Dave’s is shaped like a lime green plush ass. There’s a
Karkat alert next to it.]
Karkat: dave
come in dave.
do you fucking read me.
Dave: go

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the plush ass. Karkat’s alert becomes a little fuzzy.]

Dialoglog
[Note: All of Karkat’s dialogue is slightly blurry.]
Karkat: we may have a problem here
Dave: what?
Karkat: I said we may have a problem here
Dave: what was that
Karkat: I said
god dammit
are you talking into that little ass again
Dave: dude your words are all muffled
can you speak up
Karkat: I said we may have-
Dave: louder
Karkat: I said we-
Dave: louder man
sound doesn't travel through foam too well

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: A scribbly drawing of Karkat’s mouth screams into a scribbly drawing of his wrist crab.]

dialoglog
Karkat: I said we may have a really big fucking problem over here!!!!!!!
Dave: im on my way

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Jade, Jane, Aranea, and Roxy all hover around Jake’s hope field, which is now directly above the volcano from Jade’s island.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: The hope field grows, showing Jade back and making LoFaF tremble. Jake screams in large, white-flame wreathed, pulsing, green letters “Bobs Your Uncle”.]

dialoglog
Jade: oh my god
stop powering up already!!!
Aranea: Don't listen to her, Jake!
Continue powering up for as long as you like. You're doing wonderfully!
Jade: Growl!!!!!!

[A6A6I2] Next
Jade: you call that powering up?
hey i asked you a question gramps!
you call that powering up?
Jake: [note: in large, white-flame wreathed, pulsing, green letters] jumpin jehosaphat
Jade: i will show you the true meaning of powering up
frankly your "hope field" is ridiculous and has nothing on the unlimited fury of The Green Sun!!!

[Image description: The background turns black as a massive ball of green energy surrounds Jade and collides with Jake’s hope field. The hope field begins to peel away into a white spiral where Jade’s energy pushes against it. A beam of green light shoots horizontally out from the impact point.]

dialoglog
Jade: rrrr!
rrrrrraaaaaaaarrrrrrrrr!!
rrrrrrrrrrrrrrawooooo000000000000!!

[Image description: LoFaF shakes harder as the spheres grow and push against each other. Jake’s sends off beams of white light while Jade’s sends out curls of plasma. Both collapse and crumble against the other and neither seems to have the upper hand. Jane, Aranea, and Roxy all move to a safe distance.]

dialoglog
Jade: wait a minute…

[Image description: Both orbs grow again, and Jade is forced down into the lagoon. The water boils away where it touches the energy and the forests at the edge of the water begin to catch fire and burn with green flames.]

dialoglog
Jade: why did i decide to swap derse with My planet?
Jade: what was i even Thinking?!

[Image description: The screen splits diagonally. Jake is in the upper left and surrounded by his white light. Jade is in the bottom right and surrounded by her green fire. They meet in the middle at a jagged, pulsing edge as the two energies battle it out.]

dialoglog
Jake: [Note: In even larger, white-flame wreathed, pulsing, green letters] Sock It To Me
Jade: no…
Jake’s energy grows more and Jade’s begins to shrink. The white light crushes a third of the green energy and a massive crater left in the lagoon begins to fill with lava. The lava starts its own fires, which are red.

dialoglog
Jade: impossible!

[Image description: Back in the split screen, Jade holds her hands out as if to push back the light, which has consumed all but a tiny fraction of the green.]

dialoglog
Jade: how can the power of hope be so…

[Image description: Jade’s sphere shrinks to just the area immediately around her. Both the green and red fires spread around the edge of the crater, which is now completely full of lava. Jake yells in large, white-flame wreathed, pulsing, green letters “Shiver me timebers”.

dialoglog
Jade: [Note: Italics.] Powerful????????????????????

[Image description: In the split screen, the light overtakes all but the area immediately around Jade.]

dialoglog
Jade: rrrg
no
No!!!
how can this be happening to me?!

[Image description: Jade lifts her hands higher and screams. Her eyes pulse white, but the light rushes towards her.]

dialoglog
Jade: dont you realize who youre dealing with?
Jade: I am grimbark jade dammit!
Jake: [note: in large, white-flame wreathed, pulsing, green letters] win
Jade: I am the most powerful doggy girl
Jake: [note: in large, white-flame wreathed, pulsing, green letters] one
Jade: who has ever existed
Jake: [note: in large, white-flame wreathed, pulsing, green letters] for
Jade: in the history of paradox space!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[Image description: The light overtakes her and snuffs her flames, sending her flying backwards.]

dialoglog
Jake: [Note: In large, white-flame wreathed, pulsing, green letters] The Gipper
Jade: ooooof

[Image description: The light begins to die as Jade hurdles backwards, trailing white energy behind her.]

[Image description: She skips like a stone across the lava lake.]

[Image description: On the far side of the crater, she skids across the land, cutting a deep furrow in her wake.]

[Image description: Jade lays on the ground at the end of the furrow with her eyes closed. Bright green text over her head says ‘KO’d’ in her handwriting. Her skin isn’t dark grey anymore. It’s back to the blank white that it was before she went grimbark.]

[Image description: Jane glares down towards Jade and shouts. Roxy, who is still transparent, looks concerned. Aranea looks like she couldn’t care less.]

dialoglog
Jane: jake.
do you even realize what you have just done to our biological daughter?
you are out of control. Come to your senses this instant.
Aranea: I know that you have a great deal of fondness for your human family member, even though you have been corrupted by an evil computer.
As such, it sincerely pains me to have to do this.
but the moment she wakes up, she will simply become possessed again.
And then where would we be?
Jane: Wait.
Jane: Do what??

[Image description: Aranea stretches out one hand.]

dialoglog
Aranea: Again, I am very sorry.
but it must be done.

[Image description: Jake’s tower snaps off just above the base, spilling an egyptian sarcophagus, a stuffed deer head, and a suit of medieval armor out.]

[Image description: The light begins to die as Jade hurdles backwards, trailing white energy behind her.]

[Image description: She skips like a stone across the lava lake.]

[Image description: On the far side of the crater, she skids across the land, cutting a deep furrow in her wake.]

[Image description: Jade lays on the ground at the end of the furrow with her eyes closed. Bright green text over her head says ‘KO’d’ in her handwriting. Her skin isn’t dark grey anymore. It’s back to the blank white that it was before she went grimbark.]
[Image description: It begins to tip over. Faded blue beauty shop pictures and various other strange collectable items lay in a pile on the floor that was inside but is now outside.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms out. The tower topples towards the lava lake, but it snaps a hundred or so floors up and the rest of the tower, all several hundred floors of it, tilts the other direction. Jake’s hope field begins to shrink and the fires spread even farther. Alerts next to each of the people present shows their expression. Aranea looks delighted. Jane looks furious. Roxy looks stunned into silence. Jake is still yelling. Jade is still knocked out on the far side of the lava lake.]

Next

[Image description: Momentum carries the tower forward and it breaks up into more pieces as it topples down towards Jade.]

Next

[Image description: The lowest sections of the tower drop into the lava and float there. The higher levels bear down on the far shore.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Jade as a segment of the tower casts its shadow directly on top of her.]

Next

[Image description: It lands with a massive Kaboom! Right on top of her. Only her legs aren’t crushed beneath the house.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on where her striped socks and red shoes protrude from under the building. Green text in her handwriting says Dead. A second image starts with black comic sans in all caps that says “Wizard of Oz”. Beneath that, there is a highly pixelated, jpeg artifac ted, contrast-boosted picture from the Wizard of Oz. It shows the Scarecrow, the Tin Man, Dorothy, and the Cowardly Lion walking arm in arm down the yellow brick road. There’s a large white gap, then there’s a row of pictures that zoom in on the faces of the cast, though they’re distorted and resized badly. Small grey text beneath them, still in all caps comic sans, says "this Is What the Refrance".]

[Note: That second image is a link to a Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff comic. Click it. Black comic sans says Sweet bro and hella jeff in all caps. Hella Jeff’s arm protrudes into the first panel and holds a surprisingly not all that shitty football upright in a field of scribbly grass. In a bright pink text box, he says sports

The next panel zooms out. He’s laughing uproariously and sticking his ass in the air while holding the football up for Sweet Bro, who is floating about six feet above the grass. Also, his hair is the same color as his face. The grass escapes the bounds of the panel. Large comic sans crosses the whole width of the comic.

CHORLIE BROWN
A horribly mistreated Charlie Brown comic is right below it. The colors have been shifted and contrasted and there are so many jpeg artifact that it looks less like a comic and more like a 7 year
old’s first attempt at avant-garde pop art. Underneath all the garbage, it’s the classic Football comic. From left to right, the panels show
Charlie Brown running
Lucy ripping the football away before he can kick it, making him slip and yell “Augh!”
Charlie Brown landing with a Wump
Charlie Brown laying on the ground while Lucy leans over him and says “isn’t it better this way, charlie brown? Isn't it better to trust people?”
The comic is captioned “This is what the refrence"
Back in Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff, Sweet Bro runs towards the ball. Hella Jeff yanks the ball away. Sweet Bro doesn’t just slip, he flies up into the air and does a loop-de-loop.
On the next row, it zooms out and follows his upward Lit fof into a sky that looks like it’s made of blue sand. In the third panel, he approaches a helicopter, which is labeled ‘Whirlybird’. Sweet Bro hits the propellers and is shredded into red sludge with a Phhpppbbbb. His head, ass, and limbs go flying. The sound effect continues below the panel. Pbthb…

Now back to our regularly scheduled Homestuck.]

[S][A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: The ornate, green judgement clock appears against a black background. Skaia spins in the ornamentation at the top. The hand rests on the line between Heroic and Just, which are shown against a space symbol. With a slow tick and tock, it slides back and forth, the clock changing to purple as it hovers over just and gold as it hovers over heroic. The gears groan as it slides slowly back towards the dividing line. The clock begins to fade away as it comes to a decision. Suddenly, Aranea’s 7 pupiled eye flashes over the clock face and the clock ticks over into Just. It tolls twice and settles there. Flashing cobalt blue text says ‘Lucky Break!!!!!!!!’ in Aranea’s handwriting. The clock is purple. The death is Just.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Dave and W.V. stand on the ground by Dave’s alchemiter, facing each other.]

dialoglog
Dave: alright mayor
ive got to go now
not sure why but
i have a really bad feeling about all this
i mean
i dont wanna scare you or come off as too dramatic or anything
but
if i never see you again i just wanted you to know
its been real man
you were always there for me
you shared my darkest hours
my deepest secrets
and ill never fucking forget it
goodbye mayor

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Dave leans in and gives W.V. a little smooch on the forehead.]

dialoglog
Dave: i love you
Dave flies over the lava lakes until he finds a gate above a metal, cuboid structure covered in gears that spews lava from several points along its faces.

Dave: rose come in rose do you read me over
Rose: Yes?
Dave: you might want to get your ass in gear
shits going down on lofaf
Rose: Could you elaborate?

It zooms in on Dave’s mouth, which is just a line of a few pixels. He talks into the foam ass, which is rendered in much more detail.

Dave: theres problems
Rose: Then let us bounce.

Jane grips her trident tightly in one hand and grits her teeth. She looks back out of the corner of her eye and glares at Aranea, who looks very self-satisfied.

Jane: First of all.

Jane turns and gives her an absolutely furious stare. She holds herself in a way that says she’s probably speaking in sharp, clipped sounds.

Jane: [Note: Italics.] You've got some nerve.

As a red silhouette, Jane flies away from Aranea, who is also in silhouette, though hers is blue. Jane still holds her trident at the ready.

Jane: I will return shortly to annihilate you. Stay put.
Aranea: Take your time. I'm not going anywhere. (smiling face with four eyes)

Aranea swoops down to the top of the broken tower, where Roxy also stands. Roxy is transparent and flickering.

Aranea lands next to one of the faded pictures, which shows a woman with a very curly, poofy hairstyle and large hoop earrings that probably came straight out of the 90’s.
Aranea: Roxy.

[Image description: Aranea turns and smirks over her shoulder, towards where Roxy is. She looks shocked and whispers “(frick!)”.

Aranea: I know you are there.
Roxy: (frick!)

[Image description: Jane stands down by the fallen tower where it crushed Jade and holds out her hand, which is surrounded by blue energy.]

Jane: (Mumble mumble hag mumble suck it grumble.)

[Image description: It shifts perspective to show the fires burning on the far side of the crater and the base of the tower perched on top of the mountain. Gamzee falls from the sky, flailing.]

Jane: (Mumble mutter my egregious patootie.)

[Image description: Jane pauses and a question mark flashes over her head as Gamzee gets closer to the ground. He still smiles placidly and has his eyes closed.]

Jane: huh?
Gamzee: (smiling face with a round nose)

[Image description: Roxy stares suspiciously at Aranea and becomes solid again with a flash.]

Aranea: You might as well come out of hiding so I can see you.
Ah yes. There you go!
Don't you look nice. I always did like the rogue outfit. And needless to say, I'm quite partial the void color scheme.
Roxy: im so fuckin flattered hore you
Aranea: I Beg your pardon?
Roxy: u heard me bitch
Aranea: Oh.
"Who Are you."
Yes. Ha ha.
dialoglog
Aranea: Who am I, you ask?
That is no short story, I'm afraid.
It all began on a peaceful, idyllic planet called beforus.
Unlike the Alternian trolls, with whom you are no doubt more familiar, my people were-
Roxy: wowee shut ur dumb blue mouth
i been spying on ya
and eavesdropping on all your smug trash
and i couldnt help but notice that ring youre wearing
Aranea: Yes.
What about it?
Roxy: thats johns ring aint it
Aranea: John's ring?
but John never rightfully owned it.
In fact, it was originally intended as a gift to my young descendant.
It's only fitting that I wear it, and bring additional glory to the Serket name.
Roxy: yo
thats another insane and smug thing u said just there
do you even listen to urself
for real though we were gonna give that ring to callie
Aranea: Hmm?
Roxy: callie my goddamn b.f.f.see from space
shes a ghost and i wanna save her from her bro
Aranea: Ah yes. The female cherub.
I am perfectly familiar with her plight, as well as the relevance she purportedly has with respect to
her brother's downfall.
In fact, I was one of the first ever to theorize about that! (Smiley face with eight eyes, one of which
is winking)
Roxy: Smug
Aranea: but the situation has changed. That is all ancient history now.
I'm sorry, Roxy. but I have no use for your cherub friend in my plans.
She will not be playing a role of any significance.
Roxy: oh man
oh man
i way hate you
Aranea: Come on, now. Don't say things you can't take back.
I'm actually very nice!
We are just getting off on the wrong foot here.
Roxy: no no
no no no no
oh man i really hate you
i cant even explain it i never hated somebody so much by just a few smarmy words outta their
grody chew hole
eugh yechh ick ick blarff!
Aranea: .......
Roxy: so yeh um
now that i buttered you up and all gimme dat ring!!
Aranea: No.
dialoglog
Aranea: That was quite the black solicitation though.
Unfortunately, I don't think I will be able to reciprocate your feelings of hostility. I find you to be
too charming.
Still, you do have a way with words. If we were compatible in that quadrant, you might have swept
me off my feet!
Roxy: bwuh??
Aranea: besides, I don't have time for new relationships right now. Too many irons in the fire, as
you can see.
It does get to be a little bothersome having people flinging themselves at you all the time. It's always
been my curse.
Did you know just earlier today, your friend Jake could barely keep his hands off me? (smiley face
with eight eyes, four of which are winking)
Roxy: what
no way
ur a filthy liar
Aranea: I've been known to embellish now and then.
Relax! I am just having some fun with you.
Roxy: ... 
wheeee
Aranea: but now the fun times are over.
I cannot have an invisible, intangible troublemaker tiptoeing around trying to sneak this ring off my
finger.
So I'm afraid I will have to put you down.
Roxy: yeah right
im a let u put me down over my dead body!!!
Aranea: Don't be so dramatic.
Your body will only be napping.

dialoglog
Aranea: Pleasant dreams.

dialoglog
Calliope: Huff.
Calliope: this is it then, is it?
am I to spend the rest of eternity hiding inside this vortex?
how can I go in search of myself if I am blown to smithereens the moment I set foot outside?
maybe the truth is...
such a fate would be preferable to this.
I am so dreadfully lonely. (Blank face with closed eyes)

Calliope: have they all forgotten about me?
I guess I could not blame them for getting on with their lives.
after all, what use am I?
the only remotely important thing there is for me to do is to go looking for a more important version of myself.
and I can't even bloody well do that much!
I was a fool to expect anything more from my life.
my kind was never meant to have friends.
still.
I wish I had not been so hasty in tossing roxy and her sunny mum from my hideout.
even if they would have attracted attention... So what?
just a little longer.
a little longer would have been nice.

Calliope: (gasping face)
what's this now?
that doesn't look like one of my memories.
is...
is someone here?

Calliope: hello?
..........
who's there?

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: She turns around again as the white spiral begins to turn a golden yellow color.]

dialoglog
Calliope: what's happening?
oh dear.
oh dear, this can't be good!
I'd better hide. (Gasping face)

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Calliope scrambles up onto the stage from the side. She kicks her feet a little to try and help her up. A few cables hang down from the rigging and the backdrop looks to be a flowery meadow with a few small hills under a blue sky. The sun looks like the light symbol, and like the sun from the Homestuck title screen just a few pages into the comic.]

dialoglog
Calliope: shoot, are those footsteps?
oh shoot, oh shoot.
gotta hide, gotta hide!

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: The curtains cover the entire image.]

dialoglog
Calliope: whoever is there...
don't come any closer!
(please don't, please don't.)
(i'm so scared and so miserable and so so lonely.)
I said don't come any closer!
I'm a powerful magician, I swear!
a magician who wants you to leave her alone!
pay no attention to the girl behind the curtain!!!

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Jade stands there, near where Calliope had been sitting on the ground, and waves. She looks like herself, not her grimbark self.]

dialoglog
Jade: hi!

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: The curtain takes up the whole image again.]

dialoglog
Jade: its ok i wont hurt you. im a friend!
you can come out now
youre safe i promise!
Calliope pokes her head out through the curtain and holds it back with one hand. She’s painted her face grey and put on her white wig and fake horns for her troll cosplay.

dialoglog
Calliope: jade?

Back on LoFaF, Gamzee lands on top of Jane and clings to her. The streamers from his outfit also tangle around her and she flails around, trying to free herself. Her hand still glows, but she holds it up to keep Gamzee away from it. Behind her, green fire has spread over the entire opposite shore and Jake’s tower has disappeared behind the wall of flames.

dialoglog
[Note: Jane yells in all caps, but this has been removed for readability.]
Jane: get your paws off me you shitfucking shitfucker augh fuck shit shit fuck fuck.
Gamzee: honk.
Jane: you scurrilous fuckshitting cad. Unhand me so I may resurrect my accomplice at once.
Gamzee: honk honk.

Jane jumps around harder, turning from side to side to try and dislodge the clingy clown.

Dialoglog
[Note: She still yells in all caps.]
Jane: what do you want from me this time you detestable poo rogering charlatan.
Gamzee: honk.
Jane: I do not want to buy anymore of your potions. I already bought all the useless slop I could ever want from you, and made a killing on redistribution.
Gamzee: (caps) honk.
Jane: your entrepreneurial tactics leave much to be desired. You are a deplorable businessman and an even shittier clown. Get off me.
Gamzee: ...
Jane: did you just touch my boob. Don't touch my boob you fuckfaced dung huffing toilet guzzling idiot quipster shitpecker dicklark.
Gamzee: (smiling face with a round nose)

It zooms out to show the whole area, once again with small alerts to show everyone’s faces. Roxy, Aranea, and Brain Ghost Dirk are on top of the tower. Roxy is asleep, Aranea is smug and self-satisfied, and Brain Ghost Dirk watches with the unreadability only a strider could muster. Jake still yells inside his hope field, which rises slowly into the air. Jane, Gamzee, and Jade are still on the far side of the lava lake. Gamzee is smiling, Jane is furious, and Jade is a pair of legs sticking out from under a building. Dave flies in from a green gate, which appeared above Jake’s tower. He stares with an unreadable expression. The green fire has engulfed the entire forest to the south and west of the house while the red fire spreads along the north and east sides, between the house and the volcano that spawned the fire.
dialoglog
Dave: uh what

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: He turns and looks over his shoulder with a distressed expression.]

dialoglog
Dave: oh no

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: He spots Jade’s legs under the tower and holds his head in shock.]

dialoglog
Dave: ohhhhh noooooooooooooo

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Jade’s legs and a flashing, jagged outline surrounds them. The word Shit flashes red above her.]

dialoglog
Dave: shit shit shit shit shit

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Dave turns to look at Jane and Gamzee, who are still tangled together, much to Jane’s dismay.]

dialoglog
Dave: gamzee what happened here did you see what happened not gonna answer me huh youre just gonna keep manhandling johns evil mom and not tell me what jades doing under this house sweet jesus youre an awful dude

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Aranea’s smile falls and she turns to look over her shoulder at Brain Ghost Dirk. A pink bar labeled ‘fakeness’ is floating over his head. A bar fills the leftmost tenth of it.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Aranea turns to look at Brain Ghost Dirk. A white light grows around him, then flashes once and suddenly he’s solid. The Fakeness attribute bar drops off and shatters on the ground at his feet. Roxy is still asleep.]

dialoglog
Aranea: Where did you come from? I did not sense your approach.
Dirk: You can't sense what ain't real.
Aranea: ain't real?
It seems to me that you are quite real, Dirk.
Dirk: That's because my buddy Jake just helped me become a whole hell of a lot less fake.
You see,
He believes in me.
Aranea: Hmm.
Honestly, Dirk. The conversation we are having right now bears a striking resemblance to absolute
nonsense.
I recall once your dream self appeared out of thin air, just as you have done now.
And I did you the favor of helping you on your way. Don't you remember?
There's no need to thank me. I'm quite benevolent by nature. I prefer to do the right thing, even in
situations where I'm not likely to receive credit for my good deeds.
Dirk: Holy shit.
Can you stop saying stuff?
Aranea: No need to be so rude. I'm just curious.
As an ancient and learned scholar, I'm versed in a wide range of unusual phenomena. However I
must say I am flummoxed by the nature of your being.
What exactly are you?

[Image description: Brain Ghost Dirk, now solid, lifts his sword in both hands and stares Aranea
down.]
dialoglog
Dirk: I am Brain Ghost Dirk.
You kissed my boyfriend.
Prepare to die.
Jake: [Note: In large, white-flame wreathed, pulsing, green letters] Shucky Darn
Dirk: Not helping, dude.

[Image description: In a slightly scribbly style, Jane continues screaming and flailing at Gamzee,
who still clings to her and smiles. Suddenly, someone’s foot comes flying in from the upper left.
It's wearing a red shoe, which is labeled Shoe in teal and uses Terezi’s quirk.]
dialoglog
Terezi: hiiiiyaaaa!
Gamzee: (caps) honk.
Dave: whoa yeah
terezi with the dropkick ambush from the fuckin sky
go terezi kick his ass
still dont have the slightest clue whats going on here but i fully endorse this turn of events

[Image description: Terezi does a flying kick in from the side and kicks Gamzee off of Jane. Terezi
holds one half of her cane sword in each hand and has her red scarf tied tightly over her eyes. The
ends of it trail behind her like streamers. Gamzee, still smiling, flies backwards towards a section
of the tower, which is floating in the lava. Jane is knocked slightly off balance.]
dialoglog
Terezi: hiiiiiyaaaa!
Gamzee: (caps) honk.
Dave: whoa yeah
terezi with the dropkick ambush from the fuckin sky
go terezi kick his ass
still dont have the slightest clue whats going on here but i fully endorse this turn of events
dialoglog
Dave: terezi do you know whats going on here
do you know what happened to jade
and where the hell is karkat
is he ok
terezi
terezi
ok she looks pretty serious about stabbing that clown
i can respect that
what about you
hey
hey johns hot mom did you see what happened
shit i mean
johns evil mom
did you happen to...
damn
ok that was a really embarrassing and inappropriate freudian slip there
dont think im gonna rebound from that one
im uh
im gonna stop talking now

[Image description: Gamzee skids to a halt on the building and Terezi drops down in a crouch next to him, still yelling and clutching her sword. Jane turns and stares at them confusedly.]
Terezi: Her…

[Image description: Terezi tilts her head to sneer up towards the top of Jake’s tower and lowers her sword. A small alert coming from the corner shows Aranea’s smug smile. Gamzee sits up.]

dialoglog
Terezi: its her
shes here!
what is she doing here?
it was she who manipulated me into restoring my eyesight!
just as yooouuuuu were the one who instigated my spiral of self loathing to begin with
I never would have considered her silvery tongued offer in a million sweeps if you had not
poisoned me so
oh yes
it is all too clear to me
you and she are in cahoots now, arent you
arent you!!!
Gamzee: (smiling face with a round nose)
Terezi: admit it, makara
you have become just another lowly nibble vermin scurrying after the seductive tune of her flute!
you are both the worst kind of scum to me. Opposite, and yet equivalent
it is like the legislacerators handbook says
those who are cut from the same cloth
are fit to swing from the same rope!

[Image description: Terezi jumps up and screams as she delivers a flying kick to Gamzee’s face. His head snaps back and several of his teeth fly out, along with a splatter of blood. Jane watches from the background, unimpressed.]

dialoglog
Terezi: justice kick!!!!!!!

[Image description: Brain Ghost Dirk swings his katana and slices deep into Aranea’s stomach, sending a spray of cobalt blue blood in its wake. Aranea, who is shown as a black silhouette with red boots and a gold ring, throws her hands up into the air and bends at the waist a little.]

[Image description: Brain Ghost Dirk slices quickly upwards, trying to cut the hand with the ring off, but she yanks it back in time and lifts one leg, which is labeled ‘prance’. There’s still a small smear of blood on her stomach, but it’s not actively bleeding.]

[Image description: Brain Ghost Dirk lunges forward and stabs her through the center of the chest. He trembles with the effort, but she barely reacts.]
Next

[Image description: Brain Ghost Dirk pulls his sword from her chest and retreats a few steps, holding his sword at the ready. Aranea just stands back up straight. There’s a little more blood from the stab through her chest, but not nearly as much as there should be.]

Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the wounds, which slowly close up, leaving only holes in her clothes as evidence of the fact that she was ever attacked.]

dialoglog
Aranea: Those were some nice moves.
I particularly enjoyed how you took a casual swing at my arm in the middle of that combination.
As if I am not perfectly aware that you understand the significance of this ring.
I know you must have overheard my conversation with Roxy.
Really, it is one of the great disadvantages of having a reputation for offering detailed explanations.
When you inevitably start going on at length about your weaknesses, there are sure to be some eavesdroppers taking notes!

Next

[Image description: She lifts the hand with the ring on it and wiggles her fingers a little.]

dialoglog
Aranea: but I really don't mind that you know my secret.
What kind of sport would I be if I didn't give you a fair shot at defeating me?
In fact, to show you what a generous and honorable opponent I am, I will give you one free chance at disarming me.
I won't move an inch. I promise! Surely with your speed and swordsmanship, it will be a piece of cake.
Well?
Go on, Dirk. Have at it.
Dirk: …

Next

[Image description: Terezi grits her teeth and stabs one of her swords through Gamzee’s stomach. Gamzee’s eyes pop open, but he doesn’t stop smiling.]

dialoglog
Terezi: ya!!!
fight me you gutless poltroon!

Next

[Image description: Terezi jumps up into the air and holds her swords out to her sides. Behind her, the green flames grow and spread further.]

dialoglog
Terezi: I said fight back!
what, now of all times you cant bring yourself to raise a hand to me?
all you can do is grin like an imbecile??
ugh, stop smiling!!!

[Image description: She repeatedly stabs one of her swords into Gamzee’s chest. Gamzee, who is drawn in a very SBAHJ, shitty style, just sits there and takes it.]

dialoglog
Terezi: I said wipe that grin off your face
or I will peel it off your skull!!!
take that! And that!!
oh yes, clown. Your reckoning is at hand

[Image description: Pyralspite the white scalemate sits off to the side. A few drips of Gamzee’s blood are splattered on its face.]

dialoglog
Terezi: what do you think youre looking at?
dream on, miracle boy
chief deputy pyralspite can do nothing for you now!
no one can save you from your judgment!

[Image description: Jane stares at all of that, still entirely unimpressed.]

[Image description: She turns and lifts one hand, which begins to glow.]

dialoglog
Jane: Observing this tomfoolery for several minutes has been time well spent. I have no regrets whatsoever.
On that authentic note, I shall resume my effort to resurrect my omnipotent daughter, and regain the tactical advantage.
As a being of cold, flawless reason and logic, I have no cause to anticipate further impediments to this simple objective.

[Image description: She turns just in time to see that Bec Noir and P.M. have landed next to Jade. P.M. holds her sword out to threaten Dave. Bec Noir holds her body with one arm supporting her back and one arm under her knees. He barks at Dave, who holds Caledfwlch up and yells back.]

dialoglog
Jane: Son of a dick.

[Image description: It zooms in on Dave, P.M., and Bec Noir.]

dialoglog
Dave: i said put her down!
bad anthropomorphic dogs!
youre so bad!
oh my god
you are literally being the worst pair of anthro dogs i ever saw
drop that goddamn girl i mean it
dont you woof at me
bad!
Bad!!!
you dont think im serious?
im serious as a drive to the fuckin vet
im not joking you dumb mutts i mean business here
see ive got a sword too!
its sharp
and its awesome
and...
its fucking welsh!!!!!

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Jade’s face. Her head rests on Bec Noir’s shoulder. There are small scratches all over her face. Her eyes are closed and her mouth is ever so slightly open.]

dialoglog
Dave: ok listen
jack and uh
taller white jack
clearly you are very loyal to jades corpse or whatever
but you arent gonna help her by swiping the torso and growling at me like a pair of mangy assholes please
just put her down
look i got treats!
i have snausages
ok i dont have snausages
i can get snausages!

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: In Calliope’s vortex, Calliope and Jade sit with their backs against the front of the stage. Jade has her legs stretched out in front of her and Calliope has hers pulled up to her chest.]

dialoglog
Calliope: do you remember anything yet?
Jade: ummm
not really (uncertain face)
Calliope: that's a pity.
I was hoping you might be able to tell me what my friends are up to.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in. Calliope is still in her troll cosplay.]

dialoglog
Jade: i wish i could tell you
but im still drawing a blank on everything!
i dont even remember what i was doing when i fell asleep
or even
If im sleeping
er...
how are you supposed to tell if youre a ghost or not?
Calliope: ghosts have spooky blank eyes like me.
but only after they remember they died.
so until you recall what happened, I am afraid neither of us will know.
Jade: darn
Calliope: there is one way to be sure, I suppose.
Jade: what?
Calliope: I could use some of my potent anti-sleeping majyyks on you to see if you wake up.
Jade: anti sleeping magics?
I mean majyyks?
Calliope: yes.
but I must admit I am reluctant to do so, for selfish reasons. (Blank face with closed eyes)
Jade: what reasons?
Calliope: if you wake up, you will disappear.
and I will be alone again.
Jade: aw
thats ok im in no hurry to go yet
or for that matter, to remember why im here
Calliope: no?
Jade: I cant put my finger on it
but I have this awful feeling something bad happened
specifically something that happened because of me
Calliope: really?
Jade: yeah (sad face)
im worried I may have done some things I wouldnt be proud of
that maybe I could have even...
hurt some people
Calliope: that is hard to believe.
Jade: I hope its just my imagination
in any case I feel like I could use some rest
and you seem very nice
so id rather relax here with you for a while than jump right back into...
whatever craziness is waiting for me out there
Calliope: (very happy face with closed eyes)
Jade: by the way, I didnt catch your name...
Calliope: I did not say it.
using my full name could bring us unwanted attention.
instead you could refer to me by the name of my trollsona.
Jade: your trollsona?
Calliope: yes.
it's callie.
pleased to meet you. (Gasping face)
Jade: nice to meet you too callie (smiley face)
but
what is a trollsona?
Calliope: it is the profile of a fictional troll which I enjoy pretending to be.
see?
do you like her?
Jade: oh
oh!
I get it... You are not really a troll?
Calliope: nope.
Jade: omg she is so cute
or I should say
you are so cute!
Calliope: (gasping face)
Jade: what a good idea
do you think I could make a trollsona too?
Calliope: oh, yes!
that would be so lovely.
can I help?
Jade: sure!
Calliope: which blood colour would you choose?
Jade: the best color obviously
which is green, duh (tongue sticking out face)
Calliope: that's the colour of my blood too!
Jade: wow really??
ths perfect
our trollsonas can be like
blood sisters or such
I dont know enough about troll culture to use proper terminology...
but lets just say thats what we are
Calliope: agreed.
blood sisters it is!
Jade: what should my horns look like?
oh and for that matter
should I have horns instead of my dog ears, or in addition to them?
Calliope: definitely in addition!
your pointy ears are splendid.
Jade: ok
hmm where would they go though...
jeez I think we might need to do some drawings to make her look right
Calliope: oh yes, let's!!!

[A6A6i2] Next

[Image description: They both stand up and Jade hops up onto the stage.]

dialoglog
Jade: callie...
there is something very familiar about you
are you sure weve never met before?
Calliope: I'm quite sure.
I would certainly have remembered meeting you.
Jade: but you did know my name...
Calliope: well, yes.
I knew of you.
Jade: hmmm
I cant shake the feeling that we have spoken before
maybe in an old dream I can't remember?
im not sure if its the sound of your voice or what
I don't recognize your face, but then that's not what you really look like is it?
Calliope: no.
Jade: ...
Calliope: before you ask, my actual appearance is much less appealing, at least in my own view.
I would rather you didn't see it, if that's alright.
Jade: that's fine!
it's not a big deal
if it's true that we've met before, I'm sure I'll remember in due time
let's not worry about it for now
Calliope: okay.
Jade: by the way
what is with this stage?
is it from one of your memories?
Calliope: no.
I thought it was your memory?
Jade: I don't think so
it would seem to be some sort of imaginary figment that turned into a real object
I wonder why it looks like a drawing?
Calliope: shrug.
Jade: hey why don't you come up here and help me get these curtains open
since it's the only thing we've got in this boring vortex we might as well try to have a little fun!
Calliope: yeah!!

[Image description: As a red silhouette, Jane jumps into the air and fires a blast of light blue energy from her hand.]

[Image description: P.M., Bec Noir, and Dave all turn to look at her as Bec Noir jumps up and out of the way, taking Jade away from the blast. It hits the building behind them and does nothing.]

dialoglog
Jane: No, you idiot!

[Image description: P.M. turns and barks ferociously at Jane. Green lightning crackles across her body and the background behind her turns bright red.]

dialoglog
Jane: Oh, you idiots.
Jane: You stupid, stupid dogs.
Jane: I am trying to revive her!!!

[Image description: P.M. lunges for Jane with her sword out. Jane throws her arms up to try and ward off the attack.]
dialoglog
Jane: Fine.
If that is how you are going to be...

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: She pulls out a small, bright red object with the Betty Crocker Fork Logo and a long, thin red tail.]

dialoglog
Jane: You leave me with no alternative.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: She chucks it. It’s a small, mouse-shaped cat toy.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It lands on the grass and a moment later, everything flashes green. When it returns to normal, G.Cat is pawing at the mouse.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Dave, P.M., and Bec Noir all stop to watch G.Cat bat at the mouse and roll over on his back to kick at it with his hind paws.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: P.M. and Bec Noir look at each other.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: The screen splits. The left half shows P.M.’s scarred left eye. The right half shows Jack Noir’s unscarred right eye. They both growl.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: G.Cat takes off across the crater, running directly on top of the lava. P.M. and Bec Noir fly after her, woofing all the while. Bec Noir still carries Jade’s corpse in his arms.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Jane turns, throws her arms in the air, and shouts after them. Dave just watches her. Out in the lava lake, Terezi and Gamzee have moved about halfway across the lava lake, using the building like a bridge and leaving a trail of Gamzee’s blood behind them.]

dialoglog
Jane: No, come back!
You were supposed to drop her first.
my calculations said you were supposed to drop her first!
Dave: hey
johns hot mom
did you just say you can revive jade
Jane: Yes.
dialoglog
Dave: thats all i need to know
wait here
and whatever you do
dont die ok

dialoglog
Jane:.

dialoglog
Jane: Hot mom?

[Image description: It zooms out to show the whole area with the small alerts showing people’s faces. Jane stands by the building that crushed Jade, looking flustered. Terezi and Gamzee are on a building halfway across the lava lake. Gamzee smiles stupidly as blood drips down his chin. Terezi screams furiously. G.Cat runs through the green flames near Jake’s tower. P.M. and Bec Noir chase after him with Jade, who is still dead, along for the ride. Dave chases after them and just reaches the shore of the lake. Aranea, Roxy, and Brain Ghost Dirk are still on top of the tower. Roxy is asleep, Aranea is smug, and Dirk is not very ghosty anymore. Jake still hovers high in the sky inside his hope field and screams. Rose pops through the portal above Jake’s tower and looks very distressed.]

dialoglog
Rose: dave, what are you doing?

[Image description: Rose turns and spots something to her left.]

[Image description: It’s Roxy, asleep on the floor of Jake’s tower with Aranea standing just a few feet away.]
Karkat: kanaya wait up!
you know I can't compete with your drinker fastness.
Kanaya: my what
Karkat: god damn it.
we're missing everything!
how much bullshit is it that we're pretty much the only two assholes left who can't fly?!
Kanaya: It Really Is Such Bullshit

Karkat: dave?
what the fuck
Dave: cant talk chasing dogs

Aranea: Dirk, how long did you want our standoff to last?
Don't get me wrong. I am flattered you seem to enjoy my company so much.
but you are missing a golden opportunity to sever my arm while I'm preoccupied with overconfident blather.

Aranea: Really, you would be doing me a favor by taking my arm.
It would bring me that much closer to following in the footsteps of my true self.
She was a very successful pirate, you know. She lost her arm in battle to a cunning adversary she underestimated, much like yourself.
Won't you help me become who I was always meant to be?
Dirk: Ugh.
Shut up.

Dirk: I'm not going to cut off your arm.
It's such an obvious trap.
You'll just put me to sleep or something. With your psychic powers, or maybe a long story. I have a better idea.

Aranea: Oh?

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Dirk grits his teeth and holds both of his hands towards Aranea, palms out. He begins to glow pink at the edges.]

dialoglog
Dirk: If I can't get the ring off your finger,

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: A ball of pink lightning crackles on the palm of one of his fingerless gloves.]

dialoglog
Dirk: I'll rip the soul out of your body.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Dirk braces himself as a violent burst of pink and white lighting blasts from his palms and arcs towards Aranea. She screams as it lifts her up off the ground and rips a blurry, transparent version of her with white eyes out of her body.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on her face as both she and her soul scream.]

Dialoglog
[Note: The text is massive.]
Aranea:
AAAAAAAA
AAAAAAA
AAAAAAA
AAAAAAA
AAAAAAA
AAAAAAA
AAAAAAA
AAAAAAA

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Somewhere else, an Aradia sits on the railing on top of a massive, romanesque pink tower. It’s square, but the roof is an incredibly tall triangular prism with enough space around the edges to leave a walkway. Each of the corners has a small, round turret topped with a very tall, cylindrical roof. On the top level, there are four tall, skinny windows that are lit from within. On the next level down, there is a very large, 12 paneed window shaped like the troll’s Sgrub logo underneath a triangular pseudo-roof that barely protrudes from the building. On the other wall on the same floor, there’s another, smaller window of the same design. One more floor down, there is another, smaller 12 paneed window below the small one on the next floor up. A pink statue of Meenah in ornate robes and clutching a trident sits on the ground near the base of the tower. The sky above is bright red and shot through with flashing cracks, though it fades to black lower down.]

dialoglog
Vriska: To be honest, I don't even want to hear any more. Next time you have an update on what my ancestor has been up to, please just keep it to yourself.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Inside the tower, Meenah perches on top of a red treasure chest and braids two sections of Vriska’s hair. Vriska sits on the floor in front of Meenah and rests her chin in her hands dejectedly.]

dialoglog
Meenah: you sure
Vriska: It's embarrassing!
I cringe every time I think about her self-indulgent exploits.
Meenah: mhm
Vriska: Doesn't she realize this sort of thing never works?
You don't just go and insert yourself into the middle of all the action in the most hamfisted way possible just because you can't stand another second being out of the spotlight.
That always goes horribly for everyone.
Even worse, it ends up making you look like an idiot.
And even More worse, it's making Me look like an idiot by association!
Why couldn't she have thought this through a little more?
Why couldn't she have at least Told us first?
Meenah: shrugging ma shoulders yo
Vriska: How is it that I understand this and she doesn't?
She's How much older than me?
Like a bajillion dream bubble sweeps or something?
All that experience and wisdom, and she's out there floundering around like fucking noob.
Meenah: (floundering)
Vriska: It's so disheartening. She wants to be like Marquise so much, just like I used to.
but she is Nothing like her!
You kind of need to have a fuck ton of experience doing, you know... a lot of ruthless piratey shit before you can pull that off?
You can't just be a bookish dweeb all your life, then suddenly decide to flip the badass switch and expect people to take you seriously.
Also, to truly pull that off, it Might help to actually be a goddamned adult.
I know, I must be totally off my swaychair for suggesting it. but maybe, just Maybe, there are certain roles and behaviors which are best left to fully developed, grown ass people!
Not to sound like a wet blanket, but my ancestor's journal contained some Extremely mature content!
So now we have yet another stupid kid trying to fill the boots of a legendary pirate queen, and it's amateur hour all over again.
All I can see in her is me when I used to........
And it makes me want to........
Ughhhhhhhh!
Meenah: stop movin around all angry
you fuckin me up here
Vriska: Sorry.
I'm just dismayed by some of the implications of her actions.
Is this really how I came off when I used to pull this sort of shit?
Meenah: dunno wasnt there
Vriska: I have a sickening feeling it was just like this.
No wonder nobody could stand me.
And here I am, bitching at my ancestor like I know better, like I've evolved beyond all that. but........
Have I really?
Do I go around thinking I'm smarter than I used to be, but end up repeating all the same old patterns without even realizing it?
Was the plan to find this treasure and build an army just a restatement of my immature, egomaniacal bullshit disguised as a more "strategically sensible" plan?
If I can apparently keep kidding myself about this crap forever, then how would I know the difference?
I guess the thing I hate most about her stunt isn't that it's a dumb plan, or that we weren't included.
It's that it's making me wonder if I can trust any of my own judgments, even after all this time.
Meenah: thats some baller inward reflection serk
Vriska: I don't know about that.
If it's so baller, why is it making me feel like shit?
Meenah: thats what its supposed to do i think
but like
temporarily?
Vriska: I guess.
What about you?
Does any of this resonate at all?
I know you used to stir up shit with your friends.
You must have done some outrageous things which you thought were necessary for the good of the team. When you look back, do you ever wonder what you were thinking? Or if you every truly evolved?
Meenah: na
Vriska: Oh, come on.
Don't leave me hanging in self doubt limbo here.
Gimme Something, Peixes.
Meenah: haha
i dont know maybe??
sea my thing is
i dont verbally torture my cray schemes like all the serket girls
and that works ok for me
guess i made some mistakes but who really gives a flip
Vriska: You don't care if you make mistakes?
Meenah: not like you and she do
araneas deal is
what shes doin now isnt much different from how she always did stuff
the stuff she does is never about the things shes actually doing
its about what those things Mean and makin sure everyone Knows what they mean
and above all makin sure everyone understands how important she is cause shes obviously the source of all that critical Meaning without which all action would be pointless right?
but thats not how i rolled
i just
did shit
and the shit i did
meant only the things the shit accomplished
and if that shit accomplished a dumb thing that sucked
then i guess thats what you call a mistake and oh fuckin well
mistakes aint make me feel too bad since i dont really connect results with my shelf worth
Meenah: ya feel me
Vriska: Yes.
That is so right on.
If you asked me a long time ago, I'm sure I would have insisted that's exactly how I felt about everything I did too.
but I don't know if that's true anymore.
In fact, I'm sure that Wasn't true.
I was always invested as hell in the consequences of everything I did, and how it made me look.
And how it made me feel about myself especially.
Meenah: ok i will admit
I always felt hella bad about decisions leavin me with less gold
glub damn
feel a tide a shame wash over me just thinkin about going broke
Vriska: Well of course.
Who the fuck wants to be poor?
That's for losers.
Meenah: word

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Meenah’s hands as she twists strands of Vriska’s hair around each other, into a braid. She still wears her thick, gem-encrusted, gold bracelets.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Anyway, I have no idea what to do now.
Her ill-advised power play has ruined everything.
Meenah: well
we still have this treasure here
why dont we just do the shit without her
you could whip up another ghost army
march it strait to english and start beatin him down
Vriska: I don't think so.
Meenah: why not
Vriska: If you want to know the truth........
When we were manipulating all those ghosts, Aranea was doing most of the work.
Her abilities are a lot more advanced than mine. I guess because she's been around for so long?
I was kind of riding her coattails, making it seem like it was a true collaboration between us.
It was actually very nice of her to allow people to get that impression. She didn't have to.
I should have just told everybody that. I guess I wanted to believe it too. Like we were equal partners in crime. Ancestor and descendant united at last, and working great together.
I hope you don't think that makes me a huge phony.
Meenah: why would i give a fish about that
Vriska: Yeah.
You're right, you wouldn't.
I shouldn't be saying needy shit like that.
I'm just a bit depressed, because it feels like I'm running out of friends all over again.
Meenah: i hear you
she ditched me too
cant blame her i guess
what can i say girl loves her piratesona
she wanna be dat pirate chick so bad
who am i to fault ambition
she cast her lure into the lake of cute but dumbass dreams
i think her mindfang ideal is ridic to be lochness with you
that journal man
tales from the pirate who wont shut up
but then
im not one to talk about hero worship
i think my adult self happens to be the best best greatest most perfect beautiful woman Ever an if
you axed me if i wanted a crack at her job id be like glub yes put me down for That
so i legit hope it works out for her
but yeah
that dont mean i didnt get ditched
and that just
(sad face wearing a tiara and goggles)
makes me reel sad
Vriska: Same.
Meenah: you sure we cant salvage the plan without her
Vriska: I don't know.
Possibly?
The way I was picturing it, a major feature of the original three pronged approach was to use the
army to lead a first wave assault against him.
Then while he was preoccupied by all those ghosts swamping him, I would go in for the kill with
the secret weapon.
So without an army, I guess we'd need to get close enough to him to use it before he killed us.
Meenah: like uh
sneak up on him?
Vriska: I guess.
but I get the feeling Lord English is not the kind of guy you can just sneak up on.
Meenah: kay what if
i found some way to teleport over to him
and i beat the shit out of him with my wrestling moves
then you bust out the weapon
Vriska: Hahahaha.
That would be awesome, if somewhat implausible.
I guess we can think it over.
but if we're getting real here, this has all made me feel pretty lukewarm on the plan.
Aranea checking the fuck out. And me recoiling at her hubris, which is obviously just.........
My Own bullshit, getting thrown back in my face?
It's a bit much.
You have to be able to trust your own judgment to make good plans, right?
I don't know if I do anymore.
I certainly don't right now.
Remember when our crew started rebelling against me in that cave, and I was kind of lashing out?
I think I might have been forcing it a little?
Like that whole dramatic speech I gave when I jumped into the flaming pit.
Was that really a genuine thing, or like, a desperate last attempt to be who I think I should be?
Meenah: that was badass though
i mean yeah you were chewin the scenery an being hammy as fuck but i thought it was cool and
kinda funny
Vriska: It wasn't supposed to be funny though!!!!!!!!
Meenah: oh
Vriska: Ah man.
I really don't know what to do.
I'm too depressed to think proactively about any of this.
Maybe the truth is I don't even care all that much if anyone stops Lord English.
I think all I really cared about was getting to do it myself.

Meenah: thats a good enough reason if you ask me
but hey if you aint feelin it you aint feelin it

Vriska: What if we just........
Gave up on the mission?

Meenah: gave up

Vriska: Yeah.
What do you think.

Meenah: um

Vriska: Sure?
You don't think that would be a wussy move?

Meenah: well yeah
it would be
if a couple of cowards did it
but that aint us
so we cool to do whatev

Vriska: That's a very good point.

Meenah: nofin wrong with stickin a fork in a shit idea that just makes you miserable
hell the best choice i ever made involved givin up
one day i said
fuck da throne
ran off to the moon
thats how this whole crazy mess kicked off
and if i didnt do that
i wouldnt of met you (smiley face wearing a tiara and goggles)

Vriska:
(smiling face with four eyes)

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Rose flies down over where Brain Ghost Dirk is ripping Aranea’s soul out of her body. A Fakeness Attribute bar reappears over Dirk’s head. In a second image, Jake’s hope field begins to pulse and shrink around him.]

dialoglog
[Note: Dirk is yelling in all caps, which have been removed for ease of reading.]

Dirk: jake, your hope field is dissipating!
come on man, you don't need to rely on her to keep believing!
try and hold your shit together for just a little longer!
Jake: [note: in large, white-flame wreathed, pulsing, green letters] fiddle faddle
Dirk: god damn it, jake!

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Rose lands just behind Aranea and watches her soul pull away from her body.]

dialoglog

Rose: Mr. Strider?
Dirk: ...
Rose: What are you doing to this troll, if I might ask?

[A6A6I2] Next
[Image description: Dirk screams and struggles to hold his hands steady as the lightning crackles faster.]

dialoglog
Dirk: get her the fuck out of here!

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Rose glances down with a ‘yikes’ expression on her face.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Roxy lays on the ground at Rose’s feet, still sleeping.]

dialoglog
Rose: Gotcha.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Rose picks Roxy up in her arms, bridal style, the same way Bec Noir picked up Jade. Rose flies them away from the tower and stares at Roxy with a curious expression. Behind them, Dirk’s lightning flashes faintly in the distance.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Terezi screams almost desperately and slashes her swords through Gamzee’s chest, spraying blood everywhere.]

dialoglog
Terezi: why wont you fight back?!

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Aranea’s soul rips further from her body, now only connected by one arm and one leg. Dirk’s Hearty lightning begins to flicker wildly, though, and he turns transparent. His fakeness attribute is at about 50%. In a second image, Jake’s hope field shrinks further and pulses wildly.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Terezi stabs her sword into Gamzee’s chest once again, making one more hole among dozens. Gamzee still smiles and stares blankly, his eyes pointing in different directions. The scorpio symbol appears on his forehead, but it shakes and cracks.]

dialoglog
Terezi: why wont you say something??!!

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Jane still stands on the opposite shore of the lava lake and watches their battle unfold. Rose comes down to land on top of the building behind Jane.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Rose lays Roxy down and kneels over her. She looks down with a concerned expression.]
[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Rose peeks over the edge of the building and spots Jane, who sneers up at either Jake or the tower and clutches her trident.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Jake’s hope field shrinks down to barely contain him. The light streaking out begins to look like the blurring present in the furthest ring. In a second image, Dirk’s lightning becomes even more unstable as his fakeness attribute rises to 75%, but Aranea’s soul is only connected by the smallest of wisps to her feet.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Viewed from a distance, Terezi stabs Gamzee yet again. In a second image, she screams furiously and stabs both swords into his chest, spraying blood out in a massive spurt. Teal-tinted tears run out from under the scarf, which is splattered with Gamzee’s indigo blood.]

dialoglog
Terezi: why wont you die????!!

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Jane stares up at Jake with a determined expression. He’s reflected in her eyes and the hope field is now down to just a small glow around his chest.]

dialoglog
Jane: Forgive me, Jake.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: As a red silhouette against a black background, Jane throws her trident.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It arcs towards Jake, who just barely glows now.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: The glow dies as the trident stabs him right in the chest. All three prongs pierce him in a row: one between the collarbones, one in the center of the chest, and one just below the ribs. A jagged edged border around the panel flashes red and white.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Large, white-flame wreathed, pulsing, green letters say “Oh My Stars and Garters”. Halfway through the last word, the letters begin to fall and shrink and stop flashing until the final S hovers just above Jake, who tips backwards, making the trident’s handle point directly up.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Dirk’s lightning goes wild as his fakeness attribute inches towards full. The moment he reaches it, he vanishes in a flash. Aranea is thrown back onto the ground and she
continues screaming. Dirk’s sword still lays on the ground.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Jake falls down onto the building in the lava. He lands with a bloody splat right behind Terezi, who jumps up, startled. Green text in his handwriting says ‘Dead’ over him.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Gamzee smiles placidly. With a flash and a bolt of static at eye level, the scorpio symbol vanishes from his forehead and he snaps to attention, his eyes wide and his mouth in a flat line.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Aranea sits up and gasps.]

dialoglog
Aranea: Good Grief, that was painful.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Aranea turns and spots Jane, who is hurdling directly towards her with an almost ferally angry expression on her face.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Aranea pulls back and screams.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Terezi lifts her cane sword to stab Gamzee again. She’s still screaming and crying.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Gamzee takes a half step back and holds his hands up in surrender. He looks confused and hurt.]

Dialoglog
[Note: Gamzee speaks in his original quirk of alternating every other letter between lowercase and capitalized.]
Gamzee: terezi...
whoa.
please stop.
you're motherfuckin...
hurting me. (Sad face with a round nose)

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Terezi’s snarl falls to an expression of exhausted confusion and she slowly lowers her swords. Jane’s trident sticks up behind her, and even further in the distance, the green fire consumes more of the forest.]

dialoglog
Terezi: Oh…
Terezi: Oh God

Terezi: what have I done

Aranea grits her teeth and puts one hand on her temple. The other, she stretches out in front of her. A scorpio symbol pulses on her forehead and she trembles with effort.

Jane, in red silhouette, lunges for Aranea, who is in blue silhouette. Aranea holds out a hand towards Jane and a flashing red and black Z alert appears over her head.

Mid leap, Jane’s head droops to the side and she snores loudly.

She lands on her feet and her arms drop to her sides. A massive flashing Z alert takes up most of the sky around her.

Aranea stares uncertainly at Jane, who just keeps snoring.

Terezi holds her hands up to Gamzee placatingly.

Terezi: i...
im sorry!

Gamzee glares at her. Blood is splattered over most of his body and runs in rivers from his mouth.

His eyes go wide and begin to tint orange as he opens his mouth.
[Image description: He tilts his head back and his eyes turn bright, pulsing red. His mouth opens wider to the point that it looks like a piranha’s. Blood sprays from his mouth.]

Dialoglog
Gamzee: [Note: In massive, all caps letters with pulsing blood splatters over it.] Honk

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Terezi’s face. She looks scared and continues crying. Seven exclamation marks flash on the scarf tied over her eyes.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Jane’s arms rise with an almost mechanical zzt sound until they’re directly out in front of her in the classic Zombie pose.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: One of her legs rises and sticks straight out ahead of her with a bzz sound. Aranea looks startled by this development.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Aranea’s face with a shocked and frightened expression.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Jane sleep tackles Aranea, which knocks Aranea’s glasses off. Jane puts one hand around Aranea’s waist, pinning her arms down, and one hand on her throat, making her give a choked ‘hrk’ sound. The entire time, Jane snores loudly with her mouth wide open.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Gamzee jumps up into the air, which is labeled ‘Cavort’. He honks loudly and savagely as he punches Terezi in the face with a massive Pow. Blood sprays from her mouth and she falls backwards. A jagged border flashes teal and indigo around the edges of the panel.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Jane wraps herself around Aranea in the exact same way that Gamzee clung on to her. Aranea does the same flailing that Jane did before. A Z alert still flashes red over Jane.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Jane manages to hook her fingers in Aranea’s mouth and yanks her head to the side.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Gamzee snarls and punches Terezi in the stomach with a ‘kapoo’, making her spit more blood. Small bits of static begin to overlay small patches on both of them.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: The static becomes even worse as Gamzee grabs Terezi’s horns and lifts her up by them.]
The static continues to spread as he brings his knee up and Shabops her right in the chin. He lets go of her horns and she falls backwards, spitting more blood as she goes.

Jane continues yanking on Aranea’s mouth while punching her in the eye with her other hand. A few small patches of static start up on them.

As red and blue silhouettes, Jane continues punching Aranea and Aranea spots Brain Ghost Dirk’s sword, which is laying on the ground and bouncing slightly, like the ground’s shaking. Some of the patches of static carry the colors of that area over from the previous panel.

It zooms in on the sword, which is partially obscured by static, dead pixels, and carryover colors from the previous panel. The sword bounces up and down more, like the shaking’s getting worse.

The godtier death clock rapidly flashes bright colors. The hand is upright over a Hope symbol and little bits of static muddy the image.

Gamzee punches Terezi in the face while, behind them, Jake rises up off the ground and flashes bright colors. Static and distorted patches cover parts of the image.

It zooms out. Jake continues to rise and Gamzee punches Terezi in the face again. Carryover colors are spotted across the whole thing.

Gamzee repeatedly kicks Terezi in the stomach, forcing her back along the broken building. They both leave a trail of blood in their wake. Jake, who has finished his godtier resurrection, stares over at them concernedly. Jane’s trident lays on the ground not far from him. A mess of brightly colored pixels flashes over the entire top half of the image.

Jake watches in dismay as Gamzee stands behind Terezi and uses a hand on the top of her head to force her to her knees. She screams and they both glitch wildly.

Jake winces as Gamzee slams her face into the ground while screaming savagely. The details of the hit are lost in glitches, but there’s a massive spray of teal blood.
dialoglog
Rose: Gamzee!
Stop that!!

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Rose, who grimaces slightly.]

dialoglog
Rose: Or, wait.
Is this some sort of blackrom thing?
I certainly hope not.

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: She pinches her eyes shut and lifts her hands into a ‘why’ gesture.]

dialoglog
Rose: Think, Lalonde. Think!
What did Kanaya tell you about this quadrant?
Does it really involve such gruesome fisticuffs?
I...
I can't remember!
I was probably drunk during that particular lesson.
What am I saying.
I was drunk for all the lessons!
Ugh, what a disgrace.
I am the actual worst auspistice who ever lived.
The Actual Worst!!!

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: In a mess of glitches, Gamzee wraps his arms around Terezi’s chest from behind and hoists her up off the ground. He begins to bend over backwards and Jake looks scared. Glitches still show Terezi’s scarf in the puddle of blood.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms out and shows Jake frowning at Gamzee as he flips Terezi right in front of him. The image vibrates slightly and a light splattering of fuzz is over the whole thing.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Jake gives Gamzee’s codpiece a disturbed look as Gamzee Clown Suplexes Terezi. There’s a small amount of glitching over the whole image.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: The glitches get a little worse as Gamzee slams Terezi’s head into the ground and flips over her. Jake just keeps staring with a deep, disturbed frown.]
[Image description: Gamzee launches himself and Terezi high into the air and Jake keeps watching. The glitches are less numerous, but they flicker quickly.]

[Image description: Jake turns away and covers his eyes as Gamzee and Terezi fall towards the ground so quickly that they blur. There is less static, but many small sections of the image jitter around.]

[Image description: Gamzee slams Terezi headfirst into the ground hard enough to crack the ground and splatter her blood all over. Slightly glitchy, flashing purple text at the top says “Atomic Double Juggalo Backbreaker”.]

[Image description: Lava sloshes as the piece of building they’re on splits in two from the impact. Gamzee stands on the right piece, which is smaller and Jake stands on the larger left piece. Terezi hangs right at the edge of Gamzee’s piece and glitches and miscolored pixels form a loose, jittering border around the image.]

[Image description: Terezi screams as she falls backwards off the edge of the building. She reaches out a hand towards Gamzee. Jane’s trident falls with her.]

[Image description: Kanaya and Karkat stand on the shore against a background of green fire consuming part of the forest. Karkat looks stunned, but Kanaya looks pissed and takes a step forward.]

dialoglog
Karkat: Terezi…

[Image description: It zooms in on Karkat’s horrified expression. Glitches show part of the images of Gamzee’s rabid screeching and Terezi falling towards the lava.]

dialoglog
Karkat: No!

[Image description: The skaia orb from the end of Jane’s trident hits the lava and begins to sink. It shivers at the edges.]

[Image description: It sinks halfway into the lava and the glitches become more numerous.]
[Image description: It zooms in as most of the orb sinks. The glitches make the whole image shake slightly.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms in again. Lava streams down past the skaian clouds, several of which show scenes. One in the upper left shows Rose looking confused and a little surprised. One in the middle shows Jane asleep and beating on Aranea. One in the lower left shows P.M. and Bec Noir flying towards the spire that holds Jade’s quest bed. One in the bottom right shows Kanaya and Karkat against the flames. Kanaya screams and pulls out her chainsaw. Karkat grits his teeth and pulls out his sickle. The sky behind the clouds is banded with intermittent patches of colorful glitches.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: The lava and glitches close over the faint image of one last cloud. Gamzee, still screaming rabidly, grabs Terezi’s arm and holds her up above the lava.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It switches to a glitching image of Gamzee actually holding Terezi up by one arm. Her feet dangle just a foot or two above the lava and the ends of her scarf trail down into it.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Terezi clings to his hand and he looks down at her. Off to the side, Jake walks to the edge of the piece of building he’s on and fiddles with his fingers.]

dialoglog
Jake: Pardon me...
Sir jester?
I dont know what this masked bandit has done to deserve such a throttling...
Something sufficiently felonious i presume?
But it is hard to imagine she has not been punished enough and then some.
Perhaps you could um...
If its not much bother...
See to...
Unhanding the lady?
Maybe?
Gamzee: (winking face with a round nose)
Rose: Enough!

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Rose glares and points her wand, one of the Quills of Echidna. A bright blue light glows on the end. The top and bottom sections of the image remain as glitchy, staticky versions of the previous panel.]

dialoglog
Rose: I don't care if it Is some sort of grisly courtship ritual.
this has to stop!

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Gamzee hauls Terezi up onto the platform and Jake takes a step
back from the edge. The tops and bottoms glitch again, this time keeping a half-there Rose in the corner.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Gamzee flips Terezi up and over his head. A white burst of energy blasts past their hands from Rose’s spell, which is helpfully labeled ‘Spell’. There is only the faintest amount of static in this image.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: The spell impacts Jake’s piece of the building and he disappears in the explosion. There are more patches of static.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Gamzee swings Terezi up onto her feet but doesn’t let go of her hand. She strains against him and reaches for one of her cane swords, which lays on the ground just out of her reach. A few glitches duplicate Gamzee’s left side slightly to the left of him.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Terezi screams and leans away from Gamzee, who smiles maliciously at her. A large patch of glitches in the upper right corner flicker to Aranea’s 7-pupiled eye.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Aranea grits her teeth and looks off to the left. A patch of glitches between her eyes flickers to Terezi from the previous panel.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: It zooms out on Aranea and Jane, who are still in silhouette. Jane is still asleep and still has her legs wrapped around Aranea’s body, pinning her arms down, but now she has one hand on Aranea’s throat and is punching her in the head with her free hand. Aranea grits her teeth and stares at Brain Ghost Dirk’s sword, which begins to lift off the ground. A faint layer of static covers the image.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Gamzee yanks Terezi towards him, pulling her away from the sword. A few patches of the building glitch to black.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Gamzee wraps one arm around Terezi’s neck and pins her under his arm. He lets his tongue flop out of his mouth and gives the middle finger with his other hand. Honestly, he looks demonic. Terezi yells and tries to push herself away from Gamzee with one hand while clutching at her chest with the other. The entire image jitters a little from the static.]

[A6A6I2] Next

[Image description: Gamzee faces the shore with his middle finger. The entire panel glitches. Sometimes it flickers to the previous panel and sometimes the edges become the burning forest.]
Karkat and Kanaya stand in front of the flames with their weapons out. It’s the exact same scene from the the clouds, but this time there are pinpricks of misplaced pixels all over it.

dialoglog
Karkat: oh ******hell****** no

[Image description: It zooms in on Karkat’s face as he yells. A large patch of glitches in the center of the screen occasionally flicker to Gamzee holding Terezi hostage and giving the middle finger.]

dialoglog
Karkat: let her go this *instant* you heinous cod packing shit mime!
Karkat: we aren't gonna hug it out *this* time bro, I'll tell you that much right fucking now!!!
Gamzee: honk.

[Image description: Karkat falls silent and looks up as a large shadow is suddenly cast over him. Parts of the image occasionally flicker red.]

dialoglog
Karkat: What the

[Image description: Rose stares up in a mix of concern and confusion. The background behind her glitches to the Betty Crocker logo.]

[Image description: Jane stops punching Aranea and just clings to her. Aranea looks up at whatever just arrived. The sword hovers off to the side at about chest height.]

[Image description: It zooms in on Aranea’s concerned and frightened expression. A patch of glitches at the top of the screen flicker to the Condesce’s tiara.]

dialoglog
Aranea: Oh shit.

[Image description: It zooms out over the tower. The Battleship Condescension bears down on them and occasionally glitches to be much, much larger.]

[Image description: The larger ship wasn’t glitches. It was just the next panel. The ship is absolutely monstrous and two of the horn-like protrusions on the front of the ship extend out past the edges of the panel. The whole ship glitches and jitters around.]

Her Imperious Condescension herself stands on top of her ship and snarls down at everyone below her. The entire image is covered in a thin layer of static.

The Condesce hisses down at Aranea, who stares up at her with an ‘oh shit’ expression. A pulsing blue burst surrounds Aranea and Jane, who is still sleep-clinging. The Condesce glitches ever so slightly at the edges.

It zooms in on her face as she lets out a loud hiss. The pisces gem in her tiara glows and everything jitters.

It zooms out to show the whole area with the small expression alerts. Roxy is still asleep on top of the building. Rose stands near her and looks up in concern. Gamzee and Terezi still battle it out in the middle of the lava lake and Jake lays on his back a ways away, likely knocked there by Rose’s spell. Karkat and Kanaya stand between the green fires to the south of Jake’s tower and the crater and glare across the lava lake at Gamzee. Aranea is still on top of the tower, looking up in horror, and Jane is still asleep and clinging to her. The Condesce’s ship flies above the whole area and she stands on the bow, snarling at the goings-on below. A pair of very shitty green curtains jerk closed over LoFaF, glitching all the way. The Battleship Condescension and Her Imperious Condescension’s alert remain on the outside of the curtain.
Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that’s probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 6 Act 6 Act 3: God’s Gift to the Yaois

Act 6 Act 6 Act 3

[Image description: Caliborn’s shitty curtains open over the More How To Draw Manga Volume 1.]

Welcome back.

(again.)

Your unimpatience has been appreciated.

[Image description: Caliborn aggressively scribbles on his black drawing tablet. A white horse doll stands on the desk right above it.]

I can only assume. That waiting for the next installment of my vaunted series, "homosuck". Was as time consuming for you. As it was for me.

I have been working my ass off. Like one of your human motherfuckers. At perfecting my crafts manship.

You are probably wondering if the fruits of my laborious toil. Were extremely successful.

I believe you will find the answer to be the following word.

Yes!!!!!!!!!!!

[Image description: Lil Seb holds up a golden trophy, which shows Caliborn clutching his tablet to his chest and holding the stylus up into the air triumphantly. Caliborn ignores the offered award and keeps aggressively scribbling. He’s wearing some sort of short sleeve red shirt and a dark red cape, though we can only just see the edges of it.]

I have done it. Where the fine arts are concerned, I have reached the pinnacle of achievement mountain. I stab my cane into the peak (like a flag), thus making a snowy avalanche. On to the haters below!

Jealous much, fat ass???

How did I do such a sensational feat? You ask.
The mystery to success. Lay hidden amidst the byzantine mangas. All along.

These occult wizardries of the brush. Purloined from cool scrolls of wise men from the earthling east. Have been gathered for my studious perusal inside a seductive tome. Emblazoned with a frivolous tart.

However, mastering each sly gambit of the trade. Is no easy task.

And yet easily mastering them. With great difficulty. Is exactly what I did!

This fact is called a *game changer*.

To professionals in the business, that is.

Previously. Before I literally transformed. Into the supreme doujinshi man gaka, standing before your very eyes. I made some predictable plans. Regarding what goes next in my story.

I got everything ready. I drew all of “the trolls”. Look. All of your favorites are here.

Uh...


And lest we forget. A salty array. Of miscellaneous bitches.
the other direction and have a inverted color filter over them.]

Such as in case I was in need. Of more fictitious idiots to murder. Inside my drawings.

But these portraits are now a moot point.

[Image description: Caliborn’s cursor drags a pile of Knockoff Trolls into a badly drawn garbage can.]

All of this wretched trash. Goes in the place where it belongs. Which is to say, the *garbage*.

That's what happens when you are an artist. Sometimes you change your idea plans. Because they suddenly seem terrible. Due to your astronomical strides in creative mastery.

These were the pixel puppets. Of a laughable amateur. They are beneath me now. Much like you are.

But in spite of all of your bad shortcomings. I will let you observe my artistic breakthroughs. Because of how proud of them I am. And watching people be impressed at my drawings. Even dumb jerks. Makes me feel great about myself and my accomplishments.

Behold, my exclusive private gallery.

[Image description: The panel is a screenshot of the top section of a Deviantart page. Caliborn’s username is I-am-your-lord and he describes himself as a “Man Gaka Extraordinaire”. His icon is a close-cropped image of of his face from the Homestuck Act 6 Act 6 Supercartridge Expansion Pack. He produces “traditional art” and is a “Professional”. His status on Deviantart is “Member”. His gender is Male and his location is unknown. At the time of the screenshot, he had 11 deviations (which is the term Deviantart uses for posts), 0 comments, and 19 pageviews.]

[Note: There’s no link, but go ahead and go to Caliborn’s deviantart page. As of the time of describing this site, Caliborn is now a Core Member and has been a Deviant for 3 years. He still has 11 deviations, but now he has 1 comment and 608,000 page views. His biography reads “Exceptional maestro of the fine arts. And your lord.” His interests tab is as follows:

- Interests
  - Favorite visual artist: Me
  - Favorite movies: I have not seen a movie
  - Favorite tv shows: I have not seen a tv show
  - Favorite bands / musical artists: I don't know
  - Favorite books: How to draw manga
  - Favorite writers: Me
  - Favorite games: Table stickball
  - Favorite gaming platform: I don't know
  - Tools of the trade: Computer pencil

His one comment is on a piece of art called MSPA- A.U.- English by NakkiStiltz, though the content of the comment itself is inaccessible due to the artist disabling comments. That piece of art shows a tall, lanky man who looks like Jake English with a Bec Noir style scar over one eye wearing a torn Cairo overcoat. A pair of massive, green wings spread out behind him and lightning crackles over his whole body. He holds a black katana in one hand. The style is very anime and elongated.]

Abra cafucking dabra you nasty shitners.
Read it and weep!!!

(and tell me how good you think it all is. Thanks.)

Ok, that's enough admiration. Back to our story.

[Image description: One of Caliborn’s deviations takes up the whole panel. It’s a very poorly drawn, lanky anime boy with shaggy white hair that looks like it hasn’t been brushed or washed in at least a decade, red eyes, and what might be intended to be a smirk but came out more like an uncomfortable grimace, like maybe he has gas. The anime boy, which is probably supposed to be Dave, is wearing a red shirt. Watermarked text in green, all-caps comic sans reads “Copyright. Do not steal.”. On Caliborn’s Deviantart page, the title of this image is “01” and the caption is “God’s Gift to the Yaois”.]

Look who just swaggered into your fucking business.

It's god's gift. To "the yaois". My research tells me.

Get a load of those baby reds.

You may recollect. That this blushing bishonen dream boat.

[Image description: Another of Caliborn’s deviations shows the same Bad Anime Dave blushing and holding one oversized hand of elongated fingers to his cheek while clutching a poorly drawn pair of shades in the other. Those fingers look both anatomically impossible and broken. He’s wearing a surprisingly accurately drawn Knight of Time outfit. The watermark reads “This is my property”. The name of the drawing on Deviantart is “02” and the caption is “Blushing bishonen dream boat”.]

Is our alpha male.

Not that I blame you for not recognizing him. From his once previously odious visage, of before.

But now, by my skillful hand. This gorgeous male hero. Has been allowed to radiate. With the supreme divinity. Of boymanga heaven.

Oh my. What have we here?

[Image description: A third deviation shows Bad Anime Dave turning towards an equally badly drawn Karkat. Karkat’s neck is way too long and both of their necks are absurdly muscled for their size. Bad anime Dave has dropped his shades on the floor and reaches towards Bad Anime Karkat, who holds his arms out. It’s hard to tell if he’s reaching out for Bad Anime Dave or telling him to stay back. They both have expressions on their face that look somewhere between ‘trying not to cry’ and ‘in immense pain’. The watermark is just a giant copyright symbol. On Deviantart, this one is titled “03” and the caption is “Moe bros”.]

Don't look now. But another bashful bishie approaches the stage.

It's our troll male. Krab guy. Quite a temper, this one! He bellows himself hoarse daily. At our smart talking. Give no fuck. Alpha male.

These moe bros put the pal, in palpable chemistry. The kind of which is bad, as well as erotic. The sage elders of manga describe the quadrant they occupy, as I quote "tsundere". It is a tempestuous liaison of mutual grievance. And yet, deep down. They know in each other's heart that they are solid dudes.
Ok. I know what you're thinking.

[Image description: Bad Anime Karkat takes a step towards Bad Anime Dave. His body turns, but his head stays staring out of the image, like maybe Caliborn can’t draw in profile properly. Dave gives the gassy smirk from the first drawing, but the head has been resized, so the lines are much thinner than in the rest of the image and it’s cocked to the side enough to make it look like someone snapped his neck. The watermark says “Step off”. On Deviantart, this one is “04 and is captioned “A tempestuous liaison of mutual grievance”.

This is wrong. What’s going on here? The touching. The tenderness.

I know it. You know it. Let's not play a game with each other.

Where, per chance, are the bitches? I can hear you ask.

You raise an excellent point.

But hear me out!

[Image description: Karkat, who is drawn in a much better but still bad style, closes his eyes and blushes so hard the red bleeds off his cheeks and into the background. He sweats as Bad Anime Dave, who drawn even worse, reaches for him. Dave’s hands are even more impossible than before. The fingers are far too short, his thumb is basically nonexistent on one hand and entirely absent on the other, some of his fingers seemed to have fused together up to the second knuckle, and they’re coming from an angle that would have dislocated his shoulders at best. His face is even worse. His eyes are hidden by his never-washed hair and his lips are puckered into two sharp points. Somehow, though, his mouth is also on the side of his jaw. The silhouette lips don’t connect to the jaw mouth at all. It’s a little horrifying, to be honest. The watermark is just 4 copyright symbols scattered across the image. On Deviantart, this one is “05” and is captioned “Beautiful fucking dudes.”]

The mangas play by different rules. You'll agree with this. When you hear the facts of my rationale.

Naturally such maudlin displays. Of touching and simpering. Have no place. Where only cocksure, masculine gentlemen are present.

However. By the man gaka's illusionry. He changes everything! Where before our males were coarse. Chisled. And crudely angular. Built for prime time. Like a fucking garbage truck. Plowing through the wall. Of an industrial beef mill. So cut. So *maxed out*. That they could only provoke inside a young man. Thoughts of *raw power*. Never debauchery!!!

Until now, that is. Because of manga. And its inherent capability to transform all that is hard and cruel. Into figures of sublime beauty. I find this artifice to be. Much like the siren spell of the trickster. Yet, impossibly. Even more haunting in its allure.

I must say. The artistic ploy. Is ingenious.

[Image description: They face each other, both in profile. They both blush to the point that there are red spirals on their cheeks and they both have pointy pucker lips and jaw-mports. It’s even more horrifying when there are two of them. The watermarks are a dozen or so copyright symbols thrown across the image. On Deviantart, it’s ”06” and is captioned “Illegal passion paradise.”]

It opens up so many possibilities. To the fiend of indecent smut. Where before, it was all but impossible. To render truly *****sentimental***** imagery, without resorting to babes and
bimbos galore. Due to the utterly unacceptable happenstance where in macho guys are physically poignant with each other. Which to reasonable men is the most unwelcome persuasion of lechery. Or that is, it was...

Until now!

Look how smart this hoax is. Thanks to manga. See. Through the elegance of beauty and finesse. It softens the uncouth male exterior. Beveling the angles of pure muscle. Taming his incredible angriness. And by the flushing of cheeks. The dewing of brow. The glassing of eyes. One brings out of any brute, his true inner bishie. Which actually is manganese. For a beautiful fucking dude.

If you're confused, basically the idea is. You pretend them to look more like girls. To make it less weird for everybody when they decide to touch each other.

I mean. It is repulsive to witness. Do not get me wrong.

But yet, it remains...

Magical in its forbiddenality.

[Image description: It zooms on on their hands as they tangle their fingers together. One pair looks like someone tried to knot grey and white pipe cleaners together but gave up halfway through. The other set looks like a grey spork poking at a white crab with no claws. The watermark says “Artwork by Caliborn”. On Deviantart, it’s “07” and is captioned “Maudlin displays of touching and simpering.”]

Oh, but what’s this?

[Image description: This is by far the worst drawing yet. It’s Nepeta crawling on her hands and knees, though her arms stop at about her elbows and her legs get cut off mid-thigh. She’s wearing olive green booty shorts that are shredded at the end and only cover the top third of her ass, an olive green bra that might as well be painted on, and her blue hat. Her nipples poke through the bra to the point that I’m surprised the fabric isn’t ripped. Her torso is twisted impossibly to give the best view of both her anatomically impossible breasts and her crooked ass that, if she stood up, would probably stick out behind her a foot or so. One of her shoulders looks dislocated so it doesn’t obscure the view. She has overly-detailed eyes and a cat mouth, which rests right at the tip of her overly pointy chin. The watermark says “Copyrighted material. Protected by law.” Law is underlined. On Deviantart, it’s “09” and is captioned “Amorous feline floozy.”]

An amorous female sashays into the sexual picture. To spoil the boy fun.

It's none other. Than what's her face.

[Image description: Bad anime Nepeta stares out of the image. She winks one overly-detailed, jagged-edged eye and opens her mouth in an impossibly vertical manner. She blushes green scribbles on her cheeks. Her hair, which was black, as it should be, is now white, like Caliborn forgot to or couldn’t be bothered to color it. The watermark is four Registered Trademark symbols that basically fill the whole image. This one isn’t hosted on Deviantart.]

Don't be deceived. By the fact that this feline floozy is too unimportant for me to bother naming. This is an *original character*. Who shall not be stolen. Please respect my property.

This saccharine twit has some interests, which include.

1. Giggling.
2. Making me puke.

3. Using cat words, instead of normal words.

4. Serving no purpose.

5. Wearing stupid clothes.

6. Probably smelling horrible.

7. Getting murdered in drawings.

[Image description: Bad Anime Nepeta closes her eyes and violently vomits green blood. She has two sets of eyebrows now. One set is raised like they were in the original and the other is furrowed into a unibrow. The watermark says “See Ya.” This one isn’t on Deviantart either.]

Um, can someone say owned? Moving on.

Well, well, well, well. What have we here?

[Image description: A bad anime Terezi sits on the ground. She props herself up with one arm, holds the other up like she’s running her hand through her hair, folds one impossibly long, bendy leg around so her foot is at the opposite hip, and pops the other knee up. It looks like Caliborn was going for a pinup style but… failed, to say the least. Her neck is separated from both her head and her torso by thick black lines, and her shoulders are separate from her torso similarly. It’s like he posed a barbie doll or a mannequin and drew using that as a reference but forgot to not draw the joints. The one hand of hers that’s visible is a 3-fingered monstrosity shaped more like a bird’s foot than any hand I’ve ever seen. Her hair is surprisingly good, but it looks more like a 60s bump than Terezi’s actual hair. She’s wearing a bright red bandeau bra with her symbol on it over surprisingly proportionate breasts that don’t have knife nipples, though they lack a cleavage line, so they’re just a big bump on her chest. She’s wearing a matching pair of bright red leggings that also cover her feet, so they might be more like tights. She’s wearing glasses that are mostly the right shape if a bit oversized and blushing teal. The watermark over this one reads “This image is the private belonging of a professional”. On Deviantart, it’s “09” and captioned “A plucky strumpet.”]

"hello boys", this plucky strumpet seems to say with her eyes. She is looking to horn the fuck in. On our two top dogg’s illegal passion paradise. She is no doubt hoping for... *Muchas smooches*

Fat chance sister!!!

"idiot girl number whatever" likes:

[Image description: It zooms in on Terezi’s face as she takes her glasses off. Her eyes, unlike Nepeta’s, aren’t detailed to death and look kinda okay, though one is a lazy eye and has a drooping eyelid. The hand holding her glasses looks like someone smashed her hand in a door. The watermark over this one is just “Mine” alternating with the copyright symbol until it runs out of room. This isn’t hosted on Deviantart.]

1. Total failure.

2. Getting friend zoned by quality male honchos.

3. Living in perpetual disgrace.

4. Being a complete fucking third wheel to some cool boys.
5. Not being worth the alpha male's time of day.

6. Not being worth the krabkrab's time of day.

7. Not being worth anything. (A.K.A. "Worthless")

[Image description: Terezi pukes blood as blood sprays from her eyes and she magically grows eyelashes. The watermark says “Feel free to steal this one.” It’s not on Deviantart either.]

Bye.

Here comes another prime O.C. Of mine, hot off the press.

[Image description: A bad anime Vriska stares in different directions with each eye and tosses 5 dice into the air with a malformed hand. Her mouth is halfway up her face and her neck is as long as her forearm. Her torso juts out at a strange angle and her breasts look like they’re swinging. She wears a grey tanktop with her symbol on her left tit. Her expression is blank, yet somehow disturbing. Her hair looks like she’s never combed it and it’s matted into long, ugly chunks. The watermark says “Registered with the government as my legal artistic possession.” On Deviantart, it’s “10” and is captioned “A "lucky lady".”]

Not too shabby, right? You can just tell this "lucky lady" is brimming with chutzpah.

Me thinks she will be a very controversial character. With excessive complications. And ambiguous moral stuff. In her personality bullet points.

Her traits and other such character things. Will be a lot to list. Which is fine, because it will help you believe my creation is more interesting. In fact. This is one such advantage of dominating all known manga as I have done. When you're this good, and brilliant. You don't even really need to "tell stories" anymore. You can just make some characters. And list their various qualities extensively. And that's good enough.

The many. Many intriguing personal facts. Of this truculent female provocateur. Shall be listed extensively.

As follows:

[Image description: Bad Anime Vriska’s head detaches from her overly long neck, leaving some chunks of hair with it. It’s very clear that Caliborn just dragged the select tool in a square around her head, moved it over, and scribbled some blue there for her blood. The blood’s only coming out of the torso side of her neck, not the head side. The watermark reads “Psyche-Out!!!”. It’s not on Deviantart.]

She actually thought she was going to be relevant. Keep dreaming bitch!

It think we’ve wasted enough time on these nobodies.

[Image description: Caliborn draws very aggressively and bangs on his tablet so hard that it makes the horse doll bounce.]

Don't you? Let's drop the bullshit. And stop fucking around.

You are probably wondering. "Who is responsible for all this mayhem?" You ask.

Uh oh. Here he comes.
In the same shitty style, a tall, spindly leg and an equally tall, spindly, golden pegleg cast a long shadow. Two sides of the Cairo Overcoat hand down, but there’s no back to it. Maybe someone just cut strips around the lapels and removed the rest of the fabric. The watermark says “Hold the fucking phone…” It’s not on Deviantart.

Don't look now. But it's none other. Than the big man himself.

Daaaaaaaaaaaamn.

Caliborn has drawn a shitty recreation of MSPA- A.U. - English by NakkiStiltz, though now the Jake looking guy has red circles on his cheeks and is blushing. The watermark says “Just. Damn.”. On Deviantart, it’s “11” and is captioned “The yaoiest motherfucker who ever lived.”

Who you ask, is this brooding beautiful dude?

This is yours truly. My self insertion guy. Which is my prerogative to do as an artist. I learned this from my "master". The wise assed ghost who haunted my computer. He was the best there was at stuff like this, he told me once. Truly, he was quite the piece of shit.

Seriously. Can I get a god damn?

Shitty A.U. Lord English puts a clearly broken hand to his forehead and pouts ineffectively. His other wrist snaps at a 90 degree angle so his fingertips can scrabble at the head of a golden cane. The watermarks are “Holy Smokes!” and various pictures of Caliborn’s face. This one isn’t hosted on Deviantart.

Ask any decorated scholar to the school of manga, and he will say. Before you stands the yaoiest motherfucker who ever lived. All things about this gorgeous bastard tell you loud and clear. This is a man of class and style.

He is dressed to kill. (Literally! Haha, yesss.) Look at this fancy dan, strutting his stuff and dapper as fuck. Your boy here peacocks hard at honies aplenty, negging the bitches and closing the hoes in a coat that is fit for a lord. Look at that god damn coat. I don't know how he gets that coat? Probably due to a shenanigan that takes place later. I doubt it matters that much. It looks great though, and I love it.

Also, how about a hat?

The watermarks vanish and Caliborn’s cursor drags a photo of a black, pinstriped trilby, commonly mistaken for a fedora, onto Shitty A.U. Lord English’s head. As it lands, a green watermark of Caliborn’s eyes and nose in a Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff style appears over the hat and the words “Fucking Incredible” appear as watermarks at the bottom.

Sure, why not. The hat is not canonical to my fanon, but I do not see the harm in such a dignified accessory. Ah yes, perfect. Who could ever be accused of being an asshole while wearing that?? Nobody.

Oh, also. Sick nasty green electricity wings? Fucking check. I think we are good to go here.

Big man: holler for your woman.
His woman, that elaborate tramp from the surface of the tome, hustles to the side of her debonair hot shot. "My'lad" he doffs rationally. The man brims with intellectual ideas she wouldn't understand. He knows many things, about the world, and being strong. But yet... He still doesn't know who she is. The goddess of manga, perhaps?

It is no matter. She must bow down before her lord. As must you all some day.

Goddess of manga: bow down.

[Image description: Caliborn frowns and begins scribbling harder. John stares at Caliborn, trying to process what he’s seeing.]

She bows before you submissively in a subservient manner. Everything is correct about the situation. You think she's really attractive, and it makes you feel weird physically. And yet, unlike your sister, she knows her place. And has no opinions or words to remark about.

I mean...

Not to imply that any other aspect of her is like your sister. Like being attractive. Wow. What? Read into stuff much? You decide you have too much time on your hands. You stop thinking about this topic starting as of immediately.

All is well and ideal again, without you blurting out unnecessary sexy scandals. It is almost a bit. *Too* ideal, you think.

"hmm."

Something is a miss.

[Image description: It zooms in on A.U. Lord English’s face. He’s still wearing the trilby and a green question mark is watermarked over his face.]

[Note: Some of the caption text is now blue rather than green. For the sake of clarity, those will be prefaced with John: and Caliborn’s will be similarly prefaced when it switches back, though they aren’t there in the comic.]

John: Hey.

Caliborn: You go in for a closer look. At the eyes of the handsome boy's appearance. And notice a worrisome discrepancy.

No, this is all wrong, you frown. These glassy red peepers, lovely though they are. Are not your lord's final form. Oh no.

His eyes are supposed to flicker about.

[Image description: It zooms in on A.U. Lord English’s face. His eyes begin to flicker the colors of billiard balls. Small vibrating Caliborn faces are watermarked across the whole image.]

With the hat flavors. Of my loyal frog puppet guys.

Legend demands, this is a trait of supreme invincibility. Owed to a full body union. With the clockwork majyy. Mayjiyj. Makjack.

The clockwork bullshit.
I don't know why that's supposed to happen yet. But maybe we'll find out...

Together?

John: Hey asshole, I'm talking to you!

(dot dot dot dot dot)

[Image description: Caliborn turns to look at John while hunching over the tablet, like that will hide his massive monitor from John, along with the flashing-eyed A.U. English on it. A green exclamation mark flashes over Caliborn’s head.]

(dot dot dot dot dot)

[Image description: Caliborn turns to face John and grabs his golden cane. Caliborn’s cape trails behind him on the floor. John yells and Lil Seb slowly turns back and forth to look at them both.]

(dot dot dot dot dot)

[Image description: Flashing text over a picture of Caliborn staring says “Another intense staredown”.]}

(dot dot dot dot dot)

[Image description: The same text flashes over John, who is still yelling.]}

(dot dot dot dot dot)

[Image description: It zooms in on Caliborn’s face under the same text.]

(dot dot dot dot dot)

[Image description: It does the same to John, who still yells.]}

(dot dot dot dot dot)

[Image description: It zooms in on Caliborn again to the point that part of his eyes are cut off by the edge of the panel. The text still flashes.]

(dot dot dot dot dot)

[Image description: It does the same to John, who, predictably, is still yelling.]}

(dot dot dot dot dot)

[Image description: It shows John as viewed through Caliborn’s legs. Lil Seb turns back and forth quickly, like he can’t figure out which master to serve.]

(dot dot dot dot dot)

[Image description: The view flips and we see Caliborn through John’s legs. Lil Seb still jitters around.]}

John: It's you, isn't it.

(dot dot dot dot dot)
John: You're the guy who wrote that horrible story with all the fake daves!

You're behind all this, aren't you! I dunno how I know that, but I can just feel it!

You're the one who vriska and her pirate pals are all trying to stop! It was you who put all this into motion in some way I don't really understand! Which means you're responsible for like a trillion people dying, and universes blowing up, and all my friends getting scattered around and acting like idiots, and my dad being dead!

Ok, maybe you're not totally responsible for us acting like idiots, most of that is on us! But all that other bad stuff is your fault somehow, isn't it!

I'm gonna kick your ass!!!

Ladies and gentlemen. We have a hater.

Caliborn: As you can see, the former ghost of the male hero has come back to haunt me. This is not his first unwelcome intrusion. Into my private important affairs.

John: Who... Are you talking to?

Caliborn: Technically. It will not be his last either. But it will mark the first time he is forced to pay a toll for his rude teleportation crime.

Oh yes, today he will pay.

With his teeth.

And with his blood.

John: Um...

Game Over Kid.

[S] Game Over.

[Image description: Caliborn tilts his chin down and glares out from under his brows. He picks up the golden cane and taps it against his palm. Behind him, AU Lord English’s eyes keep flashing, lending Caliborn a glow of the same color. He smiles a poisonous smile.]

Caliborn: As you can see, the former ghost of the male hero has come back to haunt me. This is not his first unwelcome intrusion. Into my private important affairs.

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Oh yes, today he will pay.

With his teeth.

And with his blood.

John: Um...

Game Over Kid.

[S] Game Over.

[Image description: It zooms in on Caliborn’s eyes. The colorful light flashes around him and his eyes flicker through the faces of his horrible anime drawings. Somehow, he still looks menacing despite this.]

Game Over.
and sitting on John’s head. They all fade and a new John fades in. He leans back to an almost 90 degree angle to get away from shitty Nepeta’s ass as she slides across the screen. Trilbys cover the background.

Suddenly, everything slides to the side and the website returns to its normal grey instead of Caliborn’s green. Act 6 Act 6 Intermission 3 appears in massive letters and slowly shrinks down to the normal title size over a panel showing Gamzee. He looks completely crazed and smiles a demented, bloody, teeth-baring smile. His eyes are bright red and he has Terezi still pinned under his arm by her neck.

It cuts to Karkat, who sneers and raises both his sickle and his fist at Gamzee. It cuts to Terezi, who is clawing at Gamzee’s arm and screaming fear as tears run down her cheeks. The title flashes red as it cuts to Kanaya, who grits her teeth and holds her chainsaw at the ready. It cuts to the Condesce, who bears her teeth and tightens her fist around the handle of her trident. It cuts to Aranea and Jane. Jane is still asleep, and she chokes out Aranea. It cuts to Rose, who looks absolutely furious and wields a Quill of Echidna in each hand. It cuts to Jake, who lays on the ground and looks stunned.

It flashes to Dave, P.M., and Bec Noir at Jade’s quest bed. Dave holds Caledfwlch out. P.M. holds out the sword from her chest. Bec Noir stands on Jade’s quest bed while holding her corpse. It cuts to Bec Noir glaring down at Dave and cradling Jade against his chest.

It cuts back to Jane and Aranea. Aranea grits her teeth in exertion and frustration and uses her powers to lift Brain Ghost Dirk’s katana from the ground. It’s pointed directly at her and Jane, who is still asleep and strangling Aranea.

Kanaya leaps up, her skirt fluttering behind her and chainsaw ready to swing. She sprints across the bits of Jade’s tower that form a broken bridge across the lava lake.

Aranea moves the katana closer and angles it towards Jane. With a burst of energy, she breaks Jane’s hold and sends her flying, then the katana hurdling after her. Jane flies outside of the boundaries of the panel and continues falling in slow motion as it cuts back to Kanaya on the bridge. Karkat pushes his sleeves up and sprints to catch up with her. After a moment, he overtakes her and it zooms in on her expression. She seems shocked that Karkat could surpass her, but Karkat doesn’t notice. He’s too focused. Jane disappears off the edge of the screen.

It cuts back to Gamzee, who snarls, sticks his tongue out, and gives the middle finger. Terezi grabs at his arm with one hand and at his shirt with the other. It cuts to a different angle as, in colorful silhouette, he stands up straight and throws Terezi to the ground behind him. He stares ever so slightly up, and a second later, it zooms out. Karkat, as a bright red silhouette, lunges towards Gamzee with his sickle ready to strike. Gamzee reaches down to pick up Terezi’s dragon head sword. He laughs maniacally and holds the blade at the ready. With one hand, he catches Karkat, who is now grey, mid-leap and levels the sword with his chest. The background flashes red as he stabs it through one of the loops in Karkat’s sign, then yanks it out and stabs through the other. Small trickles of red run down Karkat’s chest. There’s a flash of red, then black, then Karkat stares up in disbelief as Gamzee lets go. Karkat falls backwards into the lava. Terezi gets to her knees behind Gamzee, who holds his hand out like he’s waving down at Karkat. It cuts to just Terezi as she sobs and holds her hands up in a pleading or questioning gesture. It cuts back to Karkat as his back finally makes contact with the lava. Fire consumes his hair and licks up his clothes almost immediately. It cuts to his face, still frozen in an expression of shock as the lava closes over him. His arm still sticks up out of the lava, but it slowly sinks down and vanishes.

Kanaya screams in anger. Gamzee screams back in blind, clowny rage.
Aranea turns to glare towards where she launched Jane. She puts one hand to her temple and holds the other out parallel to the katana. The sword launches out of the panel and vanishes off screen, then it refocuses and follows its trajectory as it launches towards the center of Jane’s chest. She’s still fast asleep. Moments before it runs her through, Jake throws himself between it and her and takes a sword through the chest for his trouble.

Kanaya still screams as she launches herself upwards.

Dave holds his sword in his back hand and throws a punch. He clocks Bec Noir right in the face, making him drop Jade down onto the quest bed. She lands sprawled out on the space symbol. Dave drops down and lands at the foot of her quest bed as a red silhouette. He holds the sword in both hands and stares down P.M. and Bec Noir, as if challenging them. He grits his teeth and levels the point of the sword towards them. P.M. and Bec Noir give him near identical snarls and draw their swords.

Aranea screams and jerks her outstretched arm back towards herself, throwing the katana towards Jane again, this time with Jake already impaled on it. She snaps her arm back out straight again and Jake’s body with the sword comes spinning in from the left side of the screen, crosses into the panel, then launches towards the right just as it cuts back to Jane. The background flashes red as it stabs her onto the sword behind him.

It cuts to the Condesce, who hisses loudly. Her eyes flash red and blue and the pisces gem on her forehead pulses pink.

It cuts very quickly between Dave’s face, Jade’s face, and Terezi’s face, then settles on Jake and Jane as the red background around them shrinks to a red circle. Everything slides to the right and suddenly the website is Caliborn green again and Caliborn is staring John down with anime in his eyes.

John holds a hand out and gets ready to strife. Lil Seb runs back and forth between them. Caliborn just looks smug. John charges towards Caliborn, who holds his golden cane at the ready. John gets close, but before he can do anything, Caliborn smacks him in the face with the head of the cane so hard that John’s glasses fly off, taking his pupils with them. John reaches up to catch them and shoves his eyes back onto his face with an offended shout. John lunges forward and punches Caliborn repeatedly in the stomach, which catches him off guard. John jumps up into the air and gives Caliborn an ‘Egbert Kick’ in the chin, which makes him bend backwards. Caliborn straightens back up and turns his cane into his golden machine gun, which he aims at John. Before he can shoot, John grabs the barrel and pushes it upwards. They grapple with each other with the gun between them and someone eventually pulls the trigger, making it fire into the ceiling with a blam-blam-blam. It cuts to the outside of a station, which resembles Lil Cal’s head and sits on a landscape that flashes bright colors. The bullets fly out through the top of the station.

Back inside, Lil Seb does a little dance and looks back and forth between Caliborn and John. It cuts back to the fight as Caliborn gives John a Dudebro Slap in the face. John grabs Caliborn’s arm and bites down just below his wrist, making Caliborn scream. The fight fully devolves into a middle school brawl when Caliborn grab’s John’s boxers and hikes them up. They’re black with green slimes on them. In retaliation, John grabs Caliborn’s cape and rips it. Caliborn frowns exaggeratedly.

Back on LoFaF, Kanaya grits her teeth and launches herself across the bridge. She screams in anger as it cuts to Gamzee, who laughs. She launches directly towards him and swings her chainsaw up, catching him right between the legs. His laughing stops as a purple line appears up the center of his face. His left half frowns and his right half smiles as they very slowly fall apart.
and blood spews from the gash. Kanaya lightly lands as she screams over the body of the second
person she’s cut in half with the chainsaw. The background behind her flashes jagged sections of
jade green and indigo. She’s smeared with Gamzee’s blood. A scribbly drawing recreates the
scene. A wave of Gamzee’s blood washes over Terezi, who screams and cringes away from it.

Dave catches both P.M.’s and Bec Noir’s blades on his own and grits his teeth. He makes two
sharp strikes, one towards Bec Noir and one towards P.M., though they each block them. He twists
his sword and manages to push P.M.’s blade down a bit, but she snarls at him and he has to let go
to catch Bec Noir’s blade as he tries to strike from behind.

The Condesce glares down at everything from her ship, then lets out a massive scream. The red and
blue flashing in her eyes intensifies and she blasts out a burst of psionic energy. Aranea just barely
manages to dodge to the side and it cuts to the map of the area as the energy beam cuts a swath
across the lava lake. It cuts to Terezi and Kanaya on a section of the bridge as the beam slams into
the piece they’re standing on, which launches Terezi out of its path. Kanaya stares up in horror and
drops her chainsaw as the beam comes closer.

There’s a white flash, then suddenly Dave is there, standing still. His sword arm drops to his side.
P.M. and Bec Noir flank him and each has their sword through his chest: P.M. from the front, Bec
Noir from the back. Blood drips down his arm and it zooms in on his hands as the hilt falls from
his grasp. He collapses on top of Jade, draped across her stomach. The scene tints yellow and a
golden gear appears in the center of the screen along with a word in a glowing, prospitian font.
“Heroic.”

It slowly fades back to Kanaya as she is consumed by the beam of psionic energy. She turns into a
black silhouette, then even that crumbles. Rose screams and reaches her arms out. Tears run down
her cheeks. Behind her, Caliborn glares into the distance as John clings to his neck and bonks him
on the head with a closed fist. Rose fades as silhouettes of Jake and Jane impaled on the sword fall
down from the top of the screen in slow motion. The background fades to Aranea’s look of
dawning horror as she stares up. John, Caliborn, and Aranea fade and it changes to Terezi. She
screams and grabs her remaining sword from the ground. A silhouette of Aranea floats off to the
side. Jake and Jane continue to fall.

Everything fades to Jake and Jane laying on the ground in a pool of blood. The screen splits. The
left half tints yellow and a golden Hope symbol appears in the center. The right half tints purple
and a lilac Life symbol appears in the center. Two words fade in. The left, “Heroic”. The right,
“Just”. Everything fades.

It cuts to Aranea, who lifts her hands and glares. Her arms shake with effort as she jerks them
around and twists them into strange positions. A moment later, it cuts to the object of her effort.
LoLaR hangs in the void, then begins to tremble. Suddenly, it twists and slides out of position, then
spins entirely out of the panel and off the right side of the screen. In the panel, it suddenly appears
in the upper left, launching itself towards LoFaF and The Condesce’s ship. There’s a massive flash
and it zooms out to show the impact. Both LoLaR and LoFaF begin to crumble and a massive
shockwave spreads out. The Condesce launches herself to the side as a fire starts up behind her.
She glares up at her ship, which snaps into several pieces.

Aranea continues jerking her arms around and contorting her expression in extreme exertion and a
moment later, LoCaH launches off the same way LoLaR did. The Condesce screams and begins
jerking her arms in similar ways. LoHaC yanks out of place and flies to intercept LoCaH just
before it slams into the opposite side of LoFaF. They, too, begin to crumble and send out a massive
shockwave. Bits of tower and metal structures from LoCaH rain down against a background of fire.
Rose ignores the hailstorm of debris and launches herself towards The Condesce, who snarls at her.
Rose snarls right back. The Condesce lifts her trident up, like she’s going to throw it.

It cuts to Aranea, who lifts her arms and scowls. Suddenly, she stops and looks behind her. Terezi comes flying towards her with a sword at the ready. Terezi screams and Aranea gives a dark smile. She turns and lifts a hand towards Terezi, which stops her in her tracks and makes her go stiff. Under Aranea’s control, Terezi points the sword towards herself, then stabs it into her chest. Terezi’s knees buckle and she spits blood. Everything fades to black.

A red silhouette of the Condesce appears, then fades to normal. She launches her trident and it hurdles towards Rose, who doesn’t stop or adjust her course at all. Then, she does. She stops in her tracks and stares in shock as the center tine of the trident stabs her in the center of the chest, right through the light symbol.

Aranea jerks her arm and throws Terezi into the opposite shore of the lava lake, where she lands and sends up a massive dust cloud. The Condesce continues jerking her arms and yanks the trident back out of Rose’s chest. It returns to her hand and she screams. Her eyes glow brightly and she sends out another blast of psionic energy. The beam shoots towards Rose, who has gone limp and closed her eyes as she falls. Just before the beam reaches her, a black blur approaches from behind, then resolves into Roxy’s silhouette. Roxy flies towards Rose against a background of flame, then grabs her around the waist. They turn into dark blue silhouettes, then vanish with a white flash of light and a pulse of the void symbol. Roxy’s face watermarks the panel as the beam cuts through where they just were.

Everything goes white, then Terezi fades in. She’s on her knees and clutching one hand around the hilt of the sword in her chest. There’s a spray of blood, then she rips the sword out of her and lifts her head, still screaming furiously. She fades to white as The Condesce and Aranea fade in. They both float and face each other. The background behind them fades from white to the crumbling towers of LoTaK. The Condesce slowly lifts a hand towards Aranea, who is pulled towards her. Aranea’s neck places itself right into the Condesce’s palm. It zooms in as The Condesce shrieks in Aranea’s terrified face.

Everything slides to the right and the website returns to Caliborn’s view. John runs towards Caliborn, who is now wearing a fedora. John punches him in the face, spraying both of them with bright red blood. The hat goes flying and Caliborn frowns. The tattered edge of his cape only hits mid-back. Lil Seb keeps dancing behind them. Against a background of flame, John pounces down on Caliborn and punches him in the face repeatedly. Caliborn looks shocked, but he doesn’t fight back. More blood splatters onto John, who fades to white and begins to zap away.

John vanishes and Caliborn is left laying on the ground in stunned silence. He blinks up at the ceiling like he’s trying to process what just happened. It slowly zooms out. A collection of white horse dolls lay around him and a broken piece of countertop with a rollerball mouse glued to it lays just above his head, next to his crowbar. It zooms in on the mouse. Caliborn’s hand weakly bats at it until he can finally reach the buttons. With a click, Caliborn’s shitty curtains close over the scene.]

Act 6 Act 6 Intermission 3 (already in progress)

[Image description: Aranea trembles as the Condesce stares her down. The Condesce’s arm shakes.]

[a6a6i3] Next

[Image description: The Condesce hisses at Aranea.]
Aranea’s eyes bulge out and point in opposite directions as the Condesce strangles her with one hand.

With her free hand, The Condesce grabs Aranea’s hand with the ring on it.

She twists Aranea’s wrist up and squeezes it.

The Condesce moves her hand up Aranea’s while keeping her grip tight enough that Aranea can’t escape. She forces Aranea’s pointer finger up.

She flings the ring off Aranea’s finger with her thumb, sending it flipping through the air.

She twists Aranea’s neck to the side. Large, sparkly pink text under the panel says ‘Snap’.

The Condesce tosses Aranea back.

Aranea falls backwards into the flame. Her face is frozen in the bug-eyed expression she had just before her neck snapped.

Aranea falls and starts to vanish into the fire.

The flame licks over her and her eyes go white.

She vanishes and the panel tints purple. A lilac light symbol appears in the center of the screen and black text appears in the middle of it. “Just”.

Out in space, chunks of planet, building, and other impact debris float around the pairs of collided planets.
John: what the fuck happened here?

A teen didn't like the direction of my story, so he came and beat me up.

This is the worst thing that's ever happened to me.

And bear in mind that one time, my leg was bitten off. And I tragically lost a sister to murder.

As such, I must admit.

To being succumbed to a new low. Of depressing emotions.

As a tortured artist. Of so much talented promise, and intellectual daring, and cultural magnitude. There can be no doubt.
This is my nadir.

[Image description: it zooms in on him.]

The blackest ball before the hole.

The dark night of the feelings.

I bust my cherub hump for you "people".

[Image description: it zooms out. He’s walking along the forehead of another right angle drawing of himself.]

Day in. And day out. I bring home the fucking bacon.

I accomplish enough premium content. To choke your gluttonous candy holes. Which serve to barely muffle your noisy cravings. For more and for more.

And I do this, for what???

Ungratefultude.

[Image description: it zooms back in on right angle Caliborn. He hangs his head dejectedly and so deeply that he has a massive hunchback.]

I know what the crux to this horrible problem is.

[Image description: it zooms out a little. He dramatically holds up Lil Cal’s head in a manner not unlike Hamlet while standing on the cheek of the larger right angle drawing. He stares off into the distance and clutches his free hand to his chest.]

It is that, I am misunderstood.

The atrocious haters and weak children will say that I am a monster. That I am the biggest bad guy. And that my evil crimes need to be stopped using tantrum punches. But no.

I am just a simple artist.

Sure, some of their lies have some correct qualities.

[Image description: It zooms in on him.]

Yes, it's true I hate many things, and want them dead. Like all non cherubs. Who aren't me.

Yes, I mostly want to see every living thing turn extinct in bad ways. And ok, I've always been a sucker for making funny murders happen.

But those are really just hobbies! They don't *define* me.

My true passion. Is telling stories.

[Image description: Another version of him sits on the edge of Lil Cal’s face, right next to his eye. It’s too small to really see what he’s doing.]

I hugely insist. That I walk the path. Not of a villain. But of an artist!!!

I bleed the blood.
Of a craft's man.

I sweat the stuff.

Of a gentle soul.

And I weep the tears.

Of a poet.

And like any beautiful art poet.

Who is in a struggle of creative calamity.

I must retreat to my craft.

I will fall back on the fucking basics.

Form.

Line.

Angle.

Line.

More lines.

Additional angles.
A white horse doll stands on a mess of dark green scribbles. Four bright green angles flash on top of them, following some of the lines. Two acute angles are labeled “No” and “Bad. Two right angles are labeled “Great” and “Yes”.

I will regroup.

I will rebuild my vision, from pixel one.

I will reinvent myself as an artist!!!

And again I will rise.

[Image description: A right angle Caliborn stands up and screams loudly. Green light spews from his white eyes and is labeled “Pure Art Skill” in blocky text that flashes between bright red and bright green.]
Like a phoenix from the asses. ("Play on words").

The asses belong to the haters of course. Which I handed to them personally. With my strong bare hands.

And so I bide my time.

Perfecting every aspect of my craft.

Polishing, while demolishing.

Honing, while owning.

And in time.

You will see my masterpiece.

But the thing is.

Masterpieces don't come cheap.

I know I said, blah blah, I'm a sensitive artist. My soul is crying. Stuff like that.

But let's face the crass facts. I am a god damn business man. And art costs fucking money.

And so I will need you to plunge your grubby fists.

I know I said, blah blah, I'm a sensitive artist. My soul is crying. Stuff like that.

But let's face the crass facts. I am a god damn business man. And art costs fucking money.

And so I will need you to plunge your grubby fists.
slowly to actually hit the keyboard. Clover stands on the desk and vibrates at them.

Far down your money pockets. And donate generously to the next and greatest act of homosuck. You won't be disappointed.

As we speak. My closest friends and allies. Are digging deep, and chipping in. Totally optionally.

Or else!!!!!!!!!!!

The savvy cash giver will also be pleased to know.

That I am graciously accepting "cal coins". The bleeding edge of modern imaginary currency. Which I recently made up with my computer. And can confidently claim. To largely understand.

Please stand by very impatiently.

Through the next lengthy barrage of not important stuff.

I will be using lots of fancy software money, to craft my swan's song.

Tune in next time on homosuck. For the thrilling and artistically unbelievable conclusion. Of homosuck.

[S] Bye forever, almost.

Act 6 Act 6 Intermission 4: Fix This (Part 1) [Note: The name of this act is written in Terezi’s quirk, with a 1 in place of I.]

Act 6 Act 6 Intermission 4

[A6A6I4] Next
[Image description: John stares at planetary debris among large patches of static.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: He flies through the area, past a giant, glitching candycorn. In the distance, lava flings out of LoFaF, which has about a third of it gone. Parts of the oceans on LoLaR fling out into space as well.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John looks at the candycorn in confusion.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: This panel is very wide, to the point that there’s a scrollbar. A flashing arrow underneath it indicates to scroll right. Near the giant piece of candycorn, a broken, mostly round chunk of one of the planets draws some molten lava into its orbit, along with several small chunks of ground that still have green plants clinging to them. John ducks through a curl of magma spewing from something offscreen and past a few broken pieces of Jade’s tower and broken, white spines that resemble Rose’s Quills of Echidna. Faint static covers the background and some of the foreground is blurred by large, out of focus patches of static. Further right, past more pieces of planet with green plants, shattered bits of tower, quills, and rogue clumps of dirt, John approaches the massive statue of Echidna from LoFaF. Vines with red flowers have climbed up around the body and entwined around the quills, but they’re now torn and the quills are broken off. Large chunks are missing along its back and it’s body is cut into several large pieces. John flies past and approaches LoFaF and LoLaR. Massive cracks have spread further along the surface of both worlds, leaving red scars across the surface. The fires around Jade’s tower send up a massive plume of smoke.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: This panel is also quite large, but vertically. It is still covered in static. John flies past LoFaF and LoLaR. On the other side of LoLaR, massive blobs of brightly colored water from its surface float amid even more chunks of Jade’s tower. In the distance, a large segment of Rose’s house spins away into space. Further down, a piece of Rose’s house and a piece of Jade’s tower head for a collision course. John flies past them, towards where Rose’s observatory floats near a piece of land covered in pastel flowers. He flies past them and past one of the helium seedpods from Jane’s land, then past the shattered remains of Rose’s crazy wizard statue. He approaches LoCaH and LoHaC. Lava spews from both, but LoCaH seems more damaged. A large piece of the surface from the side of the planet opposite the impact separates and flies off into space.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: This panel is another side scroll panel. John flies past LoHaC and through a staticy minefield of broken steel structures, globs of lava, segments of Dave’s house, and floating gears. He continues past until large, red stones join the debris field from the ruins on LoMaX. Long strands of lava wind around steel structures and in the area around the stones. He approaches LoMaX and LoTaK. LoMax is badly cracked and spewing purple gas out into space while a mass of red spreads over a third of LoTaK’s surface.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: This image is a vertical scroll panel. John flies down closer to the surface of
LoTaK and passes the massive red area. He passes the planet entirely and flies out among shattered tombs and henges. He ducks through a massive crack in one of the floating tombs and past the statue of Yaldabaoth, which is cracked in two at the neck.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John flies closer and looks at the face of the Yaldabaoth statue. It’s only three lines in the faint approximation of eyes and a mouth, but somehow, it still looks like it’s judging. Some of the rays of light around its head have snapped off and are floating away. John continues past the statue and towards Dirk, who is floating near the top of a tomb and staring at the crumbling dome.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John stops a few feet behind Dirk, who stares past the top of the temple and towards the debris field around the six collided planets.]

dialoglog
John: hey there.
are you dave's bro?

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John raises an eyebrow and looks a little annoyed.]

dialoglog
John: hey!
did you hear me?
where is everyone?
i'm john by the way.
Dirk: John.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: The static gets worse and makes the whole image slightly fuzzy. Only John isn’t affected. Dirk stares at the destruction with an entirely neutral expression and clutches his sword.]

dialoglog
Dirk: Could you please just leave me alone.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John stares at Dirk’s back and the static gets even worse. The debris field is now a mess of misplaced pixels and jittering colors. John, once again, isn’t affected.]

dialoglog
John: what?
why?
i don't understand.
do you know what happened here?
Dirk: Yeah.

[A6A6I4] Next
dialoglog
Dirk: I failed.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John continues looking at Dirk’s back, but the static is so bad that every item is nearly indistinguishable from just noise.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It gets worse. Dirk is now just a smear of pink and white.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: And even worse. Everything but John is a mess of pixels and colors that jitter and jerk around.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John looks away and grimaces.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Something off to the side grabs his attention and a blue exclamation mark flashes over his head.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John turns and looks at a section of space that isn’t reduced to glitchy confetti. He spots two figures. One, a dark blue silhouette, is carrying the other, an orange silhouette.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Perspective shifts. Roxy holds Rose’s body in her arms and stares sadly down at her. John watches from a distance. Behind them, a mess of static spreads into the rest of the void.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John flies after Roxy, who retreats from the spreading glitches.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy flies towards a pink-tinted dreambubble that contains her planet, LoPaN. John follows a good distance behind her.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy comes down to land at the base of a purple statue of a faceless snake woman with a massive, long shawl wrapped around her shoulders and entwined with the rest of her body. The statue is surrounded by steep-sided pyramids and other egyptian tombs.]

[A6A6I4] Next
[Image description: Roxy lands and closes her eyes. John flies towards her.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy lays Rose down in the sand with a concerned expression. John lands a dozen or so yards behind her and watches.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: He steps closer and Roxy puts her hand on Rose’s stomach.]

dialoglog
John: roxy?

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy turns to stare at John with a tentatively hopeful expression.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John’s eyes go wide as he spots Rose’s body.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: He stares down at the ground and frowns sadly. Roxy does the same.]

dialoglog
John: what happened to rose?

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy kneels over Rose and holds her hand. Blood is smeared down the side of Rose’s chest from the stab wound.]

dialoglog
Roxy: mom

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy begins to look panicked.]

dialoglog
Roxy: mom!
please
wake up
...
its me
ur um
daughter kinda
...
please dont die
...
...
rose
dialoglog
Rose:

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Rose looks up and sees a blurry figure leaning over her with another blurry figure in the background.]

dialoglog
Rose: W,

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Rose blearily opens her eyes and John takes a step closer.]

dialoglog
Rose: What...
Happened to me?
Roxy: the witch got u
with her fork
but youre gonna be ok
Rose: Oh.
That's nice.
*Cough.*
Roxy: maybe you uh
shouldnt try to talk now
Rose: You saved me, didn't you?
Roxy: ...
Rose: Thanks.
But,
She's gone, isn't she.
For good, I mean.
Roxy: hm?
Rose: I saw her die.
And.
It's a shame how...
*Cough.*
A shame that I never even...
Got to tell her...
I loved her.
Roxy: who?

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Rose shifts her head to look at Roxy. Her hair is a mess and blood spills from her lips.]

dialoglog
Rose: Kanaya.
But...
You too, mom.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It zooms back in on her eye, which closes just as slowly as it opened.]

dialoglog
Rose: You too.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy shifts back a bit as the panel tints yellow. A light symbol appears in the center of the screen. “Heroic”.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy pulls her hand back and stares in disbelief. Tears run down her cheeks.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: She turns away and begins sobbing. John glances uncertainly towards her.]

dialoglog
John: is she…

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy stands up and throws her arms around John, who seems a bit unsure but hugs her back anyway.]

dialoglog
John: i'm sorry.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John stares off into the distance with a look of dawning realization.]

dialoglog
John: i got here too late to do anything. because as far as i may think i've come... i still don't know what i'm doing.
dave's bro in the funny pants was right. but not about himself.
i was the one who let everybody down.
i'm the failure.
it's me.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy pulls back and grabs John’s shoulders, startling him.]

dialoglog
Roxy: you saw dirk?? where is he
John: he was back there, floating near all the exploded planets.
he told me to leave him alone, so i did.
and now he's stuck somewhere inside all those shitty glitches, which just keep getting worse.
Roxy: do you think we can get him out
he is like
my only friend who isn't dead yet
John: i don't know.
i have been able to clean up some glitches here and there...
but they're everywhere now.
it's like the whole universe is corrupted.
or, more than just the universe.
you know what i mean.
there's no way i can use my windy powers to blow it all away anymore.
and even if i did... then what?
everything has gotten so fucked up!
Roxy: yeah
sigh

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It zooms out and shows them as silhouettes. Roxy is a darker blue than John. They both stop and just stare at Rose's body.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: They move back and sit at the base of a nearby pyramid.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on them. John stares towards Rose and Roxy looks at him.]
dialoglog

John: poor rose.
she was always too brave for her own good.
this is exactly what happened last time.
Roxy: last time?
John: um.
it was years ago.
when jack killed our parents.
and we tried to fight him but we weren't strong enough to face him yet.
so he killed her.
but at least that time...
i could bring her back to life.
Roxy: how
John: uh...
just, like...
using a certain method.
that is not an option anymore.
Roxy: ...
John: that's the weird thing about this for me.
i'm sitting here, looking at my dead friend.
and it's really sad.
but at the same time...
all of this has already happened before.
the death and tragedy and stuff.
getting painted into the corner of yet another unwinnable situation.
it keeps happening.
and i don't know how to stop it!
Roxy: yeah
me neither

dialoglog
John: but we can't give up, right?
i mean, we've all been in worse situations and gotten out of those, right?
Roxy: er
have we really
John: well...
hm.
no, i guess we haven't.
i guess this like, may be quite literally the worst thing that's ever happened??
i mean, not to put too fine a point on ranking shitty things.
but this is about as unbelievably shitty as it gets.
i keep thinking about what i could have done to...
or what i still could do if only i...
if somehow i could learn to control this...
or like, even better understand this...
this stupid, zappy, retconny...
Whatever it is.
John: bluh.
Roxy: john yo
chill
John: chill?
Roxy: yes
maybe we should try to like
not worry about shit so much anymore
John: why not?
there are so many problems!
Roxy: i know
i know all about the problems
and we are both way brave and all
im sure between us we proved that hella many times already
but man
i never wanted anything more than to meet my mom
to meet rose i mean
and to just
be with her and talk
and try to understand this bond i felt like we always had without ever knowin each other
i kept getting so close
dreamin about her...
wakin up too soon...
and finally
the last time i woke up
was just in time to see her die
its like
the witch was holding out just long enough for the dream to feel like a real possibility
before taking it away
then u take that ultrasad thing
and pile on all the other brutal manure raining down on this epic shit charade
and ive got to say john
this is starting to feel an awful lot like the end
John: the end?
Roxy: yeah
whatever the end of the road feels like
has gotta feel like this
maybe we should just
admit to ourselves this is probably what its like when you find yourself in a timeline where
everything went wrong
and you know it means youre doomed
and the only thing left to do is face the fact you have to ride it out into nothingness
stop worryin so much
and try to let it go
John: you mean, like.
...
what do you mean?
Roxy: i mean
accept that we lost
admit that the people we wanted to be with
the life we always wanted
it was never gonna happen
except maybe in the afterlife
our friends are there
callies there
my mom is there
why shouldnt we be there too
why not just
let the doomed timeline work its gloomy majyyks
and slip away into nothing with the rest of this mess
John: …
line of smoke behind it.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It comes in closer.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: And closer, now on a direct course for the pyramids.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It swoops close to the ground.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It crashes in the sand, not far from the base of the pyramids.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy and John stand up and look towards the crash site. Someone with a head of black hair and a pair of familiar, triangular horns pulls herself from the rubble.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Terezi staggers out of the smoke, clutching at her chest. She’s still smeared with blood and has the red scarf tied around her eyes.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: She staggers forward more. She looks so tired.]

dialoglog
John: terezi?

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John steps closer to Terezi with a concerned look. Terezi keeps walking towards him. She’s wearing different shoes. These are red, slip on ones, and they sparkle.]

dialoglog
John: whoa.
are you ok??

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Terezi stands up a bit straighter and drops her hand to the side.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: She slams her head down into John’s nose, headbutting him with a massive ‘doof’. He falls back, yelling in pain and bleeding from the nose.]
Terezi: fix this

Jade: m hm!
well, sort of
it looked more realistic when i lived here

Calliope: this was your home?
Jade: foliage?
in yours I suppose there was more care given to landscaping. (Gasping face)
Jade: huh!
Calliope: on his earth, these hills were covered in trees.
that's interesting
Calliope: is it?
Jade: ummm
Calliope: I'm not sure that it is, particularly.
Jade: heheh yeah I guess not
Calliope: but it is very nice here, even if it is only a stylistic approximation of your home.
Jade: you haven't?
Calliope: come to think of it,
I have never even seen a plant... (Blank face with closed eyes)!
Jade: (gasping face)
Calliope: plenty of meat though!
meat was left for us in great supply.
candy too.
but nary a plant for as far as the eye could see.
Jade: that sounds terrible!
when I was a kid I grew up with plants all around me
but I was very lucky... I guess I took all the nice things about my life on this island for granted
I even had my own garden where I grew flowers and vegetables and fruits and such
that is all I ever ate, the things I grew myself
Calliope: ooh!
Jade: but I will admit to having developed a taste for meat since becoming a dog (side eyeing blank
face with a bead of sweat)
Calliope: meat is very good.
for all the complaints I might have about my childhood, near exclusive subsistence upon raw flesh
is not one.
but then, I am sure that comes with the territory of being a monster. Heh.
Jade: (gasping face)
Calliope: I didn't mean to change the subject.
please tell me about your garden!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Jade and Calliope stand on the fake hills, which slowly fade to Jade’s
greenhouse, but drawn in a very loose, cutesy style.]

dialoglog
Jade: my grandpa set it up for me in the atrium
I would spend hours tending to my plants and playing music for them
it was one of the places where I was the happiest I can remember being
I miss that garden
Calliope: what happened to it?
Jade: it blew up
and then I built my house waaaay up, on top of where it used to be
in the years since that happened I thought about rebuilding it
as a way to pass the time on my long lonely journey...
but I was too depressed to grow anything
Calliope: hm, yes.
I believe I can sympathize.
Jade: what sort of place did you grow up in that didn't have plants?
was it a desert?
Calliope: of sorts, yes.
it was earth, actually.
Jade: huh???
Calliope: my earth was much less hospitable toward life than yours.
I am sure I was the only living thing left on the planet.
Jade: that sounds lonely
Calliope: it was.
Jade: but didn't you say meat was left for "us" earlier
Calliope: oh.
Jade: was someone else there?
Calliope: yes.
technically.
but he was only there while I slept.
Jade: who?
Calliope: my brother.
Jade: oh!
I had a brother too
its funny we keep discovering ways that we are alike
Calliope: yes, but not so much in this way.
for one thing, you and your brother never detested each other, to my knowledge.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: The garden around them fades to a drawing of Caliborn and Calliope’s room
drawn in the same style. Jade stands in front of the Sarswapagus and Calliope stands near her desk.
The cuff is connected to her ankle and runs to the connector box on the wall. A box of special
stardust sits next to the chain connector. The ~Ath manual sits on the desk next to her computer
and her green juju chest sits on the floor next to her.]

dialoglog
Calliope: also you and he spent most of your lives apart.
to you I'm sure it seemed a cruelty to grow up so divided.
but to me that would have been a great liberty.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Jade looks around with an uncertain and concerned expression.]

dialoglog
Jade: this is where you and your brother lived?
Calliope: (blank face with closed eyes)

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Jade spots something on the backdrop and looks towards it confusedly.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: A single green fang lays on the floor next to a small smear of bright red blood.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Jade picks it up and stares at it.]

dialoglog
Jade: callie…

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Jade and Calliope sit on the sarswapagus. Jade looks uncertain, like she doesn’t
quite want to believe what she’s thinking. Calliope looks resigned.]

dialoglog
Jade: when you said you were a monster...
what did you mean?
were you just being hard on yourself...
or did you mean that literally?

Calliope: no.
I was being rather literal about my true appearance.
Jade: I see
and your brother looks the same way too I take it?

Calliope: yes.
we look identical, though he was surely more a monster than i.
he still is.

Jade: was this his tooth?

Calliope: yes.
it was once mine as well, but that is a topic which would require some elaboration.
to tell you the truth, I would rather not talk about my brother. Or anything from my past, really.
dwelling on it for long makes me feel very anxious.

Jade: thats ok, we dont have to talk about it
its just
seeing this tooth
and listening to your voice...
I think im finally starting to remember something

Calliope: oh?
what do you remember?

Jade: I remember
you!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Calliope looks towards Jade.]

dialoglog

Calliope: me???

Jade: yes
im quite sure now that we met once before while i was asleep
it was you, and yet...
it wasnt

Calliope: do you mean to say you saw my true appearance?

Jade: I think so

Calliope: egad.
I hope I didn't frighten you.

Jade: I was a little scared at first actually
but it was not so much because of what you looked like

Calliope: (gasping face)

Jade: your voice was the same
and I can tell now that you are basically the same person she was
yet...
you seemed so different
so much more
serious
also...
you were a god tier!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Jade smiles at Calliope.]
Jade: what do you think it means callie?
if that was you... but not Quite you... then who was it?
Calliope: that was a version of myself I could have become, but for whatever reason, did not.
she is the one I am supposed to find.
but it would seem you found her first.
Jade: I see
an alternate universe version of yourself?
Calliope: yes.
the version who was able to defeat my brother before he could commit his mayhem.
Jade: that makes sense
no wonder she was so...
well
no offense to her, but you are much friendlier (smiley face)
Calliope: I was that bad, was i?
or, ahem. She?
Jade: not really...
it was not long at all before I could tell she was good
actually, the more I think about it, the more im starting to remember about the encounter
she had a lot to say
Calliope: what did she tell you?
Jade: she mainly told me stories!
Calliope: (gasping face)
Jade: she seemed to really like telling stories
so I think your personality must have been in there somewhere (very happy face)
Calliope: you don't...
by any chance...
Jade: you want to know if I remember any?
yes, its been coming back to me little by little
I think I can retell some of them
Calliope: (very happy face with closed eyes)
Jade: hey I have an idea
why dont you help me?
Calliope: how?
Jade: do you have anything to write on?
a pad of paper or such?
Calliope: I think so. One moment.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Calliope grins and picks up the ~Ath manual. Her teeth are very pointy.]

dialoglog
Calliope: how's this?
Jade: perfect!
ok, I will write the words, and you can draw the pictures
Calliope: oh, what a good idea!
Jade: yes
ok where to begin
if I recall...
the first story was about how she defeated her brother
but I dont remember much about that one
and maybe you don’t even want to hear a story that has to do with him?
Calliope: that would be the way in which she and I differ.
in my story, it was the other way around.
Jade: hmm
that makes sense
the rest of her stories I think were meant to account for the differences in the way her life went
now I am very curious!
Jade: (smiley face)
so she went on to tell another story
not one about your brother
but one about mine
Calliope: it already sounds like a much more pleasant story.
Jade: well
not exactly...

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Calliope sets the book down and opens it to a blank page in the middle. Jade picks up a green pen and touches it to the page.]

dialoglog
Jade: this is the story about how he died

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John stares down at Terezi’s feet and she frowns at him. Roxy stands behind John and watches.]

dialoglog
Terezi: the powers you were talking about earlier
John: huh???
Terezi: do not huh me egbert
you look like an idiot, but we both know you are no fool
John: hey!
Roxy: I wouldn’t argue w her john
shes all bloody and she clearly means business
John: er...
ok, you’re right.
yes, terezi. I agree to the fact that I look like an idiot.
primarily because you seem badly wounded and angry.
are you sure you’re ok?
Terezi: shut up!!!
on rose’s rainbow candy planet
you appeared and said you had the ability to change things
to alter history without dooming the timeline
John: oh.
yeah.
the thing with that is, um...
wait a minute.
terezi, are...
are those jade’s shoes???
dialoglog
Terezi: maybe
John: maybe????
Terezi: yes
John: yes as in yes?? or yes as in maybe?!
Terezi: yes as in maybe
John: terezi.
why are you wearing jade's shoes?
where's jade?!
Terezi: jade's dead

dialoglog
John: aw, man.
not jade too.
are you sure?
Terezi: yes john
John: you mean like dead dead?
Terezi: everybody's dead, john
John: everybody??
even dave??!!!!
Terezi: he's dead, john
everybody's dead
everybody is dead, john
John: so...
John: jade, dave, karkat... They're all...
even the cute mayor guy who dave loves so much??????
Terezi: john let's not do this

dialoglog
John: dammit.
well, did you actually take jade's pulse?
you know, she does like to sleep a lot.
Terezi: I sniffed both her and dave's poignantly overlapping torsos very carefully for a human pulse
alas I found none (frowning face with furrowed brows)
John: oh.
and then...
you decided to take her shoes.
Terezi: yes
John: and you thought that was an appropriate thing to do...
why, exactly?
Terezi: john, her shoes were red, sparkly, and delicious
I am only flesh and blood
John: ugh, you are such a weirdo.
why are all troll girls so weird?!
every single one I have met is some kind of depraved lunatic.
all the troll boys I have met are just lame weenies though.
well, except for karkat. Karkat was great.
may he rest in peace (frowning face)
Terezi: don't fucking say that!!!
John: what?!
Terezi: he is not dead!
John: but, you just said...
Terezi: I mean, he doesn't have to be!
I did not come here to bathe in the repugnant attitude of a defeatist dork
I came here to force said dork to use his incredible and totally unprecedented powers to set
everything right, even if it means stabbing him until he complies
John: ok! You don't need to stab me, really!
don't you think I want to?
we just lost everyone we cared about! Of course I want to go back and change things!
I just have no idea how!!!
Terezi: that is not my problem
just as a lack of stylish gemstone studded footwear is also not my problem, as of precisely today
these things are your problems to solve
both the pitiable lack of command over your zappy prowess, as well as the grotesque pair of banana
loafers on your feet
John: eargh, I friggin' *hate* troll girls!
Roxy: john

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It zooms out and shows them as colorful silhouettes. Roxy steps away and
stands at the base of the purple statue.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: She stares up at it. John looks at her and Terezi keeps scowling at him.]

dialoglog
John: what?

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Roxy’s face.]

dialoglog
Roxy: have you ever seen your denizen?

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John steps up beside her and they both stare up at the statue.]

dialoglog
John: no.
well... i almost did once.
Roxy: what happened
John: i was tricked into going to see him early.
by a blind prankstress who shall remain nameless.
Terezi: (uncertain face with furrowed brows)
John: but at the last minute, i was talked out of it by a pal from the future.
i wasn't ready to see him yet.
i would have died if i did.
Roxy: k
but like
what if u are now
John: what if i'm what?
Roxy: ready
i mean
if nows not the right time
then when even would be

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy turns to face John.]

dialoglog
John: i guess you have a point.
would that...
actually accomplish anything though?
Roxy: dunno man im just spitballin here
they are supposed to be these ginormous monsters that you either fight...
or you listen to their riddles and they help solve all ur problems or something
arent they?
John: uh.
more or less?
i think their purpose is a bit more mysterious than that, and i guess more, like... majestic?
Roxy: majestic???
John: i don't know!
i'm probably not the best guy to ask about denizens. jade met hers, but she's...
a sprite could explain it better than me. didn't you ever talk to your sprite about them?
Roxy: nah
me and fefeta never talked much about that stuff
we mainly traded lame puns n talked about our shitty love lives
John: you did?
wow, what kind of sprite did you even have??
Roxy: (frowning face)
John: er, never mind.
I did not mean to touch upon yet another sad subject.
anyway, maybe you're right, and my denizen could help me with these problems.
but at the same time...
there are so many problems!
even if I learned to control my powers better, we would still have to deal with all this glitchy bullshit!
I could zap around and fix everything, but if it's all still garbled, how would I even know it was fixed?!
maybe you were right, roxy.
what if it's all too much to overcome this time, even for typheus?
Terezi: I have heard enough!
john, you have slandered our troll males as weenies
and while I could not possibly dispute this characterization
today I listen to excuses from none other than the supreme weenie himself!
John: (gasping face)

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy steps back and carefully watches Terezi as she steps forward and yells in
John’s face.]

dialoglog
Terezi: you will go see your denizen at once
ask him to help you understand your powers, and accept whatever price he demands
this is not negotiable!
John: god, alright!
I was going to agree to go see him anyway!
can't a guy just think out loud a bit before making a big decision?
Terezi: no
John: wow, ok.
my bad I guess???
Terezi: yes
stop thinking, you have always been terrible at it
leave the mind work to me

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Terezi balls her fists up and John shrugs.]

dialoglog
John: fine, then I guess it's settled.
I will go to lowas and see my denizen.
but what will you guys do?
Terezi: probably nothing
John: nothing?
Terezi: if you are successful
then we will stop existing
I doubt it will be like having to live the rest of our lives in a doomed timeline
technically that is what we are doing right now
I presume that since you have been endowed with the ability to rewrite causality, not unlike the
mechanism behind the scratch
everything as it is now will simply cease to be
John: oh.
...
Terezi: what?
John: I mean, even though everything in this timeline is about as shitty as it gets...
that still seems kinda sad.
Roxy: yeah
I think them is just the breaks dude
John: I guess so.
what do you think you will do with the time you have left?
Roxy: ummmm
idk shit around all melancholy for a spell
to question my life choices
probably bury my mom somewhere in the desert
give her a quick funeral
say goodbye to her and everything else
and then
curl up into a ball
and wait to unexist?
John: holy shit that's the saddest thing I've ever heard!
argh, why'd you even have to tell me that!
Roxy: hey u asked
John: no, that sucks!
don't do that.
Roxy: meh why not
John: because it's a stupid plan for crappy idiots.
Roxy: jfc what a burn
I think I might cease to exist just from that burn
John: yes, laugh at my truly sick burn if you must, but everyone's getting on my case for being so
defeatist, and that's the best plan you can come up with?
Roxy: I didn't get on your case for being defeatist tho
I was actin tons more defeatist than u on account of the emotions from my moms tragic corpse
the trolls been the one bustin your windsock remember
Terezi: it's true
I have been doing that
John: yeah, I just think...
no matter who's going to stop existing when, if I do something proactive, then you should too!
even if only on principle.
Roxy: ..... such as?
John: why don't you go see your denizen too?
Roxy: wat
John: that's your denizen there, isn't it?
Roxy: no that's a statue
John: yes, I know it's a statue.
I mean, it is a depiction of her, right?
Roxy: oh
yeh
John: so if I'm going to see mine, why don't you go see yours too?
Roxy: go see nix...
why
John: why not!
Roxy: cause im not the hero with the magic "fix literally everything" powers that need masterin
John: no, but you still have things to learn, don't you?
did you ever make that spike ball?
Roxy: um no
but what would even be the point of that anymore
John: I dunno.
it's just a thing you were going to set your mind to, but haven't done yet.
just like I said I was going to get that magic ring so you can give it to your friend. Remember that?
Roxy: yeah
John: I haven't done that yet either.
but that doesn't mean I have to give up on that idea.
what if, after I see my denizen...
what if I could still do that?
Roxy: ...
John: I'm just saying, you have no idea what there is to learn from her.
maybe finding out what there is to learn is most of what there is to learn?
what if making alien spike balls is only the beginning of understanding your powers?
what if she can help you channel some sort of incredible... Voidey thing?
Roxy: voidy thing
John: yes, like a windy thing, but with void instead of wind.
Roxy: whats a windy thing
John: a windy thing is obviously a bunch of damn wind blowing around!
Roxy: soo
ur saying she can teach me to make void blow around
John: no!
I didn't mean it that literally.
I mean, maybe something more abstract? Like, I dunno...
learn to phase out of reality, and somehow preserve yourself in the void, even if I alter history...
so that maybe when the time is right, you can just... Pop back into reality?
Roxy: wow
u really think she can tell me how to do that
John: I have no idea!
I'm just saying...
who knows?
Roxy: not to be a wet windsock john but that sounds far fetched as heck
John: ok, yes, probably.
it just feels shitty leaving you here to have a sad funeral, and then stop existing.
Roxy: sometimes john
u just gotta throw a sad funeral for ur dead teen mom and then stop existing
le shrug
John: le shrug my la butt!
I'm not going to see my denizen unless you agree to see yours.
that is the deal, and that's final.
Roxy: daaamm son
as in, damn, literal offspring of some peeps I kno
shit be strict
Terezi: alive lalonde, just do what he says
pointless obstinacy is a shared familial trait which is most unwelcome at this time

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy throws her head all the way back and groans. John gives her a side-eye.]

dialoglog
Roxy: ok fiine
ima go see some big ass goddess of the night if itll make u get this show on the stinkin road aready!
John: thank you.
that is all i ask.
Roxy: so uh
now?
John: i...
hmm.
John: i guess?
Roxy: hmm
like this exact actual second then
John: um.
i don't know.
probably?
Roxy: alright
i guess we should like
go then
John: yeah.
no time like the present, right?
Roxy: right
John: then, um.
so hey.
if this works, and i somehow erase you from history...
i mean, this version of you...
Roxy: haha
yeah
if that happens then uh
John: it was nice to meet you... ?
Terezi: This is fucking brutal
Roxy: (confused face)

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Terezi screams furiously and points at herself.]
dialoglog
Terezi: I am not about to spend my final moments slowly bleeding to death while two human dorks
oblivious to their own painfully evident romantic tension fumble through a drawn out series of
awkward goodbyes
didn't you just meet, like today??
John: y.... Um...
Roxy: um.... Y....
Terezi: jegus, someone flog me with another shitty clown, I can't take one more minute with you
adorable dweebs
you caught me at the baaad time, egbert and lalonde. Any other day I would be teasing you about
this in a playful attempt to make you both uncomfortable, while giggling maniacally
but look at me
I said look at me
does this strike you as a face which is prepared to giggle maniacally???
Roxy: (startled blank face)
Terezi: I am declaring this meeting of tragic yet adorable fuckups completely and utterly adjourned
now say goodbye
yes there you go, just like that
hey
what, you're just going to walk away?
how about a hug
yes, the thing you do with your arms
no, not me! Don't touch me
with each other
ok, just a little closer, and...
there you go!
this isn't blastoff research, people
alright, I think that's going to do it
the goodbye has been secured
I mean really
how do you even function on a day to day basis without me
how does anybody?
hmm
maybe they didn't?
I guess that explains the mess we're in. Fucking eureka!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy smiles and waves at John and Terezi, then hops and disappears as she comes down.]

dialoglog
Roxy: lmao
scarf troll ur p funny
hope i meet ya again
or at least some version of myself meets some version of urself
whew wat an abstract wish! fantasy wishgiver dreamchrist dont even kno what that meant enough to make it happen or not
he and his loyal entourage of religion-wizerds just shruggin @ eachother
um k so
good luck fixin all the shit john
anyway im out
phasis down to the core o this sucker 4 denizen timez
later dudes
*poof!*

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John waves goodbye as Roxy disappears into the sand with a Poof.]

dialoglog
John: bye!!!
heh, she didn't hear me. she was already under ground.
but yeah, i guess i will get going too.
thanks for the weird, angry pep talk, terezi! see you.
Terezi: egbert, where the hell do you think you're going
John: but you just said...
Terezi: get back here!!!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John turns towards Terezi, who scowls at him.]

dialoglog
John: ok! Dang.
what is it?
Terezi: don't you think we should go over the actual plan first?
John: er.
I thought we just did that?
I'm going to see typheus.
Terezi: no you nitwit
I mean what you're going to do if you successfully learn to control your powers
John: oh yeah.
heh. Good point.
Terezi: so what is your plan
John: I don't have one.
I mean, other than to go talk to a monster who I presume to be a giant snake, and see what happens.
do you have any ideas?
Terezi: hmm
John: what do you think I should change, terezi?
Terezi: I don't know
I really should know
but
I don't (frowning face with furrowed brows)
John: why do you think you should know?
Terezi: because I am a seer of mind!
it is my job to know such things
I am supposed to foresee outcomes of certain actions, and guide my friends to victory
but I've never been very good at using my powers
look at where they've led me!!
I lost all faith in my abilities long ago
sorry john
I'm not sure I can help you
John: can't you at least try?
Terezi: try what, exactly?
John: anything!
like, put your hands on your head, like psychics do, and just...
I dunno! Try anything at all that might help me figure out what to do.
I just don't want to be zapping around time and space at random, with no rhyme or reason to what
I'm trying to fix!
please terezi, just try.
I need your help.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Terezi tips her head down a bit and puts a finger to her chin ponderously.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: She lowers her hand and lifts her head back up.]

dialoglog
Terezi: ok
I will try something
John: cool!
Terezi: I have no idea if this will work
or if there is even any theoretical basis for it working
but I'll need you to do something
to help me try it
John: ok.
what?
Terezi: try to hold a certain thought in your mind
as clearly and steadily as you can
and tell me what it is
John: a thought?
like...
what kind of thought?
Terezi: I don't know
some idea
an image
or maybe...
a phrase?
that might be simpler
John: sure.
what kind of phrase?
Terezi: any phrase
as long as you're sure you'll be able to remember it clearly later on
John: hmm.

John: hmmm.

John: hmmmmmmm.

John: ok, i got one!
Terezi: good
tell me

John: there's no place like home.
dialoglog
Terezi: ok
I think I can work with that
now be sure you remember it
John: I will.
Terezi: alright, stand back
let's give this a shot

[Image description: Terezi puts her hands to the sides of her head and concentrates. A faint teal
glow radiates from her.]

[Image description: She concentrates harder. The mind symbol appears on her forehead. She begins
to tremble and her mouth falls slightly open. The background behind her turns into the teal,
synapse-like clods of the Land of Thought and Flow as the glow intensifies.]

[Image description: The clouds and mind symbol begin to flash with teal light. Terezi screams.]

[Image description: Terezi stops screaming, the sky returns to the colorful streaks of LoPaN, and
the mind symbol fizzles into a little wisp of smoke.]

dialoglog
John: what happened?
did it work?

[Image description: John stares expectantly at Terezi, who looks down and pulls her hands away
from her head.]

dialoglog
Terezi: No

[Image description: She drops her hands to her sides and the smoke above her begins to fade away.]

dialoglog
Terezi: It did not

[Image description: John lifts one eyebrow, furrows the other, and puts his hand to his chin like
he’s deep in thought.]

dialoglog
John: well...
damn.
it was worth a shot, i guess.

[Image description: Terezi hangs her head dejectedly.]

dialoglog
Terezi: i'm sorry
i can't help you
i can't help anyone
you'd better go
John: but what will you do?
Terezi: i will probably just bleed to death in this desert
alone and irrelevant
John: that's so shitty though!
what if you...
Terezi: stop!!!
just stop
there's nothing more for me to do
i don't even have a denizen to go visit
my friends are dead, and i wasted my life
it is over for me
and you are the only hope we have left
so get out of here

[Image description: John stares down at the ground and frowns sadly.]

[Image description: He looks up and to the side.]

dialoglog
John: i guess you're right.
ok, off i go then.

[Image description: John turns into a blue wisp and flies away, leaving little blue dots around himself. Terezi watches him.]

dialoglog
John: if i master my powers, i guess... i'll figure something out?
don't worry terezi.

[Image description: He flies away with a determined look on his face.]

dialoglog
John: i'll make sure none of this ever happens.
Jade: I’m starting to remember the things she told me so vividly now. Its amazing what a creative project can do to get your mind turning.

Calliope: (very happy face with closed eyes)

what shall I draw first?

Jade: The land of wind and shade!

That is where the story starts.

Calliope: I see.

which story, exactly?

her story, or yours?

Jade: Hmm.

both, as a matter of fact.

my story began with a tragedy on lowas, which led to meeting her in the first place.

and then, she used my memory of that tragedy as a starting point for her story, which turned out to be related.

Calliope: Ooh, fascinating!

(i love stories)

Jade: (i know)

I’ll start with mine, since that will make everything else make sense.

Jade: So go ahead and start drawing.

Calliope: what?

Jade: lowas!!

Calliope: right!

Jade: (i know)

ill start with mine, since that will make everything else make sense.

Jade: So go ahead and start drawing.

Calliope: What?

Jade: lowas!!

Calliope: right!

Calliope: How’s this?

Jade: Looks good!

don’t forget to put a really tall house poking out of the top.

Calliope: Oh yes, of course.

Calliope: So you say your story begins with a tragedy?

what shall I draw next to depict this tragedy?

Jade: Nothing yet... I’ll get to that!

but yes, the tragedy is why I was alone on the golden ship.
it was not long after our three year journey began

[Image description: In another drawing done in Calliope’s style, which is very cutesy and soft, Jade lays on John’s couch in the room on the ship with all the sofas and the fridge. She holds a pair of squiddle tangle buddies and stares sadly down at them. Nearby, the four planets and Skaia hover.]

dialoglog
Jade: i was relaxing in our makeshift livingroom, giving john and davesprite some space to themselves for a while so they could catch up
john wanted to visit his home again
so i happily obliged and shrunk them both down so they could hang out in his tiny tall house
it seemed like the nice thing to do...
but i came to regret that decision more than any ive ever made
i was minding my own business when out of nowhere…

[Image description: Still in Calliope’s style, LoWaS cracks into several large pieces and bright orange light spills from the fissures. John’s house snaps into pieces and collapses.]

dialoglog
Jade: lowas exploded!!!

[Image description: In Calliope’s drawing, Jade throws herself to her knees and stares in desperate horror at a small pile of ash and rubble that’s smouldering on the rug-- all that remains of LoWaS.]

dialoglog
Jade: i couldnt believe it
it was totally inexplicable
there was no trace of them at all... they were both dead
i supposed it must have meant johns death was heroic... but i couldnt for the life of me imagine how
to me it was as pointless and arbitrary as a death could be

[Image description: In Calliope’s drawing, Jade closes her eyes and hangs her head dejectedly. There are faint green spirals on her cheeks. The remains of LoWaS still send up a trail of smoke.]

dialoglog
Jade: i looked within myself as hard as i could to see if there was some power i had, in all my omnipotence, to bring them back
but i couldnt
they were gone
would spend the next three years on that ship without my two best friends
sure, there were still consorts and chess guys to keep me company
but the loss was too much for me to bear
i felt so alone
Jade: weeks and months went by...
i didn't have the slightest sense of how quickly or slowly time was passing
any sense of purpose to reaching the destination had vanished, and delicious though it was, no
amount of nannas cake would bring me comfort
toward the end of the journey, when i was feeling particularly despondent…

Jade: i fell asleep and had a dream
and that is when i met a very powerful, strangely charismatic creature...
her name was calliope (winking face)

Jade: as i said, she was somewhat like you, and yet so unalike
her presence was so serious and grave
her hollow eyes were piercing... but not hostile
but the prevailing sense i got from her was one of loneliness
before she even said a word, i could feel it somehow, that this was a deeply lonely soul
until i met her, i thought i was the loneliest person in the universe
but a feeling told me she had been here by herself for a long long time
i felt sorry for her
and relating to her plight helped me overcome the feelings of intimidation
so we began to talk
we traded stories about ourselves
she spoke of the brother she killed
i spoke of the brother i lost
and when i mentioned johns death
that is when she became very serious again
she began to recount how john had died, repeating to me the same story i just told you
she described the spontaneous destruction of lowas which left me alone for years
i wondered why she was recounting this tragedy that happened to me, and for that matter how she
knew of it herself
she went on to say that lowas was destroyed because johns denizen had suddenly woken up
typhheus, a great monster of truly terrifying power
she said he had destroyed his land and slayed his own heir of breath not out of malice, but to make
a slight correction
i asked her...
what do you mean, "correction"?
dialoglog

Jade: she said that the john from my reality, and his entire planet, needed to be erased and that the slumbering denizen in all his mysterious wisdom knew this she told me that the dreams of a denizen draw from the same well of potential from which every conceivable possibility arises the same place skaia gets its power from so if an agreement with a denizen is reached in one reality, that same denizen in another reality could become aware of it, and respond accordingly it seems that john, somewhere, in some other plane of existence, had made just such an agreement she said that the john i knew, like herself, was only one version of a person there was a different version of john from another reality poised to play a more significant role you see, the john from that reality in an act of desperation had gone to see typheus, and struck a bargain with him she would go on to explain the nature of that bargain in the next part of her story but from my perspective, the consequence of this bargain was to lose my friends, and to live with that for years without understanding why losing them still hurt, but i was so relieved to at least understand the reason, and to realize their senseless deaths were actually serving a bigger purpose i thanked her for letting me know

dialoglog

Jade: she told me she was not human, and had no frame of reference for empathizing with my feelings but if there was one thing she could relate to, it was the feeling of being alone the feeling of waiting for what seems like eternity by yourself, until finally your purpose presents itself Calliope: ... Jade: ....

dialoglog

Calliope: I feel sorry for her. er, for myself, I suppose. But then again, that feeling is nothing new. Jade: heh Calliope: it's an odd statement she made, though. Jade: what? Calliope: not having the frame of reference for empathizing with human feelings. f you asked me, I would say I have the vantage to relate to both humans and cherubs, so when you describe your feelings of sadness over losing friends, I'd have more than enough grounds for commiseration.
do you think that this version of me never...
Jade: never what?
Calliope: never had human friends like I did?
Jade: I have no idea
Calliope: what a strange thought.
to grow up with only my brother for "company"...
and not even have my human friends to get me by.
what a dreadful fate. The poor thing.
maybe that was the difference?
what let her predominate over her brother, whereas I was too, erm...
"humanly socialized" to succeed in my cherubic rite of passage?
Jade: could be!
I dont know enough about cherub rites of passage to say either way
human rites of passage either, for that matter
Calliope: so then what happened!
Jade: right! Anyway...
that's when she began her story in earnest
the one she summoned me in my dreams to tell me
the story of the other john who made a deal with typhus
it began with the same place my mine did
lowas
...
so, go on
Calliope: what?
Jade: draw lowas again!
Calliope: oh!!
wait.
all over again?
Jade: ummmmmm
no, you can just copy the first one you did (smiley face)
Calliope: what a lovely idea.
Calliope: I'd hate to hold up the pace of your exciting tale with a bunch of superfluous doodling.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It shows the second drawing of LoWaS again, when it was intact and had John's house on it.]
dialoglog
Calliope: good enough?
Jade: yes, but...
there are also supposed to be glitches around
Calliope: glitches?
what do you mean by glitches?
Jade: like computery glitches I think
Calliope: that sounds hard to draw.
Jade: ok why dont we not worry about showing the glitches for this story
they would just make it harder to see what's going on...
which is probably the point now that I think about it?
Calliope: the point?
of what?
Jade: I never thought much about it
it just seemed like a weird detail she mentioned
but I guess it was some strange form of corruption in their session that made everything harder to understand
Calliope: where did the corruption come from?
Jade: no idea!
I guess it was just one more way everything got messed up for them
like, just another surreal obstacle for a hero to overcome?
oh, that reminds me
you need to draw john there as well!
Calliope: right-o.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: A drawing of John now floats over LoWaS and looks down at it.]

dialoglog
Calliope: there you go.
one hero.
sans surreal obstacles!
Jade: (smiley face)
when she mentioned that I didnt give it a second thought
but now that I am trying to reconstruct everything and tell you what to draw...
hmm
Calliope: hm?
Jade: I guess when youre trying to tell a story it forces you to think a lot more about everything than when youre just listening to one
Calliope: tis quite true.
perhaps you should start writing?
how did she begin?
Jade: let me think...
hmm, maybe we should pause before I go on?
Calliope: pause??
Jade: like
some sort of intermission
so I can collect my thoughts a bit, and to give the audience a little breather between two significant arcs
we were at it for a pretty good while there, after all
Calliope: what... Audience?
Jade: well, that would be you in this case
ooh I know!
I can doodle a quick story about the antics of the silly consorts on the golden ship before moving on
Calliope: (gasping face with furrowed brows)

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It zooms out to show the book. Jade doodles in a line of consorts with her green pen. The drawings aren’t very detailed, but they are pretty cute. From left to right, they are an iguana, a turtle, a crocodile, and a salamander.]

dialoglog
Jade: one of the things i did to pass the time on the ship was give them funny names
lets meet our cast of characters for this intermission shall we?
Calliope: ...
Jade: lets see, there waaaas
bubbleupagus
thips ahoy
nak be nimble
slowpoke malone
Calliope: jade.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: She draws in another set of 4 consorts scattered across the page. The salamander is blowing a large bubble.]

dialoglog
Jade: detective glubsbudget
fidgety herbert
doctor snausages
yiffyiff
Calliope: Jade!
Jade: huh?

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Calliope reaches in and smacks at the book. Her hand is it’s natural green-skinned, clawed self instead of the troll-like hand she presented before.]

dialoglog
Calliope: I'm sorry but I don't care about this right now!
your consort friends are so very cute and their names are silly and I love them all but I want to hear the rest of the story!
please let's go back to illustrating her story, I'm so curious!!!!!!!!!!!
please please please please please please please please please please please please please please!
Jade: wow, ok sorry!!!!!
yes you're right this is a stupid diversion... lets continue
um callie...
your hand (gasping face)

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Calliope freezes and her hand returns to the troll-like one.]

dialoglog
Calliope: oops. (gasping face)
ahem. pay no attention to that.
do carry on.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Jade looks off to the side and taps her pen to her lips.]

dialoglog
Jade: so... anyway
like i said, she just finished telling me that she was able to beat her brother in this reality but apparently, that wasn't supposed to happen?
so she lived out the rest of her life in a doomed timeline and eventually died
she didn’t mention how
and then...
and then she did this kinda fancy transition
darn, I don’t think I’ll do it justice
a transition to a story about my brother... who was stuck in a doomed timeline too
I think I’ll mess it up if I try to match what she said word for word
she had a really fanciful way of putting things
Calliope: there’s no need to try to recite what she said.
just tell the story in your own voice, as you have already been doing!
it will be more fun that way.
Jade: ok
so the bottom line was
almost all our friends had died
and John’s only hope was to return to his planet, and attempt to complete his personal quest

Image description: Calliope’s drawing of John flies in closer to LoWaS.

_dialoglog_Jade: as you know, we all have personal quests that are unique to our planets
the nature of the quest is never easy to understand at first
they are presented to us through enigmatic riddles conveyed through the lore of the land
for John it was to journey to the place where "constellations danced beneath the clouds"
it was said the heir of breath was to free the stars from the shade and release them into heaven
this was just a mysterious way of saying what he really had to do

Image description: In the drawing, John looks around at the clouds full of fireflies.

dialoglog_Jade: the stars were actually fireflies
they’d been flying around trapped beneath the overcast sky ever since John first brought lowas into existence by his arrival
and paradoxically, they’d been imprisoned there for ages even before that
such is the way of our lands
they are newly born the day we arrive...
and yet they always were

Image description: John flies up to the massive palace of teal stone and pipe organ pipes where an alternate version of himself once died because of Terezi’s advice. Small rivers of oil still spills into a massive chasm that surrounds it like a moat.

dialoglog_Jade: to free the fireflies John would have to play a special song
 it had to be played just right to summon the breeze through the pipes
but there was a problem...
Jade: the pipes were all clogged with oil!
the first day John came to his land, oil began oozing up from the core, flooding the pipes and
filling the oceans
to play the song, first he would need to clean up the oil
and to do that, he would need to face the slumbering one himself
he would need to face Typheus

Jade: but as he wandered through the catacombs down to the planets core
he wasnt thinking about freeing fireflies or cleaning up oil
he was seeking the help of his denizen to master a power he couldnt control
luckily for him, denizens always seem to understand what you want
and more importantly, what you need, whether you know it or not

Calliope stares down at the page with an upset expression. Jade looks to her in concern.
Jade: ... is something wrong Callie?
Calliope: hm?
Jade: go ahead and draw Typheus!
Calliope: oh...
yes, um...
Jade: you do know what he looks like dont you?
Calliope: I believe I do.
Jade: it doesnt have to be perfect
just draw a big green snake monster!
Calliope: a big green snake monster you say...
(gasping face)
Jade: yes
a snake monster with the most unspeakably hideous face you can imagine
but you dont have to be too literal about that
feel free to draw something a little more representational (smiley face)
Calliope: hrm.
I am not sure if...
I am particularly comfortable rendering such imagery.
Jade: why not?
Calliope: it strikes me as...
rather indecent.
for reasons I would be too embarrassed to explain. (Blank face with closed eyes and a bead of
sweat)
Jade: thats ok
why dont I draw it?
Calliope: very well.
but you must excuse me if I giggle.
Jade: ok but I dont see whats so indecent about a big old snake!
Calliope: tee hee!
Jade: lol

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Jade has drawn this picture as green outlines and scribbles. A massive snake with a dopey expression and small, sharp teeth sits in the middle of a large room where massive pipe openings dot the walls. The end of his tail vanishes into one near the floor. A tiny stick figure with spiky hair stands in front of him and looks up.]

dialoglog
Jade: when john got to the core he arrived to find typhoeus awake and ready for him
Calliope: (giggle.)
Jade: he was then presented with the choice
Calliope: (snicker.)
Jade: stop, youre gonna make me crack up too!
this part is serious!!
Calliope: i apologize. please...
(snort.)
go on.

[S][A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Jade’s drawing slowly fades to Calliope’s rendition of the same scene: Typheus and John deep in the center of LoWaS. Typheus’s body is long, bright green, and marked with lines that look like scars. A ring of brightly colored glitches surrounds his head and covers his face, which is just a rotating patch of bright light. A sound like metallic wind and whale song begins to play, and then glitches.]

dialoglog
Jade: his choice was presented as a kind of riddle
spoken in a language only he could understand, spelling out the conditions he must accept
but speaking from experience, once a player is given the choice between two courses of action, it will hardly feel like a choice at all
if the heart is in the right place then the right thing to do always seems obvious
so john accepted his denizens terms
and with that…

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John stares in surprise at the massive pipe openings as oil begins to pour in from them and cover the floor.]

dialoglog
Jade: typhoeus opened valves to the core
and flooded it with oil!

[A6A6I4] Next
dialoglog
Jade: there was no way out
he could not transform into wind because he was completely submerged!
so he was faced with two possibilities
either he could figure out how to make himself disappear completely, using the ability he hoped to master
or he could drown in the oil

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: A blue silhouette of John sinks into the oil and reaches one hand desperately towards the surface.]

dialoglog
Jade: drowning obviously would have been bad (tongue sticking out face)
but disappearing wouldn't be much better!
he would appear somewhere else, having made no progress on his personal quest
his planet would still be polluted and he would be no closer to playing his song
somehow he understood the only way was to conceive of a third option
an idea beyond the simple binary set of outcomes before him
and interestingly
it was coming to this understanding which gave him the first glimpse of how to control the power
he realized it wasn't himself that he needed to make disappear…

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: A bright white light surrounds the blue silhouette of John.]

dialoglog
Jade: it was the oil!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Light radiates out from LoWaS, and the previously black oceans begin to glow white.]

dialoglog
Jade: he dispersed every drop throughout existence

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: 50 different images are shown in two columns. Each of them is a previously shown panel. From left to right going down, they are:

1. John standing in his living room while wearing the bowler hat he pulled from his magic chest. Between a window and a pair of portraits showing John and his dad, there is a smudge of oil on the wall that glows blue at the edges.
2. The inside of John’s closet and the small bookshelf holding his coding books. A red Data Structures book has a glowing smudge of oil on it.
3. John kissing his Armageddon poster, which has a glowing oil mark in the corner.
4. Rose standing at the door to the observatory’s walkway, having just evaded her mother. There is a smudge of oil on the wall.]
5. John staring down over the railing of his balcony at the clouds of LoWaS as his dad’s car vanishes into them. There’s oil on the wall behind him.
6. The inside of the box John sent to Dave for his birthday, which contains the certificate of authenticity for the Ben Stiller shades that Dave wears and now, a smudge of oil.
7. Monster Howie Mandel from the movie Little Monsters pissing into a bottle of apple juice. There’s oil on his shirt.
8. Dave standing in the hallway of his apartment and looking at the marionette hanging in front of the door to the living room. There’s oil on top of a marionette poster.
9. Jasper’s mausoleum in the rain. There’s oil on top of the cat head at the apex of the roof.
10. John staring up at the gates that just appeared over his house. There’s oil on the wall.
11. John staring at the bathtub Rose just threw through his wall while surrounded by the grist from the underling it just killed. Oil splatters out from underneath it.
12. John staring up through the hole in his ceiling to see the gates. There’s a patch of oil next to the hole.
13. The newspaper Dad had in his safe. There’s a bit of oil on one of the pictures.
14. The hatch to the attic in Dave’s apartment, where Bro painted a puzzle piece that said ‘Hello Dave’. There’s oil next to it.
15. The roof of John’s house where Rose began to build upwards. There’s a patch of oil on the very edge of it.
16. Jade’s greenhouse full of flowers. There’s oil on one of the windows.
17. Jade playing with her manthrochap doll. There’s oil on the side of his feeding trough.
18. The stuffed snake monster in the bottom of Jade’s tower, which looks identical to Typhus, but with the face that Jade drew on her rendition. There’s oil on the wall above one of the doors.
19. The underling heads mounted above the fireplace with Jade’s dreamself’s portrait over it. The ogre has oil on its head.
20. The robotic snake bringing a fallen mailbox back up to P.M. in her command capsule. There’s oil on the side of the snake.
21. Dad beating up Hegemonic Brute while imps look scared. There’s oil on a vault door behind them.
22. Dream Jade looking through her magic chest and holding the present that John sent her. There’s oil on the wall of the descending staircase.
23. Dave laying on the ground after being thoroughly beaten by Bro, who then dropped Sburb on his chest and left Dave laying in the remains of Lil Cal. There’s a patch of oil near Dave’s elbow.
24. The carvings in the wall of the frog temple in Jade’s lagoon. There’s a patch of oil covering some of the carvings.
25. A second hole being blown in the side of P.M’s station. There’s a large patch of oil in the sand behind a ruined pillar.
27. A clock in the Felt Mansion, which is riddled with bullet holes and splattered with blood. There’s a large patch of oil on the wall behind it.
28. The floor in an exile’s command station with a trail of blood leading to a pool of blood at the base of a ladder. There’s a large oil slick on the floor.
29. W.V. standing at the blown-out wall of his command station and following the scent of something cooking. Oil is smeared on the edge of the hole.
30. Dave as Monster Howie Mandel pissing in a bottle of apple juice. There’s oil on his elbow.
31. Rose standing on the dock near her house on LoLaR. Her laptop, the power bank, her grimoire, and the purple velvet pillow sit next to her and a half-full martini glass sits at the end of the dock. The mutant kitten sleeps on the pillow. A command prompt over her head says “Find your sprite. Realize your purpose.” in loopy, fancy script. A smudge of oil is next to the pillow and kitten.
32. Tavros grins at his computer screen on the meteor. There’s a patch of oil on the back of his monitor.
33. Dream Rose and Dream Dave stand in Dream Dave’s dream bedroom amid a small flock of crows. A large smear of oil is on the side of a bright red cruxtruder.
34. A box of Bodacious Black Liquid Sorrow gushers with a smear of oil coming from under the box.
35. Grandpa Harley and Baby Jade on Grandpa’s yacht. There’s a large patch of oil on one of the upper decks.
36. Dream John staring sadly down at Dream Jade’s corpse on the battlefield. There’s oil on the ground behind him.
37. A series of hives somewhere on Alternia. There’s a dripping splat of oil on the side of one of the buildings.
38. Terezi in her hive and Gamzee on the beach while pestering each other. There’s oil in the sand next to Gamzee.
39. Tavros hatching Horsaroni from his fiduspawn plush in his block. There’s a small patch of oil on the wall.
40. Equius standing in his block, surrounded by broken robots and musclebeast nudes. Aurthour stands nearby and has a black eye. There’s a smear of oil on one of the nudes in a distinctly phallic location and shape.
41. Aurthour falling from Equius’s hive. There’s oil on the wall of the canyon.
42. Aradiabot and Equius kissing. There’s oil on the quartz crystals behind them.
43. The troll’s version of Jack Noir scribbling on the cover of his Operation Regisurp notebook. He’s drawn a scribbly version of the trolls’s Black Queen with a mermaid tail, goat legs, massive claws, and udder, fins for ears, and massive horns. There’s a patch of oil next to the inkwell.
44. John doing something incredibly stupid against a background of his movie posters while Karkat flips out against a background of his own troll movie posters. There’s a patch of oil on John’s Little Monsters poster.
45. Lusus body parts floating in the sea and leaking blood of various colors. In the middle of it all, there’s a swirl of black oil.
46. Andrew Hussie in his troll cosplay holding his head in his hands. There’s oil on a windowsill behind him.
47. Karkat, in a turtle temple on his land, screaming and typing on his crab computer while the trolls’ version of Jack Noir stands behind him with a torch. There’s oil on the back of his computer.
48. Shredded Aradiabots floating through space and leaking blue blood-replacement fluid. There’s a small dot of oil on a severed robo-arm.
49. John sitting at his computer in his bedroom, the December before the game started. He’s getting ready to send out his friends’ birthday presents. Kanaya is pestering him and it’s snowing outside. There’s a smear of oil on one of his posters.
50. Nannasprite pie-ing John off the edge of his house. There’s oil dripping down from a balcony a few stories up.

dialoglog
Jade: leaving a little mark for anyone who might notice, signifying his final mastery over his confining reality

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Another series of 50 previously shown panels.

1. Dave throws out one of Jade’s crop tables with the sburb cursor. There’s a patch of oil on the underside.
2. Feferi grinning at Jade and holding Liv Tyler the robo-bunny. There’s oil smeared on the void at the edge of the bed.
3. Vriska laying on her quest cocoon while mind controlling Tavros to write messages in her blood. There’s a patch of oil dripping over the edge of the bed.
4. The dead Dave in the green suit lays on the ground at the end of his quest bed with his throat slit. There’s a large patch of oil near the bottom of the bedpost.
5. Ms. Paint stands with Hussie in his office, which she’s helpfully painted green. There’s a smear of oil on top of one of the bookshelves.
6. A frozen frog sits on the root of a tree on LoFaF with a red crosshair over it. There’s oil on the tree trunk.
7. Terezi kicks a yellow scalemate off the edge of a building on the Meteor. There’s a patch of oil on the ground next to her.
8. John wanders through a castle on the battlefield with the Crosbytop in hand. There’s a patch of oil on the wall, next to one of the windows.
9. Mindfang’s journal lays open on a table. There’s a small drip of oil on the decorations at the top of the page.
10. Someone pulls a wallet out of the stitched-together shirt of Lil Cal. There’s a bit of oil dripping down his chest.
11. In the SBaHJ style, Rose jumps up and holds the magic cue ball like it’s a basket ball she’s about to dunk. Hussie stands on shitty lava near an equally shitty scratch construct. There’s a large patch of oil on top of the lava.
12. Lil Cal wears his green suit and sits inside the trickster room in a meteor walkaround. Terezi opens a chest to find Pyralspite. There’s oil on the back wall.
13. Vriska throws down her Flourite Octet and rolls all 8s. There’s a smear of oil right next to them.
15. John and Vriska stand at the edge of a lake, which has a large oil slick floating in it.
16. Tavros sits in his wheelchair with his laptop on his lap. He stares up and considers matespritship with Gamzee. There’s a patch of oil dripping down the back of the seat of his wheelchair.
17. The Signless hangs in red-hot chains under the Alternian night sky. There’s a smear of oil on the pillar he’s chained to.
18. Doc Scratch walks away from his blood-splattered scrapbook. There’s a pool of oil on the floor.
19. Liv Tyler sits on a workbench next to a screwdriver, a motherboard, a letter, and the bright green box she would eventually be delivered in. There’s oil next to the box.
20. Prospitians in plain white clothes walk down a set of stairs, crying. There’s oil on the edge of one of the steps, where it meets the wall.
21. John flips out as he learns he’ll be on the ship for 3 years while Jade watches. Oil drips down part of the ship behind them.
22. Dream Jane lays on her bed in her dreamer tower, having been stabbed through the stomach. She begins to glow blue. There’s a patch of oil on the floor.
23. Roxy holds the dead, suit-wearing body of Jaspers-slash-Frigglish. There’s oil on his suit.
24. The White Queen smacks Jack Noir with the white king’s scepter so hard that it knocks his teeth out and makes him drop his sword and walkie-talkie. There’s oil smeared on the top of an archway behind them.
25. In one of the meteor walkarounds, Dave looks at the strange looking coffee machine. There’s a patch of oil behind one of the sofas.
26. In a dreambubble, Aranea talks to Terezi, who’s remembering her blinding in a mix of her block and Vriska’s. There’s oil on Vriska’s monitor.
27. Jake lays back on his bed while wearing his skulltop. There’s a patch of oil on the floor nearby.
28. Aranea and Jake walk towards Alternia’s pink moon on a branch of Terezi’s tree. A massive patch of oil covers a quarter of the moon’s circumference.
29. A cruxtruder sits in Roxy’s observatory, surrounded by massive pumpkins. One of them has a
small black smear on it.
30. The page of Rose’s book that Karkat and Dave played Penis Ouiji on sits open. There’s a smear of oil on it.
31. Jake lays on his back in the ruins of his tower, near his cruxtruder. There’s a large patch of oil where a wall meets the floor.
32. The five planets Jade shrunk, a pair of tangle buddies, and Casey sit in a room on the ship as viewed through a window. There’s a smear of oil on the windowsill.
33. Jack Noir wanders through the castle from Seer: Descend and passes a bookshelf with a dersite’s decapitated head on top of it. Oil drips down the side of the bookshelf like it’s blood.
34. Caliborn storms through the desert, leaving a trail of bloody pages from Calliope’s book behind him. There’s a patch of oil in the sand.
35. Jane does a Nice Abscond x2 Combo back to her house. There’s a patch of oil on the edge of the cliff near her tree.
36. Dirk does a double facepalm as he sees Arquiusprite. There’s a bit of oil near the edge of his building.
37. Erisolsprite watches Trickster Jane and Jake fly past. There’s a large smear of oil on the steps of one of the mounds.
38. Jack Noir stands in his cell on Prospit and examines the contents of the pumpkin he was just sent. There’s a patch of oil nearby.
39. Jake’s Grandma’s fenestrated plane sends up a beam of bright light from within the ruins of LoMaX. One of the red posts has a large patch of oil on it.
40. Terezi sleeps on the floor of the meteor, surrounded by bike horns and spilled bottles of faygo, pantsless, tangled in her dragon cape, and cuddling Pyralspite. There’s a smear of oil near a puddle of faygo.
41. John, Meenah, Vriska, and Aranea stand on the pirate ship. There’s a large smear of oil on the railings.
42. Tavros flies away through the eyehole of the skull cave. There’s a large patch of oil on the underside of the rock.
43. The word Homestuck floats in the sky with John’s retcon arm next to it. There’s a smear of oil on the M.
44. Past John wanders through LoWaS and spots Retcon John. There’s a smear of oil on one of the rocks.
45. Homosuck Caliborn stands in front of the display screen where he’s drawing Homosuck John. There’s oil smeared on the wall.
46. Dave examines a selfie of himself laying down with his legs crossed. In the background of the selfie, there’s a large blob of oil on the wall.
47. Kanaya confronts Jane on LoFaF while Karkat cowers behind a tree. There’s a stringy smear of oil on the root of the tree.
48. A Dersite guard looks confused as John wooshes into Roxy’s cell. There’s a smear of oil on one of the buildings.
49. John struggles to make his way up the janky stairs in Homosuck. One of the stairs has a smear of oil on the side.
50. Three mind controlled Damaras give the middle finger while sitting in a tree. There’s a smear of oil on the trunk.

dialoglog
Jade: but more importantly...

(http://www.mspaintadventures.com/oilretcon.html)

[Note: That link opens a page that lists the page number of and links to all 100 pages that were affected by the oil retcon. The page numbers listed are for the M.S. Paint Adventures dot com]
numbering system, not the new Homestuck dot com system, so the numbers are wrong, but the links redirect to the correct pages.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It shows another Calliope-style drawing of LoWaS, this time without the dark oceans everywhere.]

dialoglog
Jade: leaving his planet clean

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It shows the same collection of pipes outside of the Denizen’s lair. The oil is gone.]

dialoglog
Jade: and the pipes clear

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John stands at the keyboard of the pipe organ inside the Denizen’s lair.]

dialoglog
Jade: finally they were ready to let the breeze flow

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John’s hands hover just over the keys.]

dialoglog
Jade: so he could play his song

[S][A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: The song Pipeorgankind begins to play. It slowly zooms in on Calliope’s drawing of LoWaS. As it zooms, it fades from her drawing to the actual LoWaS and begins to glitch at the edges. It fades to a pipe-lined hallway leading into the Denizen’s lair, then pans in to John at the pipe organ as he plays. There are no glitches. After a moment, it fades to the sky of LoWaS and pans up to the fireflies trapped beneath the clouds. Blue lines representing the wind slowly come in from the left and the clouds begin to part. It moves to another area of LoWaS where a wave of the wind blows the clouds away. The wind passes over a Salamander village, where several salamanders jump around excitedly. Fireflies are carried past on the breeze. It cuts to a rocky plain, where wind completely covers the sky.

It cuts to John’s hands, which begin to glow white as he slams his hands down on the keyboard in a triumphant crescendo. The breath symbol over the keyboard glows until its light overtakes the screen. It cuts to the top of the Denizen’s lair, where wind pours from every pipe like it’s a fountain. Salamanders, including the one wearing a crumpled hat, celebrate around it as a wave of wind comes up from the chasm around the lair. It pans down, below the ground, to a carving of Typhoeus, which begins to glow.

It cuts to the lair as seen from a distance. A massive whirlwind surrounds it and a tighter tornado extends up from the highest pipes. The sound of wind joins the music as a light blue glow
surrounds the lair. It zooms out to show all of LoWaS in the void. The entire surface is covered with massive vortices of swirling wind. Winds blast away from the surface, too, then out of the panel and into the rest of the website.

The planet begins to glow white, then suddenly, the music cuts and the act 6 act 6 cartridge pops out of its slot and spews out the special stardust and candy corn that Caliborn shoved inside it. A small blue wisp of wind comes out of the bottom of the cartridge, clearing out the last of the stardust.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Lil Seb reaches over and puts the cartridge back in with a click.]

[S][A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Fireflies fly across the entire website. The outline of LoWaS appears out of a white background as the sound of powerful wind plays. It zooms in on the clean, cloudless surface of the planet, then fades to John. He stands on a blue walkway as a silhouette. To the left of the pathway, there’s a steep, jagged mountain. To the right, there’s a forest of light blue, leafless trees. In the distance, the Denizen’s lair sticks up from over a short mountain. This panel is interactive. There’s an orange arrow pointing towards where the path disappears in the distance. Click it.

John stands near a pile of rocks with a parcel pyxis sticking out of it. The arm flappy thing is down. There’s an arrow pointing off to the left. Click it.

John walks through the trees. An arrow points down the path. Click it.

He walks down a well-worn pathway. An arrow points farther down the path. Click it.

John stands in the middle of the consort village where he once encountered a basilisk while it was on fire. The salamanders are nowhere to be seen. Another arrow points off down a path to the south. Click it.

He walks down a set of stairs. Another arrow is at the bottom of them. Click it.

John finds his dad’s car, which is still crashed and cordoned off by A.R’s caution tape. An arrow points west. Click it.

He wanders past a building with three pillars on top, where Jade’s grandpa once used a transportalizer. Another arrow continues west. Click it.

It shows a view of LoWaS from far above. A small marker like one from Google Maps points to John’s house and is labeled A. An arrow points east, towards the house. Click it.

John walks up a long stairway, to the top of a hill. His house and its massive dirt spire are visible in the distance.

He crests the hill. Roxy stands near where the path heads down the other side and waves at him. An arrow points to her. Click it.

It zooms in as John reaches her. Another arrow points to her. Click it.

A grey text box appears at the bottom of the screen.
Roxy: sup
This is the end of the flash.

[S][A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: The song Elevatorstuck, with Meows begins to play. Roxy and John still stand next to each other and the fireflies still fly around the website. An arrow hovers over Roxy’s head. Click it.

A grey text box appears at the bottom of the screen.
You find a spunky babe in a cool blue outfit hanging out on your planet. She doesn't belong here!
What the hell is going on you wonder loudly.

You interrogate the rogue teen babe for answers. You mean girl. Rogue teen girl.

It fades to a screen not unlike when Gamzee or Jane was selling the bottles of troll blood- I mean potions. This time, though, all the seven boxes just say Sup in pink text. Click one.
A grey text box appears and Roxy says Sup. It does the same thing for all the boxes. Just click through to the next page.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John stares in surprise and gasps as Roxy keeps waving at him.]

dialoglog
John: roxy???
Roxy: sup

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy and John stare at each other.]

dialoglog
John: what are you doing here?
i thought you were going to see your denizen!
Roxy: i did
John: you did?
Roxy: yeh
John: how did it go??
Roxy: it went ok
John: yeah?
what happened??
Roxy: oh u know
ventured to spooky subterranean lair A a bit of cathartic and life altering monster realtalk
John: ok, that is a funny way of putting it, but yeah, me too!
Roxy: yup i figured ur monster quest happened
i mean once the gross black shit disappeared and the wind started blowing like a motherfucker
John: what did ur monster say?
i mean your.
Roxy: hey maybe we should try to be more respectful abt our god monsters...
her names nix!
John: right...
what did nix say?
did she speak in the weird babbley language that you could still understand somehow, even though it made no sense?
Roxy: fuck yes
was downright incomprehensible in the most mysteriously understandable way
John: ha ha.
Roxy: she told me this riddle thing
that basically spread it all out for me
like what my options were and what would happen if i did the options and like the metaphysical
and moral consequences of doing those options
John: yeah.
tyheus pretty much did the same thing with me.
John: tyheus was the name of my snake monster, by the way.
Roxy: ooooh u had a snake monster?
John: yes, he was awesome.
so, did nix give you some sort of challenge to overcome, which by doing so, you could get in touch
with your powers?
Roxy: uh
John: which enabled you to appear here, by doing like this incredible voidey thing, that let you
phase out of existence, and magically appear with me in this weird plane of reality?
Roxy: lol no
she p much just told me to fly to your planet
so i did

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy turns and leads the way back towards John’s house.]

dialoglog
John: huh.
you mean, like...
you just... wrapped up your conversation with her. left her lair...
and then flew to lowas?
Roxy: yes
John: ohh... kay?
Roxy: lmfao
i know right, wow wat a quest!
but when u think about it it was the totes obvious thing to do
i didnt know it at the time but you were gonna make your whole planet disappear
so if i wanted to keep persisting thru your history altering hijinks then all i really had to do was uh
come along for the ride
no monsterly Nite Magics needed!
John: yeah, that makes sense.
Roxy: there were stipulations though
mad stips if u will, vis a vis buttloads of opaque goddess riddles
John: right. you mean the "choice" thing?
Roxy: yes
John: what were the mad stips?
Roxy: she said
keep in mind i am paraphrasing
if paraphrasing is even a thing you can do with stuff said in unfathomable monster jargon
that either i could stay behind and vanish into nothingness forever, and everyone in the new reality
would inherit all the bigtime responsibilities, including a version of myself who had no memory of
any of this and never experienced all the loss and sadness i just went through
or
i could go with you
but in doing so, everyone i loved would know that loss instead
w/e that means......
John: yeah!
typhheus gave me almost the exact same sort of choice
something about other people feeling the loss i felt, if i accepted his challenge.
which i'm sure is probably... not good?
but, i mean, what else was i going to do?
i couldn't just let things stay the way they were.
Roxy: yes exactly
her caveat sounded ominous as shit
but
Roxy: there was somethin that didnt sit well with me about doing nothing
accepting her terms just felt right u know?
John: yes.
Roxy: sooo
here i am
John: yes!
Roxy: (Smiley face)

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: They stop and turn to smile at each other.]

dialoglog
John: i'm glad it worked out like this.
i was fully prepared to do this alone... to hop around and change things in whatever way.
and i would get to see my friends again, even if they don't remember all the same stuff i do.
which was a lonely feeling, if that makes sense?
but now i'll have someone else to remember the way things originally went.
Roxy: word
John: yes. word indeed.
Roxy: but i know what you mean
its nice to have uh
like a witness i guess?
someone to authenticate the rough shit u went through
even if we never end up talkin about it again
the fact that at least Someone else knows
makes it feel like it didnt all mean
nothing?
John: right.
Roxy: because even if it all gets erased and put back all better
i dont think the stuff we went through and the feelings we had meant nothing
imo the feelings themselves
and the way they shaped us
that all means...
somethin
John: ...
Roxy: hahaha forget it
talkin out my ass here
John: no, it makes sense.
and anyway, if nothing else, everything that happened brought us here.
the stuff we're about to do, whatever it is, wouldn't be possible otherwise.
and that feels pretty important, if you ask me!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Fireflies fly freely through the cloudless skies. Patches of light blue plants form streaks across the dark blue rocks. Pointed spires of brown rock jut high into the air. John and Roxy, as blue silhouettes in the specific shades belonging to Breath and Void, continue down the path.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: As silhouettes against a white sky, John and Roxy step onto the peak of a jagged hill of blue rock. A salamander watches from behind them.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: They stand next to each other at the edge of a cliff, overlooking a massive canyon. In the distance, fireflies fly in a white sky above rocky mountains.]

dialoglog
Roxy: so
all that wind
that was you right
John: yes.
Roxy: hmmmmm
i dont see any glitchy trash
guess your humongous blowy spell did away with all that grody nonsense?
John: oh.
yeah, i guess you're right.
i didn't even notice until you just mentioned it, but yeah, i guess that dumb problem is finally busted.
thank god!
Roxy: fo real
i heard music 2
did u hear music?
John: yes, that was me too.
i was playing a magic organ.
Roxy: oh relay
John: yes, see, there's this huge organ...
Roxy: that is almost certainly what she said
Wonk
John: oh, shush. (tongue sticking out face)
anyway, this huge Pipe organ...
it let me play the breeze, so to speak.
i think that was the only way to get rid of all those clouds, and let the fire flies go home.
Roxy: this is their home huh
John: i guess so?
i am surprised by how my quest turned out too, to be honest.
Roxy: it is kinda bittersweet
seeing all of twinkly herberts bros and sisters going home
John: twinkly who?
Roxy: my pet firefly
im guessin this is where he was from
John: oh.
Roxy: they all seem happy though
look at em all blinkin away
into the blank ass yonder
John: heh.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on John and Roxy until they are just black silhouettes from the chest up.]

dialoglog
Roxy: why is the sky blank btw
John: it's blank because it's...
nothing.
Roxy: nothing
why is it nothing
where even are we
John: it's nothing because we are literally nowhere.
Roxy: uh
ok how can you tell its actually a field of nothingness
as opposed to just a bunch of regular empty space that happens to look vaguely neutral
John: how can i tell?
i guess i just can.
Roxy: no but how
John: why don't you ask yourself!
you're the one who asked me why it was blank in the first place.
so why did you choose the term "blank" in your question?
Roxy: .....
Damn
owned @ the philosophies
John: so owned.
you will find i am the best there is at those.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Back in the regular Homestuck style, they turn to face each other.]

dialoglog
Roxy: is true
im always gettin owned at those by you and ur kin
recently your crazy dog sister was schoolin me on perfectly generic cubes
John: you mean generic objects.
Roxy: generic fort blox (tongue sticking out face)
John: yes.
Roxy: now u are droppin truth bombs about blank skies on me
shouldnt i be like innately stellar at this sorta stuff as a void player
must be comin off slow as fuck on the uptake here arent i
John: not really.
you seem pretty smart to me.
Roxy: i do
John: yeah.
you have a funny and snappy way of talking, like dave.
but unlike that knucklehead, i sense that behind all your jokes, you are probably some kind of
brainiac, like rose.
Roxy: whow
John: don't get me wrong, i meant knucklehead in a good way.
dave is actually the best dude, you would like him.
Roxy: i bet you are correct
so dave...
hes uhhhhhh
my son right??
John: argh!
Roxy: !
John: i mean. yes, pretty much.
honestly, it gets weird to think about all our relations in that way sometimes.
Roxy: i getcha
like when i think about u and wolf jade being the kids of jane and jake i...
i...
omfg
that So Cute (cat face)
John: um.
Roxy: so what is it u thinks weird about dave being my son?
John: i think we should just change the subject!
Roxy: ahaha alright
what were we talking about again
John: we were talking about blank skies and fort blocks and such.
Roxy: oh yis
John: and you thought you should know more about things like that as a void hero...
which reminds me.
do you think you are any closer to making that alien egg?
Roxy: hmn
John: i mean, after seeing nix.
did you feel, like, a power boost or anything?
Roxy: a power boost???
like mega man or
John: no, not like mega man.
i mean, like...
Roxy: youre askin if she taught me to do the voidey thing
John: well, did she?
Roxy: naw dude
i told you
we did our chat in some horseshit elven baloney tongue
and she just told me to come here
like thats literally it
"go to planet if u want to live"
so i did
there wasnt really any soul searching or gettin in touch with my inner miracles
John: oh.
well that's kind of a bummer.
i hope you weren't shortchanged out of an important mystical and spiritual process of self
discovery.
Roxy: pfffaahahaha
John: ?
Roxy: pfhehehehehehehe
John: what?
Roxy: sorry its just
sometimes you sound so much like jake its rly quite uncanny
but yeah i dont care about that really
it was either take an uneventful and nonspiritual trip to a wind planet, or just stop existing
altogether
i think ill be fine without the self discovery part
John: yeah.
or...
wait.
John: what if this was part of it?
Roxy: part of what
John: your quest?
like, to be here, and learn to use your powers better?
we are kind of in a realm of literal nothingness right now.
maybe you will be able to draw energy or inspiration from the void, or whatever?
Roxy: Nix....... 
why u sly old bitch
John: does that make sense?
Roxy: it kind of does
it kind of Loads of does
John: oh, sweet!
i was just grasping at straws there, but now that you agree, i’m suddenly a lot more confident in my
theory.
Roxy: heheh yeah (...jake)
John: so why don't you try it out again?
Roxy: what
the egg?
like right now?
John: sure?
Roxy: meh tbh im a bit sick of tryin to summon that ugly damn egg
how about later??
i would rather just keep bee essing with u for a while rather than get right down to freakin business
John: i guess there's really no hurry.
not in this place at least.
i don't think this place has any bearing on other time lines.
it's almost like...
like taking a time out from our canonical lives.
so if you wanted, you could take as much time to practice here as you need.
Roxy: im down as heck with that
could use a breather from my canonical life
John: me too.
even though...
i'm not sure i have one anymore?

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: They head off again, this time with John in the lead. He turns back to look over
his shoulder at Roxy as they ascend a staircase to a ruin similar to the one with the
transportalizers.]
Roxy: hmm
well since we already talked about My quest...
and like spiritual mega man style power boosts and all
what about yours
howd that go
John: how'd it go?
pretty well, i'd say.
Roxy: no but
i know you blew away some clouds and blanked out the sky and all
but the point was so you could learn to control your zappy powers
did you?
John: i think so.
but i haven't really tried a controlled jump yet.
Roxy: i c
well when you do
where do you think you'll jump to first
John: i have no idea.
the thought of changing the time line is still mind boggling to me.
Roxy: well if nothin else
u really should go grab that ring
before the smug troll can take it
i mean there was lots of problems already but her comin back to life really fucked us over to the
shittiest max possible
John: that's right!
definitely wanted to go back and get the ring off my couch before i lost it.
at the very least, that way you can use it to help your friend.
Roxy: yup!
any other ideas?
John: not yet.
so much has happened, it's hard to even think about.
and it's not even limited to what i've been through, either.
i've seen a lot of other crazy stuff, just from my random jumps.
Roxy: like what
John: like...
like the last place i was, actually.
just before i came back, to find your session in ruins.
haha. i actually got into a pretty serious fight.
Roxy: o?
John: with this guy.
a skull kid.
he's a huge asshole, and a horrible artist.
Roxy: u saw the skull kids drawins?
John: unfortunately.
in fact, i was in his drawings once.
it was a true nightmare come to life.
Roxy: (very unhappy face)
John: i am pretty much convinced he is the guy behind all of the problems we ever had, even
though he is a complete ignoramus.
Roxy: then you mean
it was callies bro
John: yeah, probably.
i have a feeling some day we will all have to take him down.
but...
probably when he grows up to be his adult self.
when i beat him up, he was just a teen scamp, like us.
but with a skull for a head, a robot leg, a cape which i ripped to shreds, and a pair of dumb suspenders.
Roxy: you beat him up????
daaamn
yall must be Strong
John: meh, not particularly.
i was just really angry, and i caught him off guard drawing some shitty animes.
Roxy: aahahahahaha
fuck his animes
John: they were quite literally the worst animes i have ever seen.
i hope i hurt his drawing hand, and he never does any more ugly art for the rest of his stupid immortal skull monster life.
Roxy: yeah
i know that guy
he used to troll my friends all the time
wait no
used to "jeer" us
he was a tool

[Image description: They climb up to the top tier of the ruin, where a white sword sticks straight up out of the stone. This is where Davesprite, Bro, and Jack Noir battled.]

dialoglog
John: hmm, it just occurred to me...
aside from fixing the time line, there's another benefit to my new power.
onece we all decide we're ready to fight him, i can just zap us all right to him.
we could take him by surprise again.
i really doubt he'd be able to handle us if we all clobbered him at once!
Roxy: thats pretty good thinkin
but um
maybe were getting ahead of ourselves here
makin plans 4 rumble royale with mangaka dudebro, lord of the shitwanks
we should probably focus on bringing our loved ones back to life first
John: ...

[Image description: Roxy stares over at the sword and John looks confused by her confusion.]

[Image description: They both stare at the sword in the stone.]

[Image description: Roxy steps closer to it and reaches out her hand.]
Roxy: is uh
is that dirks anime sword
whats up with that

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy continues staring at the sword as John moves around to the other side of it.]

dialoglog
John: this is where dave's bro died a few years ago, probably while being heroic and cool.
jade made his body disappear to bury him, but i guess she left the sword here.
she and dave sprite and i gathered around where he was buried and dave sprite said some stuff about him.stuff that was really funny and rambly but also weirdly poignant...
i guess it was a bit like a funeral?
Roxy: a funeral u say
John: yeah.
Roxy: ...
John: ...

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Roxy once again reaches for the grip of the sword.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: She grabs it tight and it begins to phase out of reality.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: She smiles and lifts it up, having phased the blade out just long enough to remove it from the rock.]

dialoglog
Roxy: yoink!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John gives her a side eye and turns away a bit.]

dialoglog
John: anyway...

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John turns away and looks up determinedly, one fist clenched. Roxy watched him from the background.]

dialoglog
John: you're right.
taking a break from the mayhem is nice and all.
but i should probably get going.
i have a lot of responsibility now.
i hope i can live up to it.
Roxy: well to quote an extremely wise and hunky dude i once knew...
oh man he was so so wise i hope i dont butcher his quote but
i think it goes a lil somethin like
you can handle it john
i believe in you!
John: aw, thanks!

[Image description: John climbs up towards the crest of a nearby rocky hill and waves goodbye to Roxy.]

dialoglog
John: remember what i said too, about practicing voidey stuff.
Roxy: i will
John: good.
Roxy: alright cool
John: yeah.
Roxy: yeah
John: cool.
Roxy: dammit
John: what?
Roxy: were doin this again
John: doing what.
Roxy: being awkward instead of getting our shit in gear
John: haha. whoops.
Roxy: too bad grouchy scarf troll aint here to coordinate another stilted goodbye
John: yeah.
it's just as well though.
there is no need for goodbyes.
if i really can control it now, i should be able to come back here any time i want.
which means i won't be gone long!
Roxy: k i will be here
waitin
rainin
Roxy: partying with those yellow lizards
John: those are salamanders.
Roxy: fuck
John: later, roxy.

[Image description: He reaches the apex, then flies off.]

[Image description: He waves goodbye to Roxy again, who waves back.]

[Image description: John flies up and directly away from LoWaS until he begins to glow white and zaps away. Behind him, LoWaS rotates and fades to white.]

[Image description: ]
John stands on the balcony of his house, which is not built up. He clutches the cruxite apple next to the harlequin kernelsprite. His magic chest is on the roof and a timer at the top of the screen reads 30 seconds. It’s the past, unsurprisingly, just before John entered the Medium. Off to the side, behind the kernelsprite, a white outline of John appears.

[Image description: Current John watches his past self panic as the meteor bears down directly on his house.]

[Image description: An exclamation mark flashes over Current John’s head as he watches past John, who is too occupied by the meteor to notice his other self.]

dialoglog
John: yikes!

[Image description: The meteor comes closer, Current John zaps away again.]

[Image description: John begins to appear in a white void.]

[Image description: He fully materializes and stares down with a stunned expression.]

dialoglog
John: i shouldn't mess around with that moment. it is Way too fundamental.

[Image description: It zooms in as a determined look comes over his face.]

dialoglog
John: let's try this again.

[Image description: He zaps away again.]

[Image description: Outside of the vault in the Felt Mansion, Hearts Boxcars opens his mouth wide and consumes Eggs's head while Clubs Deuce and Diamonds Droog watch.]

[Image description: The angle shifts and John begins to appear behind them.]
[Image description: John fully appears as HB finishes biting Egg’s head off. Blood drips from the stump of his neck and drips down onto the floor.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John turns away and sticks his tongue out in disgust. Clover comes over and looks at him.]

dialoglog
John: wow, no.
what ever is going on here...
this is completely useless to history.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John pauses and looks away determinedly as Clover steps closer.]

dialoglog
John: let’s get it together, john.
you’ve got to go somewhere relevant!
try to think of something that will help target a certain point in time.
try to think about…

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John looks up and gives a delighted little jelly bean-shaped smile. A thought bubble appears over his head, which shows Dave’s old selfie where he’s laying down with his legs crossed. Clover also looks up towards it and puts his hands to his cheeks.]

dialoglog
John: ...one of your pals!!!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John zaps away, which startles Clover so badly that his hat pops off.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Dave and Grimdark Jade argue about Dave’s refusal to time travel on LoHaC while W.V. and a crocodile watch. In the sky above them, one John has a blue exclamation mark floating next to him as he turns to look at another John, who is zapping in.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John 2 looks down at Jade and Dave in dismay.]

dialoglog
John: (wait a minute.)
(i remember this...)
(you shouldn't be here!)
(wha...)

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John 2 grabs John 1 and zaps them both away. In a second image, they fly out into the space around the page title.]

dialoglog
John: (what the hell??)
(gotcha!!!)

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: They both materialize in a white space.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It shows a selection of previously shown panels. Johns 2 and 1 glare and stare in shock, respectively. MSPA Reader watches, considers them making out, then dispels that thought while picking up a gun.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John 2 glares at John 1 and raises a fist.]

dialoglog
John: stop fooling around and go find roxy, you dumb goof!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John 2 bops John 1 on the head with his fist and makes him zap away.]

dialoglog
John: who's roxy?
Ow!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John 2, our current John, stares at where his past self just was with a dumbfounded expression.]

dialoglog
John: wow, i can't believe how naive i was...
lk... a day ago?
hmm.
it feels like it's been longer than that.
hard to believe!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on him and his dumbfoundedness mixes with realization.]

dialoglog
John: i was so confused when that happened.
i was sure the other me knew so much more than i did at the time.
which is kind of true... but also kind of not?
like, if i traveled back here, and altered reality in a non time travely way, then why do i remember doing it?
did i just make some sort of stable retcon loop?
does that even make sense??
i think i did the right thing though, zapping my other self out of there.
it was like... a retroactively preemptive continuity adjustment.
...
retroactively preemptive??
what am i even talking about.
this power is kind of complicated...
i need to be more careful.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John stares out into the immense white void around him.]

dialoglog
John: got to come up with a better plan than zapping to wherever my stupid whims take me.
i really could use some help with this.
but who should i ask?
dave?
he knows stuff about time travel.
but then, it's not really time travel is it.
no...
i need someone with a different kind of skill.
someone who knows how the consequences of certain actions play out.
someone like...
rose?
is that what her powers did?
i really should have taken some time to figure out what her powers did.
or maybe...
wait a minute.
Wait!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: He smiles widely with sudden realization.]

dialoglog
John: i think i understand what she was trying to do now!
she was trying to give me a way to come back.
like, zero in on her thought signal, or something.
terezi, you're a genius!
i mean, you're a weirdo! but you're also a genius!!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: He looks down and puts his hands to his temples. He has a look of cautious optimism on his face.]

dialoglog
John: alright, let's see if this works.
maybe if i just think it hard enough...
ahem.

[Image description: He closes his eyes and concentrates incredibly hard. A small picture of Terezi wearing her red scarf over her eyes and splattered with blood appears on his forehead. It glows faintly teal at the edges.]

dialoglog
John: there's no place like home…

[Image description: He concentrates even harder and trembles.]

dialoglog
John: there's no place like home!

[Image description: He hunches over and screams.]

dialoglog
John: there's no place like

[Image description: The word Home, in blue and all caps, takes up the entire panel. Below it, it shows a gif of the password screen and the password box fills in. Home.]

[Image description: Terezi screams and trembles as she focuses her mind powers.]

[seven question marks]

[Image description: You return to the Enter Password screen, which before now you haven’t known what to do with. A large, teal libra symbol takes up the entire panel. Below it, there’s a box labeled Enter Password in Terezi’s quirk. Below it, it says (left arrow) or go back!!! The password hint is ‘If you don't know the password yet, it means you're not supposed to, dummy! Go back!!!’ This time, you do know the password. Type in Home.]

[Image description: On LoPaN, Terezi stops concentrating and Past John turns to look over his shoulder as Current John appears behind him.]

[Image description: Past John gasps as his future self looks down at him.]

[Image description: Past John looks confused as his future self grins delightedly at Terezi, who slowly lowers her hands.]
She, too, gasps.

dialoglog
Terezi: I can't believe that actually worked
Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that’s probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 6 Act 6 Intermission 4: Fix This (Part 2) [Note: The name of this act is written in Terezi’s quirk, with a 1 in place of I.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: A purple-tinted dream bubble floats in the void, surrounded by brightly flashing cracks that circle around it on three sides but never quite reach it.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Two figures, one cerulean and one fuchsia, walk along a pathway towards a brightly colored carnival. The path runs under a blue roller coaster with many tall hills. Behind it, there are several other rides: a red and yellow rollercoaster with a loop-de-loop section, a rainbow ferris wheel, a drop ride, and a red ferris wheel. Strands of twinkling lights run between the various rides and hold up round, brightly colored lanterns. The black sky above the carnival is cracked.]

dialoglog

Vriska: Hey Meenah.
Any idea where we are now?
Meenah: iunno
Vriska: Do you think...
This could be the "Dark Carnival"??
Meenah: nah
that shit aint real
its a made up religious belief pimped out by trash clowns
Vriska: Are you sure?
Meenah: shell yes
be fake as shit
of course the religious beliefs themselves are real
makin it convenient for anyone who wanna exploit those delusions for her own badass objectives
like pulling in clams hand over flipper and ruthlessly subjugating the general public
i mean
not that id ever bother with a dope scheme like that
just saying

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Meenah and Vriska as they walk along another section of the path. It continues off through several loops of a purple rollercoaster, past the drop ride and another
ferris wheel. In the distance, there are several brightly lit pavilions with arched roofs and a pink and blue ferris wheel. Meenah still looks as she always does, but Vriska looks slightly different. Her hair hangs in clumps, like it’s been braided or made into dreadlocks.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Ok, I can buy that there's no such place as the Dark Carnival, and Totally get behind slamming the beliefs of people I dislike.
but really...
Whose memory do you think this place is from?
Meenah: fishska
how long you been dead now
Vriska: Uh.
I don't remember, to be honest.
Meenah: but you still ask questions like that
whose brain this from, where that noise originate...
Vriska: I'm just curious!
This is such an odd thing to encounter.
Who experienced this? Some alt-alt-alt version of Karkat's lame ancestor?
A chess creature from a distant unrelated session, after its post-reckoning getaway, who then repopulated a dead planet, and started building amusement parks??
I just tend to wonder things. It's in my nature.
Meenah: it could be anything
could even be a random patchwork of fifty different memories all contributin to nofin that ever existed in particular
who cares where they from
Vriska: I guess now that you mention it, I don't actually.
At all.
Maybe I was just making conversation?????????
Sometimes I just want to shot the breeze with you!
Meenah: yer cute
Vriska: Yeah, yeah.
So I've heard. (tongue sticking out face with eight eyes)

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Meenah, who turns to look at Vriska with a slightly condescending look.]

dialoglog
Meenah: the point is you just gotta keep lookin at the d-bubble junk and take it in stroke no matter how messed up it is or how much you think it shouldnt exist
Vriska: Take it in stroke?
Meenah: yeah like
swimming stroke
instead a walkin stride
*likes fish n shit*
Vriska: I knew what you meant. I was just teasing.
Meenah: why i oughta

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: The focus shifts to Vriska, who gives a small, genuine smile. Her hair is indeed in distinct sections, but there’s not enough detail to say if they’re braids or dreads.]
dialoglog
Vriska: So do you want to hang out here a while?
Or fuck off to some other less ostentatious hodgepodge of memories.
Meenah: dunno does it look fun to you
Vriska: Hmm.
I don't know. Does it look fun to you?
Meenah: it kinda does
Vriska: Yeah.
Meenah: it kinda Reely does
Vriska: Yeah!!!!!!!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: They stop and look up towards a gold and green carousel with red panelling on
the central pillar. The horse closest to them has it's head up, like it’s rearing and whinnying
loudly.]

dialoglog
Vriska: So what do you want to do first?
Go on this, um...
Slowly rotating horse cylinder?
Meenah: eugh fuck no
Vriska: Agreed.
I think I hate horses, actually.
They sort of creep me out?
Meenah: yeah?
Vriska: I had a weird experience one time where I was surrounded by a bunch of horses for no
reason, and it was the most ominous fucking thing.
I think I’ve just decided that being surrounded by horses might be the ultimate bad omen. Nothing
good can ever follow or precede those circumstances.
Meenah: i never seen a horse
except i guess the robot kind
would not recommend
Vriska: Sounds like a nightmare.
Meenah: nah just like a mediocre situation prompting a bored thumbs down
Vriska: Yeah.
So, scratch the Horse-A-Whirl. That's out.
Do any other rides sound fun to you?
Meenah: no
Vriska: No?!
Meenah: come on v serk
you dont go to amusement parks to hit up a bunch of rides for wigglers
Vriska: Oh, sorry, Your Royal Highness. I forgot about the standards I was dealing with here.
Then what do you do?
Meenah: you just shit around acting cool
not giving a fuck
being an all around punk and hasslin people who glance at you crooked
Vriska: What people??
Meenah: uh well
the other ghosts who eventually either show up or dont who cares
Vriska: That's fair.
You know, it's been nice having you around to remind me that nothing's actually worth worrying
about anymore.
It's still easy to forget sometimes!
Meenah: mmm
Vriska: but seriously, we should do something fun here!
Come on, let's keep looking around.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: They walk into a section of the carnival bathed in so many different neon lights that it’s almost painful to look at. There are potted plants strewn everywhere in front of a single store with barred windows. The bars are designed to look like a sun and sunbeams, but they’re still bars. The sign over the door says Tattoos.]

dialoglog
Vriska: What about that?
Meenah: what
Vriska: The tattoo place.
Do you want to do that?
Meenah: do what
Vriska: You could get a tattoo!
Meenah: uh
Vriska: No, this sounds great.
You should totally get one! It would suit your look, and like, your whole "punk brand" so perfectly!
Actually I'm surprised you don't have one already.
Meenah: what makes you think i dont
Vriska: Wait.
Vriska: Do you?!?
Meenah: course i do
Vriska: Where??
Can I see????????
Meenah: pfpfpfppppppp
only if you lucky
Vriska: Um, didn't anyone ever tell you?
 Luck is kind of my specialty.
Meenah: oh scrod dammit i forgot lucks just as much your shit as it was two faced whats her serk
Vriska: (smiley face with eight eyes, one of which is winking)

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Meenah gives Vriska a fond smile while she speaks and holds her hands up in an almost shrug.]

dialoglog
Meenah: why dont you get one
Vriska: Me?!
Meenah: yea
if you think gettin inked up sound so chill then how boat you first
Vriska: but........
I don't like tattoos!
Meenah: why not
Vriska: because........
Hmm.
I don't know actually. It's just an opinion I remember feeling strongly about at one point.

Meenah: well
do you still
Vriska: I guess?
I just remember having some trumped up opinion about like, how they looked bad, or were about "trying too hard", or...
I don't even know really. Like ruining your body with some lame thing you'll regret some day.

Meenah: you don't even have a body
Vriska: I know!
Well, I do. I mean, We do, just not...
Not in the same way that felt so direly important, during our brief and embarrassing stints with mortality.
I guess now that I think about it, it doesn't feel like as big a deal anymore, and maybe it was just a totally stupid opinion to begin with?

Meenah: im down with that conclusion
what'll it be then
Vriska: You mean, whether I should get one?
Meenah: no if you want to buy a whale
yes do you want a sweet tat or no
Vriska: I don't know!
What would I even get?
Meenah: def somefin nautical
Vriska: Nautical, eh?
Well there's a shocking suggestion, if I ever heard one.

Meenah: yes it is a curve ball i know
but i like keepin suckas on they toes
Vriska: It's not a bad suggestion, actually, even if it quite literally is the only one you're capable of at any given moment.
I do genuinely love pirate stuff.
Meenah: (very happy face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Vriska: Ok! You talked me into it!
I'm going to do it. I'm excited.
Meenah: omg yay!!!
Past John: tell me about it!
John: but yeah, you should get going.
terezi's experiment worked.
ou'll find out all about it later.
Past John: i will?
John: actually, i'm not sure?
now that i changed how things happened for you, you might not get the idea to come back here like
i did?
which i guess makes this situation a true paradox, unlike all those lame stable time loops dave
makes.
Past John: so, what does that actually mean for me?
what am i supposed to do now?
John: i don't know what it means.
unfortunately, you may not be relevant anymore.
i'm the john who is learning to use his flashy powers to reconstruct the time line, so that
responsibility is on my shoulders now, not yours.
sorry, i am just keeping it real!
Past John: ...
John: well, who really knows how it will turn out.
maybe you will still have important things to do?
i don't have all the answers, i just know terezi and i have to talk now, so you should go.
Past John: where?
John: where you were about to go anyway!
go see typhus, and do the quest thing.
it worked out great, well, for me at least.
Past John: ok, i will.
i do hope i get to still be relevant, but i will understand if that turns out not to be the case.
John: that's the spirit!
Terezi: Nerds

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Terezi steps forward towards one of the Johns as he turns into a wisp and flies
away. The other John smiles up at him and waves.]
dialoglog
John: so, that thing we did with the password...
we can use that trick to our advantage, right?
Terezi: that's the idea
if we come up with a list of key thoughts
you should be able to do what you just did
and zero in on some of my memories, and change a few things
John: like what?
Terezi: good question
we have all made a lot of mistakes
I could name a dozen terrible, stupid things people have done just off the top of my head
which if erased would probably improve the situation
and yet
I don't feel like I have the credibility to hold anyone accountable other than myself
I think I would feel like a hypocrite if I tried to fix other people's mistakes

[A6A6I4] Next
John: yeah, i know what you mean. when i try to think of what to fix... all i can do is look back on what i did wrong. i never should have let that ring out of my sight. going back and getting the ring is the first thing we should do, right? i guess that one is kind of a no brainer. besides, i promised roxy i'd get it. i kind of blew it last time i told her i'd get it. so maybe i shouldn't mess that up again, heh. what do you think, terezi?

Terezi: Hm

John: but other than that, the sky is the limit. really, what do we do? do i go back to when we were just starting to play the game, and give us some advantages? but then, messing up our session causes this whole chain reaction... we never would have met the trolls, or had any reason to scratch the session... and if we didn't scratch the session, there never would have been an alternate reality where roxy and her pals got to play, thereby meeting us... when you start looking back and realizing how interrelated everything is, it starts feeling like an overwhelming job to fix it. on the one hand, you don't want to change so much that the reality you create is barely recognizable. you want to keep everything as similar as possible, so you get to keep all the lessons you learned and the important experiences you had with your friends. but on the other hand... if you aren't going to change something substantial enough to make a real difference, why bother at all? it's like, go big or go home, you know? sort of a catch 22 when you think about it. is any of this making sense? terezi? terezi!!

Terezi: What

John: were you listening to a word i said?

Terezi: not really

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Terezi takes her scarf off and bends over to do something offscreen. John looks down at her with faint annoyance and confusion.]

dialoglog

John: augh! come on terezi, get it together! i was saying some really deep and insightful stuff, probably. i bet Roxy would have thought it was cool. uh... what are you doing? are you... writing on your scarf?
in...

blood? (uncertain face)

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: She stands back up and hands her scarf to John. There is indeed writing on it in teal blood. He looks at it with a stunned expression.]

dialoglog
Terezi: here
John: what the hell is this?
Terezi: a list of instructions
just focus on all of these key thoughts, in exactly this order
for each one, do exactly what it tells you
and then quickly move on to the next one, until you are done
John: huh?
Terezi: every change I am telling you to make will have incredibly subtle consequences
however, they will be absolutely essential for creating a more favorable outcome
but only if you follow my instructions to the letter, no questions asked!
John: wow.
but how do you know these are the exact right things to change?
Terezi: I said no questions asked!!!
John: ok, jeez.
I was just curious!
Terezi: you asked me to use my powers to help you
that is what I am doing
it is now your job to trust me and do what I say
John: ...It is?
Terezi: clearly
this bloody scarf contains secret wisdoms of the mind which a lowly human wind boy could never
dare to fathom
and now the wind boy must embrace his role as the wayward heir, unbound from the ties of causality, and put all his faith in a fallen seer to bring redemption to us all
John: haha, ok now I know you're full of shit!
Terezi: yes
but could you please just take the fucking scarf and do what I say
John: alright, why not.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: He begins reading the list on the scarf and lifts one eyebrow in uncertainty.]

dialoglog
John: this is a lot of instructions.
all these will take me to certain events in your life?
Terezi: ideally, yes
John: well, at least you have a plan.
who am I to say it isn't the right one?
Terezi: nobody
John: oh snap!
terezi, did you know, even though you're a weirdo, and we probably wouldn't get along most of the time, I kind of missed you?
you were one of the first trolls I ever talked to.
we got off on a weird foot with your death threats, and jokey antagonism, and it's almost like we never stopped being on that foot?
it makes me nostalgic for simpler times...
do you remember when you made me those maps to follow?
in a way, following your instructions will be like that tom foolery all over again!
Terezi: I do remember
the maps I sent to you were cartographic masterstrokes, and represented a shining example for all who would aspire to hoax gullible dweebs everywhere
but let's not waste good sentimentality here
you are about to stroll down memory lane with me in a much more literal sense
whereas i...

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Terezi reaches into her box of chalk and takes out a piece of dark blue chalk. It's the same color as John's text.]
dialoglog
Terezi: one moment
John: huh?
Terezi: you'll need one more thing for your journey
what is your favorite color
John: um...
Terezi: that was a rhetorical question, numbnuts

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John watches with a complete lack of understanding as she steps away, towards a rockier section of ground.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: She begins to draw something in the blue chalk.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: She finishes the drawing. It’s an outline of herself, but drawn in the typical ‘dead’ position, with both arms bent and one raised so one hand is by her head and the other is by her waist.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: She tosses the piece of chalk to John, who still stares at her in confusion.]
dialoglog
Terezi: Here

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: She faces the chalk drawing and gives John a thumbs up.]
dialoglog
Terezi: good luck, egbert (happy face with furrowed brows)
not that you'll need it
John: why not?
Terezi: because we make our own luck
and you're about to prove that

[Image description: Her eyes roll back, and she goes limp and begins to fall. It’s labeled Keel in small teal letters.]

[Image description: She falls out of the panel, leaving only the large, teal Plop sound effect behind.]

[Image description: She lands face down on the ground, perfectly within her outline. Teal blood splatters out from her chest, and the word Dead is written above her using her quirk. John stares down at her.]

[Image description: John grimaces down at her body.]

[Image description: He winces and turns away with his eyes pinched shut.]

dialoglog
John: god, you are so fucking weird.

[Image description: A pair of feet walk along a yellow pathway as shown from the calf down. They’re wearing what looks like bandages around their lower legs and a pair of grey shoes with pink soles.]

[Image description: It zooms out. The feet belong to Jane, who is walking along a golden, spiral pathway in her Maid of Life outfit. She’s not red or covered in circuit lines anymore.]

[Image description: She comes in towards the center of the spiral, where a stage with green curtains stands.]

[Image description: It zooms in on her faintly confused expression.]

[Image description: She lifts one hand to cup at the side of her mouth and calls out.]

dialoglog
Jane: Excuse me!
Jane: Apologies for the intrusion,  
But I seem to be lost.  
Could you please tell me where I am?

Calliope: Jane! (gasping face)  
oops. sorry. (blank face with closed eyes)  
i'm not terribly experienced with the practice of in-person expressions of friendship.

Calliope: jane, don't be frightened…

Calliope smiles at Jane.

Calliope: it's me! callie!
pole- on Calliope’s jacket.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Jane smiles broadly as she realizes who Calliope is.]

dialoglog
Jane: Of course!
Oh my goodness, what a wonderful surprise!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: They hug. Jane smiles and closes her eyes.]

dialoglog
Jane: Come here, you!
This is an expression of in-person friendship we Earthlings refer to as a hug.
Calliope: hee hee!
yes. (very smiley face with closed eyes)

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: They let go of the hug and Jade steps up next to them.]

dialoglog
Jane: Forgive me, I don't recall your telling me you were named Callie.
Come to think of it, I hardly remember anything at all.
Not even how I got here.
Calliope: i would not fret over it. your memory should begin to return in due time.
jade here has been remembering all sorts of things, as we record her memories in our storybook.
Jade: hi jane!
Hello, there.
Calliope: why don't you join us?
I'm sure you will have much to add to our story.
Jane: I'd love to.
I feel as though I could use a rest.
I'm quite exhausted for some reason. I must have been walking along that yellow path for longer than I can remember.
Jade: heheh. i said the same thing when i got here too
Calliope: tis true.
Jane: Um, pardon me, though,
I also cannot recall for the life of me whether you mentioned your friend to me.
Or that you were both trolls...
Calliope: ah, but we are not trolls!
Jade: nope (happy face with buck teeth)
Calliope: these are our trollsonas.
Jane: Trollsonas, you say?
Jade: callie helped me make mine
aren't we adorable?
Jane: You truly are.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Jane lifts a finger to her chin and averts her eyes ponderously.]
Jane: Say.
Do you suppose...
I could make a trollsona too?

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Jade and Calliope both grin massively and turn to each other with expressions of pure joy and triumph. The background turns bright green.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John looks thoughtful and looks down at the bloody scarf Terezi gave him.]

dialoglog
John: might as well get started.
let's see, the first key thought is…

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It shows the scarf. In Terez’s quirk, it says “Reunion”, and under that, “Go get ring”.

dialoglog
John: "Reunion"?
do i have to think the numbers too?
how do i even do that?
whatever, here goes nothing.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John zaps away from LoPaN.]

[????????]

[Image description: Once again you return to the password screen. Type in Reunion, but make sure to use Terezi’s quirk. Put a 3 instead of an E and a 1 instead of an I.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John, who is somewhere on LoMaX, holds his hands up in a victory pose, but he looks down in shocked confusion. Behind him, another John zaps in.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Past John looks up and to the left to where Current John fully appears. He keeps his hands up, but his mouth falls slightly open and he looks even more confused. Current John smiles.]

dialoglog
John: whoa, it worked!
ha ha, i remember this!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Past John is standing on one of the post and lintels on LoMaX
next to the ruins of his house of cards. Many of his friends lay in heaps on the grass below him. Kanaya lays on top of W.V., who is on his back. Dave is on his ass and Karkat lays half on top of him while yelling. Rose is sprawled on her back and Terezi is upside down behind her.]
dialoglog
John: oh man, this is great.
hey guys!
hey me!!
you're looking almost as handsome as the other me i just saw.
don't ask, it's a long story. all you need to know is we are both looking great, as usual.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Current John lands on the lintel, in the pile of cards. Past John looks at Current John with uncertain annoyance. Current John just looks absolutely delighted and looks down at his friends, who haven’t gotten up yet.]
dialoglog
John: dang, this was such a cool moment!
hard to believe it was only...
hours ago?
days ago?
these zappy shenanigans are making me lose track of time.
whatever, it was just a really nice surprise when you all randomly appeared on my birthday and fell on the grass!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John’s smile falls and he looks thoughtful.]
dialoglog
John: i would love to have this sweet reunion all over again with you guys...
we had some great conversations here on this lonely stone henge planet. i really wouldn't mind listening to everything we said again word for word!
but i can't.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: He looks down at his friends, who boggle vacantly at him as they start to sit up.]
dialoglog
John: i don't know if this makes sense...
but when we all came together like this out of the blue, and had our long awaited reunion...
i'm not sure if we really earned it yet?
we didn't realize it at the time, but there were still a bunch of problems waiting to happen.
like, some lingering issues that were going to pull us all apart again, and make us fight to get back together once and for all.
but don't worry, i'm working to overcome all those problems right now.
that's why i'm here!
it's also why i can't hang around all day babbling like a fool. i really need to quit yapping and hit the road.
He hops down and hugs Karkat, who looks too stunned to react. Kanaya stares at them, still not sure what to make of this whole situation.

dialoglog
John: see you karkat!
i hope your pals don't take it personally, but you were always my favorite troll.
the shouty tirades you are going to have on this hilly planet are going to be epic and hilarious. i will never forget them.
kanaya, take good care of him for me, ok? Thanks.

He hugs Dave, who looks equally stunned, but in a nonchalant, cool-guy way. The Mayor looks on.

dialoglog
John: dave! see you in a different reality, buddy.
be sure to take care of mr. mayor too.
your beautiful friendship with a cute chess man is an inspiration to us all.
i hope and firmly believe it will transcend the boundaries of even the most ludicrous retcon shenanigans.
(heheheh.)

He takes Rose’s hands and smiles at her as she looks around, bewildered. Terezi sits on the ground nearby and stares blankly up at them.

dialoglog
John: goodbye, rose. it makes me happy to see you alive and well, even if only for a minute.
i’m going to make sure i never have to watch you die again.
sorry if that sounds morbid and confusing, but... yeah.
and if you see her around, say hello to roxy for me!
haha, oh yeah. hey terezi.
i feel like this is some big joke you are in on too.
but you probably don't have the slightest clue what's going on, do you?
maybe it’s better that way, heh.
anyway, the plan is going perfectly so far. (winking face)
(i just winked.)

John flies away from the valley and waves back down towards them.

dialoglog
John: so yeah, time to go get that ring.
i don't know what's going to happen to you all once i change stuff...
maybe you'll stop existing? i don't have a damn clue, to be honest.
but just so you know, you will always keep existing in my heart.
bye!
[Image description: As a trailing, blue wisp, John flies towards the ship, which still sits near the base of the mountain that Jake’s tower is on. The tower isn’t collapsed and there’s no massive pool of lava anywhere in sight.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: He flies towards the bow of the ship. His wisp is labeled ‘Again’.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John materializes in the living room on the ship. One of Jade’s blue tanglebuddies sits on the back of John’s couch. A small gold ring sits on one of the cushions.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John looks down at the ring. A dotted line follows his gaze and loops around the ring. The line flashes, along with the label ‘it’s there!’]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John grabs the ring and pumps his fist into the air victoriously. The background is yellow with hundreds of flashing ‘Hell Yes’es across it.]

dialoglog
John: gotcha!!!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: He slips the ring into the large pocket of his hoodie.]

dialoglog
John: it feels good to have it back.
the dear, sweet, precious ring of ghost life...
i'll never lose track of it again!
i definitely won't let...

um...
wait, who was going to steal this ring again?
the other vriska, with the short pirate skirt... what was her name?
meh, it doesn't matter. she's probably irrelevant now.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Somewhere in the shattered void, a pair of purple castle towers sticks out of a large chunk of purple stone. Other, smaller pieces of similar stone float aimlessly around it, but this piece is the only one with a staircase leading up to it. The entire void around it is heavily Fractured, like glass that would fall apart at the slightest touch. Several purple, pink, and blue dreambubbles float around. Something in the upper left explodes into white light, sending shards of something black flying. On the very edge of the stone with the towers on it, Meenah and Vriska sit together, dangling their legs over the edge.]

dialoglog
Meenah: Boom
there goes another one
Vriska: Wow, yeah.
Meenah: dude sure is busy today
Vriska: I've got to hand it to him. As far as indestructible, reality-destroying monsters go, he really is tireless. Even though on some level I can tell he's probably a complete moron, his dedication and persistence is actually pretty admirable.

Meenah: holla
Vriska: How many ghosts do you think were in that bubble he just wrecked?
Meenah: dunno
hard to give a carp really
and not just cause im a sociopath
Vriska: What do you mean?

[Image description: It zooms in on them as they grin towards the explosion, which is a newly destroyed dream bubble. Behind them, there is a red juju chest, which Hussie lurks behind. A Godtier Aradia perches on the roof and watches the destruction with them. Meenah looks the same as always, but Vriska looks markedly different. Instead of her usual blue pants, black shirt with her symbol, red sneakers, and occasional coat, she wears calf-high, lace up red shoes, dark blue leggings under lighter blue, cuffed shorts, a black tank top with her symbol on it, and a cerulean bracelet with bright red studs on it. She has a tattoo on her left shoulder, which is an anchor. Instead of a typical barb on each end, though, they’re shaped to look like her horns. The hole at the top, where a rope would be attached, looks like it’s filled in to look like a troll’s eye. Her hair still hangs in either braids or dreads, but the section around her left horn has been shaved, giving her an undercut. She also now sports 2 golden piercings on the left side of her lower lip and one through the outer side of the her left eyebrow.]

dialoglog
Meenah: hes just reclamming souls who hangin around too long anyway
before i died i was already like i aint give a fuck about death much
i looked at it like life had a price of admission no one could afford
in the ticket takers eye theres no way you could ever earn your stay
so to stick around you gotta learn to steal
but shit catches up with all thieves in the end
even the great ones
Vriska:...
Meenah: i lived like death wasnt no thing
at all times overdue
a hard stop to being you
and only chumps arent fine with that
but then i die
and find out dying dont mean what little i thought it did
so all those spook eyed souls up there scared to death of double dyin?
fuck em
Vriska: Peixes, have I ever told you, for a no-bullshit fish princess, you sure have a way with words?
Meenah: yeah youve kissed my ass before if thats what you askin

[Image description: It shifts to show them as colored silhouettes from behind. Vriska lifts and arm to point towards a massive, white explosion. Beams of light shoot out from it along with chunks of the shattered bubble. The void around it shatters like someone punched it, sending cracks shooting out into the rest of the void. They’re most concentrated close to the bubble and become more]
spread out further from it, but they still cover the entire sky. In the center of the explosion, there’s a
shape that looks like 4 triangles arranged into a larger triangle in the center of something vaguely
gear shaped.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Ooh, look!
Another space tragedy.
Meenah: daamm
Vriska: I will say this much. All the cosmic mayhem is really quite pretty.
Almost like the big man out there is putting on a fireworks display, just for us.
Meenah: daw
lord muscleguy be thoughtful as fuck
Vriska: How far do you think he'll go?
To find... who was it? His "kid sister"?
Is he really going to keep smashing the black space forever until he finds her, til it's all gone?
Is it actually Possible to shatter a continuum that's theoretically infinite?
Meenah: shrug
Vriska: Like I said. Got to admire the guy's determination.
Still, I can't imagine he's led a very enjoyable existence.
I mean, sure. Maybe he Thinks he has. In the way that totally delusional, egomaniacal people tend
to do.
I bet he never had anyone in his life who was actually important to him.
Someone who could have helped him see that nothing is worth that kind of obsession.
That it's better to just try and be happy.
Meenah: poor skull guy (sad face wearing a tiara and goggles)

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It turns back to face them and zooms in. Just a small portion of the sides of
their faces are visible. They turn towards each other ever so slightly and smile fondly.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It pans down to where they’re holding hands and wearing matching studded
bracelets. Meenah’s is gold with fuchsia gems and Vriska’s is cerulean with bright red gems.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Back in the living room on the ship, John consults with Terezi’s list of scarf
instructions. One of Jade’s manthro chaps sits next to a creepy marionette on her couch. A darker
blue tangle buddy sits on the back of the couch and the ass of a light blue stuffed animal, either a
manthro chap or a smuppet, sticks out from under it. Another manthro chap lays on the rug at
John’s feet.]

dialoglog
John: ok, bloody scarf.
where to next?

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: There’s one word visible on the scarf. “Framed”.]

dialoglog
John: framed, huh?
i mean... "Framed".

[Note: That time, Framed is written in Terezi’s quirk.]

John: ...which i guess is pronounced the same way, but you have to yell it in terezi's weird annoying voice?

[Image description: John looks down at the scarf and keeps talking to himself.]

dialoglog
John: wow, that was kind of a sick burn.
maybe i should be nicer to her, since she is bailing my stupid ass out of this jam, and also she died.
ok, here i go.

[Image description: John zaps away from the living room.]

[?? ?????]

[Image description: Once again, you’re on the password page. Type in Framed in Terezi’s quirk, with a 4 instead of an A and a 3 instead of an E.]

[Image description: John begins to appear in Terezi’s hive back on Alternia, right in the middle of Senator Lemonsnout’s trial. There’s a red, blue, and yellow rug with a series of geometric patterns on it on the floor. Behind him, curtains made of a patchwork of many brightly colored, sheer fabrics are tied open, revealing the window behind them and a view of a large, purple tree branch. A green scalemate with red eyes sits at John’s feet. Terezi kneels at the opposite end of the rug and holds Senator Lemonsnout, a yellow scalemate with a green stomach and blue eyes. She doesn’t seem to notice John.]

[Image description: John fully materializes and stares at Terezi as she takes out an incredibly ornate knife with a green and gold handle.]

[Image description: John looks down at the scarf again, which says “Rescue the witness before he is murdered (don’t get caught)”.]

[Image description: John looks uncertainly down at the green scalemate.]

[Image description: John stands outside of Terezi’s hive, on one of the branches of the tree. He has the green scalemate in hand. Through the window, he watches Terezi turn to look for the witness with her knife in hand.]
dialoglog
John: so...
you wanted me to steal a stuffed dragon from your room?
how is this even the slightest bit important to the time line?

dialoglog
John: whatever.
maybe stealing this dragon is the most important thing to ever happen in the history of stupid time shenanigans?
who am i to judge.
ok, what's next…

[Image description: Inside the hive, Terezi goes to stand by the window. The wall around it is plastered with brightly colored scales. Her desk has it’s brightly colored, patchwork table cloth on it. Her fuchsia computer still sits on it. To its left, there is a dark blue scalemate with pink eyes. To its right, there is a pile of very old, leatherbound books. A piece of red chalk lays on the ground nearby.]

[Image description: She looks out through the window and sniffs.]

[Image description: It zooms out to show her entire tree hive. There are several large rooms built in and around the trunk of a truly massive purple tree with pink leaves. Walkways and staircases go between the different rooms and out to a pulley system, which is the only connection to the ground. Sunlight streams down through the canopy in thick beams. Scalemates hang from ropes from the branches, having been executed for various crimes as determined by Legisclacerator Terezi. John is perched on the roof of one of the buildings to read the scarf.]
John: "Moment"?

[Note: Moment is written in Terezi’s quirk.]

John: wow, that sounds really nonspecific.
what moment do you mean, terezi??
way to narrow that down.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John zaps away.]

dialoglog
John: guess i’ll find out. this better be good!

[????????]

[Image description: Once again, you’re on the password screen. Enter “Moment” in Terezi’s quirk, using a 3 instead of an E.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Terezi sits on a balcony of her hive, which has been built up on LoTaF. Her rocket dragon wings sit behind her. She grins at something as John begins to appear around the corner.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: He fully materializes and looks towards her. She doesn’t notice him yet.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John turns away and pulls out the scarf to read the next instructions. Terezi’s Dragonsprite flies near him.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: The instructions say “Write message on wall:”, but the message he’s supposed to write isn’t visible.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John looks up and spots the Dragon sprite. He puts a finger to his lips and shooshes it.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John takes out the blue chalk Terezi gave him and begins to write on the wall. He starts with the letter Y.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Terezi turns towards the corner John is hiding around and a question mark appears above her head.]

[A6A6I4] Next
dialoglog
John: heheheheheh.
confused yet, terezi?? hahaha.
this is actually a lot of fun.
i am like the ultimate prankster now... nanna would be so proud!
it's kind of like if dr. who used his fancy phone booth to go around playing tricks on people, and
that's all he did.
then maybe that show would be less lame!
also, harry anderson should be all the doctors.
wow, i should use my retcon powers to make This show happen! wow, yes.
it's like all of the super heroes say, with great power comes great responsibility.

dialoglog
John: hmm.
i wonder who the "him" was in terezi's note.
karkat, maybe?
man, i sure hope terezi didn't send me on a time travel quest just to fix her fucking boyfriend
problems.
god Damnit terezi!

[Image description: The golden spiral around Calliope’s safe space begins to change. The outer
pathways expand and become fuzzy at the edges, like something’s flooding it. The edges of the
inner pathways smear a bit, making them combine into connected rings rather than as a true spiral.]
Calliope: what else do you remember, Jane?  
the more you tell us, the closer we may come to jogging your and Jade's memory of how you died.  
not to mention, the closer we will get to completing this lovely illustrated story. (Gasping face)  
Jane: Hrm.  
My recollection continues to be so darn hazy.  
Is there anything from my session that you can remember, Callie?  
Calliope: unfortunately from my perspective, most of it was blacked out.  
everything else I know, I have learned from ancient journals, whose veracity I have come to regard as...  
tenuous.  
you two are the only primary sources I have left to reconstruct the tale. If only you can keep  
jogging your memories!  
Jane: I see.  
Well, I do recall quite a bit more from our stint as tricksters.  
For some reason all those memories are still quite vivid.  
I suppose I could recount more of that drunken tomfoolery and extend our trickster chapter.  
Calliope: oh, yes!!! I would absolutely adore hearing more about your trickster adventures.  
it pleases me to no end hearing that you experienced such joyful escapades as a result of the  
birthday present I gave you! (Gasping face)  
Jane: Um. Yes!  
Joyful.  
That's what they were. So joyful.  
What a present! You are a true sweetheart, Callie.  
Calliope: (very smiley face with closed eyes)  
Jane: So, where was I?  
Ah yes. Dirk had just acquiesced to the siren's song of the trickster.  
When all the rainbow magic and sparkle dust had subsided, there he stood, as stoic and rigid as  
ever.  
He was like a plank of wood in orange trousers and suspenders. A bronze statue in a silly pair of  
wrist warmers. A stone-faced automaton with a shock of vermilion hair, in which comfortably  
nestled what appeared to be an orange soft drink.  
The juju's potent spell seemed only to strengthen his resolve in betraying no emotion whatsoever.  
But would his curmudgeonly facade prove a deterrent to Roxy's lascivious wiles? Methinks not!  
She advanced upon him with her magic ring, seeking his hand in quadruple betrothal.  
Her lips puckered and quivered, like an amorous cephalopod skulking the briny ocean depths for a  
handsome mate.  
Jade: guys i think weve heard enough about the trickster stuff (blank face)  
Calliope: (shoot!)  

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Jane looks at Jade in shocked disbelief.]  

dialoglog

Jade: jane, dont you remember when we turned into bad guys?  
Bad guys?  
Jade: yeah...  
i turned into an evil werewolf for a while  
and you i think were some kind of cyborg  
Jane: Yes, that does sound very familiar.  
Can you tell me anything else to nudge my recollection?
Jade: ummmmm
you had a pitchfork thingy and your outfit was bright red
Jane: Yes, of course!
I do remember that now.
Oh dear. I really was behaving horribly, wasn't I?
Jade: yeah, we both were
it feels like it was all a bad dream
im glad its over now, even if it means were probably dead
Jane: Mm-hm.
It's coming back to me now...
Gosh, how embarrassing it is to recall my actions.
They somehow manage to trump my indiscretions as a trickster.
The things I said to Jake!!!
Jade: (gasping face)
what did you say?
Jane: I can't even bring myself to talk about it.
You're right, Jade. We probably are better off dead than having to face the music for our shameful deeds.
Calliope: I do not wish to pry into matters that make you uncomfortable...
but can you at least recall the circumstances which were likely to have resulted in your deaths?
Jane: Hm.
Yes, I believe I can.
Remembering my encounter with Jake in his prison cell has reminded me of a crisis that followed shortly thereafter.
It caught us all quite by surprise, if I recall, even the Condesce.
I believe there were unanticipated factors which even she was unable to account for.
Calliope: can you recall the nature of this crisis?
jade and I will do our best to record it!
Jane: Yes, hold on.
Allow me a moment to get back into my storytelling voice.
...
Jade: ...
Calliope: ...
Jane: Ahem.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: In Calliope’s drawing style, Grimbark Jade and Crockertier Jane loom. Jade grins wildly, but Jane stares with disinterested condescension.]

dialoglog
Jane: 'Twas like Jade said. We'd been hoodwinked by none other than the Batter witch herself.
The old lady's fishy mind tricks had us both behaving like a pair of crooks!
We were all too willing to do her dirty work, and none too shy about reveling in our misdeeds.
It was as if she'd pulled the stops on our sense of conscience. At last we were free to act upon our darkest desires.
And if it please the jury, I'd prefer said desires were kept stricken from this record. (happy face with furrowed brows and buck teeth)
Jade: i second the motion
Calliope: (double shoot!!)

[A6A6I4] Next
Still in Calliope’s style, Crockertier Jane puts Jake in a headlock and flies him towards a Dersite tower, which is labeled Jail. Jade flies behind them, dragging Roxy along by the arm.

dialoglog
Jane: The crafty witch made sure I would be the brains of the operation. She saw to it her heiress had a super computer wrapped around her noggin years in advance. A state of the art Thoughtwave Tiaratop, for the up and coming junior battermaster on the go -- with the factory default set to Evil!
But if I was the brains of the outfit, Jade was the uncontested brawn. Within two shakes of a dog's tail, she kicked Dirk to the curb of the incipisphere. Then in one fell swoop, she and I pinched Roxy and Jake respectively, and hauled them right off to the slammer for interrogation.
The slammer, as we all know, is how one describes the penal system when feeling extra angry at crimes.
Their crime, you ask? It was being on the wrong side of the law.
And by wrong, I mean right.
Calliope: Jane, slow down! This is all solid gold.

Next

The drawing is split. On the left side, Grimbark Jade glows green and stares towards the approaching Meteor. On the right side, Crockertier Jane holds out a hand towards Jake’s built up tower, a section of which is selected in red.

dialoglog
Jane: But before we could badger hapless pals in the slammer, there was work to be done. We were to prepare for the others, scheduled to arrive shortly on a meteor from the furthest ring. I was ordered to build up the houses on our planets to reach Skaia. The witch said it was critical to her plans.
Whereas Jade was told to intercept the meteor, and scatter all her friends on the four new planets. They were all to be separated into pairs, and prepared to receive instruction to help us advance the cause.
But then, something went wrong. Something fully unanticipated, even by the Witch!

Next

Grimbark Jade turns like something startled her and most of the detail fades from her drawing, leaving only a green outline, the space symbol on her chest, and her glasses. A large white question mark appears on top of her.

dialoglog
Jane: Before Jade could intercept the meteor, she disappeared without a trace.
Jade: I did? (gasping face)
Calliope: (jade, shh! This is getting exciting.)
Jane: Perhaps it’s my shoddy memory acting up again, but I have no recollection of what happened to her.
This left the Witch's scheme in total shambles, and without Jade's unlimited power at her command, the situation on Derse was vulnerable.
Jade's friends were now unaccounted for, and could freely move about the medium without being caught.
They used their freedom to maximum advantage. Staying a step ahead of the Witch, they organized and came up with a plan.
The plan, you ask?
A prison break!!!

[Image description: Somewhere on Derse, Crockertier Jane holds her red trident and glares at a
group of kids and trolls. Rose stands in front with her wands at the ready and a determined set to
her jaw. Dave stands just behind her with his sword out and an equally determined expression. To
his left, Karkat holds his sickles and snarls at Jane. In the back. Kanaya scowls and bears her
teeth.]

dialoglog
Jane: They struck at just the right moment, while the Witch was out searching for them. They had
established a series of clever decoys to lure her away.
Their assault on the Derse prison was furious, with only myself and a few agents on hand to fend
them off.
Their aim was to free Jake and Roxy, and I can only presume, me as well from my corrupted state.
But I was not about to go down easy. Oh no.
The melee was fierce, and alas...
Not without casualty. (sad face)
Calliope: what happened, jane?
was someone slain? other than you and jade?
Jane: I'm sorry. The memory is coming back to me.
It is difficult to talk about, let alone present it with a flourish a good story deserves.
Jade: well forget about the story for a second
just tell us with regular words... i mean if you want to
Jane: No, it's ok.
I shall persevere.
Our tale must go on.
Calliope: (crying tears of joy face)

[Image description: Rose lunges forward and casts a spell at Jane, which sends curling white
tendrils of magic and a blue glow from the tip of her want. Jane dodges and lunges towards Rose
with her trident at the ready.]

dialoglog
Jane: Roxy's young mother made an exceedingly aggressive move to free her estranged daughter.
She attacked me with a fearsome enchantment of blinding light!
I deftly sidestepped her sorcery, and in my demented state found myself enraged by her claim on
my beloved B.f.f.sie.
I let my fork sail, straight and true, toward the interloping Lalonde.

[Image description: Roxy dives in and pushes a startled Rose out of the way. The tines of Jane’s
trident sink into Roxy’s chest in a diagonal line from shoulder to hip.]

dialoglog
Jane: But Roxy...
In a sudden fit of gumption, she intercepted my fork.
Directly through her chest.
I knew it before her heart even stopped.
Her death was surely heroic.

[Image description: Roxy stands next to a cruxite tree on LoWaS. She hangs her head sadly and has her eyes closed. Fireflies fly around the entire website.]

[Image description: It zooms out. She’s holding a grey bottle, which is how her sylladex stores items, in one hand and standing in front of a generally rectangular hole she’s dug in the blue soil. Next to the hole is the pile of dirt that was dug out from it. Salamanders stand in two solemn groups on either side of her. There’s a piece of metal pipe sticking out of the ground between her and the hole.]

[Image description: Roxy smashes the grey bottle on the pipe and Rose’s body pops out. It bounces slightly, then lands in the hole, her grave.]

[Image description: Roxy pats down the soil, having covered the grave.]

[Image description: The salamanders step closer as she solemnly unties the mask from her rogue outfit.]

[Image description: She steps back and examines her handiwork. Bro’s sword now sticks out of the ground in place of the headstone and has Roxy’s mask tied around the hilt. Serenity the Firefly, who Roxy calls Twinkly Herbert, hovers near her shoulder.]

[Image description: Serenity lands in her hair as the salamanders come closer. Two of them take her hands and she bows her head. Some of them blow bubbles. Jaspersprite comes up behind them.]

[Image description: Roxy looks up with tears in her eyes and spots Jaspersprite. She seems completely taken aback.]

[Image description: Jaspersprite smiles down at her. Serenity flashes quickly in her hair.]

[Image description: Roxy smiles and grabs Jaspersprite in a hug, which he returns with his tentacle arms, courtesy of the eldritch princess doll Rose prototyped so long ago.]
At Terezi’s hive, Dragon sprite continues hovering around John as he consults with the scarf list for his next assignment.

Next

Dragon sprite sticks his snout between John and the scarf, making John look up with an ‘excuse you?’ expression.

```markdown
Dragon sprite: sniff sniff
sniff sniff sniff sniff

John: (hey, would you quit it!)
(i’m trying to keep a low profile here.)
```

Next

It shows the next password. “Murder”.

Next

John begins to vanish.

```markdown
Dragon sprite: bye!
hehehehehehehe!
```

Next

Back in the password screen, enter Murder with a 3 in place of E.

Next

Terezi stands next to Tavros’s body on the meteor. She holds a piece of bright green chalk in her hand. It’s saturated with brown blood from being used to draw a chalk outline around Tavros’s body, including his severed leg. He’s been stabbed through with his own lance. Her box of chalk lays on the ground beside him, along with a pink scalemate with light blue eyes. John begins to appear behind her.

Next

John fully appears and eyes the grisly scene.

Next

He stares blankly at Terezi as she kneels over Tavros’s body and touches a blue scalemate’s, Inspector Berrybreath’s, nose to the blood. There’s red chalk dust all over the lance from where she dusted for fingerprints.

Next

John turns away, scrunches his face, and sticks out his tongue in abject disgust.

Next

Still, he examines the rest of the instructions for this moment. They say
“deploy the witness, he is critical to the investigation!!!!!!!!”

[Image description: Terezi leans in to reluctantly kiss Tavros’s corpse back to life, which she doesn’t yet know isn’t possible due to the death of his dreamself at the hands of Bec Noir.]

[Image description: She suddenly stops and turns to look at something. She’s not wearing her glasses, so her bright red eyes are visible.]

[Image description: She turns around and spots the green scalemate witness that John rescued from her hive.]

[Image description: She picks up the witness and looks up towards a long staircase in the distance.]

[Image description: She continues gazing upwards. An ellipsis flashes over her head.]

[Image description: John huddles down on those far-off stairs and just barely peeks over the edge to see Terezi way down on the ground.]

[Image description: John sits back on the stairs and pulls out the scarf again. He’s getting towards the end of the list. On the ground far below, Terezi still gazes up towards him.]

dialoglog
John: uh, mission accomplished i guess??
well, scarf item number four, at least.
there you go, terezi. your stupid plush dragon can help with your weird "investigation", or whatever fucked up thing you're doing there.
thank god i changed that! we sure are making some awesome progress here...
not.

[Image description: John sits back on the stairs and pulls out the scarf again. He’s getting towards the end of the list. On the ground far below, Terezi still gazes up towards him.]

dialoglog
John: ok, there's just no way that change was important.
i know this stuff can be pretty subtle, but come on.
she Has to be messing with me at this point.
with my new powers, i feel like i'm the ultimate prankster, but to be honest, i'm having a hard time figuring out who is pranking Whp here, exactly.
...
it's me, isn't it.
i'm the one getting owned, aren't i.
owned by a crazy blind girl, trolling me through time with notes written in her blood moments
before she died.
but she's also kind of... trolling herself too?
damn.
i am dealing with a true professional here.
alright, enough of this asinine horse play.
let's see what the scarf of stupidity has in store for me next!

[A6A6I4] Next
[Image description: He looks at the next item. It’s “Justice”.]

[A6A6I4] Next
[Image description: He begins to vanish. Terezi still stares upwards.]

[????????]
[Image description: On the password screen, type Justice with a 1 in place of A and 3 in place of E.]

[A6A6I4] Next
[Image description: John begins to appear elsewhere on the meteor, just below an open airduct.]

[A6A6I4] Next
[Image description: He fully appears and stares down at something by his feet.]

[A6A6I4] Next
[Image description: It’s Nepeta’s body in a pool of olive green blood. There’s a broken magic 8 ball
and a tattered corner of a Nic Cage movie poster next to her. A dripping trail of purple blood leads
away.]

[A6A6I4] Next
[Image description: John gives a sad grimace.]

dialoglog
John: yeesh.
what a gruesome scene.
i wonder which troll this was?
she looks really cute...
It's sad that she died.

[A6A6I4] Next
[Image description: John looks down at the scarf again. Behind him, the giant vials full of mutant
chess monsters and green slime glows faintly.]

dialoglog
John: let's see... what does she want me to do here?
i'm all out of stuffed dragons, so i don't think anyone will be cracking this case any time soon. hmm…

dialoglog
John: so i guess the clown guy did this?
i'm laughing my ass off.
it looks like he left all this bullshit littered around the body to frame vriska.
did terezi actually fall for this?

dialoglog
John: ok, this one's easy enough.
there, you're welcome terezi.
keep up the good work at solving dumb crimes.
whoops, here you come! got to go.

dialoglog
As Terezi walks towards the crime scene, John turns into wind and flies away.

pesterlog
T.G.: spidertroll
G.C.: you are correct
the spideriest one of all
T.G.: youve decided to take her down then
G.C.: I guess so
T.G.: you dont sound that psyched about it
G.C.: well, im here talking to you about it instead of actually doing it, arent…
huh?
T.G.: what

[Image description: She picks up the scrap of poster. The message says ‘it was gamzee you idiot!!!’ Apparently there wasn’t enough room on the front, because he drew and arrow pointing to the bottom edge and labeled it ‘um… over’.]

[Image description: The back of the poster is covered in text. It says “hey terezi... when you told me to say 'you don't need him', did you mean karkat or dave? maybe you shouldn't date dave either. the way you and he described it, it sounds like it got weird. i dunno, just offering some friendly dating advice! man, this caper we're doing is so crazy. anyway, later!”]

[pesterlog]
T.G.: terezi
hello
wtf is going on there

[Image description: John hides in the vent and looks down at Terezi’s bafflement with a delighted smile.]

[Image description: John grins and looks at the scarf again.]

[Image description: It shows the next password. “Honk”.]

[Image description: John begins to zap away.]

[Image description: On the password page, type in Honk. There are no replacements this time.]

[Image description: Terezi stands inside the trickster room on the meteor. The back wall is covered in rough wood panelling, one section of which has a smiley face with a round nose drawn on it in purple blood. In the back left corner, there’s a wooden staircase, which is blocked by an avalanche of bike horns. In the back right corner, there is an ornate bookshelf and a gramophone. Lil Cal sits on top of the gramophone. He’s wearing his green suit, but he’s splattered with purple blood. Next to the gramophone, there’s a wooden door with a dagger and axe mounted over it. Terezi stands at this door with her back to the rest of the room. A wooden counter runs across the center of the room, separating the top half from the bottom half. The middle section of the counter pushes back from the rest, making a small, U shaped section. On the counter, there is an old-style cash register, a pile of mangled scalemates, and many drops of purple blood. A hatch in the ceiling hangs down over the pile of scalemates. There’s a note written in purple blood on a page of Mindfang’s journal pinned to it with Nepeta’s blue claws. On the floor, there are two identical ornate persian rugs featuring geometric designs in red, orange, and green. There is purple blood splattered on them. On the opposite side of the counter from the bookshelf, there are two closed chests. John begins to appear between the chests and the counter.]
Image description: John fully appears. He’s done in a pixel art style to match the rest of the room. Terezi still doesn’t notice him.

Image description: He turns to look past the pile of shredded scalemates. Terezi’s pondering the door while Gamzee stands behind her with Lil Cal, who he bounces ever so slightly, making him look like he’s laughing. Gamzee’s face is tilted down, casting a deep shadow over his features. His eyes are bright red and his own blood runs down his face from where he sliced it with Nepeta’s claws before killing her.

Image description: Gamzee turns and spots John. The shock of it snaps him out of his rage and his eyes go back to yellow.

Image description: Gamzee still stares in shock at John, who turns away to examine the scarf again. Terezi ponders the gramophone now. There’s a bike horn on the floor a few feet from John.

Image description: It shows the instructions on the scarf. “Grab a horn... you will know what to do.”

Image description: John looks down and spots the horn. He gives a frustrated but resigned look.

Image description: He reaches for the horn.

Image description: He picks it up, still looking so tired of this.

Image description: He squeezes down on the bulb, making it give a loud Honk and startling Terezi so badly that she yells Fuck!

Image description: Terezi turns quickly. Exclamation marks flash over her head as she spots Gamzee, who looks too stunned to react.

Image description: Gamzee just… stands there. Staring at her. Holding Lil Cal by his side. Not really reacting at all.
[Image description: Terezi gasps and points at him. The background behind her turns into a diagonal split between black on the bottom and orange at the top. Across it all, hundreds of exclamation marks flash red and blue.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John stands on the landing outside the door to the trickster room. It’s labeled ‘Inn’ with purple blood, which also trails down the stairs. Another set of stairs goes up.]

dialoglog
John: there.
i honked the stupid horn.
one more to go...
terezi, are we getting to the point any time soon?
i’m getting tired of all this meaningless, prankstery bullshit.
i would like to be able to say we at least Tried to change something important here.
i’d rather not have to go back to roxy and say, sorry! your mom has to stay dead forever, because terezi decided to play some funny jokes on me for no reason, and also fix her romance problems.
it’d be nice to do something that would actually be significant enough to, you know, prevent that from happening?!
...
huh?

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: The door suddenly flies off its hinges and slams John into the wall. Terezi bursts through the opening in her full Redglare costume, white cane sword in hand. She has Gamzee tied up, slung over her shoulder, and gagged with the bulb of the horn. Nor that John’s out of the way, a smiley face with a round nose on the far wall is visible. It’s drawn in purple blood.]

dialoglog
John: Oof!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Flashing cracks in the void spread out across a black sky. The ground below it is massive, pink, rocky mountains. A green plant winds through the flatter areas and a few small, pink trees cling to piles of rocks. White horses run through the canyon and climb the less steep areas of the cliffs. Off in the distance, two figures run through a valley.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Haha!
Meenah: hehehe

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It zooms in. Meenah is chasing Vriska and they’re both grinning widely. Vriska is still sporting her punk pirate look.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Hahahaha!
Meenah: heheheh

[A6A6I4] Next
[Image description: The angle shifts to show them from the side as they run into the grass. The sky here isn’t cracked.]

dialoglog
Meenah: hehehehehehe
Vriska: Hahahaha!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Meenah catches her toe on a large rock and trips.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Oof!!!!!!!
Meenah: whups

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: They go tumbling right towards the edge of a sheer cliff.]

dialoglog
Meenah: hehehe
Vriska: Hahahahahahahahaha!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: They tumble over the edge and plummet towards the ground.]

dialoglog
Meenah: hehehehehehehe
Vriska: Haha! Hahahaha!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: They grab each other and hold tight as they hit the ground on a fairly steep slope and begin rolling.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Hahahaha!!!!!!!
Meenah: hehehehe

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: They roll closer to the bottom, still holding onto each other like a hug.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Hahahahahahahahaha!
Meenah: heheh hehehe
Vriska: Haha!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: They continue tumbling in each other’s arms.]

dialoglog
Meenah: hehehehehe
Vriska: Hahahaha!
[Image description: They approach the bottom of the slope and roll onto flatter ground.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Hahahaha...
Meenah: hehehe...

[Image description: They finally roll to a stop in the grass. Meenah lands on her back and Vriska lands on top of her. Vriska pushes herself up a bit, so she’s leaning over Meenah rather than laying on her with her full weight. They each smile at the other.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Haha.
Meenah: heheh

[Image description: Meenah smiles brightly up at Vriska.]

dialoglog
Meenah: heh...

[Image description: Vriska smiles down at Meenah with a slightly mischievous tug to her lips. The cracks in the sky above her look like they’re coming from directly behind her head.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Ha.

[Image description: They wrap their arms around each other and kiss.]

[Image description: It pans up over them to the non-cracked portion of the sky.]

[Image description: It shifts over slightly to focus in on something behind an outcropping of rock.]

[Image description: It focuses in on that something. It’s Hussie slumped dejectedly against the backside of the rock, staring down at the ground like he can’t believe what he just saw. A horse stands nearby and looks at him.]

[Image description: In Calliope’s drawing style, Roxy lays in a pool of her own blood somewhere on Derse. Jane looks incredibly upset and reaches out towards Roxy with blue energy around her hands. Rose, Karkat, Kanaya, a person shown only as a silhouette with a question mark on it, and a
dialoglog
Jane: I knew that I was her only hope for resurrection. Perhaps my cybernetic intelligence was not as flawless as I believed. In my haste to revive her, I neglected to let them know I was the only chance she had. If they understood the nature of my powers, they may have tempered their aggression. And if I wasn't so hurried to use those powers, I may not have let my guard down. Alas, I did let my guard down, and with it, my queen. But more importantly, my friend, who surely stayed dead. Poor Roxy. Calliope: do you suppose we should be expecting her ghost to join us too? though I admit, part of me feels guilty hoping she will join us in death. (Blank face with closed eyes) Jane: I do not know. But guilt notwithstanding, I truly hope to see her again. Killing a dear friend while in a compromised state of mind... it's frightening to imagine having to "live" with that for eternity. I'd be miserable if I never had the opportunity to make amends. Jade: its sad she died, but then, isn't it kinda sad we all died? personally im really hoping she shows up! jane why dont you prepare a trollsona for her as a gesture of reconciliation? its the least you can do (happy face with buck teeth) Jane: Why, yes. I do believe I can make that sacrifice for the good of our friendship. Calliope: Huzzah!!!!!!!!!!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Jane doodles in the book with her blue pen. It's Roxy, drawn in a style very similar to M.S.P.A. Reader, but she has short, slightly curved horns. She’s dancing a little jig.]

dialoglog
Jade: so getting back to the story i take it from what you said about letting your guard down... you believe this was how you died? Jane: I'm almost certain of it. I can remember nothing beyond that moment. And if one of your friends managed to get the better of me, I have no doubt my death would have been just, considering the trouble I caused. Jade: yeah... likewise (uncertain face) Calliope: do you remember who it was that killed you? not to hound you for details, but trivia like this tends to be historically important. plus, I would like to draw this scene. (Gasping face) Jane: I'm sorry. My memory of the incident overall is quite vague. But it wouldn't surprise me if the one who dealt my fatal blow was the leader of the raid.

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: In Calliope’s drawing, Rose and Kanaya stand behind the person with the question mark face with their wands and chainsaw out, respectively.]
Jane: This was the unanticipated factor. Their leader was someone who was not expected to show up with them at all. The presence of this lone interloper was enough to discombobulate a scheme millions of years in the making. This hero occupied a blind spot as much to the Condesce as to my present recollection, but of this much I am sure.

The hero was bold, wily; the sort of firebrand personality they needed to take such a stand. An intrepid soul who was not about to take the verdict of paradox space lying down. You see, Callie, your historical documents make no mention of the leader of the raid, because originally, the curtains closed early on this plucky customer. But the hero was written back into our story by some inscrutable gambit of circumstance which we may never fully understand.

And with that flourish of revisionism, the tide of luck turned on a shiny new dime. All bets were off! The tilt between the friendly and felonious was a true horse race again. A real barn burner in the brewing. Yes, there'd still be hell to pay after Jade and I made our exit, sure as sugar cubes. There'd be ashes to sift, wounds to mend, fallen to mourn. Not being privy to the aftermath, I can only surmise as well as the next gumshoe. But with respect to the fate of our comrades, of this much I am convinced.

When the curtains finally closed, this time, their leader would make sure everyone was standing on the right side of them. That is to say, the side any interested onlooker would be able to witness.

Jade: ...
jeez!
Jane: Hm?

[Image description: Calliope and Jade both smile over at Jane.]

dialoglog
Jade: youre really good at telling stories jane!
Calliope: yes, i'd no idea you had such a talent. how sneaky of you to hide such a gift from me all this time!
Jade: hear hear! 5 stars, would listen again! (happy face)
Jane: Aw, shucks, you guys. (smiley face with buck teeth)

[Image description: John sits on the landing outside the trickster room.]

[Image description: He looks a bit disturbed but consults with the scarf again anyway.]

dialoglog
John: uh, wow.
not sure what to expect for this one.
 alright, here goes.
[Image description: He looks at the scarf for the next password. “Flip.” A second image shows the instructions. “Knock her out! You can’t let me kill her.”]

[6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John zaps away.]

[???????]

[Image description: In the password screen, enter “Flip” with a 1 instead of I.]

[6A6I4] Next

[Image description: On a rooftop on the meteor, Vriska waves goodbye to Terezi, having won the coin toss and gone to chase Jack Noir. Terezi glares at her and unsheathes her cane sword. Behind them, John begins to appear.]

[6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John fully materializes as Terezi levels her sword at Vriska’s back. Gamzee lays on the ground next to her, still tied up and gagged.]

[6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John yells and reaches out to grab Terezi.]

dialoglog
John: noooooo, terezi!
Don't do it!!!

[6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John runs over and Vriska turns around with complete shock and disbelief on her face.]

dialoglog
Vriska: John????????

[6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John ‘Egbert Punch’es her right in the jaw, sending her skidding. In a small image in the bottom right corner, she lands on her face with a Doof.]

dialoglog
Vriska: What are you doing heAugh!!!!!!!
John: Kapow!!!!!
Terezi: John no! (gasping face with furrowed brows)

[6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Vriska skids towards the edge of the building.]

[6A6I4] Next

[Image description: She flips end over end, still looking shocked and dazed.]
[Image description: Her momentum sends her spinning.]

[Image description: She lands on her back with a loud Thud. Her legs still stick straight up in the air.]

[Image description: She skids a bit more towards the edge of the building.]

[Image description: Finally, she comes to a stop and her legs plop down onto the ground.]

[Image description: Terezi turns and starts yelling at John. Gamzee still lays on his back and stares up into nothingness.]

dialoglog
Terezi: john, what have you done!
John: whew! That was close.
Terezi: why are you here??
how are you here???
John: it's a long story terezi. Don't worry about it.
the important thing here is, we did it. Everything's going to be ok now.
Terezi: did what?!
John: um...
I'm not sure, actually.
Terezi: oh my fucking god
John: well, I just clobbered vriska and knocked her out, like you said.
jeez, I hope I didn't punch too hard...

[Image description: They turn and look towards Vriska. She's still laying on the ground. Little tiny pictures of John whirl around her head.]

dialoglog
John: wow, she's really down for the count, isn't she.
I got a lot of extra punching practice in my fight with the skull jerk.
maybe I gained a bit too much man grit for my own good?
Terezi: what are you talking about!
do you have any idea what you've just done?
John: yes.
I randomly appeared and knocked vriska out cold, just like the scarf told me to.
Terezi: what scarf???
John: um...
this one?
Terezi: you weren't supposed to do this!
I was supposed to kill her!
you just doomed us all!!!
John: no, no...
I mean, yeah, it was supposed to go that way originally!
but now it doesn't have to, because of like, weird retcon magic, and also your crazy mind schemes.
Terezi: mind schemes?!
John: yes.
well, you from years in the future, just before you died.
I got help from your older, possibly wiser self. You helped me come back here, using the mysteries of the mind.
Terezi: I see
but that does not answer the most important question of all
John: what.
Terezi: why are you such a dork?!
John: shut up!
Terezi: let me see that scarf
John: no!!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Terezi grabs for the scarf, but John holds it out of her reach and puts an arm against her chest to keep her back.]

dialoglog
Terezi: yes, give it here
John: no, quit it!
Terezi: you fucked with the alpha timeline. I want answers
John: hey, I had to jump through a lot of your lame prankstery hoops to get here!
plus I saved vriska from your back stabbing ways, so you don't need to do that for... Whatever stupid reason you were going to?
how about a little gratitude!
Terezi: just tell me what the scarf says
need to know what I said!
John: look, all it says is this list of bloody passwords and instructions, most of which are dumb pranks!
Terezi: pranks? (Confused face with furrowed brows)
John: yeah, I think so.
Terezi: why would I send you back in time to play pranks
John: because you're a weirdo!
Terezi: screw you!
wait
so you actually were the one who stole my dragon, and wrote those notes?
John: yeah.
Terezi: why
John: I don't know!
you told me to.
probably to prevent you from fucking up your life?
Terezi: and you're sure you didn't just make a doomed timeline here?
John: yeah, pretty sure!
this is like, a fresh start. From this point on.
Terezi: gimme the scarf
John: no! Stop badgering me about the damn scarf!!!
Terezi: it's mine though, it has my blood on it!
John: no, it belonged to my dear departed friend, her name was *future* terezi!
Terezi: you bastard (angry face with furrowed brows)
John: look, it doesn't even say anything else, I already did everything!
  wait...
Terezi: what
John: ok, there is one last thing I have to do.
Terezi: what
John: it says I have to give you my wallet.
Terezi: what??

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John looks down at the scarf and reads the last lines. He looks confused and gives a one arm shrug.]

dialoglog
John: but...
I don't actually have my wallet?
Terezi: you dont?
John: no.
II lost it years ago.
think I gave it to...
damn. Who was it.
liv tyler, the bunny?
or was it that short chess dude.
shit!
Terezi: why would I tell you to give me your wallet if you don't have it
John: I guess you didn't realize I lost it??
hell, even I can't remember what items we still have half the time.
Terezi, just between you, me, unconscious vriska, and that dumb clown there, this adventure has been one huge mess.
Terezi: what could even be so important about giving me your wallet?
John: hmm.
actually, it says give "her" your wallet.
did "her" mean you, or vriska?
Terezi: ???
John: I guess it's a moot point, since I don't have it.
let's just call it one small flaw in your otherwise mostly stupid plan, and get on with our lives.
Terezi: it's not my plan!
John: yes it is!
or, was.
I mean, will be.
or... Won't be anymore? Now that we changed stuff.
Terezi: ugh, shut up
maybe if you could tell me *why* we need the wallet, we could make other plans to compensate?
John: um.
I dunno. Maybe you need to captcha something really big?
Terezi: like what
John: I don't know!
it's just some vague crap you wrote on a scarf!
Karkat: john????
John: oh fuck.
[Image description: They turn and look at Karkat, who stands with his legs spread wide and his shoulders squared, like a position somewhere between a battle stance and a crab walk. He’s holding the fake note that Gamzee made to make it look like Terezi wanted him on the roof.]

dialoglog
Karkat: how in the contemptible name of my permanently hate-soiled jerkoff trousers can you ***possibly*** be here?!
John: no, I'm not doing this!
I'm not explaining the retcon shit again!
Karkat: ret-what shit??
what the fuck happened to vriska?
is
is that *gamzee* tied up on the floor there?
with a horn shoved in his mouth???
Gamzee: *honk*
John: sigh.
Karkat: terezi, why is gamzee tied up on the floor.
I was so worried about you. I thought he had gotten to you for sure.
Terezi: that is sweet of you karkat, but there was no need to worry
I cracked the case
with investigation skills like mine, it was inevitable (happy face with furrowed brows)
John: (lmao.)
Karkat: um, ok???
it would have been nice if somebody told me what sort of preposterous shit was taking place up here.
what happened to vriska? Why is she passed out on the fucking floor?!
John: because I punched her in the face.
Karkat: what
John: you heard me.
Karkat: ok, john, listen. First of all, shut your fucking mouth.
I don't even know *where* to begin addressing the globe numbing absurdity of your sudden presence on this meteor.
let's just awkwardly strafe along the perimeter of that humongous, stink-belching trunkbeast in the room, and let the violently uninhibited nerd-grilling commence.
*why* did you punch vriska in the face????????
I mean...
not that I necessarily blame you, but still.

[Image description: John smiles placidly while Karkat continues screaming and shaking. John puts one hand on his shoulder and offers him the scarf with the other hand.]

dialoglog
John: karkat, take it easy.
here, read this.
Karkat: what the fuck is this.
John: it's all on the scarf, buddy.
it's all on the scarf.
Karkat: get this nasty fucking rag out of my proximity!
Terezi: hey, that's mine!
Kanaya: uh

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John turns to look over his shoulder at Kanaya and Sollux. Kanaya wears a sleeveless red dress with large, sail-like patterns on it, a black belt with her Virgo symbol for a buckle, and elbow-length red gloves. She glows brightly. Sollux wears his normal dark grey pants and black shirt with his symbol on it, but there’s yellow blood dribbled down his front, which divides his symbol in two. He wears Feferi’s fuchsia goggles over his black eyes. There’s a small bandage covering a bite mark on his neck. He holds onto Kanaya’s elbow so she can guide him, as he’s currently blind.]

dialoglog
John: oh man.
this is turning into a stupid circus.
Gamzee: (caps) *honk*
John: shh!
I should really get out of here.
the time line is already boned enough as it is without me hanging around.
Karkat: what? You're leaving already??
John: I mean...
I guess it doesn't matter that much if I'm here?
we already changed history like... Almost completely?
that was kind of the point.
vriska's not dead anymore, so that means...
wait, what does that actually mean?
Karkat: what the fuck are you talking about!!!
what's this shit about vriska being dead? Can someone explain this to me!
Kanaya: vriskas dead?
Karkat: no!!!!!!!!!
she's asleep on the floor over there, that's what I'm saying!
John: so, that means I'll never be able to get the life ring from tavros...
but I already have the ring? So I guess that doesn't matter?
Sollux: who's talking.

[Note: Sollux speaks with 0 in place of O, but without his usual doubling of I or replacing S with 2.]

John: wait, does this really mean vriska’s ghost stops existing, or...
is her ghost just going to keep existing in the dream bubbles because of "reasons"?
Kanaya: karkat what is he doing here
Karkat: wow, great question!
why don't you take a fucking number and get in line for that one!!!
I've already got mine! It's the first number there is. An angry, trembling digit, towering and erect, pointing directly at the trashfaced kingpin of inexplicable horseshit himself, *god*!!!!!
John: and if I never ended up meeting her ghost...
I guess I never stuck my hand in the house thing to get the retcon powers in the first place, so how...
god damn it.
Karkat: her ghost?????
he's talking about ghosts everybody!
everybody listen, he'll surely explain everything any second now! This should be great!
Sollux: can someone please tell me who is talking.
Karkat: shhhhh, sollux pipe down! He's about to spill the fart niblets, I can feel it!!!!!!!!!!!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John kneels next to Vriska and smiles at her as he pats her head. Karkat follows him and points accusingly as he rambles. Terezi, Sollux, and Kanaya watch in dismay and confusion. Gamzee is still tied up and gagged on the ground next to Terezi.]

dialoglog
John: ok guys, really, I've messed with your time line enough as it is. sorry for clocking you, vriska, if you can hear me in your dreams. Haha, you probably can't. but hey, I guess this means I get to meet alive you soon, instead of ghost you? So that's neat. Karkat: egbert don't you dare fuck off John: please tell her I'm sorry for punching her in the face. but also, she's welcome for saving her life. I'll see you guys later. Um, in three years to be precise. Karkat: what??? no, don't you stay the hell put. Do you hear me you ugly, peejay packing, flapsniffing shit infant John: bye dude!

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John begins to disappear and Karkat throws a flailing tantrum about it. Terezi takes John’s place by Vriska. Kanaya and Sollux just watch. Gamzee bites down on the bulb of the horn to honk it.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: John vanishes and Karkat’s tantrum increases in intensity. Meanwhile, in the foreground, Vriska wakes up and Terezi helps her sit up. Vriska looks absolutely terrible with massive bags under her eyes and her hair a mess, like she has the world’s worst headache. She holds her head with one hand accordingly.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Kanaya stares blankly towards the wound-tending and tantrums. Sollux still holds her elbow.]

dialoglog
Kanaya: I Suddenly Dont Understand Anything And Am Currently Casting Sincere Doubt On The Laughable Insinuation That I Or Anyone Else Ever Actually Did For Even A Single Moment Sollux: kanaya, don't be such a damn noob. the explanation for all the stuff i just heard is so obvious. Kanaya: What Is The Explanation

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Sollux lets go and takes a step forward. He pulls out his pair of blue and red glasses.]

dialoglog
Sollux: mutha.
pesterlog
Sollux: fuckin.

[Image description: He puts them on over Feferi’s goggles. They’re crooked. Each one shows a different, massive spiral galaxy surrounded by the distant pinpricks of millions of other galaxies.]

dialoglog
Sollux: (troll emoji wearing blue and red glasses) shenanigans. (troll emoji wearing blue and red glasses)

[Image description: The Land of Wind and Shade hangs in a white void. Fireflies fly around the website.]

[Image description: Roxy leans back against a rock and stares towards Rose’s grave. The salamanders, Jaspersprite, and Serenity have all gone and she’s all by herself.]

[Image description: She gasps and looks up as John begins to appear nearby.]

[Image description: She turns and smiles at him as he fully materializes.]

[Image description: He smiles back at her.]

[Image description: He reaches into his hoodie pocket and pulls out the gold ring.]

[Image description: He takes one of her hands in his and puts the ring in her palm with his other hand.]

[Image description: Roxy cradles the ring in both hands and grins ecstatically.]

[Image description: John holds one hand out to her at hip level.]

[Image description: She takes his hand.]
They smile at each other as John puts one hand on a cruxite tree. Roxy carefully cradles the ring in her free hand.

John begins to vanish and Roxy turns to smile widely at the ring.

The tree and Roxy both begin to vanish along with John.

The entire planet begins to vanish.

It zooms out to show the entire planet, which is now just a blue outline on a white background.

The entire panel begins to vanish.

The track ‘not a creature was stirring’, made of strange, metallic, hollow sounds, begins to play. The panel is entirely white. The whole website it entirely white. Green text appears.

Jade: i remember now

Click.

The panel slowly turns black and Grimbark Jade fades in. She’s wreathed with green flame and flying through a black void. Text appears below it.

Calliope: remember what?
Jade: i remember what happened to us!

Next

Click the next arrow.

The panel flashes white, then fades to another scene. Jade flies quickly towards the Meteor, then freezes a short distance away from it. More text appears.

Jade: janey’s story helped jog my memory of the final moments
Jade: shes right

Next

Click the next arrow.

It flashes white again, then fades to Jade’s legs as she touches down on the roof of the tallest
building on the meteor. She’s wearing her grey and black striped socks and bright red shoes.

Jade: when i went to hijack the meteor, there was someone there i didnt expect to see
Calliope: who was it?

Next
Click the next arrow.

It flashes white, then fades to a view from just above Jade’s head. Her dog ears stick on screen. She looks down at a crowd of people. W.V. stands closest. Behind and to the right of him, Kanaya stands protectively in front of Rose. Behind them, Karkat and Dave stand just in front of Terezi.

Jade: i think jane covered the "who" pretty well with her colorful description already

Next
Click the next arrow.

It flashes white yet again. W.V., Karkat, Rose, and Dave all look at each other worriedly.

Jade: whats more interesting is, it made me realize ive been wrong all along

Next
Click the next arrow.

The sound of a slow, slightly uneven heartbeat plays. It flashes white, then fades to Jade, snarling and reaching her claws out. The green flames around her flicker and burn.

Jane: Wrong about what, Jade?

Next
Click the next arrow.

A pair of feet in red shoes walk along the roof. It pans over W.V., Karkat, Rose, and Dave until they fade out and reveal a figure half cast in shadow. The figure wears those red shoes and blue pants. Her yellow eyes glow in the shadow. There’s a familiar symbol on her chest. A cerulean Scorpio.

Jade: we were never dead at all

Next
Click the next arrow.

It fades to Vriska’s face as she reaches out towards Jade. Her face shifts out of focus.

Jade: weve been asleep!

Next
Click the next arrow.

It zooms in on Jade’s horrified face as she realizes what’s happening and pulls back. The flames around her die and she snarls. Several images flash by very quickly. Vriska’s 7-pupiled eye, Jade’s
white, glowing eye, Vriska’s hand reaching out against a red background, a blue silhouette of Vriska reaching out against a black background, zooming out to show Jade’s silhouette in green as she pulls backwards. A large, grey Z appears between them. Jade begins to topple backwards and everything fades to black, then white. A blue next arrow appears in the middle of the screen. Click it.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Vriska stares down at Jade, who is sleeping peacefully on the ground. She’s not grimbark anymore.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: Vriska grins victoriously, but there’s a hint of malice to it.]

[A6A6I4] Next

[Image description: It slowly zooms out from Vriska’s face and a pair of shitty green curtains close smoothly over it. Where the replay button would be, there’s just a small picture of Vriska’s face. Clicking it does nothing.]

Act 6 Act 6 Act 5: Masterpiece

[S] Act 6 Act 6 Act 5

[Image description: The entire website turns green as it returns to Caliborn’s control. The rude link names and green chilis line the top banner. Homosuck Swan Song begins to play. The curtains change to a strange texture, like cardboard, and slowly open over a smeared purple spiral that runs the opposite direction of the one Calliope is in. It’s very clearly drawn with millions of right angles, per Caliborn’s style. In the center of it, there is an outline of a green stage, almost identical to the one in Calliope’s space. It very slowly zooms in on it and detail fades in. The texture on the curtain somewhat resembles cardboard, like the ones that opened over the screen, or perhaps crayon or rough construction paper. It shifts to a front view of the stage, like you’re sitting in the audience and looking at it. It very slowly zooms in until, with a final slam on the keyboard, it takes up the entire panel. It’s a photo of an actual object, which someone made to look like a shitty version of the stage. The repeat button in the bottom left corner is just Caliborn’s laughing face.]

Ah. So nice of you to join me.

[Image description: A Vine plays. For posterity, Vine was a video service that started in 2012 and shut down in early 2017, where users could post videos no longer than 6 seconds. This vine shows the physical stage prop on a table with a red striped tablecloth against a background with a texture like corrugated metal. It slowly zooms in on the stage as a crude clay figure of Caliborn and his justu chest fade in. Caliborn is represented as a red, slightly tapered tube with a green ball for a head and two black dots for eyes. The chest is just a vaguely chest-shaped lump of clay.]

To join me, for...

My masterpiece!

[Image description: Another vine plays. It flashes quickly between several frames of claymation. Claymation is a form of animation where physical models are moved and changed ever so slightly between photographs. The photographs are then strung together to create the illusion of movement, as drawn frames are in more traditional animation. Caliborn’s eyes flick to green, yellow, red, and blue. The chest jitters around like someone moved it between pictures.]
The fruits of my artistic toils are finally at hand. You're welcome in advance for the narrative majesty you are about to witness. It cost literally millions of calcoins to produce. As well as most of my attention span for any further creative endeavors. But you will probably agree, tearfully. That it is worth all of this expense, and more. To see my tiny actors of living putty, *dance*.

Get ready. To get dazzled. As I fucking destroy the transcendental boundaries of "unconventional media".

(that juju chest shouldn't be moving. Sorry. I bumped it.)

Let us begin.

[Image description: Another vine plays. All of Caliborn’s Masterpiece is in vine form unless otherwise specified. Claymation Caliborn turns and walks off stage right as a claymation Gamzee comes on from behind the curtain on stage left. He has no face, just the vague shape of his pear-shaped bard hat on top of the tapered cylinder of his body. Lil Seb comes on from in front of the curtain stage right. He’s just another vaguely tapered cylinder with a ball for a head, but he has ears. Caliborn comes back out from stage right, pulling Lil Cal with him. Lil Cal’s body is made of a pink cylinder with a squashed pear shape for a head and long orange legs with peach balls on the end for feet. He has no arms.]

The tale my masterpiece describes, is basically a spoiler to the ending of things. It takes place in a future moment. Long beyond when we, you, or I have any business seeing what happens.

But I found out and learned of this spoiler. I saw it once, on one of my planet's many screens. The land of "colours". And the land of "mayhem". It knows all. And it will show anything to any man. Who is willing to find the right key. And it turns out that just such a man. Is the man that is me!

So I will show you what I saw.

[Image description: Caliborn bends halfway down the bodylump and bows. The whole thing is slightly out of focus, giving it as somewhat dreamlike quality.]

Not with the crude 2 dimensional shapes from my computer pencil. But with the lavish 2+ dimensional forms of my ground breaking clay puppets. Behold as I innovate objects of artistic expression, which you trashy fuck munches never thought to pioneer before in a million years. Here's a shot of me bowing in advance for being great!

Ah yes. Movie magic at its best.

[Image description: Still in slightly blurry pictures, Caliborn’s eyes flash even faster between the colors.]

I will tell you what I saw in the screen. Believe me when I say, that it happened precisely as I show you here. Shot for shot.

This takes place after I get the magic rainbow eyes. And yet, still before I am huge and wear a dapper trench coat for winners. But as you can see. At this point, in my rise to dominant invincibility. I’m feeling pretty chuffed about myself. My power is sick, and my special eye balls are gnarly as can be. I would tell you I can hardly wait to be this cool, but as you know. I am a man of patience and aplomb.

Also, look closely.

[Image description: Caliborn turns and gestures with his head towards the juju chest because he has
no arms to point with. It slowly pans over until the chest is in the center.]

I've got my juju chest there. Which I will win as some choice booty, from victoriously slaughtering my denizen. King yaldobob. Inside is a mighty weapon. Which will come into play a little later. In my theater of wobbling puppet drama. It's like they say about the theater. If you see a juju in act one. Then the juju will probably be used right away in act one. To make everything more exciting, as soon as possible.

Also, which I should mention...

One more banner piece of swag in my possession.

[Image description: It zooms in on Caliborn, who waves around one arm that he suddenly has. He only has three fingers and on the middle one, there is a chunky gold ring.] I'm not sure how I come about this later. Much like the clockwork lasers, and primo fashion jacket. It's a ring, that found its way to me somehow. A golden ring of void. It becomes mine one day. The most beautiful thing, I never knew I always wanted, yet somehow, preemptively coveted. It lets me stay close to the darkness. To vanish, and appear again, in places I have no business fucking with. Full of plump and meaty people. Alive and living. Who one day, will plead with the gods. Begging them to curse my name.

Here I am lording it over my minions.

[Image description: Caliborn jumps around between Gamzee and Lil Seb, who is standing on top of the Juju chest. He then runs over to lil Cal, who is sitting on the edge of the stage next to Gamzee. As he heads back towards the chest, he shoves Gamzee over and Lil Seb runs over to him. Caliborn jumps up on top of the chest and looks down at his ‘minions’.] The classic honk friend. My rabbit pal for life. And my floppy puppet buddy. I'm bossing them around, being the shit, as always. Whatever.

When suddenly.

[Image description: Caliborn still stands on top of his juju chest, but now he’s way over on stage right, right up against the curtain. Gamzee stands upstage of him and Lil Seb stands downstage. Lil Cal sits on top of the curtains, right above center stage. 8 figures suddenly appear in a flash of shittily drawn blue light. None of them have faces and are only differentiated by different colors of bodylumps. From right to left, they are light blue, black, red, orange, pink, yellow, dark blue, and beige. This makes the likely order John in his Heir of Breath outfit, Jade in her Witch of Space outfit, Dave in his Knight of Time outfit, Rose in her Seer of Light outfit, Dirk in his Prince of Heart outfit, Jake in his Page of Hope outfit, Roxy in her Rogue of Void outfit, and Jane in her Maid of Life outfit.] Eight assholes snugged up in their goofy pajamas appear out of nowhere, for some wrestling royale with yours truly. They all steal a ride with the wind prick's snappy ghost magic, to catch me unawares. It worked! Judging from my skull expression, I was really really surprised.

But then.

[Image description: It zooms in on Caliborn’s face, which suddenly has red cheek circles and a horrifying mouth with eight teeth in total, one of which is golden. It’s done crudely, like by someone without any sculpting experience, but that somehow makes it even more horrifying. His mouth opens and closes as it zooms in on him.]
My skull turns giddy, and sinister. Because I know in my heart that truly, they are about to get owned.

They are all frisky, and ready to fight.

[Image description: Everyone on stage jitters around a bit, but they don’t really move from their spots.]

I can tell they are psyched about this. Like they have been planning it, and biding their time, and now they think they are strong enough to overtake me, if only because of the surprisingness of their ambush. And maybe they are even right. Maybe they could beat me. They have a lot of fighting levels and magic boons now, just like me. But see. I don't even give them the chance.

Like I said. I have a superior weapon.

[Image description: Caliborn steps down off the juju chest and pushes it towards the group. It pops open and a small wire lifts a cutout that looks like a house out of it. It’s made from what looks like sparkly white paper.]

And I see no reason not to use it right away. What would be a fucking point, in holding out? Suspense?? Bulllll shit. I pulled out the big guns nigh instantaneously, because I think like a great winner.

But like most things that are good. The thing has limitations.

And rules and stuff.

[Image description: Everything vibrates as the four kids closest to the juju are drawn to it like a black hole. The clay they’re made of stretches and curls into the juju.]

All jujus have rules. The cooler the juju. The trickier the rules. For one thing. This weapon could only be used against four guys at a time. Because its shape has. Like four slots or something. So I choose my targets carefully.

I select the four of these jokers, who I deem the greatest threat to me. The blue philistine with the belligerent fists, of course. So he can't own me again, with hurtful insults to my art. And also the alpha male and his smooth ways, say goodbye to him too. I couldn't risk messing with his sword, which I understand to be the only thing in reality that is poison to my invincibility. Because of an illegal ingredient, a white roundcircle of total knowledge.

Oh, I targeted their two corresponding females as well, because why not. The dog one is a nightmare of powers, and the orange one perturbs me with her dictionary blither.

Good riddance to bad teens!!!

And just like that, they were gone.

[Image description: The juju bounces slightly and the pink figure, likely Dirk, begins to step forward.]

Their souls were trapped in my juju. Forever.

This solves one problem for me. But starts another. The juju when its shapes are filled. Changes in nature. It stops being a weapon I can use, ever again. It's weird, and a bit lame, but you can't be too picky about awesome jujus. You have to take the good with the bad. Once I used it...
It became mysteriously intangible.

Like a hole. A gap, in the teeth of my story. That now exists, as a dangerous liability to me personally. It can only ever be used as a weapon against me, from now on. Such is what yolobroth, the great lewd snake, will tell me about the juju when we meet. So after using it, it made me nervous.

So in the blink of an eye.

I trapped it back in the chest! And banished it away, where no one would ever find it. Deep in the bowels of the furthest ring. Using my ring-based communion with the void. Poof!!!!!!!!!!! Good luck digging that one up, haters. It is *never going to happen*.

With the first four banished, the team of heroes was cut in half, to be much easier for me to devastate. A smutty swordsman, an underpants wimp, and two flippant bimbos? I would call it a cake walk. But when you are this cocky and brash. You don't walk. You strut. No matter what kind of dessert you find under your feet.

I should also relevantly mention.

I am still in possession of the swordman's juju. His floppy friend of childhood. The one which I recognized to be an empty husk. He demands from me, that he wants it back. Presumably for emotional support. I can in no way blame him.

Keep an eye on this one. The foreshadowing of him, is pre-important for later.

Now is when the pummeling begins.

The fracas is loud and large. Power levels are off the charts. You can't even follow what's
happening with your eyes!

I'm mostly toying with them though.

[Image description: Caliborn jumps on top of Dirk and Jane’s bodies.]

It's all too easy, for an ascended lord boy like me. I have a platter full of knuckle sandwiches to go around, plus other human food products you're familiar with, but also involving knuckles to make the punching metaphor work. There is *more* than enough to satisfy every hungry fist-deserver.

And I know what you're thinking. That I have. A *reputation*. For having a problem of unfair cruelty that goes at silly ladies more than great gentlemen. To which I take great offense. But still, let it be unconditionally accepted, that I am a fair man, who listens to criticism, and works ever and always. To improve my masterful craft. And my tremendous decency.

So.

[Image description: He jumps on top of Roxy’s head, then jumps off the stage to beat up Jake’s body.]

I have committed, through a pledge of personal beautification. To try doing less misogyny. And start doing more prosogyny. In fact. I fucking love sogyny! And I will *fight* anyone who disagrees from that.

Hencewith. Look. All bodily terrorism. Is being dealt in a precisely equal and respectful way. Both to feeble hoe, and tip-top gent alike.

I'm ruining them, really.

[Image description: It zooms in on Jake’s body. Then Roxy’s. Then Jane’s. Then shows Dirk, on his feet, facing Caliborn.]

It's not a contest. They are a bunch of pitiful emotion children, and I am a premier, invincible titan of roughhouse brutality. It's too easy. Speedo boy is down for the count, because I slapped him gingerly. The masked floozy is looking a bit... Woozy (ha ha.) The cake maid took one drub too many and has to lie down for an overweight nap. This leaves me, mano & mano, against the anime prince and his nonsense trousers.

It was a pretty good fight between us.

[Image description: Dirk and Caliborn bump into and headbut each other.]

Because he's strong, and I admire that. Why shouldn't I let a battle happen for longer, when two tough dudes are involved, strutting their stuff. But in the end, his sharp glasses and sword machismo weren't enough. I got the supreme drop on his powerful body with my wrestling moves.

My overconfidence, was my achilles downfall though.

[Image description: Dirk lays on the ground and Caliborn jumps on top of him. Jake stands behind him.]

I made, admittedly, the amateur's boner. I turned my back on the body.

The crybaby in the yellow panties got upset with me. That I was wailing so excellently on his increasingly battered prettyboy ninja stud.
And by upset.

I mean he threw a fully fledged tantrum of *pure hope*.

The hope... My god.

It was blinding. Beautiful even.

Ok, maybe the cotton isn't doing it justice. Hmm.

Ok, yeah, maybe that just looks stupid.

You know, you try things. And sometimes. It just looks like shit. Let's call this. My one and only fuckup in history.

Well, my second maybe.

Second only to underestimating this sad sack wuss of hope. Who knew that such a simpering charlatan. Had such an outburst stowed in his girly bosom. Clearly, not i. Even though I had the information well in advance. It was just *that* surprising.

It seems that hope power is overwhelming.

Even to the clockwork manjunk. It looked like I thought I could use my rainbow seizure field to overpower his massive gay hope bubble. Alas. It was my perfectly justified hubris which bit me in the ass, in the end. Even though I'm sure I must have known this outcome was going to happen. (It can still be worth it to get owned. If it means having a lot of self esteemed hubris about yourself.)

And so, the english boy deals me my first defeat ever, since ascending as an invincible technicolor time kid.

I get dunked as fuck.

And land square on my bottom. I remain prone for several minutes, staring at the ceiling. Blinking a bit. Pondering where things went wrong in life. How i. The lord of time. Could experience such woeful ownage.

There is no bodily harm of course. Except to my incredible ego. Which is a fate worse than getting broken bones. So I just lie there. Thinking sadly. Achieving some depression.

I'm sure at this point. I turn to thoughts of respect. Respect for the pansied ass, pretty legged page. And his maybe accidental prowess. I under misestimated him, and admiration happens in my breast. Maybe I'll jack his swagger too, as he once did mine. Maybe after a lifetime of utterly
deserved humiliation, sobbing, and spontaneous urination. He's earned that much.

(the clue here is that I steal his name. God. You thick, stupid fucks. Why do I bother with sub
texts, or fine literaturey nuance. God. Fuck! God. I take his name later. English. That's me later.
That's my name. You stupid brainless fucks. Holy shit, you are dumb as bozos come. God!!!)

Meanwhile, strider regroups from his trouncing.

And sees his chance to do away with me for good. He knows by now that he can't kill me. But can
do his next best thing. Which is to banish my soul.

He's hurt bad and is slow to use his pink soul killing spell. This gives me time to rebound from my
shameful ass whooping too. And pull my sorry butt out of the own zone.

So I get up. And...

I nearly get the drop on him before he releases his spell. But then... What's this?

There's a commotion. The haunting sound of neighs. Except. They're robot neighs?

That is when the horses come in to play. The god damn horses. How truly and utterly ironic. That
my very demise could be in the proximity of some horses. What. No really, what. I didn't follow
that. I'm still not following it, to be honest. I'll have to think it over. I'm thinking it over *right
now*. And I have a feeling. I'll be thinking it over for the rest of my life. Perhaps we all will.

Wait, they should be robots.

Hold on while I paint the horses to look like metal horses. Damn, the work of a craftyman is never
done.

So basically.

I don't know what the fuck is going on. So I'm really distracted. I'm saying to myself, this is
ominous as shit. Nothing good can either follow or precede an event such as this. And then, that's
when it happens.

The sweaty muscular ghost appears out of nowhere.

I have no idea who he is. Or where he came from. Judging from the face of the guys, they don't
either. Nobody sees this coming. It is a total ambuscade, and my skeleton jaw is dropped as shit.
He pins me in place with his ripped muscles, and I'm completely immobilized. Partly because of
the *strength*, but also due to my awe and admiration. I just can't move.
This gives dirk just the time he needs.

To do his flamboyant pink spell.

It owns me completely. But sadly to dirk maybe, it also owns the muscle hero. Both of our souls are consumed by the enchantment.

I think he thought he could destroy my soul.

But he bit off more than his fleshy skull could chew. So he used his "irony" again. And stuck my soul in his juju. Exactly the way. I stuck his buddies in my juju. The one I got from yodel booger. It's like poetic justice I guess. Except puppetry, instead of poetry. So puppetic justice. Oh yes. I like that.

The muscle ghost came along for the ride. And I guess his soul got trapped in there too? I have no idea what that means. Honestly it is disturbing as hell. And I’d prefer not to dwell on its greater ramifications to my long term existence. Maybe it's good? Or maybe it's dumb. Maybe it's. Good and dumb. Or smart and bad. There are so many words things can be when you're confused.

At this point.

His beloved juju is no longer a hollow vessel. It is very much crowded in there, chock full of souls, belonging to hardcore brawling brutes. And he knows it. His puppet is now a problem to do away with, just like my juju was. So they do the same basic thing. They get their drunkard sorceress of void to banish the puppet once and for all, into the darkness. Never to be found again by probing hands of meat.

Yes, never to be found.

You see, my soul is a tenacious one. I know this fact first hand, because it has been inside my brain all my life! It's a real mother fucker, I'll tell you that much. The puppet's essence will flop and flutter through the shadows for eternity. Surfacing in the nightmares of the unsuspecting. Weaseling its way into the hearts of yucky shitty children. And when its infiltration in that universe has taken hold, the seed will have been planted. And it will pave the way for my emergence, to wreak my badness. From universe. To universe. To universe. Each one will fall. And each time I will get stronger. And older. And bigger. And buffer! Ohhhhhhhhhhh yes.

It will be time.
It will be time, indeed, for me to get...

[Image description: A sweet bro and hella jeff style drawing shows Caliborn sitting down and lifting a massive barbell over his head. He’s got massive pecs and some number of abs that are defined by strange, wiggling lines that don’t quite follow any known anatomy. His ass is absolutely huge. Massive comic sans in a shiny green font says Ripped, but there are so many Is and Ps that it not only has to go onto a second line, but that second line curves down the side of the page. A green box highlights Caliborn’s face.]

And now, if you will excuse me.

[Image description: The shitty cardboard curtains jerkily close over that drawing.]

I must put down the toys and ways of a child. And confront the big things of becoming a huge man. By dueling the supreme beast of my legend land, his serpentine eminence, yogurt boner himself. I'm about to go fight him now, so this is the last time you will ever hear my excellent voice.

I will duel and crush my slithering sexual snake boss, to finish what I started when I stepped my metal foot into this children's farce. I will do that because I want to, and when that is said and done, and you see me at the peak of a mountain of trophies, resting on my throne of prizes, I want to get to tell you that I did what I wanted to do. So if you remember just one thing I say, of so many great things said by me, then please remember this.

I wanted to play a game.


[Image description: The sight returns to normal. The loading screen is a red spiral. The song “Hello Zepp”, which is the Saw Theme by Charlie Clouser, begins to play. M.S.P.A. Reader sits at their computer with their hands resting loosely on the keyboard. It slowly zooms in on their eyes, which are locked on their computer screen. It fades to a view from over their shoulder as they raise a hand to their chin ponderously. On their screen, it shows the previous page. The colors over the whole panel flash negative, turning all the white space black, the outlines white, and the green in the panel they’re viewing to a bright, bubblegum pink.]

It fades to M.S.P.A. Reader’s face as they slowly turn towards the camera. Their eyes widen to big round circles, and somehow they hold the madness and mind-blown-ed-ness of a thousand confused homestuck readers. The colors flash negative again.

M.S.P.A. Reader fades away and Lil Cal in his Dersite nightshirt floats out of the void. He floats closer. The background briefly flashes to Gamzee snarling at his computer with little harlequin heads in his eyes.

Lil Cal suddenly jumps closer and the background around him turns into Dave’s dream bedroom on Derse. It zooms out. Crows are scattered across the various pieces of furniture. Dave stands near the window over his turntables, where Rose has just entered. It cuts to Rose glaring over her shoulder at Lil Cal, who vibrates slightly. She chucks him out the window. Dave stares down after him with an upset look. Lil Cal lands on Bro’s hoverboard and flies off into the medium. A Dersite stares up at him as he flies away.

That same Dersite appears against a white background next to Dirk’s anime shades. Text over both him and the glasses reads “A.R.”, and two red question marks float next to the text. The text flashes between red and black. A triangular decoration on the Dersite’s-, apparently the Authority
Regulator’s hat flashes red, as does the left lens of the glasses. Everything fades but those two highlighted sections, which rush together at the center of the screen and turn into a purple Illuminati triangle with the All Seeing Eye in the center. Under it, the word Confirmed flashes red and black. The background fades to black and the triangle grows and turns white.

The triangle flashes over the whole screen, then it fades to A.R. surfing on Bro’s rocket board towards the frog temple on the meteor. He approaches closer, then it cuts to him inside, finding John asleep on the floor and trying to wake him by poking him.

It cuts to John just after making all the babies and zooms in on Baby Dirk, who sits inside a broken glass tube and flails his arms. It cuts to John sending the babies off on the transportalizers. Baby Dirk sleeps on Lil Cal’s lap. It zooms in on Lil Cal’s face. He shakes like he’s laughing.

It fades to black, then cuts to Lil Cal and Baby Dirk on the meteor that will take them through a defense portal. It zooms in a bit, then out, to show it just before it enters the portal. The portal is green, but it flashes red for a moment. The whole scene bifurcates into a top half highlighted in green and a bottom half highlighted in red. The portal color corresponds with the highlight color.

It focuses in on the green half, where the meteor flies directly into the portal and vanishes. It zooms in on Earth, then cuts to Bro holding the tiny shades he gave Dave just after finding him. It flashes through several images quickly. Baby Dave wearing a bib made from the heart on Maplehoof’s flank while Dirk feeds him some sort of orange baby food. Bro and Baby Dave on the roof. Bro has his katana out and Baby Dave sits on Lil Cal’s head. Dave standing in his living room and looking at the video game Bro was playing- Mad Snacks Yo. Lil Cal sits on top of a speaker. Dave turns and is startled by him. Dave stands at Bro’s computer. Lil Cal sits on top of a different speaker right next to him. Dave turns towards Lil Cal. It zooms in on Lil Cal’s face. Dave looks around the room and spots several smuppets on and around the furniture. An ape puppet opens and closes its mouth. Dave stands by the door to the apartment. Lil Cal sits on the turntables next to him. It slowly zooms in on the Saw marionette hanging above Lil Cal.

Dave looks at some electronic music equipment piled on the kitchen table. Behind him, Bro flashes in as a black silhouette to put Lil Cal on the stove right behind Dave. Dave spots him and jumps. It cuts to a Saw doll on a tricycle. It turns its head and its eye extends, like it’s a camera lens refocusing. Dave stands in the kitchen, where that saw doll on a tricycle films him turning on the blender and shredding a small puppet that was full of blood packs. It zooms in on the fridge to reveal Lil Cal’s reflection. The colors flash inverted for a second, then it cuts to another creepy puppet looming out of the darkness. It zooms in, then fades to black. A second later, there’s a flash of light, revealing just the upper half of that puppet’s face.

It cuts to Dave leaving his apartment with his sword in one hand and Lil Cal slung over his shoulder. He sets Cal down on the edge of the roof, then charges for him in Round 1. Lil Cal dances on top of Dave, who lays on the ground and flails ineffectively.

It cuts to part of a chat log.
T.G.: puppets

On the roof, Bro holds Lil Cal by the back of the shirt and holds his sword up over his head with the other hand. It zooms in on Lil Cal’s laughing face. That cuts to Lil Cal’s decapitated head laying on the roof. It zooms out to show a crowd of crows surrounding Cal’s shredded body parts and Dave laying on the ground. Another section of the chat log.
T.G.: awesome

Dave stands amid the wreckage of Cal’s body and looks down at Bro’s copy of Sburb. It cuts and suddenly there’s a mess of various weapons and smuppet parts strewn about, and Dave texts
someone. Seppucrowsprite hovers over the cruxite egg in a pile of random assorted items at the top of the broadcast tower on Dave’s roof. Dave and Davesprite stand over the shredded remains of Lil Cal.

Another section of the chat log scrolls past.
T.G.: thats really all there is to say on the matter

It zooms out to show the whole line and Not has been written in between That’s and Really. That’s not really all there is to say on the matter. It fades to black.

Andrew Hussie in his troll cosplay, smudged paint, and only one horn, spikes Lil Cal onto the ground with a Boo yeah. He stands upright, then it cuts to Lil Cal reassembled with stitches. Jack Noir examines Lil Cal. Lil Cal punches him in the face and makes him spit blood. Lil Cal tangles around Jack as Bro and Davesprite get ready to attack him. Jack throws him off and leaps into the air, sword drawn and Red Miles ready. Jack deflects an attack from Davesprite while clutching Lil Cal in one of his tentacles. He lunges for Bro, who is facing the opposite direction. Bro takes off on his hoverboard and Jack chases him. Lil Cal falls into the flames below.

Bro stands against a wall of green flame with Lil Cal at his side. Cal’s not being held. He looks like he’s standing on his own. It zooms in on Lil Cal and a watermark of his laughing face appears over the screen.

It cuts to Bro’s body, surrounded by his own blood and orange feathers. Lil Cal lays over his leg. The colors flash negative, turning the red blood bright blue. Jack Noir, now Bec Noir, stands against a green background and clutches Lil Cal in one clawed hand. It cuts to him somewhere on Skaia. He’s still holding Cal, but he’s also wearing Bro’s shades, Mom’s scarf, and Dad’s hat and smoking Dad’s pipe. The sword in his chest is covered with blood. At the tea party he killed Mom and Dad at, he puts a piece of cake on his head. He throws down Dad’s hat and stomps on it. It zooms in on Lil Cal in his hand. It cuts and suddenly Lil Cal is in a cloud of Skaia, being held by a bloody hand. Bec Noir turns his chest green and sticks Lil Cal inside himself.

Bec Noir stands in the ruins of the Troll’s exit door, being attacked by and destroying dozens of Aradiabots. One lunges for him and in a flash, he makes Lil Cal appear in his bloody hand, fulfilling that cloud’s prophecy. He throws Lil Cal at that Aradiabot, and he wraps around her. She screams and begins to short circuit. Before she does, she summons her music box time machines and vanishes.

Elsewhen in the Troll’s session, a meteor hurtles towards a purple Skaianet Defense Portal. Aradiabot and Lil Cal appear, only to be struck by the meteor and sent flying through the portal. A young Aradia finds the meteor’s impact crater. Inside, there’s the shredded remains of Lil Cal and the shattered circuitry of the Aradiabot. Aradia picks up Lil Cal’s upper body and pulls John’s Dad’s wallet from under his shirt. She slides the Crosbytop from it. She pulls out one of Dad’s hats. Behind her, a Godtier Aradia smiles at her. The two of them talk in a mix of Sollux’s hive and the crater. Behind non-Godtier Aradia, the Crosbytop has a Sollux alert over it. It zooms in on Lil Cal, who lays on the floor nearby.

Lil Cal stays where he is, but the rest of the scene changes around him. Sollux’s room takes over more of the background and sollux himself stands there by his beehive servers. His eyes are black. Aradia and Aradiabot look at him. Aradiabot wears Dad’s hat. Behind them, Jade’s greenhouse bleeds into the scene and Jade stands there in her Dead Shuffle dress, surrounded by red and blue orchids and her magic chest.

The scene changes around him again. Now all four of them stand outside of Kanaya’s hive and look towards Jade’s squiddle lunchtop. Cal is under Jade’s bed and Sollux stands on top of it. It
cuts again. They’re inside Kanaya’s room, huddled around her sewing desk. Kanaya sits there at an antique sewing machine. Someone has shoved Sollux’s teeth back into his mouth haphazardly. Tavros lays on the ground nearby. In a flash, Lil Cal vanishes from the desk and appears right in front of Kanaya. He’s now clean and wearing his green suit. It jerkily zooms in on his creepy smiling face.

Cut to Doc Scratch, furious and making the entire background turn into green fire. Cut to Vriska staring into the Magic Cue Ball with her vision 8-fold. Cut back to Lil Cal on Kanaya’s sewing table. There’s a crosshairs over his face. It zooms out. Lil Cal is shown on a screen on a machine like the one that was used to make Bec from a dog and Rose’s Meow code. The other screen shows the magic cue ball just before it exploded. The machine sparks with lightning and shakes. Everything explodes into green and white light and stars. A baby Doc Scratch appears in the center of it all.

It cuts to Scratch in his office. It zooms in on his head, which turns transparent and shows Lil Cal sitting on the counter of the Trickster Room. He’s still wearing his green suit and splattered in Gamzee’s blood. Scratch’s head expands and reveals the entire room. Gamzee looks at the door while Terezi sleeps in the pile of shredded scalemates. Terezi then ponders the door while Lil Cal leans over her shoulder. She hug Pyralspite. In a blur of motion, Gamzee replaces Pyralspite with Lil Cal and Terezi frowns.

It cuts to a split screen of Dave and Gamzee pestering each other. Dave sits at his desk and wears pointy anime shades like Bro’s. Gamzee sits next to Tavros’s body on the meteor. Tavros’s head has been removed and is sitting off to the side. Gamzee wears Terezi’s glasses and has brown blood all over his hand and lips. Lil Cal sits next to him. It zooms in on Lil Cal, then cuts to Gamzee’s face in deep shadow with a menacing smile. Terezi’s glasses flicker to cracked red anime shades. Gamzee fades and the two triangle lenses separate, rotate, and turn into purple illuminati triangles. Text pops up underneath them. “Confirmed times 2 combo”. Lil Cal’s face flashes in over them, putting the eyes in his eye holes. The eyes flash the colors of billiard balls.

It cuts to Gamzee looming over Equius with a broken bow in hand. He snarls and goes into murder mode, strangling Equius with the bowstring.

It cuts to Rose in front of her hubtop. There’s a blank alert over her computer. It cuts to a section of the chat log.

T.T.: That’s a little creepy.
(question mark): No it’s not.

The young Handmaid gives two middle fingers. Doc Scratch smacks her with his broom, knocking her down. It cuts back to the chatlog.

T.T.: Yes it is.
(question mark): No it’s not.

Equius lays on the ground, dead but smiling.

It pans over a section of the chat log.

T.T.: It kind of is.

Somewhere on the meteor, a troll stares down Lil Cal. It zooms in on him, then cuts. Sollux is standing over Lil Cal and talking about Gamzee. Sollux is already blind, wearing Feferi’s goggles, and bloody. In the distance, Karkat watches. The Gamzee faces suddenly turn into illuminati
triangles and the colors invert. Everything fades to Gamzee during Cascade. He sits on the floor and stares at his husktop. Lil Cal sits in his lap. There’s a timer reading 11 seconds in a triangle above him. One of the illuminati triangles that Sollux was talking about rotates and turns red. It covers the timer section. Gamzee’s eyes flash green as it zooms in. In his eye, it shows Jade’s tower about to explode. It zooms out a bit. A timer at the top of the screen reads 0.

It fades to Doc Scratch laying on the ground with his leg torn off. Bit by bit, Lord English begins to emerge from him. The Cairo Overcoat appears in a flash. Lord English screams out a massive, multicolored Honk.

M.S.P.A. Reader fades in over all of this and stares in dumbstruck realization. They stand at their computer. The screen says Honk. The colors invert and M.S.P.A. Reader slowly topples backwards. Behind them, the split green and red meteors bearing Baby Dirk appear again. M.S.P.A. Reader continues falling as it focuses in on the red meteor now.

One of Lil Cal’s arms loops around Dirk’s katana. It flashes to Dirk’s messy room. Lil Cal cradles the katana on top of one of Dirk’s many desks. It zooms in, then cuts to Dirk giving lil Cal a fistbump while also being a black blur moving Lil Cal around to make him dance. Lil Cal sits back on the desk while Dirk works at his computer. Roxy pesters Dirk. Dirk stands and suddenly Caliborn’s Ophiuchus alert floats over his head. He grabs lil Cal and slings him over his shoulder. He stands on the stairs in a way identical to how Dave did, once upon a time and a universe away.

It fades to M.S.P.A. Reader on their hands and knees, sweating. There are trees in the background. They look up towards a stump that has something stuck into it and a string trailing away.

It cuts to Dirk’s apartment roof, where he stands with Lil Cal. It cuts to Dirk holding Lil Cal while Caliborn pesters him and Sawtooth and Squarewave watch from behind him. A plume of smoke rises from near the alchemiter. Red Miles cut across the sky. It cuts to orange and purple silhouettes of Dirk and Lil Cal, respectively, as Dirk drops him. Lil Cal falls into the water. It cuts to his eye as he sinks below the waves.

It zooms out to show the whole planet, which is then sucked into a red-tinged black hole. The stump fades in behind it with M.S.P.A. reader crouching over it and clinging to it. The black hole fades. Suddenly, M.S.P.A. Reader rips the stump from the ground, revealing a pistol buried beneath it.

It cuts to Caliborn, Gamzee, Lil Seb, and Lil Cal standing at the base of one of the broadcast towers. It zooms in on Caliborn as he gazes covetously at Lil Cal. It cuts to Gamzee golding Lil Cal somewhere on Derse. The Courtyard Droll asks him about Lil Cal. It zooms in on Lil Cal’s face. He winks. Gamzee stares in surprise.

Jack Noir stands in a Prospitain prison, surrounded by Dersite parking citations. He’s chained to the wall by his ankle. A pumpkin suddenly appears on the appearifier. Inside, there are many knives, a red crowbar, and Lil Cal. “Let’s play a game” is carved into the side. Jack Noir picks up the paper with Gamzee’s ‘You’re mother fuckin welcome’ seal stamped on it. The weapons are strewn around the room. Jack sneers down at Lil Cal. His face suddenly goes slack and Lil Cal’s eyes take the place of his pupils.

It zooms in on Lil Cal’s eyes, which flash blue and red. Caliborn grins and stares into Lil Cal’s eyes while Gamzee stares on. A red and green swirl spins in Caliborn’s eye. The same swirl spins in Lil Cal’s eye. It zooms in again. Lil Cal’s eye is suddenly filled by flashing billiard balls. The other still swirls red and green. Jack Noir trembles and holds up two knives. He does an Eye stab times 2 combo. Blood coats the floor of his jail cell, the weapons, and Lil Cal’s hand. Jack’s leg is still chained, but it lays on the floor next to a saw, completely severed from his body. It zooms in
on his mouth. One of his teeth is golden and blood runs down his cheeks. Small flames around his body flash the colors of billiard balls. He clutches the crowbar. It zooms out. An explosion consumes a large piece of Prospit. Lil Cal lays on the floor of the jail cell. His eyes are gone. Everything fades to white.

It pans up over the six panel page of Jack Noir standing at the base of the chain of Prospit. Everything fades to black.

Dirk sits on the edge of his roof, holding A.R.. They talk and he gazes into the little red lights that are like A.R.’s eyes. Dirk squeezes the glasses, sending sparks along them and cracking the glass. Equiusprite startles him. In the background, Gamzee hides behind the AC unit. He runs as Drik tosses A.R. into Equiusprite. Arquiusprite canters through a desert with many robot horses. Gamzee stares and cries. Dirk watches Gamzee double over and fall to his hands and knees, still crying. Arquiusprite flexes at Dirk, who does a double face palm.

It cuts back to Rose talking to Doc Scratch.

(queston mark): There should be no reason for you to feel uncomfortable with this information. Try to think of me as your kindly human uncle.

Human Uncle highlights orange. A picture of Dirk appears over a picture of Rose. A green line connects them, like a family tree. Dirk’s clothes flicker to black with a red outline and red hat. His glasses get little red dots like pupils in them and some red circuitry spills onto his face. The two Dirks, or rather Dirk and A.R. separate. The green line branches to connect A.R. to the line between Dirk and Rose. If this was a family tree, A.R. would be her uncle and Dirk would be her father. The word Uncle appears over the whole scene. Rose’s horrified face appears over the whole panel.

T.T.: Oh my god.

It flashes by each individual word.

Oh. My. God.

It cuts to the scene from Caliborn’s masterpiece where Dirk and Caliborn beat each other up. Jake begins his hope field. The hope field grows to take up the whole stage, then expands beyond it. Arquiusprite restrains Caliborn while Dirk begins to work his soul magic. Caliborn, Arquiusprite, and half of Gamzee are sucked into Lil Cal.

Everything goes black and the word Truth in red flashing letters appears in the center of the screen, surrounded by 4 spinning illuminati triangles. The triangles stop with their points inward and rush towards Truth, making it Truth splode.

The sound of a scratching disk plays. Someone reaches out to a gramophone and stops it.]
Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that’s probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 6 Act 6 Intermission 5, part 1: She’s Back [Note: The title is written in Vriska’s quirk, with an 8 in place of B.]

[S] Act 6 Act 6 Intermission 5

[Image description: A loading screen shows a cobalt blue background with a large white V. The two arms of the V look like Vriska’s horns. It fades to a golden phonograph. The needle drops. The sound of static plays as it fades to Vriska standing in a room on the meteor. She grins down at her husktop, which is raised up on a black, leather bound book, which is in turn resting on a table. Behind her, there is a bookshelf and a phonograph. The song Moonsetter begins to play. It fades to her computer screen, which is open to her Vriskagram account. Her username is The Vriska Serket, and she has 88 posts, 8 followers, and follows 8 people. Her profile picture shows her grinning maliciously down at something. The banner at the top of her page is a collage of various pictures. From left to right, they are Dave concentrating on something, Vriska looking away from the camera and sipping a steaming drink from an orange mug with the light symbol on it, Vriska, Terezi, and Rose waving up at someone while Gamzee lays at their feet, tied up, Vriska staring confusedly off camera, Karkat messing around with a set of turntables while wearing headphones in one ear, Gamzee staring off into the distance, and Terezi laughing at Dave, who’s doing some sort of nonsense in the background.

Several pictures pull up in sequence, like someone’s flipping through the pictures Vriska posted. They’re all done in a different art style than usual, one that’s done with bright colors and lots of hashing. Aradia, Dave, Rose, and Sollux, who is half dead, float down towards the meteor. Kanaya, Terezi, Karkat, and Vriska look up at them.

Vriska puts one hand on her hip and holds the other up in and ‘okay’ hand gesture with her pointer finger and thumb forming a ring while her other fingers splay out slightly. Gamzee is still tied up at her feet with the horn in his mouth, which he honks faintly.

Everyone stands around Karkat as he throws a tantrum on the floor. A bucket and John’s movie poster note lay on the floor next to him. Kanaya and Aradia look concerned. Dave and Rose look like they’re tired of his shit already. Vriska and Terezi laugh at him. Sollux just stares blankly. Behind them, Gamzee is still tied up.

Sollux and Aradia use their powers to throw the meteor. Sollux is colored entirely grey except for his symbol and his eyes, which are yellow and black-and-white respectively. Aradia is colored entirely red except for her eyes, which are yellow.

It shows the full image of one of the ones from Vriska’s banner. Vriska, Terezi, and Rose wave up
at them, but now we see Karkat saluting, Dave giving a thumbs up, and Kanaya waving.

Ghost versions of Godtier Eridan and Godtier Feferi stop by. Feferi kneels down by W.V., who has a large patch of blood on his back. She rests one hand on his back and the other on the back of his head. A fuchsia glow surrounds both of them. Behind them, Kanaya and Karkat watch curiously while Rose crosses her arms and looks away.

It shows another full version of a picture from the banner. This time it’s Gamzee staring into the distance. There’s a ball and chain cuffed to one of his ankles, but the ball is a magic 8 ball. He’s holding a large, long-handled fan made of blue feathers and using it to fan Vriska. She lounges in a green lawnchair with her legs crossed. She’s wearing sunglasses and holding a broken magic 8 ball like it’s one of those fancy cocktails served in half of a coconut. There’s even a little pink umbrella and a straw in it. She whistles. In the background, Rose crosses her arms and stares at her. Kanaya and Karkat also turn to look at her, but with more confusion. Feferi and Eridan do the same.

Vriska lowers her drink and turns her head towards Rose, Karkat, and Kanaya. She throws one arm up into the air with a dramatic flourish. No one else reacts.

Dave, Karkat, and W.V. all play hopscotch in one of the hallways. Dave hops into the 5 square on one foot while Karkat kneels off to the side and claps for him. W.V. lays on his stomach with his feet kicked up into the air and draws in the 4 square with some red chalk.

It shows the full version of the banner picture of Dave concentrating. Dave, Karkat, and W.V. kneel in the hallway. Dave uses a piece of red chalk to draw on the floor. Karkat watches curiously, and W.V. just looks delighted to be there.

Dave stands up and gestures to his masterpiece. It’s a new hopscotch court. It’s shaped like a penis. Spots 1 and 2 are in the balls and spot 6 is at the tip.

W.V. looks confused while Karkat starts to lecture at Dave.

Terezi leans back against a wall and looks very uncomfortable. Gamzee leans his forearm against the wall next to her head and leans in, effectively trapping her there.

It zooms in on Gamzee’s eye. There’s a little black spade in it.

Terezi takes out her dragonheaded cane and shoves Gamzee back with it. He looks like he’s taking it flirtatiously, but she just looks pissed.

It zooms out. Gamzee topples backwards over Vriska, who’s crouched on the ground behind him for that exact purpose. He honks loudly. Terezi grins.

Gamzee lays on his back on the ground and frowns sadly.

Gamzee sits up and watches in dismay as Vriska and Terezi walk away from him with their arms around each other’s shoulders.

Kanaya and Rose sit on a red loveseat together. Rose holds a purple book with the symbols of the quadrants on the front cover. Clockwise from the upper left, they are black spade, pink diamond, grey club, and red heart. Kanaya reads over her shoulder, and many of the pages have little tabs on them, like someone annotated it. Rose looks incredibly engaged in the reading. Kanaya smiles softly.

Kanaya and Rose both look up at Vriska, who’s interrupting them with her use of the weird looking coffee machine.
Vriska turns to look at them while sipping from her light aspect mug, completing one of the pictures from the banner. Rose stares at Vriska and lets the book fall onto her lap. Kanaya straightens up and stares down, embarrassed.

Vriska grins and throws herself onto the loveseat with them. Kanaya rolls her eyes and turns her head away from Vriska. Rose looks uncertainly at her and picks the book back up.

In a different art style, one based more around shapes and thin lines, Karkat and Dave run through the meteor while holding hands. W.V. rides on Dave’s back, piggyback style with his legs wrapped around Dave’s waist.

All three of them hold hands and spin in a circle while laughing.

Vriska and Terezi lurk behind a purple treasure chest and watch them spin.

Vriska and Terezi look at each other in confusion, completing one of the pictures from the banner. In the background, Dave, Karkat, and W.V. continue spinning.

Terezi and Vriska break into laughter, completing yet another banner picture.

Another image from the banner is shown in full. Dave, Karkat, and Rose sit on benches at a table. Rose sits on one side, wearing a fancy orange dress and blue heels. She holds a cup in one hand and looks a little drunk. There’s an empty bottle laying on its side on the table. Dave and Karkat sit on the other side. Karkat fiddles with a set of turntables and Dave messes with a laptop. They share a set of earbuds.

Rose looks up with a drunken smile as Vriska approaches. Vriska has one hand in her pocket and waves with the other. Dave ignores her and Karkat stares suspiciously.

Vriska swings her hand down and slaps the cup out of Rose’s hand, startling everyone.

Dave and Karkat stand up, ready to intervene. Vriska stomps on the cup, smashing it into pieces. Behind her, Kanaya walks in. Rose curls in on herself and turns away with one hand raised to hide her face.

Dave and Karkat sit on a red loveseat with Karkat’s crab computer in front of them. The lights are off except for the screen, which casts shadows against the wall. Dave is laying down with his head on Karkat’s thigh. Karkat looks down at him.

There’s someone on the screen of the crab computer. He’s likely an actor, but unfortunately the describer does not recognize him. He’s a white man in his 30s to 40s with short brown hair that sticks up in all directions. He’s giving the camera a crooked smile.

Dave still lays with his head in Karkat’s lap, but now Karkat rests a hand on his shoulder and smiles softly.

In a purple castle somewhere in the dreambubbles, Kankri lectures to an entertained Terezi, a bored Vriska, and an annoyed Latula. He’s surrounded by little ‘blah blah blah’ effects, which are written in bright red and using his quirk, so the Bs are all 6.

Dave, Karkat, Rufioh, Damara, and W.V. all sit around a table in a memory of Terezi’s hive. They each hold several fiduspawn cards. The table and floor are littered with more cards, several brightly colored Oogonibomb orbs, fiduspawn plushes, and a purple scalemate. Dave leans back in his chair so he’s balancing on two of the legs and looks nonchalant. Karkat glares at him. Rufioh looks over and smiles at Damara, who’s smoking a cigarette and holding a red and yellow Oogonibomb orb.
W.V. looks like he has no idea what’s going on but having a great time anyway.

On the floating lilypads from one of the Openbound walkwarounds in Act 6 Intermission 3, Gamzee tells Kurloz and Meulin all about Vriska. Kurloz facepalms. Meulin’s just smiles eagerly. Her and Kuloz both of bright purple eyes. Behind them, Cronus nudges Mituna with his elbow and grins flirtatiously at him. Mituna clutches his skateboard and looks like he’d rather be somewhere else.

In a pastel mountainscape, Rose, Kanaya, and Porrim feed a herd of robot horses several robot apples. Rose hugs one of the horses and a little pink heart floats over her. Behind them, Horuss rides one of the horses.

In the rocky canyons with the horses, Vriska encounters Meenah and the original timeline Vriska, who will now be called Alt Vriska. Alt Vriska looks surprised by her other self’s arrival. Meenah just looks annoyed.

Vriska stares at Alt Vriska and Meenah, completely dumbfounded. Part of the background behind her is the computer lab on the meteor.

Jane wanders through a grey landscape of shallow, rocky hills.

Vriska sits on top of a toppled refrigerator in front of Jane’s house. Aradia’s music box time machines float around her. She gestures off to the side with her thumb.

Tavrosprite, a dark blue sprite, floats in a hole that’s been punched through one of the walls of Jane’s house.

Jane tilts her head and stares in confusion.

Dirk sits on the edge of the roof of his apartment, holding A.R. in one hand. His kernelsprite floats above the radio tower behind him.

He turns and stares in shock at Vriska, who now stands behind him with Equius’s head under her arm.

It zooms in on Vriska’s face.

She turns and points over her shoulder at the kernelsprite.

Dirk grimaces and sweats a bit.

Everything fades to black.]
[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in even farther. A large portion of Prospit is missing.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in even closer. There’s something else in Skaia’s orbit.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in closer. It’s a grey platform in the shape of a lilypad. There’s a carving of a frog in the center of the floor and a loose spirograph around the edges. Something glows underneath it.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in even closer. Everyone sits there together. Clockwise from the left side, Terezi and Vriska sit in front of Jane’s fridge, which is turned on its side and chained shut. Arquiusprite hovers next to Jane, who is both Crockertier and asleep. Kanaya and Rose sit together. W.V., Karkat, and Dave sit together next to Jane, who is asleep but not Grimbark. Jake and TavrospRITE sit together at the very bottom edge of the platform.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The screen splits. The left half zooms in on Vriska. The right half zooms in on Dave.]

dialoglog

Dave: is it time yet
Vriska: No.
Dave: oh
how about now
Vriska: No!!!!!!!!
Dave, we've been waiting for three years.
Three years is a pretty long time. Long enough for me to have picked up the habit of calling them years instead of the far more sensible unit of measurement, sweeps.
I think you should be able to survive just a little longer.
Dave: i still dont understand whats supposed to happen
hes just supposed to like
appear?
That's my understanding, yes.
Dave: you mean
here
on this frog circle thing
Vriska: I don't know!
Somewhere in this session. At which point, if he has any brain at all, he'll seek us out.
Dave: so jade came on a gold ship through a tiny window apparently
but john wasnt on it??
Vriska: Well, his corpse was, somewhere.
but that John doesn't matter anymore.
Kind of like how there was a bird version of you out there, now presumed dead, who also didn't matter.
The "real" John and the other Lalonde girl will spontaneously appear from a different reality.
Vriska: I determined a lot of this through my time travel reconaissance work upon arriving in this
session.
Sorry to steal all the timey thunder from the great "Knight of Time", end quote, but someone had to take the initiative and go on a fact-finding mission.
Dave: no its cool
you can have that thunder if you want it
Rose: When exactly is this supposed to happen?
Vriska: Soon!
Rose: And she's...
Unhurt?
Will she remember our brief encounter?
Vriska: This is a totally different Lalonde girl. Things went differently for her, so she'll have different memories.
I have no idea if you and she interacted at all in her timeline.
I don't know the full extent of John's alt-reality experiences either, but apparently things went raw for them in about as many ways as you can imagine.
Presumably because I wasn't around to keep everyone's shit in order.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The screen re-splits, this time into 3 pieces. The upper left section zooms in on Arquiusprite, Jane, and Kanaya. The upper right zooms in on W.V. and Karkat. The bottom section zooms in on Tavrosprite and Jake. Tavrosprite’s head and horns poke out of the section and into the others.]

Dialoglog

[Note: Tavrosprite speaks with Tavros’s hesitant quirk and inverse capitalization, but in dark blue that looks very similar to John’s.]

Tavrosprite: ohhhhhh, snap,!
Vriska: (smiley face with eight eyes)
Tavrosprite: ahaha, but yeah, I agree with the sentiment largely, of you being more competent, than most people in general, vriska,
Vriska: Thanks, Tavros!
Tavrosprite: (smiley face with bull horns)
Karkat: hey, look
I know I'm not considered "important" enough to be "in the loop" on certain key tactical decisions anymore
and that I don't really know what's going on most of the time and therefore am forced to take any bullshit that happens with a grain of snack mineral big enough to bludgeon a man to death
but if it's not too much trouble vriska, maybe you could take a moment to explain why tavros is now a sprite?!
and equius too, and also, why equius is wearing a new pair of moronic looking sunglasses.
thanks in advance!!!
Vriska: Sorry if you're having trouble keeping up with the times, Karkat.
I didn't explain it because I thought the nature of the development was fairly self evident?
I mean, no offense, but I didn't hear anyone else voicing any confusion.
What about you, Kanaya. Did you think it was fairly self evident?
Kanaya: I Thought It Was Fairly Self Evident
Vriska: Yeah. See????????
Kanaya: You Apparently Took It Upon Yourself To Prototype The Three Year Old Cadavers Of Two Of Our Deceased Friends
Karkat: no, I got that!
I'm not a fucking idiot.
I mean, where did you find these unprototyped kernels? Didn't these people already enter their session?
Vriska: yes, they did months ago, from the current frame of reference. But this is a void session, karkat.
I thought we talked about this?
Karkat: huh??????
Vriska: A void session by definition is one where the players enter the game with the kernels unprototyped.
As such, it becomes totally dysfunctional. It can't bear fruit, because there's no battlefield in Skaia, unless you go to the trouble of putting one there of course.
Which the Condesce has already done for us! Via "Grimbark Jade", prior to our arrival. Quite considerate of her, really.
This is aside from the point though. The bottom line is, this session comes courtesy with four unprototyped kernels, waiting to be put to use.
So, not being one to let a sweet perk go to waste, I took initiative and put two of them to use myself.
Really, this is some basic stuff, and I'm Sure we went over it all at one point during our trip.
Rose: We did.
Karkat, don't you remember when I walked everyone through this?
I was making extensive notes in my journal. When I looked away for a moment, you and Dave wrested the tome away, and began scribbling phalluses in it while giggling like children.
Karkat: um, maybe?!
I guess that rings a dong shouter.
Dave: (a what? Dude lmao)
Karkat: (what? Shut up.)
look, a lot has happened in three years. We've all been through... Stuff.
am I really expected to remember every tedious morsel of exposition from our resident light-bores?
Vriska: Rose, get a load of this ungrateful philistine! He doesn't deserve our fucking acumen.
between your nerdish obsession over the knowledge granted by our aspect, and my unprecedented ability to weaponize said knowledge with ruthless gamesmanship, we are double-handedly saving the asses of everyone on this team.
Rose: I'm glad at least one person here appreciates this categorical certainty.
Kanaya: (Hey I Appreciate That Categorical Certainty!)
Rose: (Whom do you think I was referring to?!) ;)
Karkat: wow ok, what the fuck ever to that vainglorious load of crap.
I'm still spouting off here!
I think
Vriska: That's fine, Karkat!
Take all the time you need to collect yourself, and continue frothing at the mouth whenever you're ready.
Karkat: ok, I figured out some stuff I'm still either pissed off and/or confused about.
you say there are four kernels here...
you know, we *did* lose more than two friends on that meteor.
which reminds me, I guess I should say... Hi tavros and equius, again??! Nice to see you guys back with us, sort of.
pardon me if I can't get too sentimental about the reunion, since along the way here, we ran into about ten different versions of your stupid ghosts.
that kind of lets a little air out of the poignancy balloon, sorry!
Tavrosprite: hey buddy, (winking face with bull horns)
Karkat: don't wink at me
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Greetings old friend
(Shades and arrow) Not to worry, I have stored enough poignancy in my heaving, balloon-like pectorals for the both of us
Though I should clarify that approximately half of my personally couldn't give the faintest fidgeting horse dump about you or your sentimental notions
Also I am very busy here, so stop talking to me completely
Vriska: Hahahaha!!!!!!!
Oh man. Classic.
Dave: haha...ha
Karkat: ok, that was weird?
Dave: (um... Yeah)
Karkat: and speaking of weird, one thing that bugs me about this is...
I guess it implies you've been hording the bodies of our dead friends for the past three years?!
that's a bit fucked up! Even for you.
and not to get too macabre, but I would have thought they would have like, rotted by now or something.
Vriska: yes, there was some moderate decomposition.
I did my best to preserve them for the journey, after quickly rounding up the bodies while people had their backs turned.
Karkat: well shit
that's a hell of a mystery, that I always thought was a mystery, but found it too disturbing to contemplate solving
but damn if it didn't just get solved, so that's fucked up.
Vriska: If you would stop being a wuss for a half second about a bunch of corpses, I'll explain my reasoning.
These are the only two sprites I had any intention of using for resurrection purposes.
I brought Tavros back, because let's face it, that was kind of my fault, for unnecessarily impaling him with his own lance and all.
It was my responsibility to make amends for that! So I did.
Tavrosprite: awwwwwwwwwwwwww, yeeaaaa-
Vriska: Tavros, don't interrupt.
Tavrosprite: whoops,
Vriska: Then, I made Arquiusprite happen because, first of all, he's a national fucking treasure.
Literally every word he says is perfect and hilarious, and if I hear a single word to the contrary from the peanut gallery, the motherfucker with a beef rockets to the top of my shit list. So please, I enthusiastically invite one of you no-taste mouth breathers to talk smack about the A-man. Make my day!
Dave: vris yo nobodys arguing with you on that everybody here thinks hes pretty cool
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) (Triangle shades emoji)
Dave: like just enough freakshow steps removed from being my bro i guess enough to make me not feel like-
Vriska: Dave, don't interrupt either.
Nobody's allowed to interrupt me when I'm talking up Arquiusprite! That's the rule.
Tavrosprite: (owned!) (wow, owned,)
Dave: (oh s.t.f.u.)
Vriska: Second, the guy is a fucking tactical genius.
Totally conniving and calculating, and unafraid to use methods that are just a BIT morally dubious to achieve his objectives.
And since I can't stick around for too long, your party is going to need someone like that.
besides, it seems like a really fitting fate for Equius. He genuinely seems to be more comfortable with this state of existence, and seems a lot happier than I ever remember him being when he was alive.
So I'm perfectly willing to do him this solid. After all, he did help me out when I blew my arm off. So now we're square!
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) You mean triangular
Vriska: What?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Triangular
Vriska: I don't...
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) It's the shape of my clop danged glasses
Vriska: Oh.
Oh!
Ahahahaha! See what I mean, guys??
He's a fucking riot!
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Agreed
Thank you for the Srrong endorsement, lowblood slash person I've never heard of and don't care about
Vriska: Hahahaha!
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) I'll be finished my work here momentarily
Jake: Excuse me...
Mister arquius?
What exactly are you... doing to her?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) I am disabling her tiara top
It is extremely delicate work, not to be trusted to human hooves
Vriska: Yes.
I've also decided it's imperative to reclaim Crocker from the Condesce before she can wake up and cause more trouble.
Her powers will be incredibly advantageous to winning the battle ahead. If you can keep her out of harm's way, in addition to providing her general purpose resorative capabilities, she also represents one extra life for everybody.
And since heroic deaths could be getting handed out like inexpensive tobacco flutes pretty soon, I'm guessing this boon is gonna come in handy!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska turns towards Terezi, who looks concerned.]

dialoglog
Terezi: so um
what about our other dead friends?
Vriska: huh?
Terezi: you know... Nepeta, eridan...
Vriska: oh right. Them.
I was getting to that!
Terezi: oh ok
I know we talked a lot of strategy in advance, vriska
but I really don't remember you mentioning a plan to prototype our friends' corpses might have been nice to get a heads up!
They're not to make a bad pun, on account of the fact that most of their heads were literally severed (frowning face with furrowed brows)
Vriska: yeah, sorry!
I had a lot of logistics buzzing around in my brain.
It's hard to keep you apprised of Everything that crosses my mind.
I promise I'll be as thorough and transparent about my motives as I can from now on, ok Pyrope?
Terezi: Ok (Smiley face with furrowed brows)
Vriska: So after prototyping Tavros and Equius, that leaves four remaining dead friends, but only two empty kernels.
Obviously this presents quite a dilemma!
Well, ok, technically three and a half friends, whatever the fuck that means.
Nepeta, Feferi, Eridan, and Sollux's... dead body? With his "half ghost" floating out there with Aradia.
I know that caveat sounds stupid as hell, but let's not get hung up on it.
The fact is, we've got four corpses, but only two slots remaining.
And there's no way I'm going to lump their bodies into the same sprite to make a pair of freaks resigned to an existential hell worse than death.
Except in Arquiusprite's case, since those two nutjobs mesh with each other's personalities so phenomenally.
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) I must complimount the exquisite judgment you've shown in this matter
But if I may suggest, neigh, perhaps, command?
You should prototype the two royal bloods and be done with it
They deserve it
Vriska: No!!!!!!!!!
Arquius, your reservation is noted, but the hemospectrum is bullshit.
It's not going to factor into this decision!
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) I Strongly disagree, but also, sort of don't care
As you were
Vriska: So considering there are four left, and I can't personally say that any is more deserving of life than the others, I intend to let them all rest in peace.
That is my ruling, and I'm inclined to call it final.
They can live out the rest of their afterlives in the dream bubbles, which still need to be saved from Lord English, lest we forget.
but of greater importance Here is the fact that this leaves two empty kernels as a resurrection backup, in case one or two of you jokers dies in the line of duty once too often.
believe me, you'll thank me later for thinking this all through so well in advance.
Terezi: ok, that's a good reason to have spare kernels, but...
maybe we should back up a bit!
I'm not sure your verdict on our dead friends is totally air tight, or that you have the authority to make a final ruling!
Vriska: Come on, Terezi. I'm not saying I'm an "authority" on mortality here, I only said my ruling was final because my logic was so impeccable!
It was kind of like, a figure of speech??
Terezi: yeah right
let's think it through a little more
sollux's half ghost is perfectly happy out there with aradia
we've seen him and confirmed it ourselves, so there's no reason to consider him and eridan???
he murdered feferi, and tried to kill kanaya and sollux!
he doesn't even deserve to be in the running
but nepeta and feferi? What did they ever do to anybody?
Vriska: Yes, this is my point exactly!!!!!!!!!
I don't want to be the arbiter of Eridan's value as a person because of the mistakes he's made!
Or Feferi's or Nepeta's or Sollux's or Anybody's!
The only reason I chose these two over others is on account of taking responsibility for some nasty shit I Personally did, plus also some tactical considerations for the grater good, but that's different.
I would think you of all people would be on the same page as me when it comes to taking responsibility for your own actions, while in the same stride, not judging other people for their
misdeeds too harshly.
but if you feel comfortable continuing to crown yourself as the Queen of Justice, then be my guest!
Terezi: oh give me a break
I think we both know the justice issues here are pretty cut and dried
sollux *wants* to be where he is
eridan is a murderous douche
the girls are innocent
I say we bring them back!
Vriska: Terezi, please. Let's not bicker in front of the party.
We need to be showing solidarity here!
Terezi: We do?
Vriska: Yes. We are equally important to the party as its overarching executives. The ones with the most experience in the department of guile and ruthlessness.
I may project my voice louder than you, and borrow the spotlight for a little longer, but you were always the soul of Team Scourge!
I couldn't be doing this without you. I wouldn't even want to!
Terezi: aw
yeah, ok
you're right... I'm behind you all the way!
Vriska: (smiley face with eight eyes)
I stated my case, but if you Really want to revive them, that's fine with me.
I've got the torso parts with me right here, so feel free to round them up and prototype them any time.
Terezi: you do?
...Where?
Vriska: In the hunger trunk!
I've stashed all the spare remains there to keep them fresh, along with our, ahem. Final living party member.
Terezi: huh?
Gamzee: honk
Terezi: oh
ohhhhh
hmm
wow, yeah
I think, um
I think I'll revive them... A little later?
yeah.
later.
Vriska: Suit yourself!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The screen splits again. In the top half, Dave, W.V., and Karkat sit next to sleeping Jade. In the bottom half, Terezi and Vriska sit by the fridge.]

dialoglog
Dave: so
am i inferring correctly from some shit i just heard
that uh
Terezi: inferring what?
Dave: that vriska is like the de facto team leader now
or vriska and terezi...
i dunno i never understood the scourge shit
you two have always been like this scheming giggling enigma huddled together in peapod for hella self-tickled murderdorks
couldn't for the life of me figure out what you've been getting up to on that meteor
is this it
Terezi: is what it??
Dave: the plan you were hatching all along
is this like your big move
your power play to usurp karkat as team leader finally
Vriska: Oh brother.
Dave, no, this isn't a coup. It's just common sense rearing its ugly head for a change.
Dave: oh got it
Vriska: Good.
Dave: wait no dont got it
Vriska: Argh!
Dave: it sounds like you're just like
being the leader now cause you want to
and making all the plans because nobody else wants to or really cares
i mean not that i even care either i just want to set the record straight
karkat are you cool with this
Vriska: Sigh. (blank face with eight eyes)
Dave: karkat
karkat
karkat
yo karkat
Karkat: what!!!!!!
Dave: oh my god
dude were you just not listening to any of that
Karkat: to what?
what
what's happening now?
Dave: hahaha
man how long have you been tuning all this shit out
I mean I literally just said I don't give a fuck about any of the shit vriska is saying so maybe I'm not
one to talk but at least I had the decency to actually be joking about that
what the fuck are you even doing
Karkat: sorry!
yeah, sorry, I'm guilty!
I zoned out on some of serket's self important blither, and was carrying a *private conversation*
with the mayor.
is that ok??
Dave: dude you dont have to get the go ahead from me
shoring up a lil one on one time with the mayor is literally always acceptable
what were you talking about
Karkat: it's private!
Dave: I didn't hear you mumbling anything though
Karkat: we were mostly communicating through a series of simple gestures
I was talking smack about certain people here, and chose to remain discreet about it!
Dave: no yeah I know what thats all about
how when you talk to the mayor and most of the time words aren't even necessary like he just
*knows*
man the mayor is just so wonderful I love him so much
hey lets all take turns hugging him
Karkat: no!
that's fucking stupid, just
what were you saying? When I was spacing out just then?
Dave: oh nothing really
just wondering how you felt about vriska usurping your leadership role
and if maybe you wanted to throw a vintage shitfit about that or...
Karkat: oh!
oh!!!!
haha!
ahahahahahaha!!!
that's a good one dave!
wow! Haha, ha, hahahaha! Me leader?? Too funny!
I am entirely and singularly baffled that it could still even *occur* to anyone to entertain the notion
that I might still be playing *any* role even within sniffing orbit of a leadership position of this
ridiculous party.
when was the last time I did *anything* of a leader-like nature, without being trumped by vriska's
machiavellian limelight gluttony?
or for that matter, when was the last time there was actually anything leadery *to* do, that didn't
involve snuggling up on the couch to watch "good luck chuck" for the five hundredth time?!
I have seriously just been assuming her complete takeover of all leadership duties was some fait
accompli shit for three solid years, and have since been enjoying the peace and quiet of zero
responsibilities, which is why quite frankly, I have been able to keep my blood pressure down, and
now resemble the living embodiment of peace and fucking tranquility which presently basks
before you in a state of frothing, euphoria-hobbled turdvana!!!!!!!!!
Dave: ok so vintage shitfit it is
Vriska: karkat, that was a beautiful soliliquy of acceptance and understanding of your role, due to
acknowledgement of your overwhelming personal limitations.
but be that as it may, you still actually do need to be paying attention here, so you can keep up with
the plan.
while I may be the leader now, this may be the last day I see any of you for a very long time.
someone's going to need to step up when I'm gone!
Karkat: alright serket, then I'll make this a lot easier for you, and the team as a whole.
starting now, I hereby renounce my role as a leader of this group, or any, forever!
vriska along with her tactical virtuousity and monstrous ego are more than suited for the role.
and if, when, and to *wherever* she eventually decides to fuck off for mysterious, yet-to-be-
explained reasons, then anybody else who feels inclined can slide right into that position, so long
as it isn't me!!!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska smiles towards Karkat. Kanaya looks concerned. Arquiusprite keeps
fiddling with the tiaratop.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Great! It's settled, I'm the leader.
I gladly accept the baton you are going to such lengths to pass to me, Karkat. Honored in fact.
Not everyone is nearly as passionate about labels or ranks as you. In fact, I'm pretty whatever
about the distinction. but your melodramatic endorsement of my abilities is appreciated.
Karkat: Ljsdlkfjasdlalkjasdklshdklahsfklashb
Kanaya: Excuse Me
Miss Leader
Vriska: Hmmm????
Kanaya: Not That It Would Ever Occur To Me To Cast The Slightest Doubt On Your Strategic Expertise
But I Was Wondering When You Were Planning On Getting To The Actual Strategy Part Of This Meeting
Vriska: Glad you asked, Maryam!
Way to keep the meeting on point. Remind me to give you a promotion.
A Promotion To What
Vriska: Nothing. Nobody's getting a promotion, it was a joke.
Kanaya: Fuck
Vriska: The answer is very soon!
As soon as Egbert and Lalonde get here.
Which should be...
Riiiiiiight about...
Riiiiight about........

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska looks down at her blue watch, which is shaped like a spider. Arquiusprite looks at her. Kanaya rolls her eyes.]
dialoglog
Vriska: Just give it another second or two!
Riiiiiiight...
Dave: vriska
Vriska: Riiiiiiight!!! About...
Dave: yo can we maybe bust out some refreshments while we wait for this totally imminent thing to transpire
can i take a look in the fridge
Vriska: There are no drinks in the fridge!
Dave: whats in the fridge
sorry i think i missed that part of the conversation
Gamzee: Honk
Dave: oh
yeah never mind
Vriska: Shh! Sh, shh-shhhh, SHHHHHHHHH!
Shut the fuck up.
They're here!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska and Terezi look up as John and Roxy float out of the void.]
Vriska: Hi John!!!!!!!!

[Image description: John smiles and looks slightly to one side.]

dialoglog
John: whoa…

[Image description: He grins and waves.]

dialoglog
John: hi everybody!
Dave: (wow)
(wow)
(he's really here isn't he)
Karkat: hey john
Dave: (wow)
Karkat: (don't just mumble to yourself you rude fuck, say hello)
Dave: oh yeah hey john
whats up
John: hey dave, not much!
hi again karkat!
haha, i only saw you like five minutes ago, but i guess that was years ago for you. dang.
you've probably been through a whole lot of silly nonsense, haven't you?
wait never mind, you don't have to answer that. there will be plenty of time to catch up!
hi to everyone else too!
oh man, i missed you all so much! even the people i don't know very well, or haven't met yet.
oh!!!
by the way, this is roxy.
she's my new friend, and we just went on a crazy adventure together, to save the time line and
come find you all.
so here we are!
Roxy: umm

[Image description: John turns to look at Roxy, who gives a nervous smile and waves.]

dialoglog
Roxy: heh
Roxy: hi

[Image description: It zooms in on Kanaya and Rose, but the image doesn't get any more detailed.
They're just round heads on top of vague lump bodies.]

[Image description: It zooms in again and this time, it adds more detail. Rose gasps and stares at
Roxy in faint surprise.

[Image description: Roxy stares down at Rose with a matching expression.]

[Image description: Roxy smiles.]

[Image description: That smile grows into a wide grin and she looks absolutely ecstatic.]

[Image description: Roxy flies quickly down towards the platform. The movement lines behind her are labeled ‘dash’.]

[Image description: She tackle hugs Rose with a Doof, startling both Rose and Kanaya.]

[Image description: Roxy lands fully and clings to Rose. Her arms are wrapped around Rose’s waist and her head is against her chest. Rose smiles and glances up at Kanaya as she returns Roxy’s hug. Kanaya turns towards them and smiles. She’s kneeling very primly and her hands rest in her lap.]

[Image description: John smiles down at this touching scene and puts his hands on his cheeks.]

dialoglog
John: awww.

[Image description: He comes in for a much less exuberant landing than Roxy.]

[Image description: He walks past Terezi and Vriska while waving at them.]

dialoglog
John: oh, hey terezi!
Terezi: hello, egbert
John: guess our plan worked out pretty well, huh?
this session is in much better shape than the last time I saw it.
you really bailed us out!
Terezi: you're welcome
John: I mean, not that... You specifically had anything to do with it.
you were as much the beneficiary of your future self's crafty schemes as I was.
so don't get too smug!!!
Terezi: no, I'm pretty comfortable being smug, and taking credit for future me's ideas
I've always been on excellent terms with my future self
she and I get along famously (Smiley face with furrowed brows)
John: pff, ok. whatever you say.
oh, that reminds me...
i know the scarf agenda wasn't really Your idea per se...
but do you have any idea what all that stuffed dragon shit was about?
did that like...
actually serve a purpose in the time line?
or were you just fucking with me?

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Terezi looks at John with a matter of fact expression.]
dialoglog
Terezi: I was almost certainly fucking with you
John: ok, wow. Great.
good to know.
thanks for that, terezi. That was a really awesome use of our time.
Terezi: I'm glad we are in complete agreement
Vriska: wait, what?
what's this about stuffed dragons?
terezi, what stupid thing did you make john do?
Terezi: I just sent him on a few totally indispensable, mission critical errands is all
no big deal
John: yeah, forget it.
long story short is, i got owned, the end.
by the way, good to see you again vriska!
Vriska: Good to see you too, John!
John: it's cool that you're alive now, instead of being a cunning ghost pirate.
i think your, um, *ways* probably are more valuable to have here, in the land of the living.
at least... i hope so??
Vriska: I couldn't agree more!
I never got a chance to thank you for knocking me out a few years ago. I mean... obviously?
because I was unconscious.
but thanks for that. I was being an idiot, and deserved it.
And as a bonus, it apparently saved my life???????? So, thanks.
You're a real friend. (smiley face with eight eyes)
John: don't mention it!
Vriska: I've received quite a few beatings in my time, and not only did I have each one coming, but
they all led to big changes for me, on the road to becoming the impeccably evolved person I am
now.
So by that measure, it was probably the most critical smackdown of my entire life!
John: that's cool.
if you ever need another really important punch in the face, just let me know. i'm your man.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: John walks past Rose, who is still holding Roxy. Roxy looks up and smiles at
John, but she doesn't let go.]
dialoglog
John: rose!
Rose: Hi, John.
John: hi!!!
nice to see you, alive and well again.
not to mention in the correct time line!
Rose: Yes, you did it.
I'm still a bit unclear on exactly what it was you did, but whatever it was, you sure did the hell out of it.
John: yeah!!!!!
Rose: Thank you for returning with my m-
My, um.
M,
My Roxy.
Roxy: (Very happy face) (Very happy face) (Very happy face) (Very happy face) (Very happy face)
Rose: Thank you for returning with my Roxy, is obviously the remark I meant to say, and is the statement of a reasonable person.
John: of course!
really, it is so good to see you.
I'd give you a hello hug, but you seem kinda tied up at the moment.
oh my gosh, how cute.

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: He walks past Jake and Tavrosprite while still waving. Jake looks incredibly nervous.]

dialoglog
John: hello, um...
Jake, right?
Jake: I...
Yes.
John: you sent me a letter once, right?
in the box full of weapons, and a rabbit?
Jake: Oh.
Yeah.
Um yeah that was me.
John: thanks for that!
that was cool. it made me really curious to meet you.
Jake: Right.
Me too.
John: ...
Jake: I mean.
Curious to meet you not me.
Not the letter i mean that didnt make me...
I mean i was always curious to
Dog gone it.
John: what?
Jake: Just
I had stuff i wanted to say when we met.
Theres so many people here.
I dont...
Sorry.
John: it's ok!
i understand, i'm shy too.
let's catch up some time, just you and me. man to man.
Jake: Ooh!
Roger that.
John: oh, hey tavros.
looks like... you're here too?
Tavrosprite: hhhhhell, definitely,
but, don't worry,
I'm not very shy,
John: yeah, I know.
Tavrosprite: so you can feel free to say as many things to me in a conversation, as you want,
John: that's, uh... nice to know.
maybe later!

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: John sits down next to Dave, between him and Jade. Karkat smiles at him, but Dave keeps a straight face.]
dialoglog
John: hi dave!
Dave: hey bro
John: you're back, and alive!
all because of me.
Dave: i guess thats the thing were all accepting as true yeah
John: it's ok, there's no need to thank me.
Dave: i mean i wasnt going to but like not as a means of being an arbitrary dick to my number one
childhood pal from the past
i have literally no first hand cognizance of ever being in danger i just fucked around on a meteor
for a bunch of years
and here i am and so are you
which i think is pretty dope
John: it is very dope. (smiley face)
hey karkat, don't leave me hanging here.
Karkat: what?
John: there is more than enough fist bump to go around for everybody.
I left it hanging there just for you, but you are leaving me high and dry here dude.
Dave: karkat holy shit where are your manners
leaving a fist unbumped like that this is a new low
Karkat: oh my god
you didn't leave your fist there "hanging" for me
you fist bumped dave, then withdrew your fist to say some things
and then re-offered your fist to me, the *moment* you said don't "leave me hanging"
I saw you with my own eyes!
John: karkat, wow that is really pedantic!
and now you actually Are leaving me hanging, in order to explain your nonsense.
i'm this close to revoking your bumping privileges!
Dave: god damnit
here

[A6A615] Next
[Image description: Dave grabs one of John’s hands and one of Karkat’s. He pulls them together over his head and makes them Bunp. John looks delighted, but Karkat looks annoyed.]

dialoglog
Dave: strider to the rescue
the fist bump has been secured
Karkat: dave no
fuck!
I wanted to do it of my own volition!
this doesn't count, it's not real
John: oh, it's real buddy!
Karkat: no, I'm going to fist bump you later, when I'm feeling it, but it's going to be fucking natural.
mark my words!
John: we'll see, karkat.
we'll see.
Dave: wrecked

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: John looks over at Jade with a smile still on his face.]

dialoglog
John: hey dave...
why is jade asleep?
and also teen nanna.
or, jane i mean.
Dave: oh uh
yeah vriska had to knock them out
John: what??
why?
Dave: they were kickin up a ruckus
John: can you wake them up?
Vriska: don't wake them up!!!!!!!
John: !!!
Dave: yeah we cant
some kind of brainwashing thing going on
 gotta keep em napping
epecially jade im sure you know what kind of crooked ass baloneyfuck powers she got
cant let her turn those against us
John: right.
Dave: she should be pretty psyched to see you though
John: you think?
Dave: yeah
um
i dunno if you know this or not but
apparently along the way our version of john died
so she made the whole trip without you
John: oh no!
Dave: yeah this timeline was gearing up to be pretty tragic i guess but then you sorta deus exxed out of nowhere and spared us those sadtimes
i mean from your point of view i guess it isnt deus ex shit you were just the normal john you
always were all zipping around like a nerdy hypergod saving everything from whatever but from our standpoint you just kinda yanked yourself out of random ass nothing but hey you know what ill take it
John: man.
i had no idea.
i guess that's what typheus meant?
that's so sad...
poor jade!
i can't believe she had to spend all that time on the ship thinking i was dead...
i mean, i guess i Was dead. but...
you know what i mean.
are you sure we can't wake her up for a second, just so she can see i'm alright?
Vriska: (Blank face with eight eyes and furrowed brows)
Dave: feel free but i have a feeling you'll just be joining her nap if you try
John: darn.
i guess we'll have to catch up later.
hey, what about dave sprite?
Dave: dead
John: noooo!
that sucks too!
Dave: yeah
i guess so
John: you guess??
Dave: its a weird subject for me
like
the guy was always on borrowed time wasn't he
i mean that was his whole "thing" right
John: i dunno.
i'll miss him anyway, even if he isn't the "real dave".
i kinda feel bad for ever thinking of him as a less real version, actually.
Dave: yeah hes me and exactly what i would be like if i was a moping existential bird so its kind of embarrassing to even talk about ok
i guess it is ""sad"" but you know a lot of versions of me have died lots of versions of all of us including you
isn't what's important that certain dubiously categorized iterations of ourselves are all alive here and now and hanging out
John: yeah, that is what's important!
i guess there will be time to reflect on everything that was lost later, like dead time clones and double dead ghosts, or other such hogwash.
right now i'm still so excited to see everybody.
there's so much crazy stuff for us all to catch up on...
John: i don't even know where to start, it's overwhelming!
Dave: dont stress over it
we still have some time to kill before shit starts getting real in this session
at least according to our vriska in chief
John: what do you mean?
Dave: all the bad guys are still just outside the incipisphere they wont converge here until a few hours or so so lets all just sit back a while and shoot the shit and i do mean empty our clips into the shit, like really pump that turd full of lead right up until she gets bossy again and commandeers our fly brotimes with more shrill tactical exhortations
John: ok, that sounds great!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: This panel is interactive. The background shows everyone sitting on the lilypad platform. There are two rows of white boxes showing character’s symbols. One row is at the top of the screen, the other is at the bottom. From left to right, top to bottom, they are:
John, Dave, and Karkat
Rose, Roxy, and Kanaya
Tavrosprite, Jake, and Vriska
Terezi and Vriska
Roxy, Dave, and Rose
Kanaya, Karkat, and Vriska
Arquiusprite, Vriska, Terezi, and Dave
John and Jake

As you hover over each option, it highlights the relevant people with orange arrows.

At the top of the screen, text flashes red and yellow. Choose your characters!!

Click the box in the top left that shows John, Dave, and Karkat after you’ve read the caption.]

You are confronted with an especially empowering Character selection menu. Eight choices???????? Free will has done it again. It has caused you to feel alarmed and anxious. But maybe, just maybe, slightly excited as well. You cautiously click on a batch of teens to discover your true feelings.

Eight possible options is actually Kind of a Lot, now that you think about it. It may be easy to forget to click some of them. To make absolutely sure you've clicked on all teen batches before proceeding, you check to see if all the links below are purple first. If any of them are blue, it means you didn't read those, and you probably should before continuing. Wow, free will sure is a lot of responsibility and hard work.

One | Two | Three | Four | Five | Six | Seven | Eight

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It focuses in on Karkat, Dave, and John. W.V. still sits next to them, and Jade still sleeps off to the side.]

dialoglog
John: so tell me about your ridiculous meteor journey!
Dave: um
John: the dave from the bad time line told me some funny stories when we got together on the grassy hill planet
but we weren't actually hanging out for that long, so I didn't hear much.
also, I'm mostly sure vriska wasn't alive during their trip.
Dave: oh well let me tell you
vriska was most certainly alive during this one
like almost
extra-alive, if that's possible
John: haha.
I think I know what you mean.
I spent some time with her when she was a ghost, and uh...
let's just say whatever her mortality status is, she makes her presence hard to ignore.
Karkat: yes. Yes!
I love this.
can we spend our whole reminiscence just destroying vriska, slightly above audible level?
Vriska: slightly?
karkat, you only have one volume setting.
Karkat: wow, fuck you?!
Dave: ok dude maybe lets not spend our paltime trash talking serket if only cus theres no way you're not getting repeatedly trounced exactly just like that
Karkat: ffffffffffyeah.
yeah, you're right.
ok, I'll chill out. You're right dave, as usual.
John: wow.
karkat, for a funny shouty guy, you backed down on that really fast.
I'm almost... A bit disappointed?
I was looking forward to more of your patented ravings!
Karkat: hey, john fuckbert, I'll have you know I'm a little more mature and reasonable than the last
time you saw me.
I'm a lot more than mr. Hollersponge one-note, and anyone who disputes this can cordially invite
me to play their dirty seed flap like a discount harmonica.
John: oh. Well, I'm sold.
Karkat: seriously though, it's pretty cool to finally meet you. I mean, under more civil, rational
circumstances.
unlike whatever the *fuck* that brief encounter was three years ago where you k.o.'d vriska and
then poofed your flimsy ass into the fuckall continuum.
I know I seemed really mad about that at the time, for whatever reason.
but really, I've had sooooo many boring hours on that meteor to spend barely reflecting on the
roughly ten thousand ways I don't give the slightest fuck about whatever idiotic twist of fate
transpired back there.
John: heheh. Ok?
Karkat: I'm completely over it.
I'm over a lot of things actually.
John: ... You are?
Karkat: yeah.
like, remember back when I was yelling at you all the time from my computer.
back then I probably would have felt nervous or awkward about this encounter.
because of... Well, you know.
John: no?
Karkat: I was hitting on you briefly, and in a very confusing non-chronological way, without even
quite realizing how badly I was shoving my strut pod down my own statement tunnel.
Dave: dude
Karkat: I mean, until you mercifully and with a fair amount of tact shut me down.
don't you remember?
John: uh...
maybe?
Karkat: how can you not remember that?
John: I dunno, it was a long time ago!
and we had a lot of ridiculous conversations...
Karkat: ok, well maybe it was a bigger deal for me than it was for you.
I mean, *obviously* it was, that's sort of the whole point.
but the *real* point is, or that I was *trying* to make, is that it *isn't* a big deal any more.
because I'm over it!
Dave: karkat what the fuck are you doing
Karkat: what!
I'm talking, quite casually, about some shit that's not a big deal.
and the *point* is that it's not a big deal anymore, so I'm just casually saying that! God.
Dave: ok its not an unreasonable conversation to have but like
we just started friend-jamming about past anecdotes to get us all up to speed or whatever
and you're already trucking out these guns
Karkat: guns? What guns!
Dave: just sayin, it doesn't sound that casual and no big deal if you keep saying its casual and no
big deal oh and also its the first fuckin thing out of your mouth to john in three years
Karkat: sorry!
I'm so truly fucking sorry. I forgot there was such an outstandingly smooth pile of shit in a cape
within my judgment radius!
John: no, I mean, I think I remember.
I think you were um, "black flirting" with me or something, but in backwards order, and while
constantly yelling.
and I didn't really even know what that was.
and then I told you I wasn't a homosexual, so it was kind of a moot point, but also, you didn't even
know what that was either?
Karkat: yes!
that's basically what happened
and that is exactly what I was *trying* to say I was over, and wasn't a big deal anymore, but now
it's a big deal again I guess?
that's fucking great! Thanks dave!
Dave: yo im hardly one to talk here since I am a goddamn geyser of hilariously self-pulverizing
freudian bloopers
at this point I can't even pretend to keep a lid on any shit I've got in me cause I know sooner or later
during one of my rad soliloquies I'll just pratfall butt backwards into an embarrassing admission and
I just have to be like yeah... Yeah ok thats my shit thats what I'm about lets just get the fuck on with
our lives
so when johns like hey man and you're all locked and loaded with some stuff about how you're 'over
him' and go on and on about it its like some way obvious protest-too-much shit and everybody
knows it so I don't see how it salvages any of your dignity or whatever to pretend that's not what's
happening
Karkat: oh my fucking god...
Dave: so what I'm saying is if you're so eager to push this out there-
Karkat: I'm not "pushing this out there"!
Dave: if you're pushing this out there which you are then maybe we should rap about it
I mean discuss it critically and earnestly not drop ill rhymes or anything tho that could be sweet too
Karkat: uehrng.
Dave: so are you sure you still don't have these unreconciled blackrom feelings about john
I say we air this out before it ferments into some rank and hella unexamined feeling sauce
John: dave, I think you're making karkat uncomfortable!
are you being a wise guy and trying to make us uncomfortable?
Dave: no!
I don't do that to bros that's huge uncool
I don't see what has to be uncomfortable about chattin out our true as thoughts and emotions
Karkat: yeuurrhghh.
Dave: dude you clearly had a spades thing for John but I don't recall you ever bringing it up
is this something you been thinking about all this time or
Karkat: no!
not... Not really
Dave: yeah we coulda talked about this
I have all kinds of shit to say about john seeing as he was my number I dude for approximately the
majority of 13 years
the main dead end here man is like, nothing personal at all its just that he is literally incapable of
hating anyone
Karkat: I know that!
that is the *exact* fucking thing I knew and understood, and why I felt so stupid about it in
hindsight!
John: well...
not that I really want to egg on this train of thought, but I dunno if that's quite true.
Karkat: it's not?
John: i can get really angry and hate stuff too, just like you. but i think only in extreme cases?
the skull guy in suspenders i got Really pissed off at...
but i am a hundred percent sure that hate was platonic!
Dave: gettin pissed off at a suspender dude sounds like just the sort of yarn i wanna be all ears for
some time
but ok thats something to work with
hey karkat maybe theres some hope yet maybe its not a total lost cause
Karkat: Nergh!
John: ok, dave, it definitely sounds like you're trying to own us now!
Dave: own
what
no way
im being real as a motherfucker
John: being able to hate things i think is...
the smaller part of that equation?
what about the other part? don't you think that's, uh...
a little more significant?
Dave: what part
John: the part about not being a homosexual!!!
Dave: john
dude i gotta say
when you talk about being or not being "a homosexual" you kinda sound like a corny old man
John: what! why?
no, that's a normal way of putting it!
i mean... it's a pretty normal thing to say, right? when that's... how... you are?
Karkat: somebody fucking kill me.
Dave: what does normal mean though
normal was some crap that ruled our dead civilization
we left that behind years ago
its all a huge pile of shit that doesnt matter anymore
John: oh. kay?
so then, you're saying...
what are you saying?
Dave: im not sure i guess
John: ...
Dave: ok i guess what im saying is
dont think its all as simple as you think it is
or maybe not like Actively think it is but continue to assume it is on account of Not thinkin about it
much
Dave: due to a lot of junk about the subject that gets shoved into our brains from movies and stuff
while we were just dumb kids
John: i, hm.
Dave: im just saying it probably isnt as absolute or simplistic as the way youve been framing it or maybe it is for you personally i dont know
im just guessing you havent spent much time thinking about it if only cause all the stuff we read and watch suggests that like even examining your honest thoughts about it is perilous road to go down
cause if you actually think too much about it without always having that undercurrent of haha nope nope nope Then what happens what if it turns out youre like...
John: ...like?
Dave: like not exactly the way you thought you were or maybe not so much that, as old presumptions about what you were turn out to be not that relevant?
Karkat: (why. Why are these words happening to our conversation.)
Dave: i dunno man
not sure what youve been doing the last 3 years all riding a large boat, then saving everyone from apocalyptic whatever
but ive had a fuck ton of time on my hands to think about stuff about stuff ive said and done in the past why i said and did them
a lot of things i once would have insisted were like part of my brand and helped me come across cool and smartassy
but now im not so sure we used to rip on each other all the time for being gay even though we knew we werent which of course is what made it "funny" remember
John: yeah.
i dunno, it was pretty funny, sometimes.
it was just a lot of joking around!
Dave: yeah I know
It frankly is funny to say how gay something is sometimes and lets face it sometimes someone or something is just flat out really fucking gay and theres no two ways about it its more like that through the preponderance of all that jokey shit is an underlying implication that its all lame stuff for pansies but not like us no were not lame and ha ha thats the joke which thrives on this like double-buried implication that the real cool shit is founded on this absurd wanky ideal about masculinity which if you think about it is 1. Dumb as fuck 2. The male adulation of masculinity to that extent to be honest is pretty fucking gay unto itself and 3. was always some totally impossible shit for us to live up to anyway i think all thats mixed up with the same phony ideals about heroism like living up to the storybook idea of what a hero to me feels almost interchangeable with living up to societys snapshot of what a hard manly dude should be
i stopped pretending i could ever live up to either thing a while ago and mainly have spent time looking back on the sheer magnitude of all my "joking around" i used to lambaste fuckers left and right grinding them into the pavement over how gay they probably were and how much they were quite possibly jonesin to kiss some dudes or such and i dont really feel bad about it in the sense that it was jerky or like "insensitive" necessarily even though i guess it maybe was more that i feel like it was probably transparent a massive front of outrageous snark to disguise a lot of insecurity like a fuckin coverup as long as i kept clowning hard about it i didnt actually have to think about it or face my actual beliefs
John: dave, um.
all that's cool and all, and...
i think i mostly agree?
but...
umm... how do i put this.
are you...
are you gay now?
Dave: what no
Karkat: (the words. Why won't the words stop. Dear god.)
John: i dunno, it sounds to me like you're trying to tell me something here!
Dave: man no look
John: i mean, it's ok if you're gay now!
that's totally cool, if true.
i just think...
you turning gay would be kind of a weird consequence of me changing the time line around?
ik, not "weird"...
just, unexpected!
i dunno what i did that would account for that.
maybe saving one of terezi's plush toys did some goofy homosexual butterfly effect thing on you?
jezz, who knows!
Dave: dude you aren't listening
although a gay butterfly effect is a pretty funny idea lets not dismiss that as a concept altogether
anyway maybe what im tryin to say is sorta getting lost in the weeds here
the fact that you were wondering if i "turned gay" makes me think maybe you're still not quite on
the wavelength im tryin to ramble on here
maybe we should wrestle this topic to the ground another time, there's a lot more id wanna say but
this is probably not the venue
i mean not literally wrestle to the ground because that is maybe literally the gayest course of action
we could possibly take but you know what i mean
Karkat: (yes! Later! Talk later, because then the words would stop! Oh wouldn't that be lovely.)
John: that's fine, we can talk about anything you want, any time.
i'm just still confused about what you're getting at, is all.
like, what is the bottom line here?
are you actually attracted to boys now?
do you...
um.
did you...
like, date any boys?
Dave: uh
John: but there weren't even that many boys on the meteor?
well, there's the clown guy, but i don't really see you and him...
that really only leaves...
un, were you and karkat...
are you and karkat, like.
hmm.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dave, John, and W.V. watch as Karkat tips over backwards and dangles off the
edge of the platform with only his lower legs holding him in place. He’s shouting and covering his
ears. John looks surprised. Dave looks like he’s seen this before. W.V. just looks confused.]
Karkat: no, no, no, no, no, no, no.
I retreat to my safe place, and yet the words. The stupid fucking prattle jockeying like rowdy barnbeasts up against the partitions of good fucking sense and the most basic of personal boundaries.

the god damned blither of tactless nincompoops, how it continues to haunt my wretched ears. The words spill over the side of this enchanted metal frog discus, like a babbling spring in a mythical forest governed by a guild of gossip-hungry lobotomy hobbits. This deluge of words, leaked from the incontinent crevices of two brainless gushing yammertwats, it overfloweth, oh how it overfloweth, sogging my gray, practical pair of pants, the leggings of a simple man. A humble man. It then continues its downward trickle, dousing my unremarkable shirt, the serviceable garment of your average alternian "joe", chilling the frail torso beneath, a pathetic duffel of meat wracked with heavy sobs, sobs caused by words, words which continue to drip. And sleuce. And spill. Threatening to drown me. Pledging to. Promising! And yet I will not drown. Why won't I drown? Please let me drown. Let me drown so the words will be no more!

John: dave, i'm pretty sure we're making karkat uncomfortable now.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dave and John stare towards Karkat. All they can see of him are his lower legs. The rest of him hangs down into the void.]

dialoglog
Dave: yeah maybe we should drop this
John: ok.
Dave: i dunno if you ever picked this up from him but hes a pretty sensitive guy
Dave: its true
hes pretty much the easiest dude to rip on and makes for an irresistible target but you also have to know where to draw the line
really dont wanna actually you know like
upset him
John: yeah, me neither.

um...

what the fuck is he doing?
Dave: man i dont know
thats just his regular shit
like, an every day occurrence but with different bodily positions and geographic configurations
John: i see.
Dave: bro will you get the fuck up here
Karkat: No!
Dave: k suit yourself

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dave and John turn back to each other. John smiles and Dave gives a one-armed shrug.]

dialoglog
Dave: um anyway
as you can see ive been spending probably way too much time with trolls
John: ha ha.
Dave: it messes with you
gets you thinkin about... stuff
you know?
John: i can imagine.
i think life was a lot more boring on the ship.
but we talked about you all a lot!
we would always wonder how you and rose were managing to get along with all those crazy trolls.
John: i think mostly we pictured a lot of arguments.
Dave: thats not too far off
John: i'm still getting used to having such insane, limitless powers that let me go anywhere i want...
it's tempting to go to time periods like yours and find out what i missed.
but i don't want to mess with too much anymore, since it seems like i got the time line to a nice
stable place as it is.
so i guess i just have to do what any regular guy does, and imagine fondly what it would be like if i
got to travel with you guys.
i wonder if i would have gotten like... absorbed in troll culture too? or troll ways of thinking.
Dave: its really inevitable
you pick up the lingo they pick up yours
its like a stupid cultural melange after a while that barely makes any sense from either frame of
reference
John: i wonder if i would have learned to understand black romance?
it's such a goofy idea, but it seems pretty important to trolls.
Dave: they take all their quadrants pretty seriously tbh
John: yeah.
years ago when we first met the trolls, i remember being pretty fascinated by all our cultural
differences, when karkat and vriska were telling me about them.
i remember really sincerely trying to understand it all from their point of view! it's hard though.
i still think about the idea of black romance sometimes, and try to imagine how that really works...
or "feels"... i don't know.
do you understand it?
Dave: yeah ive spent enough time talkin about it where i think i "get it" but
ive never had cause or any real inclination to put it into practice or anything
John: mainly the idea of hating somebody, and translating that into attraction, or some kind of
romancey feeling... it feels so alien to me.
and you're right, i have a really hard time even hating anyone in the first place!
Dave: word
John: i mean, i get Annoyed by people, sure.
Dave: like who
me?
John: no, not really.
well, sometimes, but not much. i always tended to exaggerate my grievances with you, for the sake
of laughs.
Dave: heheh
John: a better example is, more recently, when i was doing my retcon mission...
i was getting Really annoyed with terezi and her mind games.
Dave: yuuup
John: it definitely never crossed the line to "hate" though, because we were working together to try
and fix a dire situation, and even though she's weird and insane, she's otherwise a pretty good
friend.
but all her needling and japes at totally inappropriate times, when there was so much on the line...
argh, it was so frustrating.
Karkat: egbert, I have news for you.
Dave: whoa hes back!
all right side up and everything
Karkat: I heard you were talking about quadrants, so I decided to pause my tantrum.

John, all you're doing here is describing the subtle feelings which plant the seed for having a caliginous crush on someone.

John: what??

Karkat: you heard me.

you are naively admitting to struggling with some black feelings for terezi.

so, there you go. Question answered.

turns out you are perfectly capable of black romance.

John: n... No!

Karkat: a fair rebuttal. However, consider this counterpoint:

y... Yes???

John: but I don't hate her, and I'm sure I never will!

I'm just saying I find her, like, somewhat annoying, and really aggravating a lot of the time, but that's it!

Karkat: but that's exactly what the feeling is!

it doesn't start out as full blown antipathy, and it rarely even reaches such an extreme level of hostility even over long term black relationships.

there are peaks to it, but otherwise a general ebb and flow to the dark feelings, just like with flushed relationships.

John: ok, but...

I don't know if I'm expressing myself clearly.

I felt aggravated by her a lot, but that doesn't fully describe... like, there were those "negative" feelings, but also...

but...

Karkat: yeah, that's it, right there!!!

the "but" is always part of it.

what you're *trying* to say is, you had frustrated, negative emotions toward her, but they don't comprehensively account for your attitude toward her.

meaning, there are some things about her you actually like, but the negative feelings make it hard for you to put your finger on them, or even want to acknowledge them.

that is absolutely standard. What good would it be having a kismesis who didn't possess qualities you actually admired on some level?

that would be boring, and it wouldn't even work. There'd be no tension, no push and pull in the turbulent emotional landscape. The subtle positives add fuel to the negative feelings, often giving them a reason to exist at all. They inflame the aggravating factors, reminding you deep down how much you would like and admire this person if it wasn't for all their infuriating flaws, and the incredible sense of frustration that causes along with all the associated hot-headed feelings, that's the essence of black romance.

and the positive qualities you see deep down in a kismesis also serve as the basis for red feelings toward that person, assuming the relationship ever starts to vacillate.

it's all pretty straightforward, really.

John: no... This is messed up!

Dave: I dunno john it all sounds pretty logical to me

Karkat knows his shit when it comes to quadrants

John: argh!

it can't be true though...

it feels so fucked up!

what if you're right though... Erg! No...

no, no, no, no...

Karkat: that's part of it too!

the "no no no" is all part of the feeling. That's how it *always* goes.

this sense of self incrimination when it's dawning on you that you have these conflicting feelings
toward someone who bugs you so much.

oh my god, this whole reaction is so fucking textbook. It's hilarious, really.

John: it's fucked up though!!!

Karkat: it's supposed to feel fucked up!

John: aw, man. (frowning face)

i just wanted to have a nice catch-up chat, not get so transparently owned at the trollmances.

Dave: it happens to the best of us sooner or later

this crap is kind of old hat to me by now but i get why you're kinda freckling at the implications here

you didn't have years of livin with trolls to kinda normalize this stuff

John: i don't think i want it to feel normalized though!

i'm not ready to...

like, admit that... i have some warped spade crush on her, based on...

some feeling i don't understand and makes no sense to me!

oh god... what if it's true??

i have to try as hard as i can to suppress this feeling and make sure i never think about it again!

Dave: ok sounds like a weenie thing to do but sure have fun with that

John: fuck.

yeah, probably.

just...

please don't tell her about any of this, ok guys?

Karkat: john, you don't have to remind us about one of the most fundamental statutes of the bro code, which is practically fucking scripture on my planet, dating back hundreds of millenia.

dave and i fucking sleep and breathe the bro code and all of its clauses, no matter how fine the print.

feel free to come and talk to us about this any time. Your secrets will always be safe.

Dave: dude that sentiment is well and good but

when you're pledging a vow of secrecy maybe you should try to keep it down a little

Karkat: damn. Yeah.

sorry.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Karkat sits back up. Dave looks over at him while John stares down at his hands in confusion.]

dialoglog

John: this is really confusing though.

assuming you're right, and i am "busted" on having those feelings... and i'm not even saying you aren't.

but...

i thought humans weren't supposed to be able to feel stuff like that?

Karkat: like what exactly?

John: like, perceive and feel romantic stuff, in the same way trolls do.

because we're aliens to each other!

well ok, humans can feel the gay stuff pretty often, i guess.

i didn't think we could feel the spade stuff, though.

i dunno, i just thought it was some screwy biological difference?

Dave: nah i disagree

both humans and trolls are emotionally versatile sentient beings that can feel many hells of different things

John: you're probably right.
you would know better than me, at least.
Dave: thats always a smart fallback position btw
especially on rap
i could school you on rap too are you confused about rap
John: no dave, i think i'm pretty squared away on rap.
at least for now. (tongue sticking out face)
Dave: so uh
this has been a hell of a reminiscence so far
John: yeah...
Dave: seriously though i wasnt actually intending to fork this like instantaneously in the direction
of some like
legitimately sincere dialogue on fuckin sexuality and romance
i didn't plan on this dude you gotta believe me
John: i believe you!
it's been cool though.
Dave: yeah
did we cover everything
John: um...
probably not?
oh, right.
you dated jade for a while, so there's that.
Dave: whoa what
John: i mean, dave sprite did.
Dave: oh
John: and of course i mean, the one from my time, obviously not the one from this time, who died i
guess before that happened.
Dave: right
John: man, that still just seems... so sad.
i guess even when you fix things, not everything can be perfect.
Dave: yeah
so
howd that go
me and jade
or...
him and jade
John: ok, i guess.
my sense was, it was kind of dramatic overall.
i'm not sure it was the best relationship, probably because of dave sprite's uh...
John: "unique issues".
Dave: hmm
John: but there were a lot of fun memories.
i'll tell you about them some time. maybe when jade is awake, because i'm sure she'd want to know
too!
Dave: yeah

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dave looks over his shoulder towards where Rose and Roxy are having an
animated conversation.]
dialoglog
Dave: hey
um
John: ?
Dave: the girl you came with
roses mom
John: roxy?
Dave: yeah
whats she like
John: she's nice!!!
really nice.
she is fun and easy to talk to...
it almost feels like she has always been one of our friends, you know?
Dave: yeah
how uh
how long have you and she actually been traveling together
John: umm...
not too long.
we only met like a day ago, i mean, from my perspective.
Dave: huh
John: she's been through some really difficult stuff recently.
well, we both have, actually.
but i feel like it was all... a bit more personal for her?
being on her adventure, then suddenly losing all her friends, and watching rose die right there,
while she'd been kinda viewing rose as a version of her mom...
i was just some goofball drifting randomly here and there between realities, so i was mostly just
confused by everything.
but for her, i could tell it was all really devastating.
i'm so happy she gets to be with rose again!!!!!!!!
not to mention all her other friends!
for some reason i feel happier for her getting to reunite with people she lost than i do for myself.
Dave: it sounds like you like her
John: i do!
Dave: no i mean
actually like her
John: oh.
... uh, hm.
i don't know.
maybe.
Dave: wow dude after one day maybe you should slow your roll
John: i didn't say i did though!!!
Dave: im joking its fine who cares
John: oh, ok.
Dave: shes my mom isnt she
John: man.
i'm not sure if we should keep thinking about all our relations that way.
Dave: why
John: it's kinda weird!
Dave: is it
John: ...
Dave: do you feel weird about dating my mom is that it
John: i'm not dating her though!
Dave: but if you did
then you wouldn't wanna think of her like that because of like the familial weirdtimes it invokes
John: jeez.
i don't know. i...
i don't know if i'm ready for every single "deep" conversation we can squeeze into this wacky rapid fire session of fun pal-talk!
Dave: ok
but
i think i like thinking of her as my mom
even if its a lil weird
John: you do?
why?
Dave: not sure
i never even stopped and thought about it before
the idea of what it would be like to have a mom
instead of a hyper-aggressive lunatic of an adult male guardian
i never let myself give it a second of consideration
but now
seeing her actually here even though shes just some teen girl i never met
i like the idea
its nice
John: ...
ok, that's actually kind of cute.
Dave: yeah
yeah i guess it kind of fucking is
John: alright, well.
no matter what happens, it's ok with me if you want to think of her that way. (smiley face)
Dave: sweet

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: We return to the selection screen. This time, pick Rose, Roxy, and Kanaya.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Rose, Roxy, and Kanaya. Rose and Roxy face each other. Kanaya sits behind Rose and looks towards Roxy.]

dialoglog
Roxy: haha im sorry
Rose: Sorry about what?
for stammering an all being an agog grinning idiot
i just cannot....
actually believe u are real and here and alive and not dying and so am i!
here with u i mean plus sharin all those mentioned attributes
Rose: I can't believe it either!
Roxy: i have so much to say...
i think???
even though i cant think of the stuff a.t.m.
Rose: I know what you mean.
Roxy: i hope its ok if i just sit near u not bein 'specially articulate for a bit
Rose: That is more than ok.
As long as you are willing to similarly excuse the spectacular demise of my capacity for artful self-expression.
Roxy: omg!!!!
ahahah youre dirk!
wow wow i just caught it wow wow wow!
you sound So much like him oh my God thats too perf and cute (smiling cat face)

Rose: Dirk?
Roxy: hahah i cant get over it now i cant unhear it...
even your voice sounds kinda like his but its just... girl dirk
I'mo woow yes (heart)

Rose: He sounds like a hell of a guy.
Roxy: ooh u have noo idea

Rose: Well, I'm told he should be arriving here in a little while.
If he's anything like Dave's late older brother, and if he's anything like me, which he apparently is, then this is when I'm guessing the real party will begin.

Roxy: im redy (smiley face wearing a party hat)

Rose: I want to know things about him.
Such as, if he shares his elder counterpart's avarice for soft puppet ass.
And if that, combined with his myriad, vaguely unsettling psychological peculiarities, could occupy a dedicated team of therapists for years.

Roxy: the answer is yes and yes

Rose: Hmm.
Knowing this amuses me, for some reason.
But mainly, there are things I want to know about you.
I presume there will be plenty of time later to hound my biological father for the dirt on his proclivities.

Roxy: whatta ya wanna know about me?

Rose: Everything!
I think the main difficulty in deciding what to ask is in sifting questions I would have for my mother, that is to say, the woman who raised me, from the questions I have for you.

Roxy: well i didnt raise u or anything but i can sincerely take a crack at both kindsa questions

Rose: Ok.
Do...
You really like wizards?

Roxy: rose
Rose: Yes?
Roxy: rooose

Rose: ... 

Roxy: i fucken

Love
wizzards

Rose: I see.
As odd as it sounds, that actually does go pretty far in letting me know something about both of you.

Roxy: oh?

Rose: My relationship with her was complicated.
Rose: But I've come to see that as mostly my fault. I was too young to understand her.

Roxy: i never even got the chance to misunderstand my mom
or grownup you
or... i mean i didnt get to misunderstand her in person
more like as a legendary figure
cause i grew up 300 years after she died

Rose: Ah, right.
I think I'm going to have to call the contest early. Yours is the more interesting biography, by quite
Roxy: not really!
not to me at least... i was lonely
i thought about her a lot to pass the time
she was p amazing at least according to history
she wrote hella books about wizards and rode a genocidal fat man down a waterfall of blood
Rose: She wrote hella books about wizards?
Roxy: yeh!
they were famous n good and everything
Rose: It sounds like I fumbled into the wrong line of work.
There's no money in this Sburb business.
Well, there is. It just comes in incredibly stupid denominations, which are not particularly useful.
Kanaya: Do You Have Copies Of These Books
Roxy: ummmm yes!
yes i do there are copies back on my planet
assuming john didnt retcon them away like a book thiefin sneak!
Kanaya: I Would Really Love To Read Them Some Time If You Wouldnt Mind
Roxy: no not at all!
Rose: By the way, this is Kanaya.
Sorry for the combination of bad manners and general dumbfoundedness which precluded a more timely introduction.
Kanaya: Hello
Rose: hey!
that's a nice name and also ur pretty
Kanaya: Thank You
I Admire The Aesthetics Of Your Name And Appearance As Well And In No Small Part Due To Their Respective Similarity To Your Daughters
Roxy: wow man that was somehow both a convoluted thing to say yet smooth as hell m impressed
Rose: Welcome to Maryam City, population, a whole lot of great remarks like that.
Roxy: but yes ill get u those books!
they're great they made me wanna write my own wizard books
Rose: Did you?
Roxy: errr
yeah sorta (uncertain face)
Rose: Could I read them?
Roxy: ummmm
Rose: Hey, you got to read mine!
Roxy: yeah but u were like an old pro when u wrote yours!
they are freaking Masterpiece wizardfics!!!
they won pulitzers and shit
Rose: Did they really??
Roxy: um idk probably?
Rose: Oh.
Roxy: i dunno they are just vry vry good
so the ancient prize scholars im sure were like, dude these wizards are vry vry fucking good
give them all the awards, then shut down the awards, but not cuz of the looming apocalypse, just cuz u literally cannot do better than these wizards
Rose: I can live with that.
It's always been one of my professional goals to write tales of magical men so provocative, they would cause the permanent and unceremonious dissolution of at least one prestigious award.
Roxy: so yeah i dunno i guess u can see
but its a pale ghost of a story compared to ur stuff and its also um kinda weird?
Rose: I like weird!
Roxy: yeah
just... your opinion means a lot to me & im nervous u might think it sucks!
Rose: But I never even wrote the masterpieces you read.
I think you may have a view of my abilities which I haven't earned yet.
Really, I'm not that good.
I have my own story drafts which you can read if you like.
They're nothing special, frankly.
Roxy: o really??
aw man ok then that sounds fun! (smiley face)

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Rose and Roxy turn to smile at Kanaya, who looks eager, but like she's trying to hide it.]

dialoglog
Kanaya: If During Your Manuscript Exchange You Need Someone To Read Over Your Shoulder
Say
To Proofread
Or
To Purge Each Sentence Of Punctuation And Capitalize The First Letter Of Every Word
Id Be Happy To Volunteer
Strictly Professionally Of Course And Not Because I Really Want To Read Your Wizard Things
Too
(I Really Want To Read Your Wizard Things Too I Hope Thats Okay)
Roxy: hahaha yeah sure its ok!
kanaya sorry me and rose are babbling away here to each other we dont mean to be excluding you
Kanaya: Its Fine I Am Thoroughly Enjoying My Role As A Spectator
I Know That Rose Has Been Looking Forward To This A Lot
And That She Received Similarly Vicarious And Politely Passive Enjoyment From The
Interactions I Had With My Ancestor
So Now I Will Just Resume The Politely Passive Part Of It Ha Ha
Roxy: u dont gotta!
jump in whenever you feelin it! (Very happy face)
i love meeting new trolls
well at least when theyre not evil or somethin
love them not evil trolls
like the cranky one over there in rad ruby shades
Kanaya: Terezi
Roxy: yeah shes a boss
Kanaya: Thats A Pretty Fair Way To Describe The Attitude Of Anyone Higher Than Me On The
Hemospectrum
Kanaya: But Yes You Are Right
Roxy: oh also
lest we forget dear fefeta
Kanaya: Fefeta
Do You Mean
Feferi?
Roxy: no fefeta!!!
she was a dear precious soul
Kanaya: Hmm
Roxy: she was my sprite
guess she never happened in this version of stuff though?
dang
thats sad but maybe not quite as sad as her existing then exploding?
im confuse
wonder what even else is different...
Well, you died too.
i did?
Rose: Yes, while pushing me out of the way of a fork.
So, thank you for that, retroactively. And... to a different version of you.
Roxy: jeez
yeah i... had a really similar thing happen in my timeline...
also involving a fork
and even tho youre ok now its still almost too sad to even talk about
Rose: Yeah.
We didn't get to exchange even a single word before you were gone.
All I could think was, "How can this be happening again?"
Luckily the sense of misery was short lived, though.
It wasn't long before I was informed the incident was part of something bigger taking shape.
And that John was on his way with a different version of you.
I had no idea what "a different version" actually entailed, but I wasn't about to quibble.
I was so relieved.
Roxy: same
altho...
instead of waiting for you to come back i had to jump thru all these hoops with john
and went through some uh
different stuff
i uh
i may have thrown an impromptu funeral for your alt-u dead body (gasping face)
Rose: You did?
Roxy: yup
sorry if that sounds weird
and i knew i was comin to meet a new version of you
but
it helped me
with like
feelings about people i left behind
Rose: A funeral...
Wow, that,
Roxy: ?
Rose: Sorry for this, if it comes off as odd, but,
That is so "mom" of you.
Roxy: oh yea?
Rose: M-hm.
Roxy: hehe
i like your mom!
Rose: Me too.

[A6A6I5] Next
dialoglog
Rose: I don't mean to be too analytical about getting to know you, really. I guess comparisons are little hard for me to avoid, since the adult version of you played such a significant role in my life. So I can't help seeing the similarities when they are there. But also you are so clearly your own person, shaped by your own experiences, and that is the person I would prefer to get to know, rather than a young avatar for the memory of a departed parent. Yet this is the context which somewhat inescapably colors my perception of what you reveal. So while some observations are in the vein of predictable, charmingly so, mind you... Others I regard as surprising.
Roxy: what about me is surprising?
Rose: Well. You aren't, You don't quite seem like a person who...
Er.
Roxy: .....?
Rose: I don't want to ask anything that would sound rude to you, or spiteful to her. Because I don't feel that conflicted about this anymore. Particularly since I had my own troubles with it. So it would be pretty hypocritical.
Roxy: conflicted about what?
Rose: Let me back up a little. It was a long ride on that meteor. One experiences things over a few years, given a lot of time to think. Changes and such. About half way through, I started thinking more... About mom. And about you. Knowing that I'd probably meet you, and. I don't know. Live up to the experience? It's silly, but I'm guessing you understand what I mean.
Roxy: (smiley face)
Rose: Basically, I was just nervous. And it was all mixed up with feelings of conflict and remorse over my mother. Who, to my hazy preteen recollection, never wasted a day in my life on sobriety. She and her habit put all those days to quite effective use, actually. And I don't even quite remember the thought process that led to this, but, I sort of ran with it too? The habit, I mean. For a while at least.
I was still distraught about losing her. And wanted to understand her. To connect with her, in some way. And I guess that was the only idea I had. And on some level, I think connecting with her was also a way of preparing myself to meet you... Even though that probably makes no sense. Since you aren't literally her, and don't share all her... I guess I shouldn't speak for you, though.
Roxy: so youre sayin youre surprised im unlike her in that way cause i dont seem like someone whod get drunk off her ass all the time?
Rose: Um-
Roxy: hahahaha well i guess i should be flattered if u rly think so buttttt wrong
Rose: So... you,
Roxy: my story's kind of like yours!
i had a mom i never knew and wanted to feel close to her however i could
i grew up mostly unsupervised in her old old house
and it had all this old stuff in it plus some old booze squirreled away here and there
aaand i just uhhh started up even tho i was Way too young for shit like that Whoops....
and like i said it was a bit lite on discipline round then, its not like a buncha silly pumpkin eaters
were gonna stop me
Rose: Pumpkin eaters?
Roxy: chess guys
loads of them
Rose: !
Roxy: but yeah i wanted to be like her and do what she did but mostly just made a hot catastrophe
of myself
i doubt that is what she wanted
at the time it seemed like a cool thing a real intellectual an mysterious book celebrity would do
while also leading a badass and secretly subversive life in opposition of tyranny
but
i think what is more likely is
she knew the whole world would end and everyone would die no matter what she did
which was probly hard to live with
idk if i can blame the old lady for wantin to get a Wee bit sauced after a couple of rapping clowns
won a presidential election
Rose: Yeah, I...
Wait, what?
Clowns?
Roxy: long story
bad story
plz continue
Rose: Ok. Yes, I'm sure my mother knew the end was coming too.
Knowing that helped put a lot of her behavior in context for me. I was always too young to
understand.
Roxy: poor moms (frowning face)
poor poor adult dead sexy lady us (frowning face) (frowning face)
Rose: Truth.
Roxy: but anyway
back to... us!
kid alive sexy lady us
Rose: Yes.
It sounds like your Rose had an incredible career, but all things considered, I prefer being kid alive
sexy lady me.
Roxy: agree
i know what you mean about being nervous
about meeting you i mean
maybe nervous isn't quite right but
when i started thinking about meeting u is when i started thinkin...
i should try being not Quiiite such a mess
so i started takin the idea of cleaning up my act more seriously
Rose: Ultimately, I concluded the same thing.
I decided it wouldn't be a very dignified way to make an entrance.
Or for that matter, a very constructive way to help out in a struggle to preserve reality.
Luckily, I was able to cut it out a while ago. I admit, it wasn't easy.
But it helped a lot to have people around looking out for me.

*Poke.*
Kanaya: ...
*Sits Poked*
Roxy: yeah i had friends help me too!
i couldn't do it without them either
Rose: I never had "I.R.L." friends before this trip.
It's interesting to observe the various ways they apply themselves to your benefit.
Some people are around to make you feel like you're worth sticking with, even when you fuck up.
And some people are around to kick your ass to make sure you don't.
Roxy: haha
i think i had to play the latter role to my friends a lot
and also to myself i guess
who kicked your ass
was it the yelly guy over there?
Rose: No, Karkat was mostly preoccupied with his own... shenanigans.
The yelling is deceptive. He's a rather private person.
Vriska, however.
She really is quite an extravagant bitch.
Roxy: lmao
Rose: But it turns out people like that tend to have some convenient assets.
Such as, the sheer force of personality to keep a bunch of idiots from falling apart.
Don't get me wrong. It's quite annoying.
But... useful.
Roxy: yeaaah
i probably should have been more of a bitch to all my peeps
maybe we wouldn't have gone to jail and died
Rose: Let it be a lesson to us all.

[Image description: Roxy lifts her hands up to emphasize her words and grins. In the background, Dave turns to look towards them.]

dialoglog
Roxy: seriously tho
is so nice hearin ur stories
especially the similarities of stuff we experienced
wizards and writing and mom stuff and even bad things we went through
and obviously were similar by dna and all
but even so
it still feels comforting
that even if u flip the universe upside down and change it all around
pull us apart by centuries, kill humans off, flood the world
were still connected to each other
in a mysterious way that goes beyond genes and circumstance
and that i think is some tight frickin noise to consider
Rose: I'm considering it right now, and yes.
That noise... it is So tight.
Roxy: (smiling face with a single tear)
Rose: (smiling face with a single tear)
Kanaya: (smiling face with a single tear)
Dave: hey what are we all talking about over here
Rose: Damn it, Dave.

[Image description: We return to the character select screen. This time, select Tavrosprite, Jake, and Vriska.]

[Image description: Tavrosprite grins down at Jake, who sits on the floor.]

Jake: tavrosprite is it ok if we pretend to have a conversation over here for a while... so that I look busy and not come off as big of a doofus as I feel like?
Tavrosprite: I can oblige, and also personally identify, with that idea, and the feelings of self lameness behind it,

buuut,
I could also help you out with a real conversation too, instead of a fake one,
in fact, maybe we already even said enough words together, just now, for that to qualify, (smiley face with bull horns)
Jake: hahaha oh tavrosprite.
you have always been the one ray of light shining through the clouds in what has otherwise been an emotionally stormy game experience for me.
im so grateful that you found it in your ghostly bosom to drift over to lomax now and then to cheer me up.
often enough to give me a real pickmeup when feeling blue over friend problems but just seldom enough to feel like a rare delight when you did.
Tavrosprite: yeah,
I was under strict instruction from vriska, to not interfere with the timeline much, for lots of months,
so I didn't say hello often,
she helped me be back alive, so, I owed her that much on one hand,
but on the other, I think she was doing her bossy thing, for the sake of just telling me what to do, and I didn't see how just being friendly sometimes, was even changing the timeline much, or why that idea even mattered?
because it seemed like most of you all here, never did much important stuff anyway,

Jake: haha! Its true. More tiptop wisdom from that sage bullheaded noggin of yours.
Tavrosprite: why do you want to be pretend-talking, (even though it's real), and look busy to your friends?
Jake: im just not up to all this socialization yet.
maybe I never will be.
I feel at ease talking to you but all these others... I dont know.
it feels really awkward and I think I lost most of my prior bravado due to a lot of bad things that happened with my friends.
Tavrosprite: what happened with them?
Jake: I just messed up with everyone in a lot of ways im too embarrassed to even talk about.
and now I just feel gun shy about... Everything I guess.
even polite conversation with fun new people I should be thrilled to meet!
I couldnt even set things right with my buddies now if I wanted to.
jane is asleep so I cant make amends with her after she became an angry robot and punched me in the gut and jailed me and threatened me with eternal marriage and baby making duties.
I mean sure she was brainwashed when she did all that but im sure I did some stuff to deserve it!
dirk is still way off somewhere so I can't address that whole spicy meatball which I still feel terrible about.

and roxy...

well okay roxy is right there but look at her shes having a blast with all these people she actually really likes and who are probably actually likable.

she probably wants nothing to do with me either so I might as well do her the courtesy of leaving her alone.

Tavrosprite: but,

isn't she,

waving at you, and saying hello, right now,

due, almost certainly, to overhearing you talking about her name?

Roxy: hi jake!!

Jake: oh.

yeah.....

it would seem she is.

those are probably pity waves though.

Tavrosprite: iiiii,

don't think that is true,

I have been the getter almost exclusively, of the pity versions of various deeds directed at me, and,

I think that's not what she's doing, those are normal waves and hellos,

you should probably do one of those things back to her,

Roxy: hi iiii jake

jake

jake dammit hi

Jake: oh.

um sorry.

h... hi roxy.

you're with us again and... And... I like that.

Roxy: (very happy face)

Tavrosprite: nice, bro!

keep working at behaviors of that sort, your self esteem will get bigger,

Jake: "i like that???

thunderations what a fucking clod I am.

I really need to keep a lower profile.

even basic pleasantries are a bit above my huckleberry for now.

Tavrosprite: I get it, self esteem is probably the hardest emotion to master,

it helps to have help.

Jake: and I appreciate it mr tavrosprite really I do.

Tavrosprite: no, I mean not from me,

do you have a fantasy phantom representing your self esteem who you can look up to?

Jake: a phantom??

Tavrosprite: because I did once, and it helped me,

then he became real, and *really* helped me, but not because of believing or anything,

just because of coincidence, he happened to be my ancestor,

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jake looks up and gives Tavrosprite a confused and uncertain look.]

dialoglog

Jake: well...

yes I suppose I have something like that.
a brain ghost of my friend dirk who visits me sometimes.
I guess he represents my self esteem but...
I dunno how helpful he actually is!
Tavrosprite: why,
Jake: because of all the consternation that my relationship with real dirk has caused me!
he says all the right things to make me feel better about myself but when he visits my brain I never
actually feel that comfortable or good about myself.
I just feel kind of weird and truthfully spend most of the time hoping he just goes away and he
probably knows that too because hes my brain and that makes me feel weirder!
Tavrosprite: I see,
your brain is complicated then,
I'm guessing it's because you're some sort of genius,
Jake: really?????
Tavrosprite: yes, absolutely,
I have a sense for these things,
Jake: gosh.
Tavrosprite: maybe, instead of listening to the upsetting words of a complicated brain ghost,
what a brilliant mind like you needs, is something simpler,
like listening to the nice and flattering words, of a real friend, (smiley face with bull horns)
Jake: maybe youre right!
Tavrosprite: not related to that, have I mentioned,
you're actually quite handsome for a human,
Jake: wow you think??
Tavrosprite: also you have a dashing personality, and you seem pretty strong, and your very small
pair of creamy looking pants is really cool,
Jake: holy cow.
youre right tavrosprite.
these nice observations about me...
why they really do seem to be making me feel at least infinitesimally better about myself.
what a chum!
Tavrosprite: this is only the beginning, of the feelgood feelings you can force inside you,
through the repetitive mentionings of such things about you,
but also through developing yourself as a brave alive hero,
it's too late for me to do that, since I lived a weak life, died, and was lucky enough to have a friend
with a good enough heart to bring me back,
but only as a spiritual guide, such as the one floating before you,
so I can't be that heroically great anymore, by tragic definition, but you can,
you're living, strong, nice, and of even higher importance, immortal,
so that gives you, by my estimation, literally forever,
to get better, and better, and better, and finally prove yourself,
that way you can win your friends over, and everyone will like you again,
Jake: boy shitting howdy! (Gasping face)
just imagine... From hobbledehoy to hero.
wouldnt that spiffy predicament just razz my berries.
Vriska: tavros, would you leave that poor kid alone?
what sort of nonsense are you telling him?
Tavrosprite: nothing,
Vriska: oh, bullshit.
you're filling his head with lies, aren't you?
Tavrosprite: no,
it's just a basic conversation, not about any topics, you're probably going to say, you disapprove of,
Vriska: hey kid, what's he telling you? what's your name again? Jape? Jake: ja... i j... yes. Sure.
Tavrosprite: no, it's not jape, wrong, Vriska: who even cares? Your overly simplistic human names all sound so alike to me. anyway, listen jape.
whatever load of shit he's selling you in a misguided effort to cheer you up, don't listen to him. it's all a bunch of sappy delusional garbage.
I'm not going to let you down easy, and some day you'll realize this is the biggest favor anyone's ever done for you.
you are never going to do anything important, and you'll never amount to anything. Period! neither is tavros.
Tavrosprite: wait, no, now hold, on, Vriska: no, you hold on, tavros.
you had more than enough chances to prove you could be a relevant contributor to our adventure, but you blew it every step of the way.
it's time to face the facts. You're never going to have that "big moment" that vindicates your arc of personal development. It's just not going to happen!
Tavrosprite: no, I know that, I just admitted that, you weren't listening to our,,,
Vriska: it's not going to happen for jape here, either. So stop filling his head with nonsense.
I can just smell it off him. He's just like you, really.
a loser is a loser.
Jake: *sniffle.*
Vriska: here's the bottom line. pages just suck!
all of them do. They just can't ever seem to get it together.
I think it just happens to be the class players get stuck with if they're naturally that sort of person. it doesn't mean they don't have value as people, but they'll never have anything significant to contribute, so they really should just stay out of the way.
there's a certain quiet dignity in understanding your utterly crippling limitations as an individual. Ideally, a very quiet dignity, so the important people can still hear themselves think!
Tavrosprite: ok but, what about all that, big page potential, Vriska: that's also a lot of misleading horseshit, and really kind of a cruel stipulation of the class, to be honest.
it makes losers think there's actually some light at the end of a long tunnel, so it keeps them dreaming instead of facing the facts!
sure, they could reach all that potential if they worked really hard for a long time, but don't you get it?
the very nature of who they are prohibits that! They don't have what it takes to stick it out to the end, because they're too weak mentally.
so it's just the game playing a nasty joke on them. Like dangling a carrot at the end of a
ridiculously long stick.
only an asshole would knowingly play along with such a vicious hoax.
Tavrosprite: argh, no, any form of friendship encouragement, no matter what, is universally great I think,
we all learn this as fact, from lots of things we see and enjoy, in stories and stuff.
Vriska: oh my fucking god.
Jake: no... Tavrosprite shes... Shes right.
shes right.
*sniif.*
Tavrosprite: vriska, look at what you did,
you made my friend jape sad,
don't listen to her, and come here buddy, for a reassuring embrace,
Vriska: tavros don't you fucking touch him!!!!!!!
remember, you've only been prototyped once!
do you really want to fuse into an eternal monstrosity with that weenie?
god, what a weenie singularity that would be. Maybe I should stand back and let it happen!
for science. Also, it would serve you right.
Tavrosprite: ohhhhhhhh,
yeahhhhhhhhh?
well get a load, of this!
actually,
no, you're,
right of course, I won't hug him, because,
that sounds really, really bad,
sorry jape,
Jake: (frowning face)

[Image description: We return to the character select screen again. This time, select Terezi and Vriska.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Terezi and Vriska sit next to each other in front of Jane’s fridge, which is chained shut.]

Dialoglog
Terezi: vriska, shouldn't we get back to our strategy meeting soon?
Vriska: yeah, pretty soon.
Terezi: it's like we used to say in the old days
time is dead kids
Vriska: believe me, I haven't forgotten!
that's as true now as it ever was. Only difference is now we're working together to prevent the bodies from piling up.
Terezi: (smiley face with furrowed brows)
Vriska: we still have a little time before we need to get serious, and anyway, when you're managing a team, you need to balance things.
gotta keep morale up, you know?
the troops have been itching for a feel-good moment like this for a long time.
as a competent leader-slash-power-gamer extraordinaire, it's incumbent on me to recognize that and cut them a bit of slack.
give them a little space to remember what they're all fighting for, you know?
Terezi: yeah, great point
Vriska: we could do the same, you know.
over the last few years, we've had so many great times and buried all the old hatchets deep enough
that I think it's easy to take our relationship for granted.
doesn't hurt to remind ourselves how lucky we both are. And how close we came to going in
completely different directions.
anyway, I'm glad this is the path we chose. I couldn't ask for a better moirail. (Smiley face with
eight eyes)
Terezi: me neither
I don't know how I would have lived with myself if I had... Gone through with it
and we'd be dead if I hadn't...
thank god for egbert
never never never tell him I said this but
for a dork, he's...
Vriska: hmm?
Terezi: he
let's just say you did a great job training him, once upon a time
Vriska: hey, so did you!
some version of yourself was badass enough to write down all those instructions in her own blood
just before she died.
sounds like a real hero to me!
Terezi: hehe
Vriska: sometimes I wonder what things would be like if we never had our falling out.
it was a lot like this, back in the old days, remember?
just hanging out, working together, not much drama except I guess for the occasional ethical
debate on how our foes should be dealt with.
what if it never spiraled out of control? If I never blinded you, if you never blew off my arm...
what if you decided to send john back to change all that instead?
Terezi: I didn't write the instructions myself, but
I'm sure I never considered it
everything we went through back then made us stronger
it was something to work to put behind us, not erase
something that was worth the effort (smiley face with furrowed brows)
Vriska: yeah!
(diamond)
Karkat: *shout blither blah blah words*
*blah blah tactless nincompoops shout ramble screed*
*blah blister bemoan blah blah gossip-hungry lobotomy hobbits*
*shout yell screech holler brainless gushing yammertwats*
Vriska: oh god.
what is he going on about now?
Terezi: sounds like he's yelling at dave and john about something
Vriska: so, john's been here for all of five minutes, and he already tripped karkat's tirade siren?
Terezi: he's not actually angry
he's embarrassed about something
my ear is finely tuned to all the vantrum nuances
Vriska: embarrassed? About what?
think he might actually be bent out of shape over the fact that he's not leader anymore?
Terezi: no way
it's something very personal
Vriska: I wonder if john's been asking what the deal is with him and dave?
john was pretty nosy, if I recall.
Terezi: I think it's more likely dave is just rambling sans filter again
Vriska: yeah, he does do that a lot, doesn't he.
hey, as long as we're swearing each other to secrecy on stuff, make absolutely sure they never
know I said this, but...
he and karkat...
are kind of adorable??
in whatever quadrant that whole situation settled in.
I don't know, it's none of my business really. I just never would have guessed!
Terezi: agreed
I guess we stuck to ourselves mostly
and rose and kanaya were all... You know
so that left them and their cute mayor sidekick to...
sort things out amongst each other? Without interference from a bunch of crazy fucked up girls
I'm happy for them
and... For me too
if you hadn't been around, I have a feeling I would have gotten sucked into some weird bullshit
with both of them
Vriska: sounds rough.
guess that's one more bullet dodged, thanks to yours truly!
Terezi: guess so!
(geek)

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: They smile at each other.]

Dialoglog
Terezi: gonna miss you
sure you have to get going so soon?
Vriska: yeah, I really can't waste much more time.
just have to get all these goofballs squared away, then I'm off.
Terezi: oh...
Vriska: is something wrong?
Terezi: no
well, not really
nothing important
Vriska: what is it?
Terezi: it's dumb
you'll probably laugh at me
Vriska: no I won't!

come on, tell me. What good is having a moirail you don't feel like you can talk to?
Terezi: I dunno
I'm not sure I can even put my finger on what's bugging me
I feel like I should be psyched for the battle ahead
like, pumped up to kill some bad guys, and finally end this
but I just feel a little... Weird?
especially knowing that you won't be here
Vriska: what does me not being here have to do with anything?
Terezi: what if
when it's time to fight, and people really need me
to use my "powers" or whatever it is I'm supposed to be able to do
what if it turns out I'm not actually that...
Vriska: but you already proved that you are!
another version of you basically saved us all, remember?
Terezi: I know, but
that was a different me
who went through some things I never went through, and probably figured out how to be awesome
and heroic along the way
I never did any of that, and I certainly don't feel awesome and heroic yet
and
this probably sounds really dumb but
it kind of makes me feel guilty
Vriska: guilty? Why?
Terezi: because she pretty much sacrificed herself
to make things better
specifically, better for *me* I think
to let me lead a better life, presumably
to fix my problems I guess?
but
I don't feel fixed
I actually kinda feel a weird sense of pressure
to be the best version of myself, like...
the most productive and heroic and well adjusted terezi in paradox space?
but I'm definitely not that terezi
Vriska: ok, you are being way too hard on yourself here.
I really doubt that's what the other version of you intended!
that's not even how shit works. People don't just get "fixed".
even if circumstances change so you have a smoother ride, you are always going to have flaws.
I guess you should always try to be the best version of yourself, but I think it's also important to be
ok with the fact that you aren't perfect.
I've got flaws too! I mean, obviously.
but I'm mostly ok with them.
Terezi: wow. You don't say???
Vriska: hey, shut up! (Tongue sticking out face with eight eyes)
I'm just trying to offer a little perspective here!
Terezi: yeah, I know
you're right...
I'll try to forget about this stuff, and just focus on helping out the team
it'll be hard doing it without you, but I guess I've managed to do it before
even if I don't remember
Vriska: yeah!
you'll be fine. I know you can do it.
Terezi: when will I see you again?
Vriska: some day.
I'll do my best to shorten the wait for you as much as I can. Using time travel or whatever other
nonsense I may have at my disposal.
when all is said and done, I'll drop by earth and look you up.
Terezi: I can't wait (smiley face with furrowed brows)
Tavrosprite: *blither babble, ramble self esteem, prattle,*
*ramble mumble, brave alive hero,*
*mutter blither, finally prove yourself, babble babble,*
Vriska: tavros, would you leave that poor kid alone?
what sort of nonsense are you telling him?
Next

We return to the character select screen for the fifth time. This time, pick Roxy, Dave, and Rose.

Next

Rose and Roxy still sit on the floor, but now Kanaya stands behind them and Dave stands in front.

dialog

Rose: Dave, we were sort of in the middle of something here.
Dave: in the middle of what
Rose: A series of heartfelt conversations of a personal nature.
Dave: oh
i guess im in the middle of those now too
im feeling heartfelt as fuck somebody bone me up on the shit
Rose: One cannot simply be boned up on shit such as this. You had to be there.
Dave: come on
Rose: Wizards, Problems, Feelings. It was your standard tale of two estranged mutual mothers. Any questions?
Dave: yes lots
Rose: Ok.
Can you maybe sit over there for a while and write them all down?
Dave: um
Kanaya: Rose This Accumulation Of People Is Coming Dangerously Close To What Your Culture Might Process As A Human Familial Unit
This Is A Foreign Idea To Me And Probably A Private Matter To You So I Think I Will Leave You All Alone And Go Talk To Some Trolls
Personally I Think You Should Welcome Dave Into The Fold Of Your Poignant Wizard Reverie From My Cultural Point Of View At Least He Has As Much Claim To A Sense Of Ancestral Connection To Your Mother As You
See You Everybody
Dave: yeah man kanaya to the rescue with smart shit to say as usual
Rose: Utterly destroyed again, by her superior sense of reason and decorum.
Though I do wonder if her perspective would be different if she'd ever had to manage relations with a "twin brother".
Dave: ok but who cares about that
so rose
its our mom
hey mom
Roxy: hi!!!
Dave: well not mom
your actual name instead of that i guess
roxy i think
Roxy: u think right
moms ok too tho
Dave: i dunno that might be weird
calling you that all the time
rose would that be weird
Rose: It would probably get a little weird.
Dave: so mom
im just going to jump right into the fuckin frying pan here
like tape off a no bullshit zone for a while
Dave: if thats ok
Roxy: a frying pan in the no bullshit zone??
sounds intense
who is manning this pan and who gave him clearance for the no bs zone
Dave: captain Serious is at the pan and he got the go-ahead from lieutenant Doesnt Fuckaround of the Heartattack Armada
Roxy: isnt lieutenant a lower rank than captain
who put this dude in charge of such an important pan
Dave: um i dont know maybe it is?
ok like its cool that you even know that fact but this is exactly the kind of fuckery the no bs zone
doesnt cotton to no matter what sorta cookware is involved or which pseudomilitary organization regulates its borders
i just have some questions about you and about stuff in general so rather than mumble through a conversation that sounds mostly like the stuff we literally just got done sayin, sweet though that would be, im gonna machine gun some shit at you lighting round style
Roxy: a machine gun lightning round in a frying pan!!!!!
god.......Damn
Dave: i know right?
so
you are my biological mother
Roxy: yes
Dave: and roses
Roxy: yes
Dave: and therefore bear at least partial and like biologically incidental responsibility for why we are both so fucked up
Roxy: yes
Dave: but you yourself are a paradox clone
Roxy: um... i guess?
Dave: which means
you didnt even have bio parents
you originated from yourself
Roxy: guess so!
Dave: so you really dont have anyone to blame for who you are except weirdly and paradoxically yourself
Roxy: um.. y.. yes?
Rose: Dave.
Dave: wait ok
sorry if that sounded rude i didnt mean it rudely
i mean
you did have a "parental figure" who you i guess modeled yourself after in a way
or were influenced by i mean
an old version of rose from a long time ago
Roxy: yes!
Dave: and my bro was the same way
or
your friend i mean
Roxy: dirk!
Dave: he was a paradox clone of himself
and he like
did kind of the same thing
modeled himself after...
Roxy: ...
Dave: why dont we not talk about dirk
can we change the subject
Roxy: you brought him up!!
Dave: i know
i know
look
i bring up a lot of things
and then have to back track a lot of those things i bring up
cause sometimes the things i bring up are ill advised to say or make people uncomfortable or make me uncomfortable
its just a thing about me
Roxy: ooh!
just had a thought
do i get to do a lightning round at you next??
Dave: i guess so yeah
depends on if you want to keep sitting in this goddamn pan
Roxy: hmm i dunno
maybe our asses are gettin too hot
Dave: maybe you should speak for yourself
Rose: Dave!
Dave: Shit
Roxy: lol
Dave: no mom look
roxy i mean
its like i was just saying
i just say things it is just like this force of nature no one can control or even try to, least of all me
we just have to cross our fingers and hope for the best
and that my one man verbal slapstick routine isnt too freudian in nature or at least not that often
anyway lets pretend i didnt just insinuate you have a hot ass and move on
Roxy: (winking face)
Dave: i heard something about wizards
you hells into wizards like rose?
Roxy: Yes
Dave: ok well that is a predictable if somewhat bland fact
lets see if we can dig a lil deeper
dont get me wrong wizards are ok i guess
Roxy: oh yeah? well maybe Youre ok
Dave: yeah, im alright
wizards are better at magic than me
but im better than wizards at rap
so i guess it breaks even
or it would if i was a pretend jackass in silly robes and a dumb beard
so point goes to dave
Rose: (Sigh.)
Dave: do you like rap
Roxy: kinda!
dirk loves rap so i...
ummm haha never mind
forgot we werent talkin about that
Dave: well what do you like to do
Roxy: i like........
cats!!
Dave: ok that is a fair opinion but cats arent actually an activity or anything
Roxy: theyyy kinda were for me though!
i uh
used to clone them
i may have um
gotten a little carried away
Dave: cat cloning huh
that sounds like a pretty dope hobby
i think were getting somewhere
so you had access to that kind of stuff because you lived in a scifi world
Roxy: a scifi world?
Dave: yeah the future
what was the future like
Roxy: watery
fulla chess people
lots o pumpkins
u kno
usual dystopian stuff
Dave: i see
and it was just the chess guys and you
like alone
no other people except for bro
who i guess was way off somewhere?
Roxy: yup
Dave: sounds like kind of a bummer
Roxy: yeah
i talked to my friends a lot though
via computers n shit
Dave: thats cool
me too
maybe when it comes down to it our lives werent that different
except for the extinction of humanity part
my humans were just
imminently extinct is all
i didnt have chess guys around though
theyre actually good company
Roxy: yeah!!
Dave: my best best best best best friend is a chess guy
hes the mayor
ill have to introduce you to him soon
youll love the mayor everybody loves the mayor
Roxy: wanna meet the mayor!
Dave: dont worry ill put in a good word for you pretty sure we can find an opening in his schedule
tell me more
Roxy: more?
Dave: about you
Roxy: damn dude
this frying pan...
shit be Sizzlin
Dave: fuck yeah
aside from cat breeding how else did you pass the time
Roxy: ummmmmmmm
writin
um
a Fair amount of uh
lets say recreational liquid intake
and uhh
oh um hacking
Dave: haha seriously
like actual hacking
Roxy: yeah!
well computer programming rly
hacking is just what u call it to sound cool
there wasnt even much shit around to "hack"
Dave: so kinda like john
except
i think he pretty much sucked at his codes
Roxy: hahahahaha really
Dave: yeah
he seemed to find it frustrating mainly
his bitching about it is literally my only point of reference for his degree of proficiency
youre good though right
i bet youre good
Roxy: tha Best (Smiley face wearing sunglasses)
Dave: knew it
Roxy: maybe i could give him some pointers on the leet haxx
Dave: fuck yes
hed be all about that
or i think he should be which is all that matters
do that and insist on it if he gets weirdly obstinate or like tries to pretend he doesnt like
programming anymore
Roxy: ok
Dave: what else
Roxy: oh umm
idk dave i might be runnin outta shit to say!
Dave: you sure
Roxy: iii
liked to play games?
Dave: what games
Roxy: uh mostly...
the nintendos
Dave: i see
which nintendos
Roxy: a whole bunch of nintendos!!
like lotsa diff systems n titles
i dunno if the ones i associate strongly with would have the same meaning like culturally speaking
for you
because to me they were all like cool ancient relics that kept me somewhat in touch with a world
that was long gone
Dave: that makes sense
thats mostly the relationship i have now with garbage romcoms
largely because karkat likes watchin em
so these godforsaken flicks have helped keep me grounded in our dead civilization in a weird way
but re: games...
i didn't have nintendos
my bro had xbox so i played that sometimes
but he mostly had all these shitty skating games
and like 20 different tony hawk titles
i would mainly just play them to fuck around
like find spectacular ways to crash and flop around like a douchey ragdoll
or figure out ways to get halfway stuck inside concrete fixtures and obstacles
and watch all these cool fratty bros twitch and flop ad infinitum
like struggling valiantly and earnestly forever against the shitty and deeply flawed physics of their
confining virtual prison
i saw them as tragic figures
Roxy: that sounds incredible tbh
Dave: pretty much
Roxy: do u think we can play games together some time?
wanna see ur majestic skatebros in their element
Dave: oh my dick yes
Rose: Dave.
Dave: what
Roxy: ok ok !
i think its
my turn??
keep your ass in the pan buddy u gona get Grilled
Dave: thats fair
Roxy: oh um
rose please dont think im excluding you!
jump in the convo any time k?
Dave: meh shes fine
Roxy: (tongue sticking out face)
Rose: I'm perfectly happy serving as a spectator and occasional officiator of this conversation.
It's quite entertaining to behold, really. I love watching how different personalities collide with
each other upon meeting.
Neither of you is failing to disappoint.
Roxy: lmao
god is Everyone in this family tree a psychoanalyst???
Dave: yo thats been like
her Eact top preoccupation since she was a fuckin baby
didnt she tell you
Roxy: haha no
but yeah makes sense
but like, youre all mr funny interrogation right now, rose is quite possibly a literal therapist in
training i guess?? and uh dirk is dirk
Roxy: just makes ya think is all
Dave: were all fucked up, the end
so what you wanna know mom
..rox

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Roxy grins at Dave and lifts her hands again. Rose watches in faint]
amusement.]

dialoglog
Roxy: here comes da lightning
u got to imagine it comin out my fingertips
wherein i am an almighty wisard
Dave: ok currently imagining that
hmm not bad
not bad at all
Roxy: pchoo
um
what
is your favorite rap guy
thats a dead tie
between me and snoop
also maybe obama but to be fair i dont think he raps irl that is mainly just a headcanon i have about him
Dave: but come on
you werent actually curious about that were you
Roxy: im trying to think of stuff to ask jeez!
gimme a sec...
kay
howwwww did
you become a god tier
Dave: rose and i went on a suicide mission piloting a moon through the furthest ring
the moon had a cosmic mega nuclear bomb in its core but also our quest beds by surprise
when it blew up it created literally the biggest fucking sun in existence which also happened to be the exact same sun we thought we were going out there to destroy
but we also died and resurrected as god tiers and i guess due to immortality rose up through the surface of the fuckin sun all glowing green and wearing pajamas and shit
Roxy: holy crap
that is so ridiculously insane and cool!
and so so so much more awesome than what happened to us wow!
Dave: why how did you do it
Roxy: god its almost embarrassing to even describe especially compared to that!
Dave: go on
Roxy: um we all had a hangover from magic candy and woke up on our god slabs and like talked for a while
have u ever seen the breakfast club
Dave: no
Roxy: ok well it was like that but probably shittier
then we all sorta randomly died on accident due to surprise villain attacks
Dave: eh that sounds alright
who even cares about having a baller origin story we were just some chumps on a moon being melodramatic and in the process of gettin chumped by an omniscient creep
your outfit looks cool at least
Roxy: thanks!
k then... next
have u
ever kissed anybody??
Dave: what
man
these questions are taking on a different tenor than the ones i asked you
Roxy: well??
Dave: um yeah ok i Was kissed
by jade when i was dead
so i would come back to life
that was like... Right before the moon mission i mentioned
Roxy: o yeah
i was corpse smooched once too
Dave: by who
Roxy: ...
hey its still my lightning round!
i was askin if You ever kissed somebody
like awake and alive and on purpose
Dave: maaan
Rose: We're waiting, Dave.
Dave: hey i thought you were just "studying" us!
Rose: I'm also officiating.
I'll have to hold you to the question, or throw a flag.
Remember the sports?
My, how quickly we forget the sports.
Dave: no come on
i just asked you about nintendo and shit!!
Roxy: ok ok!
hahaha (smiley face)
do youuu
like drawin
Dave: yes
Roxy: comics?
Dave: yes
Roxy: funny comics??
Dave: fuck yes
Roxy: about fat assed idiots and jpeg trashloss everywhere
Dave: fuck fucking yes
Roxy: ok ima admit
i have you at a little disadvantage
since i know some things about your alt future grownup self
Dave: like what
Roxy: dont wanna spoil it!
theres a better time for that conversation
and maybe a better person to have it with than me
Dave: ...
Roxy: do you like orange soda
Dave: no
Roxy: No??
Dave: hell no
Roxy: then whats your poison
Dave: a.j.
Roxy: huh?
Dave: apple juice
Roxy: thats fuckin cute
Dave: pretty much
Roxy: have u ever been in love
Dave: god damn it!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Rose looks at Dave curiously while Dave gives an aggressively neutral expression.]

dialoglog
Rose: This is the lightning round, Dave.
We didn't make the rules.
Anyway, I'm ready to blow my Referee's Sport Whistle™ if you don't answer before the
Commercially Endorsed Game Clock expires.
Dave: i think the lightning rounds over
why dont we have a distraction to seal the deal
hey mom i think harleydad over there is talkin about you
Roxy: jake?
hehe yeah i think ur right
gotta go catch up with him soon...
ill wave hello for now
Dave: i dont think hes noticing
Roxy: dammit jake look over here u goof
gonna start a fire here will all this friendly wavin
Dave: nope hes completely out to lunch
just like all the harleyberts
Roxy: hiuuuu jake
jake
dammit hi
Jake: Oh.
Um sorry.
H... hi roxy.
Youre with us again and... and... i like that.
Roxy: (Very happy face)
Dave: thats it?
hes right back at it with the bull guy
whats with him
he reminds me a lot of john but really quiet which is very unjohnish
Roxy: jakes great!
but yeah hes not like that all the time
he is p gregarious i on i but i guess he doesn't like crowds much
he became sort of a hermit after a few months in our session
he mainly hung out with dirk until he eventually sorta shut him out too
dude just likes his lonesome time i guess?
Dave: ill try gettin to know him some time
maybe trap him like a shy woodland creature
then brutally harangue him with my typically rad shit and become airtight bros
right there in the fucking woods
exactly how nature intended
Roxy: omg yes
i will help u rig your jakesnares
maybe leave some hunky dudebait, like a trail of microshorts sprinkled thru out the forest
Dave: awesome thanks mom
roxy i mean
Rose: Dave, even I'm having less trouble referring to Roxy by her name consistently, and I was the
one who grew up knowing her as my literal mother.
What is going on with you?
Dave: nothing
its just like semi accidentally replacing a word with another word in a majority of instances
why do you need to read things into everything
Rose: You're right. How could anyone possibly read anything into that sort of repeated slip-up.
Dave: exactly
Rose: What if you're making her uncomfortable?
Roxy: its fine really!
i think it is sorta endearing
Dave: see rose yall worrying about nothing as usual
moms fine with it
moxy
Roxy: snort
Dave: i mean
romy
mommy
wait fuck
ok that one was fucked up
lets make sure i never ever fucking say that again
Roxy: im dyin here
dave...stoppit
im a sphyxiate
Dave: i cant
its like i was saying before
this is a force of nature we all gotta just deal with
striders blurtscapades
daves flying boner circus
this shit is immutable
i had to face this fact a long time ago
i could either try to change that part of myself which is an unwinnable war
or i could try focusing on being like a vaguely half decent person so at least the shit i inevitably
blurt out from deep down isnt all that bad
because the bad stuff has been and is still being purged through an arduous long term process of
complete and utter humiliation
Roxy: man
arduous long term processes of complete and utter humiliation are basically my aesthetic
anyways you are a silly dude and its ok if u keep callin me mom on "accident" (smiley face)
Rose: I hope it is similarly ok with you if I make the conscious decision to refrain from calling you
that ever.
Unlike Dave, I've taken great pride in the meticulous maintenance of my internal filter.
I don't think I have the same luxury he does.
Humiliation just makes my demons angrier.
Roxy: yeah rose call me whatev!
but um lmao you got a way of makin that sound legit scary
Dave: its fucked up that shes joking but also not even really
youll figure out how to crack her deadpan riddles theres an art to it
Roxy: you guys...
an ur friggin psycho babble!
its a riot
suddenly feelin like maybe im the weak link in this family tree on the analytical front
need to step up my game
Rose: To be fair, Dave's game is pretty flimsy.
He's been jacking my swagger for years. He only pulls it off because he's funny.
And to be even fairer, I'm not actually much of a psychoanalyst.
I know just enough to know that I barely know anything, and probably would have benefited from,
I don't know, "college", or something.
Roxy: ok whew i feel a bit less lame then
i remember dirks insane scrutinization of all things cerebral had a similar way of dwarfing ones ego
maybe that was smoke in mirrors too idk
maybe since he and i are ur parents, in terms of psycho skillz...
hes got All genes and i got None
Roxy: so that means dave got Some genes and rose got Lots??
wherein Some is more than None and Lots is less than All
???
Rose: That's quite a scientific way of looking at it.
Maybe it's even true?
Roxy: yeah i fuken Love Science!!!
Dave: ok then that explains everything
Roxy: what
Dave: if you got all the science genes then that means some scraped off on me
which would explain why my beats are so ill
its cause my science is off the charts
Rose: Holy shit.
Can someone come push this nerd off the lilypad?
Roxy: dat explanation tho
(smiling face with a single tear)
Rose: Cringeworthy rap notwithstanding,
I do recall hearing him babble about wanting to be a scientist on more than one occasion.
If the world hadn't ended.
What was it? Archeology? Paleontology?
Dave: yeah i dunno
one of those things
whichever involved more dead shit
maybe
Roxy: paleontology!!
u wanted to study that?
Dave: i sincerely mumbled about the idea once or twice sure
Roxy: thats neat
what about you rose
did u actually want to be a legit psychiatrist and go to school for that and all?
Rose: I don't recall my thoughts on higher education.
My passion for the subject I think was more a contrivance of a very young girl with misplaced conviction in her abilities.
I probably thought I could just figure it all out myself and skip the academic coronation.
I don't think much about it anymore.
Possibly because there's no one left to analyze, except for the modest population of this frog disc.
Roxy: what would you want to do with your life instead?
i mean assuming there were no more evildoers to worry about
Rose: I don't know.
What is there even to consider doing with godhood But concern oneself with evildoers?
Dave: what about your quest
Rose: Hm?
Dave: the shit with your planet and the rain and stuff
wasnt there still something to do there
Rose: I... guess so?
Roxy: yeah
i did mine!
or at least a version of it specific to my situation
i get the feelin they change around and such depending on what the lay of the land is
my reality was fucked so my denizen just kinda... rerouted me
nothin too fancy
Dave: yeah exactly
i did this really stilted like mashup of what i assume my "real quest" was
like involving breaking a sword and Unbreaking a sword and a fuckin Bird was involved and then
the bird unceremoniously Died somewhere
it was kind of a mess
like me i guess so maybe that made sense
who knows what yours would have in store for you now
i mean
if you even wanted to bother
Rose: I'm not sure if I have the inclination, and realistically, there isn't even much time for that, is there?
We're supposed to be fighting adversaries imminently.
I can't squeeze it in before the battle.
And after, we'll have supposedly "won", so what would even be the point of doing it then?
Dave: shrug
Rose: Something always rubbed me the wrong way about "My Quest".
I don't even like the phrase. It's uncomfortably formal, and a little foreboding.
I think the regimentation of it all always struck me as unpalatable.
Like consigning personal growth to the completion of a glorified, myth-heavy rat maze.
Dave: yeah i know why you feel that way
youve got big problems with authority
you always have and you probably wouldnt even put it that way cause it sounds really Teen of you
and gauche or whatever
but its true
Roxy: omg u guys and your shrink babble!
is so funny i swear 2 god
Dave: yeah here we go again right?
except just remember im a fraud at this stuff
except in this particular case im totally right
she sees this quest all neatly laid out for her wrapped in a bow
fuck it even looks like its made for little kids with like pink turtles and rainbows and shit
like here you go princess its babys first quest
almost like it was designed to piss her off
sbrub says here, self improvement delineated and made comprehensible enjoy your cookie cutter
odyssey
so because shes rose she goes no fuck my quest
literally starts wrecking shit
and maybe that itself was always her quest

Vriska: If I may interject...

Dave: oh awesome vriska was eavesdropping

Vriska: Not for very long!
I just heard you talking about Rose's quest is all.
I don't have any opinion on whether you do it or not, Rose. That's your business.
but my advice is, if you see your denizen, just make sure you kill her fast.

Dave: what

Vriska: believe me, Cetus is a Huge bitch.
If you give her an inch, she'll try to sucker you into a whole boring conversation, mostly involving
a bunch of curmudgeonly riddles.
Don't give her the chance! Just go for the jugular and end it as soon as you can.
Grab her loot and call it a day. That's what I think, at least.
Assuming you bother going to see her at all. Couldn't really blame you if you didn't though.

Rose: I probably won't.

Rose sprite: Won't what?

Vriska: Oh now what the Fuck is this????????

Jaspersprite: Meow.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Everyone stands up as Jaspersprite and a new sprite, Rose sprite, float over.
Rose sprite is a purple sprite that looks, as expected, like Rose. Markings on her chest mirror the
sun and looping waist design on Rose’s god tier outfit. Rose pinches her eyes shut in frustration.
Vriska comes over and stares towards this new development.]

dialoglog

Roxy: Frigglish!

oh my god you cheeky bastard

oooomg

Dave: um

what exactly the fuck

Rose: ...

Roxy: frigglish

i cannot believe this

you dug up her body!!!!!

Jaspersprite: (smiling cat face)

Roxy: omg that is So bad!

but also sweet of you to bring her back but also Wow bad!!!!!

Wait.

Dug... up?

Rose sprite: I'm a little unclear on that myself.
Jaspers hasn't been especially descriptive.

Jaspersprite: Meow!

Yes both roses i dug you up!

Rose: From... where?

Roxy: um

johns planet

remember the funeral i mentioned?
frigglish was there too

orrr um jaspers?? our dumb departed beautiful idiot cat!!

haha i guess i made a novice mistake
i turned my back on the body
Rose sprite: You had a funeral for me?
That was nice of you.
Roxy: yeah!
so um...
Hi!!!!!
wow haha this is confusing!
welcome back you're alive again hey come here!
Vriska: Lalonde don't you fucking touch her!!!!!!!
Fucking incredible.
Am I the Only one here concerned with making sure we don't create freakish mutant people-combos?!
Roxy: wha
Vriska: She's only been single-prototyped!
Don't go near her.
Roxy: ohhh
heh right
Vriska: It is absolutely astounding how much you all need me around to keep your shit straight.
Even then it's a constant up hill battle to keep you all from fucking up!
I let my guard down for one second and this brainless animal wastes one of your precious resurrection slots on someone who's Already alive!
Well, congratulations. You're down to one empty kernel.
be sure to use it wisely!
Not that there's much hope of that at this point.
See you chumps. I'm out of this conversation.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Rose sprite smiles down at Dave while Jaspersprite floats behind her.]

dialoglog
Dave: so
what does this even mean
theres two roses now like
what the fuck
what are we supposed to do with this information and unfolding set of circumstances
Rose sprite: I don't know, Dave.
I have advanced seer powers, and the newly acquired insight of a mystical guide.
And even I'm stumped about this turn of events.
Dave: ok then
good to know im not dumb and this literally is inherently irrational
thanks ghost cat great job
Jaspersprite: (smiling cat face) (smiling cat face) (smiling cat face)
Dave: so what now
Rose sprite: Well,
It's nice to be back, after such a spectacular sequence of tragic events.
Even though I have no memory of having been gone for long.
But I also understand I am now the Subordinate Rose.
So with respect to my ongoing role, I will have to defer to Real Rose.
I don't want to step on anyone's toes.
Then again, I don't have feet anymore.
Roxy: lol
Rose sprite: It's also worth pointing out that my programming as a sprite informs me that I exist at the pleasure of the player who released my kernel.
So, Roxy. What do you think I should do?
Roxy: um wow
i dunno!
hahah man i only Just met um... alive rose here
Roxy: and that was after Just buryin you and saying goodbye and all which was this um emotional thing and now ur back cus of a silly cat! and
idk im confused haha
rose what do you think
Rose:
Roxy: rose
Rose:
Roxy: yo rose...
hello?
Rose: This is so stupid!!!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dave and Roxy stare down at Rose, who flops down flat on her back and presses her hands over her eyes while laughing hysterically.]
dialoglog
Rose: Hahahahahahaha!
I'm sorry! I can't sit here and pretend to take this seriously!
Dave: rose
you ok
Rose: I guess so???
Yes. I'm fine! This is just so dumb!
My powers let me see fortuitous outcomes, but I didn't see this coming At all.
It doesn't register as fortuitous or otherwise. You know why?
Because it's completely meaningless!
Hahahahaha!
Dave: i mean
sure
i thought so too when bird dave happened
but that turned out to be like
a whole thing
and important stuff happened as a result... kinda
Rose: No!!!!!
This isn't like that!
Trust me, Dave. I'm not grasping at straws here.
My abilities tend not to leave such things to speculation.
This development makes absolutely no sense!
Not for us as a group, and Definitely not for me personally, or her for that matter!!!
How could this possibly mean anything for my growth or personal development in Any way?
This almost makes it official.
I have no comprehensible path. There's nothing to overcome, no lesson to learn, no cathartic light at the end of this preposterous tunnel.
Not for me, at least!
I seriously have the Dumbest arc anyone could conceivably imagine.
Dave: rose we dont have fuckin "arcs" we are just human beings
We return to the character select screen. Click on the option for Kanaya, Karkat, and Vriska.

Kanaya stands next to Vriska in front of the fridge. Behind them, Arquiusprite still tinkers with Jane’s tiara.

dialoglog
Vriska: How's it going over there?
Kanaya: I Told Them I Would Leave Them Alone And Go Talk To Some Trolls
I Guess This Troll Over Here Will Have To Do
Vriska: Happy to be of service.
Man, look at them. They all seem so excited.
Like a bunch of wigglers hopped up on high fructose grub sauce.
I hope they don't crash from this reunion buzz too hard before it's showtime.
Kanaya: If They Do I Am Sure One Of Your Contingency Plans Will Swing Into Full Effect
Maybe You Can Buy Time For Everyone To Recover By Lulling Our Adversaries Into An Extensive Strategy Session
Vriska: Hey Maryam, why don't you can it!
Our sassy little games of one upsmanship are fun and all, but I'm trying to be sincere here.
Vriska: You know, seeing as this is the last time I'll see you all in a while.
Kanaya: Youre Right Sorry
Bring On The Sincerity
Vriska: I was just saying, about the humans.
They seem so happy.
I mean, look at Rose!
No offense, but most of the time she's kind of a pill.
Kanaya: None Taken And Me Too Probably
Vriska: Good point.
but I don't think I've ever seen her like that. by which I mean, making no discernible effort whatsoever to disguise the fact that she's happy.
Well, ok. Maybe there were a couple times.
Kanaya: Is That In Reference To How You Like To Flagrantly Spy On Us Sometimes
Vriska: I don't "spy" on you!
That is such an unfair characterization.
Would you can it with that shit already??
Kanaya: Ill Never Understand Your Ongoing And Apparently Unironic Use Of The Phrase "Can It"
And In Particular Why You Always Seem To Direct This Expression To Me And Seemingly No One Else
I Just Think It Is Such A Peculiar And Amusing Way To Tell Someone To Be Quiet
Vriska: What! Why?
No, that's a normal way of putting it!
I mean... it's a pretty normal thing to say, right? When you want... someone... to pipe down?
Kanaya: "Pipe Down" Isn't Even Much Better
Its Just A Funny Thing To Say And The Fact That You Dont Realize It Makes It Funnier
I Think The Underlying Explanation Is That You Are Just Funnier That You Realize Or Try To Be
It Is Something To Like About You
Vriska: I guess I'll have to accept your sass as a compliment then.
And no, I don't Spy on you. I just...
Vriska: Check in with you sometimes! To see how you're doing.
Kanaya: Okay If Thats How You Want To Put It
You Involve Yourself In Many Private Matters Without Even Offering The Pretense Of Doing
Otherwise
To Think That At One Point I Was Regarded As The Meddlesome One
Vriska: Look, it just so happens that I care very deeply for all my friends and want to make sure
they're doing alright on a somewhat regular basis.
Is that a crime??
Kanaya: In Some Societies Violating The Privacy Of Others In Certain Ways Yes I Believe So
I Understand Your Motives Though And Really This Is Just Me Giving You A Hard Time
Vriska: I never got why everyone treats their romantic affairs as so Private.
What's the big deal. So you like to do some smooching and stuff with another person. Maybe get
over yourselves??
Karkat is the worst offender. You'd think he was charged with guarding state secrets. News flash,
bum. Nobody gives a fuck!
Kanaya: It Sounds Like You Very Much Give A Fuck Though
Vriska: Hey, why don't you can... I mean, cut me some slack?
I don't hold anyone to standards I don't hold myself to.
I'm very open about my relationships! My moirallegience with Terezi? Pff. Ask me anything! I
have nothing to hide.
We'll throw our diamonds up in your face like we're making a getaway.
We don't even give a fuck. If you can't take the stench, then get out of the meal block.
Same with any ashen liaisons I've been involved with over the years. What's the big deal?
Kanaya: I Have To Admit To Being Impressed With Your Uh
Strangely Natural Proficiency With Auspisticism
It Is An Incredibly Difficult Quadrant To Master And Very Emotionally Taxing I Find
In A Way That Conflicts With The Pursuit Of Relationships In Other Quadrants
I Cant Ignore That During Our Trip You Probably Diffused A Lot Of Unpleasant Situations Before
They Started
But When It Comes To Matters Of Privacy And Such
And Which Forms Of Expression People Feel At Ease Showing In Public
Pale Relationships Are Really Different I Think
What About The Other Kind
Seems To Me You Have Not Been Involved In Any So Im Not Sure You Really Understand
Vriska: I just don't have time for anything like that in my life right now!
Red and black relationships are so absorbing. I have a strong pale relationship which is very
important to me, but that's about all I can handle.
Maybe later on when the dust settles from this crazy adventure, I'll consider it. but for now, this is
all I can deal with.
I just have too many irons in the fire, you know?
Kanaya: I Know All About The Irons
I Have Heard Rumors Of This Alleged Fire As Well
Vriska: So what are they talking about?
Kanaya: What
Vriska: All your buddies over there!
We were still talking about that. It's ridiculous how easily we all get sidetracked by romantic
blither.
Kanaya: Oh
"Family" Stuff Mainly
Vriska: It's pretty fascinating. Sociologically speaking, I mean.
Their idea of families.
The idea of siblings is strange enough. People who are genetically similar and grow up together.
Spending all that time with Dave and Rose, you started getting a sense for it. Like, the logic of it, how it must have shaped Earth society, but also its inherent ridiculousness. Sharing a residence with your near-clone while growing up? So preposterous. But then you add the idea of parents, and suddenly it's complete madness. Our society was so individualistic, and that all seemed so normal and reasonable. So I look over there, and see two Lalondes and a Strider, and there's a whole Other Strider on the way, and...

A human family starts striking me as not so much a social unit, so much as like, an Infestation.

Kanaya: Yeah

Well
I will say an entire Other Strider does sound like a bit much
On top of what is already quite a spectacle
Maybe we just don't get it

Vriska: Of course we don't. That's my point. I mean, we have ancestors, but under normal circumstances it's pretty much unheard of to imagine you'd ever get the chance to meet them.

We had the unusual privilege of meeting most of ours, or at least, certain versions of them. But that's still just a one-person lineage. It's really simple and comprehensible.

Human lineage is just a huge clusterfuck if you ask me.

Kanaya: There is a certain advantage to it though
Their decentralized propagation makes it a lot more likely their race will persist
The same cannot be said for ours
I still often wonder if we are the last of our kind

Vriska: You're still doubtful about whether you can hatch a new mother grub?

Kanaya: Yeah

More than doubtful I say

Vriska: You shouldn't lose faith!

I'm not even the slightest bit worried about whether you can do it.

When you get the chance, just brainstorm about it with the Lalondes. They tend to be full of ideas.

Anyway, try not to get down about it. I have a good feeling. (smiley face with eight eyes)

Karkat: Get down about what

Kanaya: A particular obligation I have yet to fulfill

I sense she possesses some intelligence on the matter she wishes to be cagey about so I
Guess that part of the conversation has been concluded

Karkat: Obligation?

Vriska, have you been dishing more dirt on our strategy before formally bringing our meeting back to order?

Pretty sloppy leadership move, if you ask me.

Vriska: Karkat, it had nothing to do with your and Kanaya's upcoming roles in this campaign.
It was a more private matter pertaining to Kanaya's broader significance to the future of our people.

I will be very clearly spelling out the roles you and she will be playing momentarily.

Karkat: Me and she??

As in like, together?

What the fuck are we supposed to be doing together.

Vriska: You'll find out.

Karkat: Great! I'm so glad.

At this point, I only ever feel angst or even the slightest sense of agitation in my soul to the precise extent that I worry Vriska *might* not have all of our fortunes completely mapped out already. I'm beginning to hyperventilate slightly less just thinking about it!!

Vriska: Good to hear, Karkat. Almost as cool as it is to see you yelled yourself out with John and Dave already, and have decided to come clock in some yelling time with us.
Your ability to dig deep down and find a second wind is really quite astonishing. I shudder to think
what would happen to this party if we ran out of its most precious natural resource.
Karkat: hahaha!
burned. Owned. Devastated. What more is there to say?
nothing really, unless you want whatever pitiful tatters of your self image you have left to get
power-pissed on by godqueen serket herself, yet again.
either that, or one could ruminate fondly over the heavenly ret-forked reality wherein she was
stabbed in the back by her moirail, and we all got to live out the *fucking bliss* that timeline must
have been.
just think of the peace and quiet we would have had on the meteor! It was probably *more* than
worth the price of cannon balling ass first into some sort of massacre trap.
vriska serket, making the living envy the hypothetical dead since... Whenever it was she started
doing that!
Vriska: Way to stick the landing on that barb, genius.
I appreciate that you are just "moseying over" to arbitrarily drum up some utterly meaningless
contention between us, but it's like I've said before many times, Karkat. I'm not interested!
Karkat: ouch! Slaughtered again. "Hehehe!"
don't listen to her, kanaya. It's like this running gag she does all the time, to own me.
Kanaya: what
Karkat: it's this funny thing we do. Or mainly, she does.
always implying that I've been spades-crushing on her, and getting shut down. It never stops being
hilarious!
Kanaya: ...
Karkat: first of all, as if she can prove anything.
second, if we're being *totally fair* here, more than a few of her snappy comebacks are arguably
more tinged with that sort of eyebrow-cocking hostility than anything *i've* ever said to her.
maybe makes one a little suspicious, no? That maybe there's some projection going on here. Just
saying!!!
Vriska: Alright Karkat, I'm going to leave you here to dig yourself into whatever embarrassing hole
you seem intent on digging.
I'm going to keep working the crowd a bit. As you know, a leader's job is never done! See ya.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Karkat grins widely and waves sarcastically. Kanaya watches in faint horror.]
dialoglog
Karkat: bye! Maybe try acting a little more gracious in defeat next time.
just a little advice from one leader to another!
Kanaya: Shes Gone I Think You Needed To Come Up With That Comeback A Little Faster
Karkat: Yeah
Damn
Kanaya: I Think As A Friend It Would Behoove Me To Um
Confide Somewhat
About The Realities Of Pursuing Anything With Her
Karkat: wait
what??
kanaya, you weren't taking that pathetic jokey unrequited blackrom stuff seriously, were you???
Kanaya: Lets Imagine That My Attitude Toward The Joking Or Non Joking Status Of That Is
Perfectly Neutral
While I Just Say These Things
Aside From The Fact That She Literally Just Got Finished Telling Me She Wasnt Interested In Any
Non Pale Relationships
I Think That Would Be A Blind Alley Regardless
I Admit This From Experience
And Not Without Chagrined Hesitation
But Only Frustration And Heartbreak Are Down That Road
Karkat: Oh??
Kanaya: Shes Turned Out To Be A Tremendous Partner In Pale Relationships
Maybe Even Um
A Bit Freakishly So?
But Anything Stronger Than That I Think Would Probably Be Disastrous
She Is Way Too Focused And Self Absorbed To Maintain Such Strong Feelings For Long
She Would Need To Learn To Let Go Of Some Of Her Ambition And Figure Out How To
Prioritize The Feelings Of Other People
She Might Even Figure Out How To Be
Happy
*Shudder*
Karkat: yeah, wow
a chill just ran up my posture pole, trying to imagine that.
you know...
I don't know if I've ever told you.
but you have a really impressive grasp over romantic analysis.
Kanaya: Well I Have Read A Lot Of Novels Too
I Just Dont Brag Much About It
Because It Would...
Literally Be Preposterous To Do So
Karkat: we should be jamming on this subject more. Maybe explore some of my more advanced
theories.
we're surrounded by amateurs in this field, so it gets a bit frustrating.
well, the mayor's a good sounding board at least. When I want to bounce some of my more "out
there" ideas off someone.
Kanaya: Why Dont We Schedule An Academic Conference Some Time
Just You Me And The Mayor
Karkat: oh fuck yes!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[A6A6I5] Next
[Image description: We return to the character select screen. This time, pick Arquiusprite, Vriska,
Terezi, and Dave.]

[A6A6I5] Next
[Image description: Vriska and Dave stand over Jane, who is still laying on the ground with her
eyes closed. Arquiusprite continues to tinker with Jane’s tiara. Terezi stands near the fridge.]
dialoglog
Dave: hey am i interrupting anything
Vriska: Hey, Dave. No, Arquius and I were just exchanging some notes before I bring the meeting
to order again.
Dave: ok i just thought i would
saunter over here
things are getting pretty lalonde heavy over there
Vriska: It really is an awful lot of fucking Lalondes, isn't it.
Dave: two was ok or actually cool even but this
yeah
time to see what's up over here
how is it going there broquiusprite
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Nearly finished radically downgrading crocker here
I then plan on mourning the complete restoration of her woeful inferiority with a moment of silent, subtle flexing
Dave: ok that was some weird stuff to say
but cool
soooo
you are
some sort of freak right
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Yes
Dave: ok good to know
its like
talking to someone who is half my bro...
but then not even really?
the bro half is half AI or something??
so maybe one quarter bro
but then maybe even less because like alt-universe considerations and also part sprite
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) I am notorious for being forking sensational at mathematix, but I don't think I could break it down for you without lying about the precision of my figures
Which is a practice I am by no means above, mind you
Dave: yeah the bottom line is i can tell you're just a really watered down version
or maybe
sweated down
why the fuck are you so sweaty
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) I'm not
I toweled off less than a minute ago
Dave: oh god
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Sir Dave, there's much we could talk about, en route to waxing
Hard sentimental about our dubiously shared fraternal past
The fact that I will not shouldn't be mistaken for preoccupation with this delicate cybertask, which is trivial to me since my mind is a faultless silicon mesh of living algorithmic perfection
Neither should it be ascribed to the fact that my troll hemidentity finds the notion of a reunion with you to be boring as a fiddling fruit
It is manely that such a bonding experience strikes me as an endeavor falling outside my totally ripped and kicktuchus purview
Brothertimes with Real Dave would best be left to the custody of Real Dirk, not to mention someone who gives at least greater than half a stupid shoot about you
Vriska: (Swoon.)
Dave: you know
im kinda glad you sound this insane and for the most part barely understandable
it makes it extra obvious you aren't my legit bro
which means i can actually talk to you while only being like vaguely confused and unsettled
instead of curling up into a ball and having some sort of social conniption
speaking of which
uh
when is he supposed to get here btw
Vriska: Relax, Dave.
He's scheduled to arrive around the same time as all the other bad guys.
You still have time.
I could have expedited his arrival, but I knew that meeting him was going to be a big deal for you, so I decided to let you have some space while we made some plans.
See? I'm always thinking about what's good for you guys, and what's best for the overall strategy. Keeping everyone in high spirits is important!

Dave: what do you mean 'expedited'

Vriska: Never mind that. Just chill out!

Dave: alright so as long as im supposedly chillin and in no way wondering about my bro are you Sure there are no beverages in that fridge no a.j. or

Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) It's a blind alley, brother dawg
I already asked if she had milk in there once, plus another nine redundant times after that I also asked if she would like to touch my muscles
The answers were ten no's and one yes
That reminds me dave Would you like to touch my muscles?

Dave: maybe later so youre sure theres nothin to drink in there

Vriska: Yes, Dave.

Dave: dunno why im so insistent not like my fridge ever had anything comestible inside why the fuck did you even bring it

Vriska: Don't worry about it.

Dave: oh come on

Terezi: gamzee's in there

Gamzee: (caps) honk

Dave: oh right somehow i forgot that we literally just established that you had gamzee locked in there for some reason you sure we shouldnt maybe let him out

Terezi: (uncertain face with furrowed brows)

Dave: he could suffocate in there

Terezi: he'll just revive god tier style, right?

Dave: hes not a fuckin god tier hes faking it he just made that fuckin suit from scratch or something i know hes complete trash but maybe we should just let him out whats the harm its not like he can cause much trouble we all way outnumber him and have way more powers and shit

Terezi: Um...

Vriska: No.

[Image description: Vriska raises one hand in a ‘stop’ motion and looks at Dave with disgusted annoyance.]

dialoglog

Vriska: Oh, wow. No.
We will not ever be hearing from him again. No.
Never, never, never again. Never.
Wow.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dave looks vaguely concerned. Vriska makes air quotes at him, and Terezi comes to stand next to her. Arquiusprite continues his work in the background.]

dialoglog
Dave: so youre just gonna let him suffocate in there then
Vriska: Dave, give me a little more credit than that.
Gamzee is supposedly relevant to some stuff that's going to happen in the new universe.
He's still got some "plot armor" or some shit.
Vriska: So when Earth is resituated, I'm just going to drop the fridge in the fucking ocean or something, and let him find his own way out.
Dave: ok thats fair
i mean
firm
but fair
well maybe not that fair but i guess i dont care
so is johns hot mom awake yet?
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) No
Dave: i mean
not hot mom
just mom
damn
did anyone hear that
Terezi: Yes
Dave: shit
lets reboot all trains of thought starting now
how much longer til his hot moms awake
mom
i mean his
not mine
his mom not my hot mom
my mom i mean
fucking hell
not my mom his
johns hot mom
Jesus
Vriska: Sigh.
The Strider Express is off the rails again, so I'm going to duck out of this conversation.
See you everybody.
Dave: no vriska dont go
at least do me the solid of letting me land squarely on some phrases that allow some plausible
deniability over whether i think johns mom is super fucking hot
shit wait
pretend i didnt say that while still rendering its meaning in your mind somehow
vriskas gone im not even talking to anyone
Terezi: dave
forgive me if I am missing some nuance here
but it sounds to me
as if you believe john's mother is physically attractive
Dave: ok now youre just twisting my words around
Terezi: what would john think??
Dave: ok thats an interesting thought but hear me out
what if
we ran an experiment and spent the rest of our lives finding out what happened if we never told
him
Terezi: I will consider your request for secrecy
maybe
frankly, I am not sure she is anything to write home about
Dave: what oh what the fuck
are you on the idiot drugs today
how could you possibly be serious about that
how is this unconscious teen grandmother not a completely smokin babe
Terezi: I guess she is not my container of scalding leaf fluid
Dave: no i dont even believe you
youre obviously just trying to rile me up by going against the grain of fragrantly obvious babefacts
Rose: Is Dave saying inappropriate things about John's mother over there?
Dave: no!
im not saying anything
just standard casual observations from a regular bystanding person
Terezi: He keeps calling her hot
Dave: wow
wow
peddle Lies much?
i guess reprehensible dishonesty is all the rage with the troll kids today
Roxy: wait wats goin on
are we all talkin about how hot jane is???
Dave: no!
maybe
Roxy: cuz janey is a straightup sexual fox riding a red hot nuclear bombshell
right toward the yowza plaza in the heart of babe city, assachusetts, U S A
the last A just stands for more ass
Dave: Thank you
for
defending the position i may or may not have been arguing for moments ago
Rose: No comment.
John: hey, are you guys talking about me?
what's going on!
Dave: Nope
Roxy: lmao
Terezi: Dave thinks your mom is hot
John: what!!
Dave: god Damnit terezi

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: We return to the character select screen. Pick the last option, the one with John and Jake.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jake sits on the floor of the lilypad. John stands next to him. W.V. sits nearby in the background.]
dialoglog
John: hey!
Mr. Jake Harley i presume?
Jake: No...?
It's English actually.
Twas my grandmas surname.
John: oh. my mistake!
So then, is it just a coincidence that she had the same name as an invincible super villain?
Are coincidences even real??
Jake: I dunno.
The history is a little murky to me.
I heard she took the name from a nasty fellow to spite a wicked baroness.
John: ok.
good to know!
it's been interesting to learn how even though we are all pretty similar, we all had a lot of really
different life details.
Jake: I guess so.
John: like, there are all these things i take for granted about jade's childhood, which in theory is
similar to yours.
but not really... she had a super powerful dog you didn't have. and also a grandpa you couldn't have
had, because... that was grown up you!
i'd be really curious to hear about all the differences in your life some time, if you don't mind.
Jake: Sure.
John: hell, i'd be Really curious to hear about the differences in my alt-life, so to speak.
but jane is asleep!
i'm guessing she grew up in a similar situation i did, but with... a bunch of differences??
guess i'll just have to wait!
Jake: Well...
She was a good friend.
I know lots of stuff about her life.
What do you want to know?
John: oh! hmm.
let's see.
so i was her grandpa, instead of her being my nanna?
I'm not sure if that statement made sense, but you know what i mean.
Jake: Yeah she had a poppop.
He was a really funny and beloved old time comedian so i guess that is the guy you grew up to be.
cool!
i never knew my nanna growing up, except as an urn of ashes above the fireplace.
i only met her as a sprite.
was i dead? or... was he?
Jake: Yep but he wasn't ashes they had a different way of preserving him which i think was
arguably more dignified.
John: how?
Jake: Have you seen weekend at bernies?
John: no.
i've heard of it though!
Jake: Oh man you Have to see it!
It's about a couple of knuckleheads who parade around with a funny corpse trying to pass him off
as a living friend and good time charlie over a series of escapades.
John: sounds incredible.
Jake: I still have it if you want to see it some time.
John: definitely!
so you like movies?
Jake: Do i????
John: haha, i love movies too.
there are a whole bunch i'd want to show you, assuming you haven't seen them already.
i love talking about them with people! i think my friends usually just humored me about the movies i liked, but i have a feeling you'd really dig them!
Jake: Oh i Guarantee you i would.
John: awesome, i can't wait to show you some.
so... that means jane had an old man corpse version of me around somewhere? like in her house?
Jake: Yes.
John: ok, that sounds pretty preposterous to me...
but i guess she must have grown up thinking it was normal.
Jake: Not... really. She was always pretty put off by it to be honest.
John: heheh. poor jane.
i'll have to apologize to her for freaking her out from beyond the grave.
what was her life like otherwise?
Jake: Pretty typical id say.
She always characterized it as boring.
But i never agreed really she got to live on the main land with access to all kinds of things i didnt have.
Plus she lived with a cool and manly father who cared about her a lot and seemed like a standup gent.
John: oh, she lived with her dad too?
do you know anything about him?
Jake: Not much other than what i just said and a few things she told me.
I think he was stern and fatherly and dressed well if memory serves he was a private detective at one point.
John: a private detective???
wow.
it sounds like he must have been a completely different kind of dad from the one i had.
all these differences are so interesting... some are subtle, but some are drastic, like this one apparently is.
it would be neat to meet him.
i mean, not that it would be much of a substitute for getting to see my dad again, since they're totally different people, but...
you know what i mean.
do you know what happened to him?
Jake: Im not sure i kinda lost track of him for a while...
I think he might be in jail?
John: jail??
Jake: Yeah on derse.
I Think. I could be wrong though.
John: i'll make a mental note to check on him some time soon.
i bet jane would want to too, when she wakes up. i'll ask her about it.
Jake: Good idea!
John: you know Jake, at first you seemed pretty shy...
but you don't really seem that way at all now?
you just strike me as a nice regular dude who likes movies and stuff.
i'm glad we are getting a chance to talk!
Jake: Yeah me too!
I've been feeling way out of sorts since I got sprung from the big house and dragged along to this
here frog stage to suddenly bump gums with Waw too many people...
But you are really good company John and you know how to make a guy feel at ease.
John: heh, yeah, it is a lot of people.
i'm having trouble keeping track of everyone myself!
Jake: They all seem like decent folk and all but...
I guess everyone's catching me at a bad time.
This wasn't how I pictured things going at all.
John: how were you picturing it?
Jake: Naively I suppose.
It's not that I was expecting differently of anyone else...
More that I had spurious visions of my own conduct.
Remember the letter I sent you?
John: yes.
Jake: All the excitement and swagger you heard from me in those words...
That's the man I thought I'd be when you met me.
A man of action and gumption... Hell when I wrote that I thought by now maybe people would even
have come to see me as a leader!
What a laugh.
I turned out to be such a disappointment to myself and everyone else.
The bravado in that letter was fake I've realized lately.
I've realized a lot of things.
That I could never be a leader or a people person or probably ever have a quality relationship with
someone.
So its hard to get up a lot of moxie for a big moment like this even though I'm as excited about it as
everyone else,
Tavrosprite already tried cheering me up and he's nice but I don't think it worked.
Like by saying maybe all that stuff isn't true and maybe I'm actually really great in all the ways I
don't think I am?
It's a nice thought but also it weirdly just doesn't make me feel any better.
John you seem like the kind of guy who likes trying to cheer up a pal so I guess...
I guess just so you know someone already tried telling me I was wrong and it didn't work.
John: I don't think you're wrong though!
well, I don't know.
we just met! what could I know about you other than what you tell me?
i believe you about all that.
really, it just sounds to me like you are going through a lot of changes.
changes are good!
especially if you understand that's what's happening to you.
i think that's how we grow and stuff.
i think I've changed in a lot of ways.
some ways that weren't easy.
Jake: Yeah?
John: sure!
so you're realizing you like being by yourself, it sounds like.
big deal!
i like being alone a lot of times too. it helps me think.
if that's who you are, there's nothing wrong with that.
jade's grandpa liked being by himself too.
so much so, that he moved to an island as far away from civilization as possible.
but he still did adventurous stuff and was super successful and also raised a cool grand daughter,
who was actually his daughter, and i guess also yours.
Jake: Huh.
Yes i guess youre right.
John: and if nothing else...
at least you have a cool costume.
Jake: You...
You really like it?
John: hell yes!
Jake: Wow yes.
Sometimes i worry that i might look a little silly.
And feel kind of... exposed maybe?
Like im on sexy display or such and people dont see me as a person.
John: i wouldn't worry about that.
i love the god tier pajamas, and yours are badass.
you look like a super hero!
Jake: Really???
John: yes.
well...
maybe a plucky side kick, at Least.
Jake: Heheheheh.
John: side kicks are really under rated anyway.
i think in some cases they might be the real stars.
like, you know bat man?
truth be told, i think he might just be some kind of gallivanting idiot.
he's got all the money and skills in the world, and what does he do?
he buys a fancy car to drive around in, then jumps out and starts punching crooks with his bare hands.
then, when he gets horn swoggled by a wily clown with No powers, and a Lot less money, who has to bail him out?
his side kick of course.
Jake: Yeah youre right!
John: what is bat man even trying to prove? being all serious and "cool" looking.
his side kick looks like he has a lot more fun, and smacks of confidence and self assurance, trotting around in his underpants.
bat man probably doesn't even care much about stopping crime, it's more about walloping thugs and getting to feel cool.
if he really cared about stopping bad guys, he'd probably use his fancy money to buy guns, and at Least show the criminals he's packing, to make them scared, if not surrender outright.
i bet his side kick probably just has to wait for bat man to bungle things up with his stupid karate, and when he gets in trouble, the side kick just guns down all the crooks from a safe distance like a sensible person.
Jake: Well i do love guns!!!
Also fisticuffs.
John: see? there you go.
you're better than bat man already.
Karkat: (whisper whisper whisper)
(whisper whisper)
John: hold on...
shh, listen.
Jake: ...
Karkat: (whisper whisper mayor)
(whisper whisper whisper can town?)
(whisper whisper but where? Whisper whisper earth whisper)
(whisper whisper whisper to scale?? Don't see how whisper whisper whisper)
(if you're really going whisper whisper whisper build whisper whisper)
John: (ha ha.)
(he's talking to the mayor again.)
Jake: (so it seems.)
(they really appear to have quite the rapport.)
John: (i just love how he talks to the mayor.)
(it's like he made up this whole language.)
(of like minimal talking and hand gestures.)
(it's so cute!)
Karkat: *ahem*
egbert, what the fuck.
were you eavesdropping?!
John: no!
Karkat: this is a fucking private conversation.
stop being rude garbage.
John: i wasn't eavesdropping...
you just happened to be like... right there.
and you're a really loud whisperer!
Karkat: oh!!! Ok then! Here, have an excessively *quiet* (shut the fuck up)
John: sorry!
go back to your cute mayor conference.
we'll mind our own business.
Tavrosprite: achoo!,
aaachoo!!!,
John: oh man.
what's going on now?
Tavrosprite: achoo!,
Jaspersprite: meow. (Smiling cat face)
Tavrosprite: achooooo!!!!!
why,
achoo,!
why, does your lusus need,
achoo,!!,
to be here,,,
achoo!!!,
my allergies, (frowning face with bull horns)
John: jaspers??
what are you...
wait a minute.
rose, is that you?!
Jaspersprite: meeeeeeow!
John: oh my god.
I turn my back for two seconds, and something stupid happens.
Tavrosprite: aaaachoo,!!!
[Image description: In a scribbly style, Vriska bangs the Warhammer of Zillyhoo on the top of the fridge while yelling, making Gamzee honk with each blow.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Ok everybody, time's up!!!!!!!!
Wrap up your conversations. Our tactical meeting is officially back in order!

[Image description: Everyone gathers around Vriska, who has perched herself on top of the fridge. Tavrosprite, John, Jake, and W.V. stand off to the left. On the right, Kanaya stands in the front. Terezi and Karkat stand behind her. Behind them are Rose, Roxy, and Rose sprite. Dave stands near Rose, right next to Arquiusprite, who grits his teeth and continues to tinker with Jane’s tiara. Jaspersprite floats near Jane’s feet.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Alright, has everyone shut up yet?
Terezi: I think so
Vriska: great!
Let's not waste another second then. I'm diving right into this.
Everyone pay close attention, and try to keep up!
I'll start by describing the exact nature of the threats we're dealing with, and go from there.

[Image description: Vriska begins lecturing and counting off on her fingers.]

dialoglog
Vriska: According to intelligence gathered during our trip along with some reconnaissance work on arrival, this session has four, possibly five major adversaries. The Condesce of course, and three Jack Noirs of varying levels of danger. Plus, there's a female prospitian of equivalent power to the strongest Jack. She's sort of an x-factor. It's hard to accurately gauge her threat level, but I'm not about to take any chances. All these threats are just outside the incipisphere, en route to the session as we speak. Once they arrive, all hell will break loose. That's when endgame is officially go. You only have a couple hours to prepare, so you need to listen to every word I say. Victory will depend on following my plan to the letter!

[Image description: Roxy stares up at Vriska with a concerned look. Dave stares blankly. Rose and Rose sprite both look towards Roxy. Jaspersprite floats up behind Dave and smiles at Vriska.]

dialoglog
Roxy: so.....
wheres the condesce right now?
Vriska: She's on Derse, preparing for the same critical convergence herself.
After our little prison raid caught her completely off guard, costing her some hostages and key points of leverage, we've essentially reached a temporary ceasefire by default while both sides regroup.
This is not how she expected things would go.
We had the advantage of surprise that time, but we won't be so lucky next time.
She's waiting for the Jacks to get here just like we are. Once they do, she'll instantly have the upper hand, and she knows this. Her particular combination of abilities along with her supervillain-like cunning make her an Extremely Dangerous part of this equation! That's why we need a good strategy in place before the shit hits the breeze blender. Dave: so in addition for waiting for way too many jacks to get here we’re also waiting for my bro too right who... gets here at the same time or...

Vriska: Yes, the other Strider was banished to the periphery as well, and is in transit. He'll arrive at the same time, give or take, and should be a great tactical asset. Sources tell me the dude is pretty good with a sword.

Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) That's me I'm the source I told her that, and it's true

Vriska: Yes, thank you Arquius.

Kanaya: This Is Starting To Sound A Bit Complicated How Are We Supposed To Keep Track Of All These Villains And Heroes Coming And Going When And Where

Vriska: You're right, Kanaya. At this point in the meeting, I think we could use some diagrams to help with the battleplans.

Karkat? If you wouldn't mind.

[V6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Karkat gives a vague shrug. Kanaya looks towards him. W.V. continues staring at Vriska.]

dialoglog
Karkat: I still have no idea why you put me on drawing duty. I'm easily the worst artist here.

and in a setting that includes dave, let's get real. That's no small feat.

Vriska: I specifically assigned you to diagramming duty so that it would keep you occupied. that way, you'd stand a chance of keeping your mouth shut while I talk strategy.

Karkat: that's worked out great so far, hasn't it?

we've lost how many strategy-seconds to me complaining about drawing already??

Vriska: sure, but I know that drawing requires a lot of concentration from you. once you're in the zone, I expect you'll simmer down.

Karkat: wow, fuck you! you're probably right, but fuck you nevertheless! where the shit is my art pencil. I have some drawing to do.

[V6A6I5] Next

[Image description: In a drawing just as horrible as promised, Karkat maps the incipisphere in grey. There’s a wobbly circle in the center labeled Skaia with a crude, out-of-proportion Propsit drawn in to the left of it. A lumpy oval below it is labeled ‘We are here’. Seven irregular, vaguely circular shapes meant to be the planets form a ring around Skaia. Karkat draws in a large circle around all of that, meant to represent the furthest ring. In the upper right corner of the page, there is a sloppy stick figure holding a single line, probably meant to be a sword, which is labeled ‘Strider’. In the bottom right, there is another stick figure, this time with fire coming out of its butt, labeled ‘Jack’. In the upper left, there are two winged stick figures with swords labeled ‘dogs’. Right below them, a scribbly thing with tall, faintly curving horns and too much hair floats next to a Derse, which is...
just as out of proportion as Skaia. Below that, in the bottom left corner, there is a flaming stick figure labeled ‘other Jack’.

dialoglog
Vriska: Let’s run down the threat list, with a full debriefing on each threat.
We’ll start with the big fish herself, the former empress of our world, Her Imperious Condescension.
The only reason we’ve been able to temporarily neutralize her stranglehold on this session is by taking two major pieces away from her, Harley and Crocker.
Rest assured, she’s already scheming to reassert her dominance, and if it weren’t for my intervention here, I’d bet everything I had on the sea witch.
She’s spent centuries upgrading her abilities which now include both kinds of telekinesis. The simpler variety more common to rust bloods, and the nasty kind which sometimes yellow blooded mutants have involving all the fucking eye lasers and shit.
If that weren’t enough, she has a mix of telepathic abilities too, like mine, plus the animal communion kind more typical of brown bloods.
Tavrosprite: like me!
Vriska: Yes Tavros, like you.
This means she can hijack animals And trolls, assuming they aren’t particularly resistant to influence, like me obviously.
Humans I’m guessing are still off limits to her influence, unless they’ve got some animal blood in them, which is what makes Jade such a dangerous element here.
One of the mission critical priorities is to make sure she stays asleep. If she ever wakes up, and the Condesce takes control again, that’s probably game over for you guys.
Jade’s first guardian abilities make her too much to deal with on top of everything else.
It’s also possible that the Condesce may have some sway over the prosptitian and one of the Jacks because of their part-dog nature too.
It’s hard to say what their level of resistance is, so I really can’t be sure.
Strategically, it’s best to err on the safe side though, and presume this could be an issue.
This is why taking on the Condesce has to be a Huge priority!
Ideally, you should be trying to kill or disable her as quickly as possible.
but if that’s easier said than done, then what you need to do is keep her Occupied!
Throw everything you have at her. Whatever crazy powers you’ve got.
Just keep her busy!
Distracted enough by a bunch of pesky kids so she won’t have time to get clever with her powers.
This is the best defense against the off-chance she might be able to sway the dog Jack and prosptitian, And a failsafe in case Jade wakes up for whatever reason.
When it comes to killing her, I don’t have much to advise.
There’s no intel on her weaknesses or anything like that. In fact, I’d bet she doesn’t have any.
Like any powerful endgame boss, you just have to keep hammering away at her until she’s dead.
Nuff said!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska holds up her hands in a ‘stop’ gesture and looks up with just her eyes. Above her, a thought bubble shows the heads of all three Jacks. On the left, there is Bec Noir. In the middle, there is Jack Noir with the billiard ball eyes, blood dripping down his face, and a flashing, fiery outline. On the right, there is Spades Slick with his eyepatch, one red, robotic eye, and fedora.]

dialoglog
Vriska: This brings us to the Jacks.
To differentiate, I’ll give them nicknames.
Let's talk about them in order of threat level.
Karkat, I'm going to need another shitty drawing.
This time, of Dog Jack and his prospitian counterpart, please.

[Image description: It shows Karkat’s drawing of two crude hands giving two lumpy middle fingers.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Ah yes. I see you are intent on being a wiggler about this, as we have all come to expect.
Whatever, I've been working within the confines of everyone's stupid limitations already, so I might as well work around yours as well.

[Image description: Vriska draws in wings, dog faces, and swords in the chest of both middle fingers, turning them into Bec Noir and PM, though it's unclear which is which.]

dialoglog
Vriska: There, perfect.
Dog Jack is easily the most powerful adversary of the bunch, in terms of pure physical capability.
The Condesce has the edge in guile and flexibility, and Lord Jack has a ton of offensive power too...
but there's nothing quite like the first guardian abilities to give someone an overwhelming tactical advantage.
The ability to teleport anywhere in the session any time, or Anyone anywhere any time, while having access to an inexhaustible power supply from the green sun really makes it no contest, even against an otherwise awesome combatant.
If it were just him you had to deal with, I wouldn't like your odds, honestly.
but luckily for us, there's a major factor here which should mostly neutralize him during this huge melee, which is the prospitian.
Power-wise, she's a precisely even match for him.
And better yet, she apparently can't stand the guy.
I still don't know what her real motives are, but you know what they say. Enemy of my enemy and all.
So I say let her have at him, and if the opportunity presents itself, help her defeat him.
I will also give this bit of advice.
If Jade ever wakes up, And the condesce is sufficiently preoccupied, make sure Jade goes nowhere near the Condesce, and sic her on Dog Jack.
She's the only one here who's abilities are on par with his, so that's where they're best applied.
Got it? Good.

[Image description: Karkat grins vindictively and scribbles on a piece of paper that’s offscreen. Vriska looks towards him in vaguely annoyed confusion.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Next, Lord Jack.
Karkat?
Karkat: How does this look?
Vriska: great!
I think I can work with this.

Vriska: Ah yes. Another true work of art has been made here today.
Anyway, this ugly customer you see here?
Somehow he got possessed by, or like, Infused with...? Lord English's crazy, ridiculously destructive magical energy.
I have no idea why or how this happened, how it's theoretically even possible, or why we should actually care.
The fact of the matter is, it happened, and now we have to deal with this hideous rainbow-eyed monstrosity.
Given what I have learned about Lord English's abilities, this will make his attacks quite lethal, and he will be Extremely difficult to kill.
In fact, that fucking rainbow energy might just give him the highest constitution ranking of any adversary, possibly making him the toughest one here to actually kill off.
The only reason he's not at Dog Tier threat level is because, for all his power, at least it's localized to wherever he happens to be.
He's about as slow as any of us lowly non-omnipotents.
He's not quite as relevant to keep occupied, or even to defeat, as the Condesce herself.
but he's still going to be Huge Trouble when he gets here.
You're going to need to stick some really good fighters on him.
My advice is also to Seriously prepare for casualties during that fight.
As the group's chief healer, Jane is going to need rapid access to the multiple fronts of this battle.
More on that later.

Vriska: That brings us to Robo Jack.
He's the Jack originating from our session.
Remember him, Karkat?
We hatched a plan with him to take down the black queen. Seems like so long ago, doesn't it?
Now apparently he's got some cybernetic upgrades?
Who the fuck knows how that happened, or for that matter, why or how he's on his way here now.
My mind boggles trying to even picture the amount of stupid shit he's been through between now and when we knew him.
Put this on the ever lengthening list of garbage that doesn't matter and nobody cares about.
The fact is, we have no idea what his affiliations are at this point, but like I'm always saying... best to just plan for the worst, and assume this is just another scrub we've gotta kill. He's the lowest on the threat level, though his various enhancements and accessories may pose more of a challenge than we bargained for. He's also traveling with a juju known for its high storage capacity, so he's possibly packing company. Maybe a Lot of company...
I won't get into that now though. You're going to need to reserve a squad for dealing with this guy and whoever he's brought along for the ride. It's a lesser priority, so I'd recommend an ensemble of third-stringers. No offense to whoever those brave souls may be! Every lamewad has their place in an epic battle, and everyone's effort counts. Egbert-looking kid, I'm looking at you. Jake: ! Vriska: Possibly you too, Tavros. Maybe. Tavrosprite: !

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Karkat sits on the floor near the fridge with his drawings surrounding him. Vriska stands right next to the fridge. Everyone else is in more or less the same positions as before except Jaspersprite, who lurks between Dave and the fridge.]

dialoglog
Vriska: That covers the overall tactical situation! great job, Karkat. Really, just an all around great, great job. I mean that. Karkat: Thank you. Vriska: Now, listen... We've got to keep these battles spread out across the session so you all don't start tripping on each other's toes, turning this into more of a clusterfuck than it already is. That means you need to station teams ready to intercept the Jacks wherever they're coming from. You also need to launch your lightning-strike raid on the Condesce before any of them get here. As for your party's healer, like I said, she'll need to be highly mobile. So what you'll need to do is lay out a network of key portals and transporters so she can make the rounds, and be in tight communication with her. One of you less relevant, more mobile folks should get on that now.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska walks towards the center of the lilypad, where Rose sprite floats next to one of Roxy's fenestrated planes and the green powerbank it's plugged into. Rose, Roxy, and Kanaya watch from nearby, and W.V. takes a few steps closer.]

dialoglog
Vriska: See? Scatter window portals like these around the various battle sites. Roxy: yo did you loot my house or something... Vriska: Please don't interrupt. Transportalizers will work too, if you can get them all hooked up right. This is definitely busywork, but it's also really important. So we need someone competent in charge of this.
Rose sprite: I think I can handle that.
Vriska: Yeah?
Rose sprite: Yes.
I'm quite mobile in this new form.
Also I think my abilities will help with forecasting the optimal network to lay out, along with helping Jane coordinate her routes during battle.
Plus, I have to admit.
I kind of relish the idea of being a "less relevant" party member.
Particularly since I think it is inherently true now.
Vriska: Ok, Rose... um. Rose sprite?
That's great. You can volunteer for that job if you want.
but let's not get ahead of ourselves!
We'll be divvying up the roles momentarily.
but, cool. We have you down for that. Again, it's critical.
The whole party will need to defend Crocker's life at all costs.
She Can't get sucked into any combat!!!
If she dies, you could all be fucked.
be sure to fill her in on the logistics whenever Arquius has finished deprogramming her.
Everyone got it?
Awesome.
Since that pretty thoroughly covers the full tactical situation, we can move on to the real strategizing.
Now we can assign combat roles. (smiley face with eight eyes)

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: Vriska turns around. John steps towards her and smiles. Jake stands behind him, frowning uncertainly. Terezi stands off to the side and looks towards John.]

dialoglog
John: Vriska, wait.
Vriska: ?????????
John: before you go on, i just wanted to say...
i'm really impressed with your strategic analysis so far!
you really seem to be all over this. i wouldn't even know where to begin figuring all this stuff out.
Anyway, i'm glad we have you back on our side!
Vriska: Aww, thanks John!
John: just thought i'd say!
i didn't want you to go through all this stuff for us, thinking it was going unappreciated.
anyway, please continue!
Vriska: You got it!
Now it's time to divide everyone into teams.
Let's go down the list of foes again, and assign party members to each battle.
Once again, starting from the top...

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: Vriska raises one finger and looks up, towards where a thought bubble floats over her. It shows Her Imperious Condescension in all her dangerous, bejeweled glory. She clutches her trident, which is surrounded by red energy at both ends. Her body is outlined with purple energy, and her hair is surrounded with yellow.]

dialoglog
Vriska: The Condesce.
We'll need a team to raid Derse again, but this time for all the marbles.
And remember, the raid has to start Before the rest of the action, to keep her from getting the upper hand.
And the party has to be at Least good enough to if not defeat her, keep her busy for a long time.
So who wants a piece of the sea witch?

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Roxy and Rose raise their hands simultaneously, both looking furious and determined. Kanaya stands behind them and looks surprised. John turns to look at them.]

dialoglog
Roxy: Me
Rose: Me.
Vriska: Alright, I've got two takers from the Lalonde camp.
We'll need more though. Who else?
John: I'll go!
Vriska: You sure, John?
John: I think so.
from what you said, it sounds like this is the most important battle.
if we don't keep her busy, everything could get messed up.
i think i'd be good at that! i can use all my windy powers for distractions and such.
Vriska: Ok. You're with the Lalondes then.
Make it count!
Kanaya: I May As Well Go Too
It Would Be A Shame If The Party Defeating The Woman Who Terrorized Our Planet For Ages Had No Representation From Our Species
Vriska: Shame or not, I'm afraid that won't work Kanaya.
Kanaya: Why Not
Vriska: You can't join their party. Well, not yet at least.
There's another critical role which you specifically need to play first.
We can't risk losing you in battle until it's complete.
Kanaya: What Is It
Vriska: I'll explain later! After the teams are set.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska raises two fingers. The thought bubble over her head shows Bec Noir hurtling through the void, crackling with green energy and yellow lightning, he ring with four white orbs still on his finger.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Ok, let's say Team Condesce is good enough for now, with John, Rose and Roxy.
Next foe: Dog Jack.
Like I said, we're banking on the prospitian keeping him busy, so he's not an immediate battle priority.
We won't designate a team for him right now.
but, as I mentioned, in the event Jade wakes up for some reason, she should be reserved exclusively for this fight.
That means someone needs to tell her, if not in person, then some other way.
Perhaps leave a reminder for her. Maybe tied to her finger or something. (smiley face with eight eyes, one of which is winking)
Others can join the fight against him if need be, once their targets have been dealt with. Until then, better to let the heavy hitters keep him in check.

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: Vriska raises a third finger and the thought bubble over her head shows Jack Noir standing in the ruins of Prospit. He’s splattered with his own blood and glows orange at the edges. He has one golden tooth and one pegleg made from a spike from outside his prison cell. He clutches a maroon crowbar in one hand.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Next: Lord Jack.
Who wants dibs on this guy?
Dave: i guess thats me

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: Dave halfheartedly raises one hand. Terezi and Karkat both turn to look at him.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Ok, Dave.
Dave: there are all these rumors swirling around that ive gotta beat LE anyway
which is probably bogus but w/e
killing this guy at least would be the next best thing right
so maybe if i do that i could like
put the "prophecy" to rest
Vriska: That logic sounds reasonable to me.
For what it's worth, I never bought into the idea that you were supposed to be the one to kill English anyway.
Vriska: So that's one down. Who else?
Terezi: Ok, why not
Vriska: You sure, Terezi?
You're not immortal, remember. And this one's going to be tough.
Terezi: you said we need good fighters to go at this guy
and I think I'm pretty decent
at least at stabbing things
so I'll go
besides...
*somone* has to witness dave's heroism, if he wants to be let off the hook for that prophecy
(smiley face with furrowed brows)
Vriska: Hey, it's your decision!
Anyone else?
Terezi: what about dave's bro?
I heard he's supposed to be hot shit
Dave: um
yeah sure
thats fine if uh
youre comfortable volunteering someone who isnt here for a deadly battle
its cool if you want to do that
Vriska: Dave, come on.
As if it's not extremely likely he'd seek you out upon getting here anyway.
Why don't we just pencil him into the team as "Probably"?
Dave: ..........
Vriska: Just be sure to debrief him on the whole situation when he gets here. Think you can handle that, Dave?
Ok, great!
Which reminds me...
What about you, Arquius?
How do you want to fit into this?

Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) I haven't decided yet
I'm going to crunch some more numbers in the vast combat matrix I just compiled now, in the microblink of a nanosecond, to deduce the optimal strategic appropriation of my assets (i.e. muscles)

Joining Real Dave in battle is semitempting, but I do not wish to horn in on Real Dirk's shirt
Instead I would prefer to blaze my own trail, with my own hooves
I always wanted to do something really important and heroic
I mean, aside from all the other stuff I have done like that, which is quite a lot
But something quite grandiose, and perfectly unmistakable as a gesture turning the tide of fortune for all of existence
This is what I have always desired
Well, that is to say, both halves of me once had such an ambivalent desire, which was compromised by our respective internalized conflux
But together, that desire is fully realized. No longer ambivalent
Neigh, it is now fully bivalent. Perhaps even univalent
I would like my gesture to shock everyone
It must come from out of the blue, make virtually no sense, stun all involved, and have a lasting, profoundly unintelligible impact an all future and pseudofuture events

Vriska:
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Does this answer your question
Vriska: Oh!
Sorry, I was just temporarily mesmerized by your incredible spiel.
Needless to say, I absolutely agree with your philosophy on heroic action and wanting to do something important.
In any case, you've earned the right to do whatever the fuck you want, just by dint of being awesome.
End of story!
Ok, next…

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska raises a fourth finger, closes her eyes, and gives a slightly amused smile, like she doesn’t think the next opponent is a real threat. The thought bubble over her head shows all the members of The Felt and Ms. Paint. Spades Slick stands in front of them as just a black silhouette clutching Lord English’s staff.]

dialoglog
Vriska: We'll need to designate a team for Robo Jack and his... entourage.
Alright, full disclosure. This is where things get kind of stupid.
Even talking about this guy and his crew is probably a waste of good tactical analysis.
but the fact is, he's going to be here, and you're going to have to deal with his bullshit.
I strongly recommend the dregs of your party get stuck with mop-up duty on this.
Really, I'm kind of laughing already. Oh man.
I really don't want to spoil too much fun for you guys, but.
No, I shouldn't.
John: what?
Vriska: Ok, intelligence reports I have gathered, namely through a bit of time hopping
reconnaissance, suggests that Robo Jack may, I repeat May, be in transit with a bunch of green time
traveling idiots in that oven.
Don't quote me on that.
Anyway, if true, none of these bozos are particularly powerful.
They'll mainly just be a nuisance.
So who wants to deal with them? Hmmmmmmmmm?
Hey kid.
Kid!
Yes, I'm talking to you again.
God damn it, what was his name again?
Joke?
Vriska: Listen, Joke.
Joke! Snap Out of it! I'm talking to you.
Jake: Oh sorry.
Vriska: This is a strategy session, Joke. Please stay alert.
Now do you think you can handle being on this team?
Jake: Um...
Vriska: Awesome. That's the spirit.
This assignment should be right up your alley, kid.
Who else?
Tavrosprite: me, I'll do it,
Vriska: Thanks for volunteering Tavros.
This fight is pretty well suited to your skillset too.
And you can join Joke here to help him get ready, but there's one thing I need you to do before the
battle starts.
Tavrosprite: oh, really,
what,
Vriska: I'll explain to you later in private. but it's critical, and something only you can do.
Tavrosprite: ohhh!
that makes me, the funny feelings combination, of skeptical, nervous, and excited,
Vriska: Good!
That's exactly how you should be feeling about it, trust me.
So anyone else want to step forward??
Karkat: are you fucking with me now.
Vriska: Come again?
Karkat: well, let's see if I'm tallying this up right.
john and lalondes one and two are on team condesce.
the strider bros and pyrope are on the lord team.
jade, when not on nap duty, is on the dog team, exclusively.
the mayor isn't doing shit, because I am *personally* seeing to it that not a single post-apocalyptic
tatter on his head gets harmed.
crocker is on healing detail, and lalonde three volunteered to support that.
kanaya has some vague yet to be explained mission to do, and so does tavros.
and joke here just got shunted off to the peewee league.
so who the fuck is even left, aside from me???
and the fucking cat I guess.
are you sure we shouldn't pick a role for rose's fucking cat lusus before moving on to the
*absolute* bottom of the barrel, sometimes referred to as "the vantas zone"?
Vriska: Oh, great point Karkat!
Hey there, kitty.
Jaspersprite: meow!!!!!
Vriska: What would you like to do?
Jaspersprite: I would like to eat some tuna fish and cuddle with either rose or roxy or both! (smiling cat face)
Vriska: Awwwwwwww!
Ok, that can be your very important job. Don't let us down!
Jaspersprite: Purr purr purr. (winking cat face)
Karkat: thank god we sorted that out.
now that we've established the kitty cat is heading up the fish eating operation, I think we can
safely proceed to the rung of strategic importance directly below that.
the infamous "what is karkat going to do?" Rung.
and since everyone else has a job, and my skills are relatively unimpressive, I'll have to sign up for
team dipshit too.
hell, even the kid in the banana hammock is a god tier at least.
so I guess that means I'll be taking orders from him? Sure why not!
second in command to a third rate hero. Sounds about right to me.
Vriska: Karkat, yes, you're absolutely right that you basically suck, and that as a tactical resource
you should be managed accordingly.
but you aren't joining Joke's team, or doing any fighting for that matter.
Like Kanaya, there's another more pressing matter reserved for you.
In fact, it's the same as hers!
Karkat: what the fuck?
when were you planning on telling me this!
Vriska: Karkat, I already alluded to this when you waltzed over, interrupted my conversation with
Kanaya, and pretended you weren't flirting with me.
Remember?
Karkat: oh. Right.
well?? What's this "pressing matter"?
Vriska: I'm getting to that!
Very soon, in fact. I just needed to get the teams squared away first.
Karkat: ok well...
are they?!
Vriska: Looks like it!
Karkat: so that means joke...
fuck. *Jake* I mean.
really is a one man team, designated for robo jack and his oven bozos???
Vriska: Apparently.
You ok with that, kid?
Jake: Um.................
Vriska: You can do it.
Just believe in yourself, or whatever the fuck.
When in doubt, just remind yourself that battle isn't even particularly important.
And help could be on the way once some of the other battles start coming to some sort of
resolution.
Just hang in there!
Jake: O... okay.
Vriska: Excellent!

[A6A6I5] Next
Vriska: That concludes the tactical planning part of this debriefing. It's all perfectly logical, right? No questions or anything? Cool. Really, I shudder to think what you numskulls would be doing if I weren't around, like John just implied with his nice remarks. He really did you all the biggest fucking favor in the history of time shenanigans by clobbering me in the face three years ago. You should all make him a gift basket when this is over to show your gratitude. No need to thank me of course. I'm just doing my job here. (smiley face with eight eyes) Now! Let's go over some really basic non-combat endgame stuff, then we'll be ready to break.

Vriska: First, about Kanaya and Karkat's "mission" I alluded to a minute ago. This is really important. You both listening??
Kanaya: Yes
Karkat: No.
Vriska: Ok, well one out of two isn't bad. As long as Kanaya understands, that's mainly what matters, since she's the more important part of this equation.
Karkat: wow, I'm fucking shocked! What do we, or, excuse me... What does *she* have to do?
Vriska: You Both have to go to Jade's planet and see Echidna. Even though this session is about as far from "normal" as it can possibly get, the same basic rules apply. Someone needs to seek an audience with her, and get her to agree to release the genesis frog. Or, the tadpole that grows up to become the frog, which is the stage of development he's in at this point. Remember, Kanaya? You had to do this on your planet, to get our frog released into Skaia.
Kanaya: Yeah
She Asked Me To Do Something Impossible To Which I Replied Thats Impossible So She Ended Up Demanding That I Fight Her So I Did Which Made Me Feel Sad
Id Rather Not Have To Do That Again Will I Have To Do That Again
Vriska: If that's what she wants, then yes.
Kanaya: Why Does It Have To Be Me Though
Vriska: because Someone has to! Sources tell me this is the plan the Condesce had for you, before we derailed all her shit.
Kanaya: You Keep Talking About All These Sources Who Are All These Sources Did Arquius Tell You This Too
Vriska: No! Look, I've been busy, ok?
Information is everywhere if you know where to look.
Derse has a lot of agents on the inside who are wise to the old lady's plans.
Shaking the bushes for good intel isn't that complicated, it just takes a little effort!
Some people on this lily pad should maybe try looking into that some time.
Kanaya: If You Say So
Vriska: Would you just can...
Would you just put a Lid on it for a second, and listen?
Normally Jade would be the one to do this, but at the time, Jade had become corrupted, so I guess
Echidna wouldn't deal with her.
And now, Jade's asleep! Which is exactly how she needs to stay.
So that leaves the person Echidna requested in Jade's absence, which is you.
I am assuming because you were also a space player, so you'll be able to understand her garbled
nonsense language.
but that's not all there is to it. She also requested you bring Karkat.
Karkat: ugh.
why the hell would she want to see me?
Vriska: No idea!
Denizens are mysteeeeeerious.
Maybe she wants a knight along? Or a blood player?
Or maybe she just has a bone to pick with you in particular.
You know, since you and Kanaya were both involved in the frog breeding stuff in our session, and,
let's face it.
You kind of messed that up! You were pretty hasty and reckless about it, and the result was a
defective frog.
Sure, there's more to it than that. Like problems with the human session that were totally
interrelated with ours due to cyclical time garbage, but you get the point.
Echidna probably doesn't take kindly to people who are cavalier with the sacred frog duties. That's
kind of her domain, like, the propagation of existence and all that.
So maybe you've got some stuff to atone for before she agrees to let another precious frog out of
her divine custody?
Karkat: you're doing this on purpose, aren't you.
trying to make me feel bad about some ancient history, so I'll be nervous about this encounter.
well I'll spare you the trouble. I'm already nervous! I don't want to go prostrate myself before a
babbling snake goddess even under ideal circumstances.
Vriska: Karkat, relax.
I am guessing this will just be a sort of formality.
That's how things always struck me with her, like... getting the blessing from a queen, or some
huge mythical matriarch before proceeding with some incredibly important event, or claiming a
cosmic reward.
Or maybe you'll have to just kill her again? I don't see what difference it makes.
Really, who knows what her real purposes are? They're probably totally unfathomable.
Echidna is kind of a big Deal Denizen. One of the real heavy hitters, like that other guy... the really
strong one with the ridiculous name.
She might even be the biggest deal. She's the mother of all denizens. I mean, not in a literal sense.
Like, I really doubt she physically spawned them all.
So if she wants you to do something, it's serious. And if you need to do something of massive
cosmic significance, like release a frog that contains an entire universe in its belly, then by the
same token, it has to go through her.
The other denizens are a bunch of petty grumbling riddle-merchants by comparison.
You should feel honored she even wants to see you.
Karkat: how are we even sure she has a frog to release??
who made this frog? The jokers from this session?
I thought they spent months doing nothing.
Vriska: It's the same frog Jade made!
With Kanaya's help, remember?
Hell, you may have even been involved in that process too. I don't recall every single detail.
but it fell in the forge on Jade's planet back in the old session, and now Jade's planet is here.
Hence, the frog is here too. It's just been... let's say hibernating inside the planet for a few years.
Echidna kept it warm for us until we were ready. Which is now!
Karkat: ok. Yeah, I remember now.
so the condesce was going to make us do this originally? Why??
Vriska: because her goal was pretty much the same as ours!
To win this game and create a universe.
The battle taking place here isn't over Whether one will be created.
It's over who gets to control it when it's made.
Ideally, that should be us, rather than a genocidal fish dictator.
In fact, we don't want Anyone to "control" it.
Nobody should control a universe. That's what bad guys try to do.
We just want it to be a nice place to live, and free of any controlling influence that will make life miserable for the people who live there.
Having an attitude about the Ultimate Reward that differs from that in any way was just Another thing we fucked up the first time around.
So let's just be clear on what we're fighting for here.
Got it?!
Karkat: ...
yeah
you've made your point.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska pulls out a transparent, brown magic 8 ball. Inside, there’s a blue planet with sparse white clouds in the atmosphere.]
dialoglog
Vriska: Next item:
Earth!!!!!!!!!
When you enter the new universe, you're going to need a planet to live on.
Why not just resettle the one you all grew up on?
The Condesce kind of fucked it up though.
In your scratched universe, she spent a few centuries getting it ready for a new troll "paradise".
She flooded the whole thing. So when you get there, you'll need to skip ahead to some time far in the future, when the oceans have receded.
Should be livable by then. Hell, it may even be a pretty nice place!
Here John. Take this.
When the battle is over, make sure you give it to Jade.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: John takes the magic 8 ball and stares in vaguely awestruck uncertainty.]
dialoglog
John: what is it?
Vriska: It's Earth!
Remember how three years ago you told Terezi we needed your wallet, but you didn't have it?
Well in the time since, we talked about it a lot, and figured this was most likely the reason she told you to give it to us.
It wasn't a big deal, actually.
We spent some time deciphering the code for your wallet. It took a little while, and a few lucky
guesses on the code digits, but we eventually got there.
Then I just used it to upgrade my much cooler 8 ball modus.
John: you hacked my dad's wallet??
Vriska: Sure. Like I said, we had some time on our hands.
It is after all just a fucking wallet. It's not like it's some legendary item he got on some mythical
dad quest.
Vriska: I mean, he did buy the thing somewhere, right?
John: um. yeah, i guess so.
John: i dunno.
John: i still think it's a pretty special thing.
Vriska: Nope!
Sorry to be the bearer of bad news. It is literally... just a wallet.
Anyway.
Then, before I did the scouting work on this session, I rode the meteor through the gate, watched it
crash on Earth, then just captchaalyzed the whole damn thing and got out of there.
No sweat!
Presumably like Grimbark Jade was supposed to, if she wasn't asleep.
Again, it was a pretty good plan, she just never saw me coming.
Sorry Condy, if you want your waterlogged little globe back, you'll have to pry it from John's dead
hands now.
John: er.
...yeah.

[V6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Dave looks towards John, who cradles the 8 ball to his chest.
Roxy and Rose stand behind him, close to the fridge.]
dialoglog
Vriska: Those are the important things to remember.
but don't forget the basics.
Remember to finish building up your hives as far as they'll go.
Then deploy the grist rigs which will disperse your planets' hoards into Skaia, giving it the
nutrients it needs to mature the frog.
This is Sgrub 101 stuff, but I guess it bears repeating since most of you have never actually made it
this far.
When the hoards are empty and Skaia is ready, then all you have to do is make sure someone's in
position to ignite the forge.
Then everyone rendezvous right back here on the lily pad to claim the Ultimate Reward.
Which is represented by the hive shape thingy with a door on it that leads to the new universe.
Any questions before we kick this into action?

[V6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The perspective shifts to show only John and Vriska against the void. John
smiles at her and she smiles back.]
John: yes, I have one.
Vriska, what's your part in all this, aside from making all these air tight plans?
you've been making it sound like you won't be here when all this happens!
Vriska: Of course I won't.
I'll be off doing something much more important than all this.
I'm traveling to the furthest ring to go kill Lord English.
John: What??
Wow.
Isn't that going to be, uh...
hard?
Vriska: Of course it will be.
John: Are you sure you can even...
Do that?
Like, by yourself, I mean.
Vriska: John, I'm not an idiot. I won't be diving into this blindly.
See, somewhere out there in the incomprehensible causal-stew of the furthest ring, there was once
a plan that was coming together to defeat him once and for all.
It involved a secret weapon, an army, and all sorts of other shenanigans.
John: Yeah, this...
sounds weirdly familiar.
Vriska: Oh, I'm sure it does.
but the point is, along the way, that plan stalled out.
It went nowhere because the party involved disintegrated and lost their way.
So someone needs to light a fire under that shit again, and I don't see anyone else stepping forward.
John: How are you going to do that?
Vriska: Let me worry about that.
You have your hands full enough as it is.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Everyone is clustered on the left side of the platform, near Vriska
and the fridge, which W.V. now stands on top of. Only Jade is on the right side of the platform,
and she’s still fast asleep near the edge.]

dialoglog
John: So, is...
Is that it?
Is that the end of this cool strategy jam, slash fun reunion?
Vriska: That's it!!!!!!!
That's the whole situation, my whole plan, and everything you need to do.
Good luck everyone!
Terezi: *human "golf" clap*
Vriska: Thanks, Pyrope!
Karkat: Alright, so what now?
Kanaya, I guess we head to, what was it?
Lofaf
Like right now? Since I guess the clock is ticking.
Kanaya: Lofaf
And yes
John: Right. And we're supposed to go after the condensce really soon, too. Right?
Rose: Condesce.
And yes.
John: but not like... Right away? there are still a couple hours for us to prepare.
which we should use! to come up with a fighting strategy.
Roxy: yeah!!!
John: i wish jade and nanna could be awake for this.
really want to talk to them, and let them in on all the cool stuff we're about to do.
I guess they have to stay asleep for a while, though. oh well.
hey, jake!
Jake: Huh?
John: want to come make plans with us?
we can help you figure out how to deal with robot jack, and whatever hooligans he is bringing!
Jake: Oh!
Yes.
Thanks john.
May... maybe.
John: ok!
Terezi: hey dave
we should probably work out a fighting strategy too
since it sounds like we've got a real nasty one to deal with (smiley face with furrowed brows)
Dave: yeah
but
Terezi: What
Dave: dunno
it feels weird to make some battleplans when one of our team members still isnt here
Terezi: well, I think we can at least outline the strategy, right?
figure out how we'll approach a villain with his particular strengths and weaknesses
and assume our third member will be ready to fight if we tell him to
Dave: yeah you know im sure if teen hardass strider shows up with his sword and shades and shit
and we say
hey dude look bad guy go kill
im sure the guy will be more than willing to oblige
its just
man
Terezi: What!
Dave: it feels wrong
planning "around" him
like hes a weird hypothetical battle mannequin
Terezi: from the things I have heard about him, from your own personal mouth
that actually sounds like a pretty apt description to me
Dave: no!
it
its
more complicated than that
and im supposed to...
be getting ready for this huge deadly battle which is So much more intense than anything i ever did
even like 3 years ago back when i was actually doing adventure shit instead of watching dane cook
movies
and somehow be all geared up for that
And meet my teen bro for the first time
and say oh there you are thats cool
lets fight this random nigh indestructible asshole
and then
hug bump or something?
how do i deal with all this
i think i could end up getting us all killed and none of you are taking this seriously
Vriska: Ok Strider, I've heard enough.
Dave: ??
Vriska: I have been more than patient, and more than accommodating,
but your hangups regarding your ancestor are starting to border on pathetic.
Karkat: hey!
why don't you can it.
Vriska: Karkat, stay out of this.
Karkat: no, I won't.
not if you are going to start trashing people with respect to their sensitive issues in a manner that is
*way* over the line as far as the basic ground rules of good natured shit talking goes, ground rules
on which I *happen* to be an expert.
either make sure your trash mouthed invective is critically constructive, or shut up!
Vriska: Who said I wasn't being constructive?!
God.
I cut him all the slack in the world on this, but I can see it isn't doing him, or any of us, any good at
all.
I can see I'm going to have to expedite matters.
Go figure. Leave it all to Vriska, Once Again.
Dave: what
what the fuck are you even going to do

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dave stares at Vriska as she pulls out a massive, complex, bright red rifle with
the betty crocker fork logo on the side. It has a very large sight attached to the top. In the
background, Roxy looks confused and annoyed.]
dialoglog
Vriska: I told you.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska lifts the rifle up, revealing that the barrel is ludicrously long, extending
off the panel and who knows how much further. Roxy gasps offendedly.]
dialoglog
Vriska: I'm expediting matters.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The sight’s crosshairs focus on Dirk, who is flying quickly back towards the
incipisphere from where he was previously teleported.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It returns to Vriska. We can now see the full length of the barrel. It's several
feet longer than Vriska is tall. She fires it with a Pow.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dirk continues flying through the void. Suddenly, a green fenestrated plane
appears in front of him and he vanishes into it.]
[Image description: Dirk pops out through the fenestrated plane on the platform and slams into Dave, sending them both momentarily bouncing around like pinballs before they eventually land flat on their backs.]

[Image description: They just lay there for a moment, foot to foot, trying to collect themselves.]

dialoglog
Vriska: There you go!
Strider, meet Strider.
He's pretty fucked up, but probably a nice guy once you get to know him.
Which one am I talking about, you ask? Who knows!
Feeling awkward yet? Here's an idea.
Get the fuck over it.
Ok guys, I'm out of here.
I'm not sure I can take another second of this.

[Image description: Vriska furrows her brows so hard that her eye begins twitching. John stares at her like she’s a wild, dangerous animal. Perhaps she is.]

dialoglog
John: jeez vriska, are they really that bad?
Vriska: Who, the Striders? No, they're fine.
That's not what I was talking about.
There's another problem out there in paradox space which I can't stand for.
Not another moment. In fact, it makes me shudder just thinking about this lingering flaw which has yet to be rectified.
John: oh.
what is it?

[Image description: Vriska grabs the fenestrated plane’s power pack, holds it over her head, and leaps into the plane while John stares on in shock, but also like he’s not surprised by this turn of events. Dirk continues to lay on the ground.]

dialoglog
Vriska: My ghost is being a Fucking Loser

[Note: Fucking Loser is written so large that it takes up the entire dialogue box.]

[Image description: Vriska disappears through the plane and a moment later, the cord cuts and power is lost, making the plane go dark.]
dialoglog
Jane: I hope I don't sound like too much of a dream bubble novice, but, Now that we've remembered we're asleep, how do we... Wake up? Jade: good question i have no idea! Jane: I mean, not that I haven't had a wonderful time recording our stories here with you both. But maybe we should return to our friends soon. What if they need our help? Calliope: obviously I have enjoyed your company more than I can say. but you're right. You cannot stay here forever. your friends need you. So I will wake you up. Jade: wait...
you can do that??
Calliope: (very smiley face with closed eyes)

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Calliope smiles and takes out a thin, white wand.]

dialoglog
Jade: wow!!!
ok then i guess that settles that
but before we go...
i just want to say, in case we never get another chance to...
what the
Jane: Huh?
Jade: something is happening
Calliope: (gasping face)

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The entire stage turns white, then vanishes, dumping all three of them on the floor.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. The yellow spiral begins pulsing with a bright light.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The light brightens and steadies, then all three girls fall, like the floor vanished from underneath them.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: They tumble down into the void. Jane falls first, then Jade, then Calliope.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The spiral begins to unravel and follow them, forming a somewhat spring-shaped, glowing trail.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The spiral unravels further, its coils loosening. The end of it falls faster than the girls do.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The coils loosen until it’s just a vague curl. Jane, Jade, and Calliope land on the curl and begin to slip along it, like it’s a giant slide.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on them as they slide down this glowing path like an amusement park ride. They all seem extremely surprised by this turn of events.]

[A6A6I5] Next
[Image description: The slide suddenly flattens out. Jane skids to a stop on her butt. Jade skids on her face. Calliope still slides down the angled portion.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: All three of them stand up and look down the path, which winds its way into the distance.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: They walk along it single file with Jane in the lead, Jade right behind her, and Calliope bringing up the rear. They all look around confusedly, but there’s nothing to see. It’s just the void.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The void around and the path fade away until they’re standing in an orange-tinted, rocky landscape with massive white crystals protruding from the ground and small patches of a spindly green plant clinging to the edge of rocks. The sky above them is a vibrant blue swirled with black and shot through with tendrils of bright red, like someone swirled dyed water against a black background, refracting both the black color and a white light.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: All three of them stop in their tracks and the angle shifts. It’s like they’re walking through a tunnel of water or ice that has been compressed so tightly that the air bubbles have all been forced out of it, rendering it a bright blue color.]

dialoglog
Jade: i know this place

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Jane and Jade both step off a narrow stone walkway and onto a larger piece of land. More of the large crystals jut out of the land, and a river of something bright red, perhaps lava, flows under a bridge made of polished silver metal. Calliope stays on the walkway.]

dialoglog
Jane: Where are we?

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Jade’s face as she looks around warily.]

dialoglog
Jade: its echidnas lair
or my memory of it at least

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The three of them stop once again. Jade and Jane look confused, but Calliope looks even more confused than either of them.]

dialoglog
Jade: or possibly...
someone elses?

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jane suddenly turns into a white silhouette, then vanishes. Jade and Calliope both turn towards where she was and gasp. An exclamation mark appears over Calliope’s head.]

dialoglog
Jade: jane??

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Back on the platform, Arquiusprite finally finishes his work on Jane. The panel flashes red and says Disobey for a single frame, then Jane’s outfit returns to its normal beige and green coloring. The tiara vanishes and she bounces around for a moment before bumping to a halt between John and Roxy.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Roxy grins widely and waves at Jane, who looks stunned and shaken. Her hair is an absolute mess. Arquiusprite looks down at her impassively.]

dialoglog
Arquiusprite: (Shades and arrow) Abra cafiddling dabra you silly shootnerds
My exceedingly Strong work as the party's premier bodybuilding hacker is done
Off I go
Jane: …

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jane starts to slump backwards with her hand on her head, but Roxy kneels and steadies her. There are deep bags under Jane’s eyes. In the background, Arquiusprite flies away.]

dialoglog
Roxy: Jane!!!!!
ur wake!
Jane: Roxy?????
U’r alive!
Jane: Er, you're!
Roxy: so are you!
you were dead last time i saw you and also before i found u sleepin here but now ur awake and also alive!
Jane: Yeah!
You were dead too, because I...
But now you're??
Oh god, Roxy, I’m so sorry I,
I wasn't thinking straight when...
Please forgive me. (frowning face)
Roxy: aw janey you dont gotta worry about whatever sad incident that frowns about
thats all water under a bridge from a reality i got no recollection of and therefore dont matter at all by which i mean......
this reality here, so ok the reality is still Kind of relevant because we are literally inside of it atm but im new here!
i came over to keep being roxy since the old one died or whatever thru hecka debacles
Jane: That... is quite an explanation!
Jeez, I missed you.
Roxy: cmere u extravagant bitch!!!
Jane: Hahah!
(Wait... what?)

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jane and Roxy both stand up and hug. John smiles at their reunion as Rose sprite watches. Rose looks towards John in confusion.]

dialoglog
John: the hug pile doesn't stop from getting taller.
Rose: ?
John: the hug pile! there are more hugs, rose.
Rose: I can see the hugs. I don't understand the pile thing.
John: oh. don't you remember?
a funny quote from one of dave's old comics!
Rose: Ah. Yes, vaguely.
It's been a long journey, John.
I believe one of the most valuable lessons that comes with growing up is gaining the wisdom that gently informs you when it's time to retire a meme.
John: heh...
i guess i never earned that handy badge, or whatever.
i like this, though. every time someone wakes up, or pops out of nowhere, it's fun times all over again.
i feel like i should be playing reunion bingo.
who will be next??
my money is on the long awaited and insanely poignant reunion between me and casey the salamander.
Rose: Surely you mean the dear Viceroy Bubbles Von Salamanzer, right?
And instead of you, you mean me.
That's when the real tears will flow.
John: what do you think she's up to?
Rose: He.
John: no, she is my beautiful daughter. (tongue sticking out face)
Rose sprite: Something tells me the good Viceroy has been busy.
Rose: Oh?
Rose sprite: I sense he's been... scheming.
Plotting.
Biding his time.
Rose sprite: Accruing dark legions.
Rose: That sure is a thing that would be dumb, if true.
Rose sprite: Yeah.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jane and Roxy stop hugging and turn towards John, Rose, and Rose sprite.]

dialoglog
John: hi nanna!
Jane, i mean.
Sorry, it's an easy mistake to make, because you're my nanna!
Roxy: lol
real smooth shit john
Jane: Hello!
A pleasure to meet you, John. Or, poppop, as I used to know you.
John: hehe, yeah so i heard!
Jane: You look so...
Young.
John: thanks!
so do you.
my nanna, who used to be ashes on my fireplace, regained her old womanly visage when i turned
her into a sprite, and she helped me along the way.
so nanna is a sprite! did you know that?
Jane: Um... no?
John: i thought you should know that. she's probably around somewhere. i hope you can meet her.
oh, also, i'm your son technically. did you know that??
Jane: Yes.
It is... a pretty strange fact!
But also pretty cool.
John: yup!
Roxy: ooh jane thats my daughter there say hi to her!!!
Jane: Hi!
Rose: Hi, John's hot mom.
(Aw shit.)
Jane: Haha...?
Roxy: also thats umm Another version of rose who died and then i buried and a stupid cat unburied
her for some reason and prototyped her
so say hello to my cool floaty double daughter!
Jane: Hi, Roxy's hot double daughter.
Rose sprite: (Very happy face)
(Rose Prime, I believe you may have just been owned.)
Rose: (God damn Dave's contagious-ass Freudian boners.)

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jane gives a shy but grateful smile. Roxy beams at her. Jaspersprite lurks up
behind Roxy.]

dialoglog
Jane: Wow, I feel so out of the loop! Sorry if I still seem disoriented from my... nap, I suppose it
was?
Jane: Or impromptu troll-coma.
Roxy, you have to clue me in on what happened here! Where are Dirk and Jake?
And for that matter, John, where are your other friends? Oh, Jade! Where is she? Is she still
asleep?
Roxy: hey janey that is all like a lot of stuff to say and everything goin on here is faaairly
complicated and heavily peopled
dont worry ill ease you into comprehending shit again (winking face)
well ok cliff notes are: jake fucked off somewhere and dirk recently fucked off Back here through
a window but he left again pretty quick...
dave went with dirk at wherever their fucking off too now, i think to get ready for some swords
fightin, and yeah jade is still asleep but a coupla trolls lugged her off somewhere safe for now
the Rest of the junk im still sorting out myself because like i said im new to this exact plane of
shenanigans
Jane: Yes, you mentioned that.
I still don't know what you meant by...
Wait!
You and John came from another reality, where everything went horribly, right?
Roxy: m-hmm!
Jane: I just remembered. Really, it's been such a rollercoaster ride for my memory, since I fell
asleep.
Your and John's travels were a critical part of the illustrated story we reconstructed through our
memories with Callie.
Roxy: wat!
you saw callie in your dreams????
Jane: I did!
Roxy: hoh man
how is she!
i saw her in a dream a little while ago and we talked about lots of stuff
she looked like a troll then
Jane: Yes, her trollsona! She had hers on when I saw her.
And we had ours on too!
Roxy: (gasping face) FUCK
Jane: She seemed to be doing well.
Nervous, of course, since she was hiding. But we passed the time with our stories.
It was a lot of fun! I'm so happy I got to meet her.
I wonder if I'll ever get the chance again?
Roxy: wellll...
now that u mention it
it Is one of my chief objectives to go lookin for her asap
aaand not to be That Rogue n brag all heavy but i May be in better touch with my void powers now
soo maybe i stand a p good chance of trackin her down?
cus i Got somethin for her
Jane: You do?? What? (smiley face with buck teeth)
Roxy: just a lil presie, nbd
Jane: ...
I see.
Roxy: jk it is crucial fukkin bling janey
one (1) priceless digit donut!!!
w/ more karats than a rabbit too fat for a hole
(s'magic to)
Jane: wow!!!!!!!!!!!
Ahem, so,
You mean a ring, then.
John: yeah!
oh man, that's a great idea roxy.
you should try and give it to her as soon as you can!
then maybe we can all meet her before we ramp up for this battle?
Roxy: hmm yeh!
u think i can do it?
John: sure!
Rose: I like your chances too.
Rose sprite: Same!
Jaspersprite: Me too roxy! (smiling cat face)
Rose: I also have some experience helping people along in the right direction, when it comes to navigating the abyss. Maybe I could assist?
Roxy: yeah maybe!
Rose sprite: I'm pretty sure I have experience performing literally the exact same task, in a slightly different context. So maybe I can double assist?
John: see roxy? everyone thinks you should do it, because they all believe in you.
Jane: That's right!
Roxy: shucks fuckers (blank face) yall killin me here (heart)
Jaspersprite: Meow im so happy!
Roxy: frigglish u silly bastard whats up?
Jaspersprite: Purr purr purr... All the humans being so close together and happy and friendly purr purr. Its making me really excited and happy too and making me feel like i want to be a part of everything! Purr purr and get close to a nearby person and be happy at them with my body purrrr...
Rose sprite: Jaspers, what are you...
Jaspersprite: I cant help it rose i want to cuddle i'm feeling so pleased and friendly! (smiling cat face) (smiling cat face) (smiling cat face)
Rose sprite: Jaspers, no, No, don't!

[Image description: Rose sprite screams and puts an arm up in front of her face to ward off Jaspersprite.]

dialoglog
Rose sprite: Jaspers, nooooo!
Jaspersprite: (smiling cat face) purrrrrrr

[Image description: It’s too late. Jaspersprite grabs Rose sprite in a hug and a bright white light beams out from them.]

[Image description: John, Roxy, Jane, and Rose stare up in completely dumbfounded shock. Terezi looks absolutely delighted. The new sprite’s legs, which it apparently has, hang down and flash between Rose sprite purple and Jaspersprite pink at a rate high enough that it could probably induce a headache at the very least.]

[Image description: It zooms out to show the new sprite in her? their? its? entirety. For the sake of simplicity, we’ll stick with she. She wears a princess hat, headband, and outfit that looks like a combination of the dress from the eldritch princess doll that went into Jaspersprite, Rose’s godtier outfit, and Rose’s Derse pajamas. The outfit has the puffy upper sleeves from the doll, the striped collar and pointed hemline from the Derse pajamas, and the curling waist decoration shared between her dreamer outfit and godtier outfit. The symbol on her chest is the light symbol, but rather than a circle at the center of the sun, it has the moon from the dreamer outfit. Her face looks
like a strange combination of Jaspersprite’s and Rose’s. Her eyes and hair are distinctly Rose’s, but she also has small cat ears, tufts of fur on either side of her face, a cat mouth, and small tentacles extending from her chin. She still flashes rapidly between pink and purple.]

dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Meow meow motherfuckers.

[Image description: Roxy stares up in delight and puts her hands to her cheeks. It shows Jasp rose sprite squared’s hand, which looks like a human hand with paw pads and claws.]

dialoglog
Roxy: why is everything always so wonderful

[Image description: Elsewhere in the void, a dark dreambubble pulses green at the edges. Flashing cracks approach it, but they don’t yet reach it.]

[Image description: Jade and Calliope approach a set of white stairs that lead up to a small white stage. From the opposite end of the stage, a white pathway winds deeper into the watery, icy cave.]

[Image description: Jade looks up at something in surprise. Calliope stands next to her looking more nervous than anything.]

[Image description: Everything suddenly flashes bright green, forcing both Calliope and Jade to squint. After a moment, the light dims to bearable levels and they look back up.]

dialoglog
Calliope: welcome back, jade.

[Note: This… isn’t our Calliope. She speaks in bright red text, not the pale grey of our Calliope, who from now on will be called Callie.]

[Image description: Jade and Callie look up towards a figure standing on the platform. She glows with bright green energy that somehow dims all the light around her to nearly nothing.]

[Image description: It zooms in on the figure, who hides deep in a hood. We see just the faintest outline of a skeletal face, brow ridges, a bright red bowtie, and green circles on her cheeks. Solid green circles.]

[Image description: A light flashes behind her, showing her entire face. She looks exactly like Callie, but older, somehow, like she’s seen more. Her eyes are the main difference, and they’re
Calliope: come toward me.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jade smiles up at Calliope and starts up the stairs towards her. Callie follows at some distance behind Jade, looking quite nervous.]

dialoglog
Jade: hi!
its good to see you again
Calliope: you are kind to believe that.
Jade: how long has it been?
Calliope: there is no way to measure.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jade and Callie reach the top of the stairs, but Callie hangs back a bit. Calliope gestures to the side with one hand.]

dialoglog
Calliope: jade, could you wait over here?
i will return in a moment.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Calliope walks further down the pathway, but Callie and Jade stay on the stage.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Callie looks incredibly nervous and a little bit awestruck, and Jade finally takes notice of that.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Callie steps forward and Jade’s eyes follow her.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Calliope continues down the pathway and Callie follows at a respectful distance, like she isn’t quite sure she should. They leave the blue caves and enter a white space.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Calliope stops and lets Callie catch up. Callie once again looks more nervous than anything.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Calliope pulls out a thin, white wand that glows green at the end. We finally get a good look at her outfit. It’s a godtier outfit for a hero of space; dark grey leggings that fall to mid calf, a plain black dress with slits in front of each leg that run up to mid thigh, the space symbol on her chest, a dark grey capelet that falls to the middle of her bicep, a red bowtie, and a
close-cut black hood, not unlike one that would be found on any hoodie.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Callie looks towards the wand as it casts a green light onto her face.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Where the light touches, Callie’s troll cosplay melts away, like the light is revealing her true form.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The light flashes, then slowly fades away. When it’s gone, Callie’s still there, but in her true, skeletal form. Her eyes, like Calliope’s, are pitch black.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: They stare at each other. Callie looks shocked and uncertain, but Calliope looks cold and hardened.]

Dialoglog

[Note: Both are called Calliope in the pesterlog, differentiated only by color and Calliope’s lack of capitalization on U. For ease of reading, Callie’s name has been changed to Callie.]

Callie: i’ve been searching for you.
Calliope: so you have.
and i’ve been waiting.
Callie: ...
...
Umm.
Calliope: what will it be?
Callie: pardon?
i don't...

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The angle shifts. They continue staring at each other in this blank white space.]

dialoglog

Callie: forgive my faltering, miss...
Um, miss calliope.
i don't know what to do.
am i supposed to ask you something?
Calliope: no.
but you may if you wish.
Callie: ah.
in that case...
jade told me that you enjoy telling stories, like me.
is that true?
Calliope: i used to.
long ago i would tell stories to myself, for the sake of amusement.
now i only tell them to others, when it serves a purpose.
is there a story you would like to hear?
Callie: hmm.
possibly?
there is so much to wonder.
why...
why are you here?
i mean, in the lair of echidna?
Calliope: this is where i was killed.
Callie: (gasping face)
Calliope: would you like to hear that story?

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The perspective shifts again. Bright light behind Calliope turns her edges fuzzy.]
dialoglog
Calliope: my death was the very end, of course.
when telling a story of the end, where does one begin?
at the true beginning, or one of the many points between disguised as such?
in a story of the end, which events preceding the final moment itself shall be considered extraneous?
for me, none were.
for you, all are.
it simply depends how long you're willing to listen, and for how long you have.
Callie: ... how long do i have?
now that you're here,
not long at all.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. The white space they stand in looks exactly like the space Callie, Jade, and Jane spent time in, except the center portion is white as well as the smeared spiral. The space beyond the spiral is filled with millions of multicolored galaxies at such great distances that they would look like single stars if not for the faintly visible arms of their spirals or oblong structures.]
dialoglog
Callie: oh.
i'd want to listen to as much as possible!
in whatever amount of time i have, if you please.
Calliope: from the true beginning, then, and moving swiftly.
i began the same as you.
vulnerable, weak, but without the comfort of others, to whom those flaws would endear me.
so i became strong, and killed my brother.
i wore him down. i ate his soul. i dressed my words in his blood to hear victory every time i spoke.
i consumed his strength, too. it was always in me, just as yours was in him.
but being strong was not enough.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Beams of light shoot up from the spiral around Callie and Calliope. The space above their head shows the objects of Calliope’s incipisphere. They’re the same billiard ball planets surrounding a black hole from Caliborn’s session, but off to the side, the
Calliope: a dead session is an impossible time challenge. The planets detonate sooner and sooner, one by one. It is a trial designed to be unwinnable. A muse of space could never solve it, but a lord of time could, with relentless perseverance. It could only be him.

Callie: my brother?
Calliope: yes.

C i was never meant to rise to the place he holds because the game was rigged, tilted in favor of his aspect. Having gained immortality, I could sit forever in a spent dead session. Or I could seek counsel with the mother of monsters. And that is why you stand in my memory of her lair.

Calliope: her choice was simple, and I accepted. She mercifully ended my life, then and there. Less mercifully is what came in exchange. My soul would have to wait here, for what felt like a very, very long time.

Callie: wait for what?
Calliope: you.

Echidna told me that your visit would be my signal. An indication that the furthest ring around me had uncoiled itself momentarily, enough to be navigable. It would mean it was time for me to go, and fulfill the rest of my promise to her. So that is what I will do.

Callie: i... see.

then what about me?

Calliope: what do you mean.

Callie: i was under the impression i needed to find you, and...
apparently that was true. so that you can leave. but...
i thought this encounter might, hold some purpose for me?

that you might let me know how i fit into everything, from this moment onward.

Calliope: your only relevance here, and to the greater good, was to function as my signal.
a simple notification, as foretold by echidna.
now that you are here, i can go.
Callie: but then...
what should i do?

[Next]

[Image description: Calliope turns and walks back towards the memory of Echidna’s lair and Jade, leaving Callie watching her from the white space.]

dialogue
Calliope: you don't need to do anything.
be who you've become, and who i didn't.
consume the fruits of an existence i could never understand.

[Next]

[Image description: Calliope approaches Jade, who waves at her. Callie doesn’t move.]

dialogue
Calliope: live.

[Next]

[Image description: Everything around callie fades until she’s standing in a black void.]

[Next]

[Image description: Callie stares off towards where Calliope and Jade were just moments ago.]

[Next]

[Image description: Callie continues to stare off into nothingness. Roxy appears behind her and smiles at her.]

[Next]

[Image description: Calliope turns around and spots Roxy. A gasping face emoticon appears over Callie’s head.]

[Next]

[Image description: Roxy smiles conspiratorially at Callie.]

[Next]

[Image description: It zooms in on Roxy’s hand, where she holds a plain gold ring between two fingers.]

[Next]

[Image description: Roxy takes Callie’s hand in hers, holding it palm up, and holds the ring near her finger.]

[Next]
[Image description: It zooms in on Callie’s face. Very slowly, her black eyes fade to white with green irises. She’s alive again.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Callie stares at the ring in shock.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Roxy steps up beside Callie, smiles softly at her, and takes her hand. Callie’s shocked expression shifts from the ring to Roxy.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Callie smiles and Roxy beams at her. The black background around them turns dark blue.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Callie’s smile turns into an excited grin as Roxy turns into a flickering black silhouette.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Callie turns into a similar silhouette.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The whole panel turns black and pulses at the edges, which extend beyond their boundaries.]

[S][A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Metallic, echoing hissing sounds ring out. The body of a pale, iridescent pink and purple snake with small patches of feather-like tufts crosses a white void. This panel has a scroll bar at the bottom. Scroll right. A stone pathway leading into a bright blue cave fades in next to the snake’s body. Continue scrolling right. Beyond the cave wall, a jagged stone path winds next to a red river, likely lava. Loops of the snake’s body protrude through the surface of the lava, like it’s swimming in it. At the far end of the panel, two small figures stand on the pathway: Karkat and Kanaya. They’re facing away from the end of the cave, like they’re on their way out.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Karkat turns towards Kanaya and looks faintly annoyed. Then again, he almost always looks faintly annoyed. Kanaya just turns to look at him.]

dialoglog
Karkat: so you actually understood what she was saying with that earsplitting malarkey?
Kanaya: yes
Karkat: wow.
I guess we really did send the right person then.
plus one useless tag-along, I guess to bear witness or something?
and probably record the legendary conversation like a scribe, with his benchwarmer's pen into the hallowed scroll of the second banana.
Kanaya: what
Karkat: except I didn't bring my pen or scroll, and I don't speak monster screaming, so my transcript would read like...
"more shrill noises, like god playing the edge of a glass inside your think pan"
"maryam continues to nod along"
Kanaya: We Talked About You
Karkat: what???
you did
Kanaya: It Was A Short Conversation
The Entire Exchange Was Quite Brief And Straightforward Actually
Karkat: no, I kinda got that.
even though I don't have a keen ear for beast twaddle, I can still detect when a conversation doesn't last for much time.
I mean, did she say what she wanted with me?
or what she wants me to do??
Kanaya: You Dont Have To Do Anything
And She Didnt Want Anything With You In Particular
She Just Wanted You Here
Karkat: ok???
well, here I am, queen snake!!!
Karkat: satisfied?!
Kanaya: Yes
She Is Apparently
Karkat: then what did you talk about when my name came up!
Kanaya: Now Is Probably Not The Right Time To Get Too Deep Into The Subject
But It Was Nothing Bad
To The Contrary Really
Karkat: Ok...
then what about you?
why did she want to see you, kanaya... Can you at least tell me *something* about this maddening exchange?
Kanaya: The Bottom Line Is The Meeting Has Served Its Purpose And Echidna Is Satisfied
She Will Release The Frog When The Time Comes
I Think Vriska Was Basically Right
She Wanted To Get A Look At Us
To Assess Our Worthiness
Before She Would Agree To Authorize The Conception Of Another Universe
It Would Seem That We Measured Up
Once Her Questions Were Answered
what questions?
Kanaya: Those Pertaining To How Her Universe Would Be Treated Once Occupied
And Whether We Intended To Take That Responsibility Seriously
By Following Through With The Duties We Have Fundamentally Tasked Ourselves With By Our Natural Inclinations
I Mean Us Specifically
You And I
Karkat: duties?
natural inclinations?
what the fuck is she talking about.
Kanaya: Natural Inclinations I Think Just Means
Some Idea That Is Important To Us That Has Threaded Its Way Through Every Moment And Decision Of Our Lives
Even When Not Apparent
The Refrain Of Our Being Maybe You Could Call It
A Thing That Attracts And Inspires Us And Simultaneously Weighs On Us So Heavily We Are
Never Sure What To Do
For Me It Is Procreation I Believe
And So Does She
Fighting For The Persistence Of Our People
I Guess You Could Say
Motherhood?
Karkat: what about me then?
Kanaya: I Think
That Is For You To Say
Karkat: I'm not sure it is, really.
if I'm hearing you right, worthiness of inheriting this universe hinges on whether I can live up to
what my shit is about, so to speak.
but I don't know what my shit is about.
I'd really like to know, actually!
considering it sounds like you touched on that subject with her, even if only briefly, then it sounds
like a conversation I would have benefited from understanding.
really, if there was only *one* clangorous creature-screed I'd liked to have been able to parse over
my lifetime, this was probably it!!!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The two of them stand near patches of green moss and several large crystals.
Karkat glares at Kanaya.]

dialoglog
Kanaya: So
You Really Dont Have Even The Slightest Sense Of What You Stand For
Some Concept That Speaks To You In Some Way
Or Represents Ideals Important To You
Karkat: I dunno
uhh
blood?
Kanaya: blood
Karkat: no, not blood.
I mean, not really. Maybe.
honestly I don't even know what that means or why I said it.
except that it's the easy answer, just because it's my fucking aspect.
Kanaya: Well
Its A Topic I Can Get Behind
Do You Have Any
Karkat: what
you mean aside from a shitload of the stuff I carry around in my veins all the time?
no, sorry.
Kanaya: oh
Karkat: please don't look at my body like that while drooling.
Kanaya: whoops
Karkat: but really, I don't have a clue what my aspect means.
or if it even has any substantive correlation with "my shit" per whatever echidna was going on
about.
Karkat: honestly though... when we started playing the game, and learning about all the aspect stuff and who was what I got so excited when I found out about mine. I was like, what? Blood?? Fuck yeah!!! that's me. That's so badass, and I'm badass, so yeah, that checks out. and even though the thing about being a badass was bullshit, it still just *felt* right. and I think it still does.

Kanaya: Thats Nice
I Think It Can Only Be Positive To Feel A Deep Affinity For Ones Aspect Better Than Being At Odds With It I Never Felt Like I Had Much To Do With Space Until Eventually I Somehow Came To Understand Space Meant More Than Just Space Like Not Just Physical Room And Dimension For Stars To Occupy Its Deeper Than That A Field Related To Propagation The Ones Who Create It They Are Passing A Torch As It Were Karkat: yeah, at first, I thought blood just meant like... something about being a warrior! Or being completely ruthless to anyone standing in the way of victory. Karkat: but as more time passed I realized there was probably a lot more too it. and I still don't understand. maybe I never will. but you know even though I don't have those immature views on being a bigshot anymore I still want to fight! Kanaya: You Do Karkat: yeah! I mean not any old time like some belligerent asshole, but when everything is on the line, and it really matters. like now. so maybe I wasn't too far off on that part of my aspect? maybe it does have something to do with like the "warrior spirit" shit even if your body and skills can't quite back that up. Kanaya: Could Be It Could Also Be Theres More To Being A Warrior Than Engaging In Physical Combat Karkat: Hmm

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Karkat gives a one arm shrug and gives Kanaya an earnest look.]

dialoglog Karkat: but seriously, I still do want to help make a difference in this battle somehow! Kanaya: I know you do Karkat: look, I completely admit. I'm shit. I'm the shit they reserve for the smelliest toilet when it comes to fighting ability. all that smack talk between me and vriska about my uselessness, that wasn't even some snappy
little farce, where we all ride karkat's crotch bandeau for a lively chuckle.
it was just some basic boilerplate interlocution that was exactly on the fucking level.
I'm not a god tier, but you know what? Neither are you, and neither is terezi.
but you're both great, and deadly as shit. It's no excuse.
I've never been any good, and it took me a long time to come to terms with how deluded I was
about that.
the only reason we ended up winning our game was that everyone else was able to pick up the
slack for me.
pretty much all I did was spend a few weeks shouting at everybody.
I never told anyone this but...
even when I beat my denizen
I'm pretty sure that's only because I got the one reserved for the weakest players.
like a special one.
you know how there's that supposedly rare one that only really strong players get... It has some
weird fucking name.
I'm pretty sure mine was like that. But just the opposite.
really, I never said *anything* about this because it was so embarrassing, but
when I got to him, he was... Weirdly small??
like just really small.
and he mumbles his choice shit which of course I completely ignore, and he seems to know I will.
I can hear it in his voice. He knows I won't care, he can sense my contempt, he can sense how
small and pitiful I feel, and because he's like all knowing and shit, he's *factored this in*.
on some level, I think I understood all this, and it just made me furious.
so I killed him.
and it was too easy. Even for me, it was easy.
I remember thinking "what the fuck?" After the final blow.
so yeah, I've been pretty sure I got the "training denizen" ever since. It was just a matter of
admitting it to myself.
actually, as dumb as it sounds...
I think I'm *still* not comfortable with people knowing that fact. It still feels humiliating.
would you mind not telling anyone, kanaya?
Kanaya: Ill Stay Quiet
Karkat: but yeah, my utterly tragic lameness attribute notwithstanding, I'd still like to contribute.
I know it won't count for much.
I might even get in the way of somebody competent.
but it matters to me, to put everything on the line, for all the right reasons this time.
not to prove I'm strong or awesome or anything.
the opposite really... To put myself out there knowing perfectly well I'm not.
I feel like I have to earn the right to inherit this universe like everyone else.
ot just get dragged into it on the loose fabric of everyone's fucking pajamas.
it also feels important to just
I don't know
stand there with my friends.
they're risking their lives, and they may be more supernaturally resilient or whatever, but hey.
I should be risking mine too.
to at least show I'm there with them.
and who knows, maybe a moment will present itself...
where I can do something important.
like nudge someone out of the way of a random flaming fuckball just in time.
or some other small thing actually within my ability.
maybe I'll die in the process of saving someone more crucial to victory?
if that's what it takes to be a part of this, so be it.
I'm in.
Kanaya: That's Why You're Our Leader Karkat
Karkat: I'm not your fucking leader!!!
Kanaya: Statements Like That Are Also Why You're Our Leader
Karkat: no, I don't accept that.
Kanaya: You Have To
Karkat: what
why?!
no I don't.
look, we *just* established this back on the pad.
I'm not a leader anymore. End of story.
Kanaya: That Isn't What Echidna Said
Karkat: ??????

[Image description: Kanaya smiles at Karkat.]

dialoglog
Kanaya: It Was Part Of The Deal
Karkat: what?
what deal.
Kanaya: The Choice She Gave Me
It Was Straightforward Like I Said
Seeing Us Was Mostly A Formality
She Was Perfectly Willing To Release The Frog
But There Was One Small Thing I Had To Agree To First
Karkat: What??
Kanaya: To Protect You
Karkat: .......?!
Kanaya: In Addition To Living Up To The Things I Supposedly Stand For As Well
The Resurrection Of Our People
But Once I Did That
She Made It Clear
They'd Need Guidance
She Didn't Seem Happy With The Idea Of Her Universe Being Stricken With Another Race Of
Lost Trolls
Kanaya: Maybe She Feels You Are The Best Chance We'd Have At Preventing That
Karkat: are you fucking joking?
Kanaya: Not At The Moment
Karkat: hahahahaha!
these denizens are full of surprises aren't they.
ok, cool! Whatever you say echidna!
it's probably a load of shit, but a deal's a deal.
at least "protecting me" should be a pretty easy promise to live up to, right?
Kanaya: I'd Hope So

[Image description: Karkat starts to walk away from Kanaya.]

dialoglog
Karkat: sure it is.
when I head out to battle, all you have to do is stick near me, and do your best to provide me cover.
Karkat: I think as long as you're giving your best effort, you're technically keeping your end of the bargain.
Kanaya: That Would Be One Way Of Handling It
Karkat: great.
it's settled then.
now let's get out of this stuffy cave and get psyched for battle!
man, this is going to be great. I can't wait to dust the old sickle off!
which one to use, though... Homes smell ya later? Probably lacking in combat stats, but it's hard to say no to a classic.
this way kanaya!!!
Kanaya: Don't Worry
Ill Meet You Out There

[Image description: Karkat stops and glances over his shoulder as Kanaya raises a fist.]

dialoglog
Kanaya: Once Its All Over
Karkat: Huh?

[Image description: Kanaya bonks Karkat on the back of the head with the side of her fist.]

dialoglog
Karkat: Oof

[Image description: Karkat goes crosseyed and slowly falls to the ground as Kanaya watches.]

[Image description: Karkat lays face down on the rock with his arms flopped out at his sides. Jade green text over his head says KO’D.]

[Image description: Kanaya kneels down next to him and pats his head.]

dialoglog
Kanaya: Pleasant Dreams Friend
If You Can Hear Me In Your Dreams
Ha Ha You Probably Cant

[Image description: Kanaya stands up and walks away, leaving Karkat laying on the ground at the entrance to Echidna’s lair.]

[Image description: Roxy and Callie smile up at Jasp rose sprite squared, who continues flashing
fast enough to cause seizures and headaches.]

dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: They're back!!! (smiling cat face)!! !
At last an end to this dreadful lull in our recent social patterns!
Rose: What lull?
You've been talking nonstop since you were created.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Jasp rose sprite squared floats in the center of a small group of people. Callie and Roxy stand on her right. John, Terezi, and Jane stand to her left. Rose sits on the ground next to Jane and smashes her purple velvet pillow into her face.]

dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: You see Roxy? We all knew you could find her.
Especially me!
Not to boast but my faith in your ability to retrieve the cherub wasn't just some saccharine friendly nonsense, like it was for pretty much everyone else here.
It was established in what is now a highly focused understanding of my aspect as well as these radically magnified feline instincts!! (smiling cat face)!
Yes good point, it's true that feline instincts in no empirical way contribute to one's prognosticative acuity, fair enough!
But they really make it Feel like my intuition has more credibility than it really deserves.
And to the cat portion of my being, that is Good Enough! Holy shit am I legitimately pleased with myself right now.
*Trills.*
Is this her Roxy? (smiling cat face) Of course this is her.
Hello you beautiful creature.
Callie: (gasping face)

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jasp rose sprite gets right into Callie’s face and paws at her head. In the background, Rose balances the pillow on her head and shouts out her frustration.]

dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Gasp. Roxy! She's a treasure.
This skull! Absolutely exquisite.
So smooth to the touch and full of luster! So macabre, so... sublimely Exsanguinous! (smiling cat face)
Quite the fetching artifact to keep propped on such a smartly dressed pair of shoulders.
Rose: Could you maybe stop pawing at her?
It's creepy.
Jasp rose sprite Squared: The suit! Spectacular. Tailored yourself I gather?
You have no idea what a burning desire I have to get hair on it but don't worry I won't!
Oh my god her eyes. Perfect glass! Like a priceless doll's.
Tis a special friend you pulled from the dead Roxy.
Thank you for sharing this gift with us.
*Mrr... chirp!*
Roxy: (gasping face)

[A6A6I5] Next
Jasp rose sprite Squared: You there! John's hot mom.
It wasn't a Freudian slip that time I said it deliberately. (smiling cat face)
Rose: Kill.
Me.
Jasp rose sprite Squared: We phantasmal kittyfolk don't have much use for disguising the thoughts we think to be true in our minds nor do we bother to veil attraction to that which we find sexually appealing! Meow.
Jane: (gasping face)
Jasp rose sprite Squared: These Ideas I'm having mmrrr they're so *interesting*. Wherever this frame of reference has been all my life color me glad I'm dead!!! (winking cat face)
John's hot mom did you know you killed me?
No not the girl the cat I mean. You were twice culpable in a way.
The murder weapon was in your custody and bequeathed to you roundaboutedly by you yourself as an aged ghostly grannywoman.
The plummet of that gut-crushing tome was the last thing I ever witnessed.
Of course the old woman herself was murdered by the accursed thing too so one could hardly blame her for pulling a few strings here and there that it might find another victim.
When a bedeviled joke opus is taken with certain individuals it can be difficult to wrest them away from its favor.
Mrow look at me boring you all with elementary tome trivia everyone knows already. What is this the kitten corner?
The fact is John's hot mom one time you and your cornball book made a pussy pancake out of me. John: (gasping face)
Jasp rose sprite Squared: I suppose Roxy had a hand in it too technically though it seems mom had it in her blood to do well intended harm to that poor critter I used to be.
It's ok though because she makes up for it with the Best funerals!!! Purrr they are a treat, each of my halves received one!
I remember you so clearly in that desert as the life drained away and I muddled through the shabby last words of a raffish amateur.
I clearly remember in spite of what a hackneyed showing that was I still had the presence of mind to be overwhelmed by the sense for how much you cared and that gives me such a warm emotion right now it makes me want to poof up a little with friendliness!
But these aren't the only memories of death I have.
Or the only memories of life I had for you see I've had many.
Squaring these sprites, it's a marvelous thing. It opens you up! The selves become curiously multidimensional; concentrated!!
I recall the lives of many Roses lost. And many Jaspers! Maybe even more than nine. (winking cat face)
Not that any of them matter now they each chased their own laser pointers to their respective futilities and now I am all that's left of them, mrrrr.
Nor does it matter to the task at hand for which we must prepare does it Hot mom Crocker?
Jane: ... What?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: For the battle ahead! We're still on healing duty. Didn't anyone tell you yet?
Jane: N-no?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: The gameplan is simple. You jumpstart the cadavers while I scoot you around.
How's that sound cookie tits, does it tickle your toe beans?? (smiling cat face)
Jane: (gasping face)
John: (gasping face)
Roxy: (gasping face)
Callie: (gasping face)
Terezi: (gasping face)
Rose: Well, that settles that.
Rose: Plan of action secured.
Rose: Maybe it's time for you to go away now?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: It may very well could be!
Farewell transitorily.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jasp rose sprite squared holds one hand out in front of her, one hand up near her head, and bends her knee to assume a karate-like pose. After a moment, a pink fenestrated plane appears in front of her. She zips forward and disappears into it.]

dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Prrrr, *Chirp!!!*

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jasp rose sprite squared and her fenestrated plane appear above Kanaya in the blue cave. Kanaya turns to look at her and the word ‘shoutpole’ appears above her head in jade green text.]

dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Hello Kanaya!
Funny meeting you down here in this cave.
That is to say the place I knew you went to, and skittered here to visit in order to find you!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jasp rose sprite squared floats next to Kanaya, who eyes her suspiciously.]

dialoglog
Kanaya: Rose?
Dear God What Happened
Jasp rose sprite Squared: What Hasn't happened??? (smiling cat face)
We've been through a lot haven't we? All of us. Reality itself really. Reality has been through so much and puts people through so much simultaneously.
Like the two of us. Reality has put one version or another of you through so many things with one version or another of me.
It's all been so sweet and stupid and silly and sad hasn't it? You'd agree if you could remember!
But after I watched your molecules come apart, as I lay there dying in the great big neon-skied litterbox, there was One thing it occurred to me I never got a chance to say to you.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jasp rose sprite squared aggressively nuzzles Kanaya’s cheek. Kanaya’s face is forced to the side from the pressure.]
Jasp rose sprite squared nuzzles her even harder and nearly knocks her over.

Next

Jasp rose sprite squared stops nuzzling Kanaya, makes a pink fenestrated plane appear in the sky, and makes a hasty escape. Kanaya stays bent halfway over and stares off into the distance in shock.

Next

A tall green tower stands alone near a massive cluster of temple buildings somewhere on LoTaK.

Next

It zooms in on the roof. Dave and Dirk sit there, next to each other but not looking at each other. A pink fenestrated plane appears in the sky and Jasp rose sprite squared pops out of it.

dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Dave and Dirk!!! (smiling cat face)!! Surely this is where the party's at. Couple of cool cucumbers like you? See, Dirk knows what's up, what with the party pants. I'd call them the cat's pajamas if that phrase didn't literally describe my ensemble!!!! (smiling cat face) (smiling cat face) (smiling cat face)

Next

Dave and Dirk both stare up at Jasp rose sprite squared with stunned confusion. They both have ellipses next to them.

dialoglog
Dave: ...
Dirk: ...

Next

Jasp rose sprite squared grimaces and tugs at her collar.

dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Eep. Feels like someone just dunked me in a chilly tub. Earth to Strider bros, does it Look like I'm in the mood for a fucking bath? Sooo...
This is it? The big reunion comes down to this then. A lot of awkward sitting around while we all gaze at my father's pretty pretty legs?
Booooring.
I'm a sprite to the second power yet what do I find sitting here on this ancient skyscraper? None other than the True squares of the party. (winking cat face)

Next

It zooms out. Jasp rose sprite squared makes a fenestrated plane appear behind Dirk and Dave, then vanishes through it.

dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Pounce!
[Image description: Somewhere on LoMaX, Jake sits in the shadow of a brick retaining wall and staircase with his knees pulled up to his chest. Tavrosprite hovers nearby and faces him. Jake’s green, unprototyped sprite floats over a hill nearby. In the sky above them, near a set of red posts and lintels, a pink fenestrated plane appears and spews Jasp rose sprite squared out.]

dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Surprise Jade's unintelligent father and greetings, for it is I a brand new entity with which you are not familiar!!
And,
That bull troll sprite I guess.
And ooooh hey the last unprototyped kernel! That's sure a tantalizing tidbit worth acknowledging if I ever ogled one.
Like a stray toy some idiot chased under the fridge!

[Image description: Jasp rose sprite squared floats down between Jake and Tavrosprite, who both stare at her.]

[Image description: Jake lifts one eyebrow and stares incredulously at Jasp rose sprite squared.]

[Image description: Jasp rose sprite squared grins down at Jake. She has two tiny fangs on two of her front teeth.]

[Image description: Jake continues to stare at her confusedly.]

[Image description: Jasp rose sprite continues to grin.]

dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Ok looks like you're both really boring too!!!!
Sorry to barge in on your weak times. Sniff you later! (smiling cat face) (smiling cat face)

[Image description: A pink fenestrated plane appears above Jasp rose sprite squared and she zips up into it.]

[Image description: Everyone left on the lilypad stands in a circle. Clockwise from the upper right, it’s Callie, Roxy, John, Rose, Terezi, and Jade. A pink fenestrated plane appears above Roxy and spews out Jasp rose sprite squared. Rose immediately drops down onto the floor and shoves her face in the pillow.]
Jasp rose sprite Squared: So it just occurred to me!!
Rose: Noooo. (frowning face)
Jasp rose sprite Squared: I saw the spare green sprite and it is like the little blinking light on those Ghostbuster traps reminding us all it is an empty vessel in need of a lost soul!
John: what??
wait, no, time out!
ridiculous cat-rose, i have stood by silently agog at your shenanigans, but i can't let that flagrant piece of misinformation go by unchallenged!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Mrrrr?
John: that's not how the ghost traps work.
the light blinks After they catch a ghost!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Oh.
Mrrrrreally?
John: yes.
i just wanted to clear that up, before you carry on with more of your silly nonsense.
anyway, please continue.
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Thanks professor nerd I'm feeling a lot more knowledgeable about a fake thing now!
Now about that sprite.
Which one of you here was concerned with the resurrection of fallen friends?
*Sniff.*
*Sniff, sniff.*
Was it you?? It was you wasn't it. (smiling cat face)
Terezi: (confused face with furrowed brows)
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Regardless you're the only one left on this lilypad with any vested interest in whatever deceased member of that particular legume exhibit gets to rejoin us.
And if my tally is correct, that's four torsos, but only one kernel!
Rose: Vriska said that kernel was supposed to be for our potential resurrection purposes.
And so was yours.
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Vriska? Who's this now? Hmm no, can't says the name clinks a water bowl.
In fact it sounds very suspiciously like the name of someone who probably scampered off leaving exactly this kind of moral dilemma to the those of us who stayed put!
So who is it going to be, hm? (smiling cat face)
A princely young wizard who wrought science through a wand?
Or a fishy young princess who never spoke once to Lalonde?
What about "other guy", the one thought half-dead only?
Or the girl who likes ships! Cause they made her less lonely. (winking cat face)
Meowsers what a mystery!!!

[Image description: Jasp rose sprite squared grins down at Terezi as Rose flops down on her back and presses the pillow to her face and the rest of the group stares on confusedly, or, in Roxy’s case, with an entertained smile. Jasp rose sprite squared’s outline suddenly expands and fades until her face watermarks the sky, then slowly fades.]

dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: But seriously that's all from me tonight folks, I've sincerely adored hogging all of your attention and you've been wonderful.
*Trills into the night.*
dialoglog
Terezi: Yeah, she's just gonna bring nepeta back isn't she
28. Act 6 Act 6 Intermission 5, part 1

Homestuck belongs to Andrew Hussie and all other associated people in a list that’s probably longer than the comic itself. This version is made for accessibility purposes, so more people can enjoy the comic more thoroughly.

Text transcription provided by the lovely people or person behind readmspa.org. Image Descriptions provided by Tevye Linsey.

Please enjoy.

Homestuck

Act 6 Act 6 Intermission 5, part 2: She’s Back [Note: The title is written in Vriska’s quirk, with an 8 in place of B.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Another character select screen appears, this time with a rather unusual arrangement. Across the top, there are 4 boxes. The top left shows Dirk and Dave’s symbols. This box is highlighted green at the edges. The second from the left shows a ring of 6 symbols. Clockwise from the upper right, they are Roxy, Callie, Terezi, Jane, John, and Rose. The third from the left shows Vriska’s and Meenah’s symbols. The far right shows Roxy and Callie’s symbols. The second row has two boxes. The one on the far left side of the screen shows a square of symbols. Clockwise from the upper right, they are Rose, Jane, John, and Terezi. The box on the far right side of the screen shows just Roxy’s symbol. The bottom row has four boxes. The bottom left shows Jasp rose sprite Squared and Jane’s symbols. The second box from the left shows Roxy and Callie’s symbols again. The third box from the left shows Dirk and Dave’s symbols again. The far right shows Roxy and Kanaya’s symbols. The rows are spaced so that even though there are 4 columns and 3 rows, the boxes form a square. In the center space, between the two on the middle row, the same arrangement of boxes with the same symbols repeats, but smaller. Within the center space of that arrangement, it repeats again. Within that one’s center space, it repeats yet again. In the center space of this fourth layer, the MSPA Reader stares in befuddlement. The background is black, but it changes when you hover over each of the boxes in the outer ring. With each over, the endless layers of shenanigans in the middle vanish and are replaced by the colors and symbols of those represented in the box in question. At the very top of the screen, in red, it says ‘Choose Your Characters!’ but it's crossed out, also in red.]

Wow, 10 path options!!!

Wait a minute. You click and click, but nothing happens. This path selection screen seems to be broken. Looks like "free will" got greedy and overloaded the thing with "choice", rendering the graphic up there completely useless, except you guess as a cool rollover thingy. For the first time Ever, in the over 9000 page history of this website, you begin to feel slightly deceived. Oh, how you would have loved to taste the fruit of free will one last time before this wild ride jerks our bodies to a deadly stop. Alas it is not to be. You must proceed through all of these options linearly, one by one. You click the link below, as usual.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It shows the same building on LoTaK that Jasp rose sprite squared harassed Dirk and Dave on top of.]
Dave: so
that was pretty fucking weird huh
Dirk: ...
Yeah.

Dirk: That was...
Your sister?
Dave: um sorta
but i guess she fused with her dead cat or something
Dirk: Dead cat?
Dave: the bottom line is we turned our back for two seconds and a shenanigan happened
pretty much business as usual
at least thats how it rolls for us idk about you guys here
Dirk: No... yeah.
That's,
Pretty much true here too.
Dave: yeah?
Dirk: I turned my back once.
Never again.
Dave: what happened
Dirk: A muscular troll took my sprite.
I then acquiesced into merging him with my jackass pair of sunglasses.
Dave: oh right
that guy
Dirk: Yeah.
Dave: hmm
Dirk: ...

Dave: soooooo
Dirk: So.
Dave: so indeed
Dirk: So is pretty much... the thing we're saying.
Dave: ...
thats uh
our conjunction of choice it seems
Dirk: ...
Dave: (fuck)

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dirk finally turns to look fully at Dave. Behind them, green lightning strikes.]

dialoglog
Dirk: I guess you all pretty much... showed up then.
Dave: yeah pretty much
Dirk: Like, before I even got back.
After the werewolf girl appeared and...
Wait, what happened with that?
Dave: its like
a whole story man
mostly involving vriska
Dirk: Vriska?
Dave: if you knew her youd know thats all i had to say
youd be like ohhhh its a vriska thing ok got it forget i asked
she brought you here too actually
then jumped her ass in that window to go do whatever crazy bullshit she thinks needs gettin done
Dirk: Oh, right.
Her.
Then...
I guess...
Stuff in this session is pretty much sorted out, finally?
Dave: shrug
maybe
Dirk: And were about to do battle?
Dave: seems like it
Dirk: Oh.
Are we... ready for that?
Dave: kind of
karkat made some drawings so
Dirk: Are... You ready?
Dave: i guess
ive got like
a sword and shit
Dirk: Cool.
Me too.
Dave: yeah i know
mines not that good
Dirk: Thats too bad.
What type of sword?
Dave: its welsh
i mean
possibly fake welsh im not that sure
Dirk: Hmm.
Well, mine's good.
Dave: i know
Dirk: It's... Japanese?
Dave: for real?
Dirk: No. I don't know.
Probably fake Japanese.
Dave: fake japanese
inda like...
how all anime probably takes place in some kind of fake japanese universe?
Something like that.
Dave: thats cool
tough gettin a sword from a place like that
Dirk: Yeah.
Dave: ...
Dirk: ...

[Image description: Dave looks up, then away from Dirk, then back at Dirk.]
[Image description: Dirk looks slightly away from Dave, but Dave pulls his knees up to his chest, drops his right elbow onto his knee, and cradles his forehead in that hand. His left hand rests on his left knee.]

dialoglog
Dirk: So when are we supposed to fight?
Dave: god i hope soon

[Image description: We return to the pseudo-selection screen. The upper left box with Dave and Dirk is red at the edges and the next box, with Roxy, Callie, Terezi, Jane, John, and Rose, is green at the edges. MSPA Reader is still baffled 4 layers in, and the rollover background changes still happen, but now with and updated one for the completed route. It now shows Dave and Dirk sitting awkwardly next to each other on the roof.]

[Image description: John and Callie look at each other. Callie is smiling and John has his usual pleasant expression on. Roxy stands behind Callie, also smiling. Jane and Terezi stand behind John. Jane, too, is smiling. Terezi gives a toothy grin. Rose lays on the floor and smashes her pillow into her face.]

dialoglog
John: ok! now that, uh... THAT little episode seems to be over...
roxy, maybe you can introduce us to your friend for real this time?
(rose, i think you can come out from under the pillow now.)
Rose: No!

[Image description: Roxy steps up next to Callie and wraps an arm around her. They both smile at
Each other.

dialoglog
Roxy: yeh! um
so like the hilarious cheshire cat rose already pointed out
this is my friend from the dead callie & shes super pretty
Callie: (blank face with closed eyes and a bead of sweat)
Roxy: she was my web friend onlines for a long time and janes too
jane u just saw her but here she is again alive and everything!
Jane: Hi! So good to see you again.
Callie: yes, likewise jane!
Jane: And without your trollsona, no less.
This is your true form, I presume?
Callie: ...
Jane: I think both Roxy and the enthusiastic cat girl are correct.
Your natural appearance is quite handsome!
Callie: gosh.
i'm sorry, i do not no how to reply to such remarks.
maybe it is because i can't bring myself to agree, no matter how nice it is for you to say so.
Roxy: i hear ya
takin compliments can be kinda hard sometimes
like if its a weird subject for u
we can lay off!!
Terezi: callie, you are surrounded by ass kissers
you should allow me to lick your face so I can make an objective determination
John: dammit terezi!
Callie: (gasping face)
Terezi: it is the only way we'll know for sure
though if I'm being honest, you smell pretty ugly from where I am standing
John: oh my god.
you are terrible!
Terezi: please, john
I did not mean that in an unflattering way
I think having a skull for a head is pretty sick
if given the choice, I might rock the look myself
but I wouldn't stand for a bunch of cloying weenies sitting around calling me pretty
if that's how people reacted, what would even be the point of looking like a badass skull girl in the
first place?
John: ok, i guess that is your opinion on that, then.
thanks for sharing, terezi.
(don't listen to her callie, she's a weirdo.)
Callie: (gasping face)

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Roxy steps back and Callie looks back at John, who smiles at her. Jane is now standing behind Callie. Roxy and Terezi are now standing behind John. Rose isn’t visible because she is, presumably, still in pillow face mode.]

dialoglog
John: so, anyway, regardless of how you feel about yourself, or whatever thing a rude troll may have to say, i think you are very cute.
even though you look a lot like your terrible brother, the fact that you are nice inside makes a huge
difference!
i think that when you're really a good person deep down instead of an evil jerk, the skull monster
look becomes a lot more charming.
Callie: wow.
thank you.
er.
you...
met my brother?
John: yeah!
he's garbage.
i'm really sorry you had to grow up with him.
Callie: me too.
John: i roughed him up a bit though, so it's all good.
ripped up his cape pretty good too.
Callie: he has a cape now?
John: not anymore.
Callie: (very smiley face with closed eyes)
John: hey look, there it is! heh, nice.
Callie: what?
John: the ring.
i helped track it down through time for roxy, so she could give it to you.
it's so cool to see that it works!
Callie: yes!!!
i feel so much more...
substantial now.
John: you must be a really good friend to her, for her to want to bring you back so much.
Callie: yes, she's as good a friend as i could ever hope for.
but then, since you helped, i suppose i owe you just as much gratitude, don't i?
John: nah, not really.
i had to save the ring anyway, and it just seemed like the right thing to do, giving it to her, since she
was so worried about you.
it should be a nice thing that is between her and you. i'm just a middle man. (smiley face)
Callie: heeehee. ok. (gasping face)
John: anyway, it's really nice to meet the person who finally gets to wear the highly touted ghost
ring!
it probably means you are pretty special, to end up with it.
what do you think you will do with your life, now that you're alive and free from your jerky bro?
Callie: ooh, Uh... wow.
i hadn't thought about it!
the idea is overwhelming, really.
John: well, don't sweat it.
you'll have a lot of time to figure it out.
that's kind of the point of life, right? to take a lot of time floundering around, figuring stuff out.
the answer will come to you eventually. you should just try to have fun!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Callie turns to look at Jane and John steps a bit closer. Roxy and Terezi stand
together nearby. Rose finally drops the pillow and sits up.]
dialoglog
Roxy: (yoo troll grouch... john is so nice agh its fuckin me up)
Terezi: (i Know)
(it's Disgusting)
Jane: Excuse me, Callie?
What happened after I woke up?
We were all following that mysterious path...
Did you and Jade discover where that led?
Callie: yes.
i met my other self.
Roxy: o so you found her then??
Callie: indeed.
or more likely, the timing in the furthest ring was right.
perhaps she sensed me in some way, and untangled a path through the darkness.
in other words, it feels more as though i was summoned, rather than being the one to find her.
she seems tremendously powerful.
she is also...
quite frightening.
Roxy: frightening????
Callie: not that I think she is dangerous or has ill intent.
my impression was very much to the contrary.
still, while speaking to her...
I can't remember ever feeling so nervous.
not even my brother made me feel that way.
her demeanor was so severe and chilling, and so unlike mine, I think.
John: maybe that's why you felt weird?
seeing a version of you that wasn't like you at all?
Callie: maybe.
Rose: So what happened?
Callie: not much.
my presence there essentially freed her from that place, according to a pact she made with echidna.
she and jade then left. To do what, I do not know.
that is when roxy found me. (Very smiley face with closed eyes)
Rose: So, you were only there to release her?
Are you sure there isn't something important for you to do, now that you're alive and with us?
Callie: i doubt it.
for one thing, i have virtually no useful abilities. (blank face with closed eyes)
Rose: I don't mean to badger you. I'm just wondering how you fit into all this.
Getting to wear a one-of-a-kind ring, and returning to join a group about to wage a pivotal battle,
That strikes me as the profile of someone meant to do something important.
What do you think you'll do?
John: maybe it doesn't have to work that way though?
what if those are just some facts about her, which let her come back to life, but they don't have to
mean anything other than that.
like anything about having to do some huge fancy thing.
Rose: I guess so.
First Dave tells me human beings don't have "arcs", and now you're telling me the culmination of
an epic doesn't require a messianic archetype to return from the dead, thereby providing the key to
everyone's salvation?
I wonder what sturdy and time-tested narrative construct Jade is going to debunk whenever she
wakes up. Maybe she will lay waste to the notion of endgame ships?
Karkat won't be happy about that.
John: huh??
ok, i don't know what stuff you're going on about there, but i just don't think she should feel like
she has to do anything she doesn't want to.
Callie: I think the truth is, I won't be doing much of anything.
my other self told me as much.
her advice was to just live, and...
exist as the version of us for whom that is an actual possibility.
she's the one who will be doing important things.
Rose: How so?
Callie: she didn't say.
Rose: Isn't that just how it always is with alt-selves.
So cryptic.
Roxy: hey guys its been cool having yall meet callie and such but
do you think she and i could have a moment alone?
got some stuff i wanna talk about!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: We come back to the fake select screen. The upper left and the second from the left on the top row are both highlighted in red. The next box, the third from the left on the top row, which shows Vriska and Meenah’s symbols, is highlighted green. The completed route backgrounds change again. For the first, Dirk and Dave sit on opposite sides of the roof. For the second, Terezi, John, Jane, and Rose stand on one side of the lilypad platform while Roxy and Callie stand on the other.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Meenah and Vriska sit on a pile of pink rocks near the red cliffs with green grass where the horses run around. This is the Vriska from the alternate timeline, the one that we followed until John’s retcons. She still has her hair in two long braids and wears her pirate punk outfit.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on them. Vriska smiles at Meenah, but Meenah looks away and seems concerned or confused. Vriska’s hand rests on top of a small red chest.]

Dialoglog

[Note: The Vriska from the original, not-retconned timeline has parentheses around her name. This has been changed to ‘Alt Vriska’ for the purposes of text to speech.]

Alt Vriska: You know, I've got to say.
I've really turned around on horses.
Meenah: wha
Alt Vriska: Horses.
I used to hate them.
Remember?
I developed this weird superstition about them, about how they're cursed or something, and when they're around, they can only lead to bad things happening.
Don't you remember how I was going on and on about that a while ago, at the amusement park?
Meenah: oh
guess so
Alt Vriska: but we've been hanging around them a while now, and everything's been fine.
More than fine, actually!
[Image description: Vriska puts a reassuring hand on Meenah’s shoulder, but Meenah still looks unhappy.]

dialoglog
Alt Vriska: So yeah, horses are ok in my book. What do you think, Meenah?
Meenah: aboat what
Alt Vriska: Horses!!!!!!!
Meenah: ummmm
they ok
kinda dumb and smelly
be makin like
fucked up sounds out their big ass snouts an floppy lips
Alt Vriska: Yeah.
Reminds me of the weird sounds that used to come from my neighbor's hive at weird hours of the night.
Meenah: the fuck
Alt Vriska: Don't even ask, because I don't know.

[Image description: Vriska scoots closer until she’s hip to hip with Meenah and wraps her arm around Meenah’s shoulders. A horse gallops close in the background.]

dialoglog
Alt Vriska: So enough about stupid animals, whose presence have no rational explanation anyway. What do you want to do today?
Meenah: today?
Alt Vriska: Yeah!
Meenah: there is no today
Alt Vriska: You know what I mean!
Within the ambiguous timeframe that would loosely correlate with a single rotation of a planet. Any ideas?
Meenah: na
Alt Vriska: Come on!
We can't just spend all our "days" hanging out in this idyllic, bizarrely palette cliffscape with all these stinking idiot quadrupeds. We should go exploring some more bubbles!
Meenah: we explored an awful lot already aint they sorta all the same by now
Alt Vriska: I mean, roughly speaking, yeah. They're all arbitrary memory collages I guess. but there's always something new to see every time.
Whose ridiculous memory will we visit next????????
Like, some nutty version of Kanaya who became a god tier in some totally ludicrous version of our session?
Or maybe a version of John who never even played the game at all? Maybe he went outside to look for the game, and his fatherly lusus backed over him with his car?
Or what about your friends? They're always fun!
Like Nepeta's ancestor... the deaf one? She's a riot! Plus she has a fascinatingly dark history which her memories always seem to hint at.
Or Eridan's douchier clone. I Know you have a great time whenever you get the chance to own
him.
So what do you say?
Meenah: eh
i dunno
Alt Vriska: but you seem kinda bored! If you're bored, doesn't it make sense to get out and try to have fun?
Meenah: not reely
Alt Vriska: but...
Why?
Meenah: cause it doesn't sound that fun
just sounds like the same shit as always
like
exactly like dreams
Alt Vriska: Dreams?
Meenah: they are dream bubbles after all
Alt Vriska: Yeah.
but... I don't...
Meenah: dreams are also like a crazy fantasy ride full of fake shit that makes no sense
it's a great time in theory
and i guess when you're younger its fun
maybe you even look forward to sleeping
to see what the great mr sandclam has in store for you next
but after sweeps and sweeps of dreaming
you get used to it
it's just the same bogus crap yer stupid brain is just shuffling up and serving you again and again
so you stop paying attention and just ride out your sleep
then get back to business in the real world like a legit person with cool plans
Alt Vriska: Huh.
I don't think I've had the same experience, honestly.
Sounds like kind of a bummer, to look at dreaming that way.
I always liked dreaming! I mean, unless they were awful dreams, which was... fairly often.
but I'd never say I really got bored of them.
Meenah: yeah well
you are uh
a bit younger than me
Alt Vriska: I am?
Hm.
Yeah, I guess so. I never thought about it!
Meenah: then again
we fushia ladies
we sorta have to get used to being around people younger than us over our full lives
like
much younger (uncertain face wearing a tiara and goggles)
or at least id have to if i was actually alive
Alt Vriska: I guess you're right about that too.
That's pretty fucked up to think about, actually. That if you were alive, you'd have to deal with existing nearly forever.
Almost as fucked up as the fact that you have to exist nearly forever while dead, too!
Meenah: mmm
Alt Vriska: Hey.
Meenah: ?
Alt Vriska: Are you ok?
Meenah: yup
Alt Vriska: You seem really down.
Meenah: no im cool
Alt Vriska: Are you sure?
Meenah: meh
maybe not
dont matter
Alt Vriska: What's wrong?
Meenah: nofin
Alt Vriska: Argh!
You know you can talk to me, right?
Meenah: yeah
Alt Vriska: So tell me!
Meenah: i dunno whats wrong
id tell you if i knew
Alt Vriska: Are you depressed?
Meenah: shrug
Alt Vriska: It sounds to me like you may be depressed about something.
Or just... in general?
Meenah: i dont knooooow
damn fishska
Alt Vriska: Hey, it's ok to be depressed.
I think just because you're dead, that doesn't necessarily let you off the hook from having psychological problems.
I'm pretty sure I proved that to myself on more than one occasion already. (smiley face with eight eyes, one of which is winking)
Meenah: yeeaaah
Alt Vriska: So talk to me! Maybe I can help!
Meenah: yergh
Alt Vriska: What's the big deal?
Meenah: i dooont
Waanna (Frowning face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Alt Vriska: Sigh. Meenah...
Meenah: wut??
im not good at
like
talkin
about me
Alt Vriska: That's all you ever talk about!
Meenah: no i mean
in a non aggrandizing way
Alt Vriska: Oh.
Vriska: *Cough.*

[Note: That last Vriska doesn’t have parentheses around it.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska’s expression turns to concern and Meenah looks away. Question marks appear over each of their heads.]
Vriska: Sorry if I'm interrupting... Whatever the fuck is going on here. but I'm afraid I'm going to need that treasure.

Callie and Roxy stand together near the edge of the lilypad platform, where Jake and Tavrosprite sat earlier.

dialoglog
Roxy: hay!! hope you dont mind i pulled you off to the side like this away from other nice pals for a lil one + one rox & cal time i might b greedy as shit!
Callie: i don't mind at all!
I'm still getting used to the concept of in-person socialization at all, let alone with many people. and yes, you may be greedy, but if so, then so am I by the exact same standard. (Very happy face with eyes pinched shut)
Roxy: fffuck yes like a couple of friendship burglars pickin each others pockets all shifty eyed and lookin out for cops but also giggling I guess because that is in the spirit of the scenario in question
Callie: heheh. Yes.
Roxy: I cant believe youre really here it hardly seems real!
after all these years and how u were just like a mystery friend online and then how worried I was we might lose you for good but now......
wow
Callie: I know!!!
Roxy: so u and jane and jade were hangin out?
Callie: yes!
it was great.
we drew and told stories.
I'd heard you died, so I was holding out some hope that you would show up too...
and you did eventually. Just not the version of you I expected. 
I never dared to think you would bring me this gift. 
Roxy: well 
I swore I would 
and john kinda double swore he would help 
damn the kid is persistent 
Callie: I like him. 
he is easy to talk to. 
Roxy: yeah! 
Callie: I've read about him, of course. 
the reality of someone standing in front of you is quite different from what you read about them in a text. 
but then, I have no idea how accurate anything I read is anymore. 
I always believed I was in possession of the texts which decoded your future, and I behaved toward all of you in that sly and knowing manner, avoiding "spoilers" and such. 
that was probably presumptuous of me though, in hindsight. I clearly didn't know that much. 
I certainly didn't read anything about my own involvement. I never could have imagined being here. 
Roxy: you were still helpful though! 
you were the force in our lives that gave us hope that we could all get together some day 
going down that road has been craaaazy and by no means a smooth ride 
im losin count of all the times it looked like everything was about to break or catch fire or actually did break and catch fire resulting in loads of dismay 
but when you look back, every time things went to shit there was always something constructive about that turn of events 
something that was necessary for the good outcome to happen at all 
so whenever something stupid happens like some a-hole gets a bonehead idea to steal a ring and then everyone dies horribly and at the time u think ur just gonna curl up and cry yourself into weepy nonexistence 
maybe those arent even "bad" realities? 
maybe they are as important as any 
and so are all the experiences that u had in them and so are the experiences of everyone who died 
because you dont just get to say your experiences are more important or significant just cus you happened to be someone who survived longer 
I guess what im saying is 
im grateful you let me go on this adventure and not even in spite of the hardship it involved 
I just had a little time to think about it in the firefly nothingspace 
and I think all of it was good 
Callie: I'm happy that I could play such a role in your lives. 
I don't know if I deserve much credit for these positive revelations about your journey though. 
you are the one who's been on the adventure. 
I have barely taken my first step. 
I spent all my life in my room, and then every moment in the afterlife cowering in fear. 
it's only now that true participation is even a possibility. 
but even so, I really doubt I'll have much to offer. 
my other self who I just released... I think she is poised to do something much more significant. 
Roxy: what do you think shell do 
Callie: I have no clue. 
Roxy: but she told u to live right 
Callie: yes. 
Roxy: by which I can only assume she meant 
yo live it Up girl
like uh
go shopping or something
or rocket down the highway in a convertible with cash flyin out the back??
Callie: heh.
that is not the sort of sentiment I can imagine coming from her under any circumstance.
but yes, maybe something to the effect of encouraging me to enjoy my existence, as communicated
by a more typical, truly asocial member of my species.
really, what I took from it was...
she is the "real" one, with all the power and relevance now, and I am the "spare". A civilian in a
sense, like in a war.
and the only use for civilians, from a militaristic mindset, are as those who live their lives in
whatever completely irrelevant way they choose to.
they are the collateral at stake, the ones for whom the war is theoretically fought, but whose
lifestyles, choices, happiness and such, hold no concern whatsoever for those fighting on their
behalf.
this I think is the mindset of cherubs of her alignment. As protectors, it is the relationship they
have with those they protect.
and so that is probably the relationship she believes she has with me.
Roxy: you make it sound like
she is the legit callie
and you are the afterthought
like the one from the funky reality that didnt go right?
Callie: technically, her timeline was doomed, by her predomination alone.
even so, yes, it does feel as though my reality was the oddity.
cherubs were never supposed to grow up like me. Exposed to other caring people, and learning
from them.
it made me different, and unfit to predominate. Yet ironically, this was requisite for the timeline's
success.
and it was necessary for you all to begin your journey as well.
Roxy: so this seems like
an example of what i was just sayin actually
the story of the two callies
neither is really "more important"
and your timelines cant really be described as the good one or the bad one
there were good and bad things about both ways stuff went down and different qualities to the
people you became
her life sounds like it was harsh and lonely in its own way
but it sorta paid off cause she got to beat her brother
but then got arbitrarily punished for that outcome because it wasnt supposed to happen??
and then finally u meet her and "free" her or something so she presumably gets to go off and do...
something badass???
then theres you
who had probably an even more challenging upbringing gettin so hassled by your bro
and he killed you i guess because the way the deck was shuffled he had the edge this time
but the upshot was you got to have all these great friends who cared about you
and it helped you become the nice person you are who means a lot to other people
and now
you get to live whatever kind of life you want and be completely free from all the crummy stuff
you grew up with
who cares if you arent as strong as her or dont have the wicked powers she does or some
"important" mission to do
you both came from perfectly legitimate realities and I.M.H.O. you are both equally valuable
and both of those realities seem to be tied together
she can't do her mysterious badass thing unless you make it all the way through your journey and
free her
and your reality was the thing settin the stage for this huge multiversal vortex of problems which
after a kajillion fuckin Epochs she was always meant to resolve in some way
and that doesn't mean your life was like... a means to an end in a big cosmic sense
i think its more like...
you Are the end, or one of the ends
you and me and everyone who made it and everyone who didn't
so that means you don't have to be able to do a lot of super special shit to validate your identity as
the real version of yourself
the only validation you need is being who you are cause no one can be that person but you!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The angle shifts to show them from a higher angle, like someone’s looking
down on them.]

dialoglog
Callie: those are very inspiring things to hear, roxy.
I hope you are right.
but even so...
I think I would still like to be useful.
Roxy: you can be!
you can help me out
Callie: how?
Roxy: I know you aren't god tier or anything or probably never did much to get in touch with your
aspect
but maybe that doesn't matter
u are space right?
Callie: yes.
a muse of space.
Roxy: sounds cool!
Callie: it is cool, I think.
especially having seen what I could have been.
Roxy: no but that potential has to be inside you somewhere
actually
its one reason why i wanted u to be with me here for a while
aside from catch up a bit (Smiley face)
Callie: what do you need me to do?
Roxy: nothin really
just be here with me...
while i try this
idk why but i feel like your presence will help
and if nothing else i just like having u here
makes me feel better about trying to focus on this weird lil chore
Callie: but you think my aspect is relevant?
Roxy: maybe
i think space is related to this in some abstract way i cant put my finger on
i gotta make this egg see?
Callie: (gasping face)
Roxy: but it isn't really just an egg its this Hella complicated egg in both its biological design and
everything it represents for the future of an entire civilization
and i don't have the genetic or chemical or molecular blueprints for it or anything
i have to figure it out using... just thought
like, ideas
ideas that are really basic and live in this primordial sorta quasi-consciousness
so i have to build the idea of this egg in some way before i do anything
which means trying to grasp its reality and what it represents
its like a funky little construct of biological propagation
and i think that intersects with the nature of space
at least as we have come to understand it
the propagation of space is really just some profound cosmological feat of reproduction
that is... a literally biological process right?

Callie: pretty much.
Roxy: so to make this egg
as a rogue of void what im really doing here is something kind of insane
you yourself told me once how id be able to do this crazy shit!
Callie: i did!
Roxy: ill be like... probing nothingness for an idea
a pretty complicated idea in this case
and
pulling that idea from unreality
so maybe if im right and a closer connection to the nature of space will help me locate that idea...
almost like
standing next to an antenna to boost the signal of that idea
then maybe my chances will be better
and hey
even if not
its just nice to have a friend nearby while u try to do something hard
Callie: (Very happy face with eyes pinched shut)

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: We're back on the select screen. All the ones on the top row are outlined in red. The left one on the second row, which shows Rose, Jane, John, and Terezi's symbols, is highlighted in green. Route 1’s background is Dave laying face down on the roof and Dirk standing over him to check up on him. Route 2’s is the same as before, but now Terezi, John, Jane, and Rose are discussing Harry Anderson, Kanaya, Jasp rose sprite Squared, and Terezi and John’s kismesitude. Roxy and Callie discuss Void, Space, and the Matriorb. Route 3’s background is the same as before, but now a thought bubble over Meenah shows her imagining herself swimming with a massive group of dolphins. Route 4’s is Roxy and Callie sitting on the floor, each with their eyes closed and thinking of their aspect.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: John and Jane look back over their shoulders, towards where Roxy and Callie are talking.]

dialoglog
John: what do you think they are talking about over there?
Jane: I suspect Roxy wanted some time to catch up with an old friend.
I'm sure I would want the same, if I hadn't just had an extensive reunion with her myself.
John: yeah, i guess we should just chill out and give them a moment.
it isn't Quite time to head to our battle stations yet, so we might as well try to relax until it is.
Rose: I imagine it's a lot easier to relax when another version of yourself hasn't been hijacked by your dead cat.
John: heheh, yeah, it probably is.
maybe you should try not to let her bug you, rose. she seems harmless enough.
plus, she's pretty funny!
Rose: Sounds suspiciously like the advice of someone who's never had to deal with an outlandish alternate version of himself.
John: hey, i've bumped into other johns a few times!
can't say the experience has been anything other than perfectly agreeable. (tongue sticking out face)
Rose: You mean, Johns that were essentially time duplicates? In the course of your retcon quest?
John: yes.
Rose: Those don't count. Those were just regular Johns.
What I'm saying is, you never had to deal with the John who was like, half Harry Anderson, and half Maple hoof the dear departed pony.
John: wow, that sounds Great!
Rose: Come to think of it, you're the only one of us who hasn't. I mean, of our original group of friends.
Dave had Bird Dave, Jade had Dog Jade, and now I have... *shudder*... Cat Rose.
Rose: Why were you let off the hook?
John: i dunno.
guess you guys are just luckier than me. (Smiley face)
Rose: Even putting aside the wildly unwelcome body horror slapstick routine she represents, and the machine gun salvo of opprobrious remarks and conduct which my cat is apparently capable of releasing from my subconscious,
I'm not sure where this leaves me.
John: what do you mean?
Rose: I felt like I understood my place.
I'd gotten myself in order somewhat. My, um.
Beverage decisions had gotten more reasonable.
I was ready to bear down and play my part in finishing this.
I could even handle a stray Rose sprite brought to my doorstep by my sweet imbecile of a pet.
Idiotic though that was, I was still clearly Rose Prime.
But can I really claim that now?
She's a... sprite Squared?!
How is that even a thing.
Can someone tell me how that's even a thing?
Jane: I can't tell you how it's even a thing.
I think we are all just as flabbergasted as you at its thinginess.
Rose: What's next? Is there a sprite cubed? Or a...
Let's not even entertain this avenue of thought.
The point is, she must be quite powerful, insightful, and in spite of the beast she rents headspace out to, intelligent as well.
Rose: Doesn't she arguably have more claim to being Real Rose than I do?
John: i don't think being the "real rose" necessarily means being the one who is more outgoing and chatty and powerful and stuff.
i'm not sure it means... anything?
i think maybe we should try to drop the stuff about who is the real version of who anyway. it's weird and it just hurts people's feelings.
Rose: I don't care if my feelings are hurt, though.
I just want to know where I stand.
John: i really don't think she is that threatening to you!
believe me, you still seem like the rose i always knew, whereas she... doesn't quite.
it seems to me she is a lot more interested in having fun and zipping around like a silly lunatic than
usurping you as the main rose.
Rose: Sure. That's what she Wants you to think.
John: but why do you care? i thought i heard the other rose say, before she was a cat, that she liked
the idea of being some sort of... backup rose.
do you not feel that way too?
Rose: That was a different context.
I probably would have felt the same way, if I found myself in her exact situation.
Jasprose changes everything though.
Now I feel a certain responsibility. Like I have to really step up.
John: step up??
Rose: Yes. To make sure I stay regarded as the exemplary model.
To provide assurance that the concept of Roseness itself doesn't degrade due to black market
peddlers of substandard shit.
Basically, I need to defend the integrity of the brand.
John: hahaha. oh my god.
Rose: What?
John: nothing.
i just missed you so much!

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: Rose steps closer to John and Jane makes room. Terezi sits on the floor off to
the side behind John.]

dialoglog

Rose: My brand missed you too, John.
John: your brand has good taste in friends, and kicks ass.
Terezi: (Neeerds)
John: hey, how do you think kanaya and karkat are doing?
Rose: They're probably getting a stern earful of roiling monster patois right about now.
John: do you think they'll be successful?
Rose: ...
At what?
John: at...
talking to a monster?
i don't know.
Rose: I think Karkat will successfully fail to understand the monster, and possibly also successfully
shout at the monster.
Kanaya I think will probably successfully do something sensible in response to whatever the
monster demands.
John: so...
you think they're going to pull it off then?
Rose: I'm still not sure what "it" is.
But yes.
John: well, the idea was to release the frog i think.
Rose: You think so?
John: that's what vriska said.
Rose: Vriska says a lot of things.
That's the basic idea, yes.
But monsters can be complicated.
Regardless, I think the right person was summoned to handle it.
John: you really trust kanaya, don't you?
Rose: Sure.
John: not to change the subject too hard, into something maybe you don't want to talk about because of your brand...
but i think you make a nice couple.
Rose: You do?
John: yes, i thought so last time i was hanging out with you both, in the screwed up time line. but didn't say anything then.
i think it's still true!
i'm glad it didn't change when i retconned some things.
Rose: I am too.
John: maybe that means it's a strong relationship?
John: if it can survive... god.
whatever the hell happened.
a hard three year reboot, and then the sudden presence of vriska??
Rose: When you put it that way,
It really does sound like you were trying to fuck us up.
John: haha.
Terezi: (Neeeeeeeerds)

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: John turns to look at Terezi, who leans back on her hands and looks up at John with an unreadable expression.]
dialoglog
John: terezi, shoosh.
Terezi: what
I have just been minding my own business, and in no way whatsoever saying anything directed at a couple of silly nerds saying dorky things
John: no, you said nerds twice.
you always say nerds when in ear shot of other people who are just being friendly.
Terezi: isn't it weird how you are making this observation, and no one else is?
John: what?
no.
Terezi: meaning, maybe I only say it when the pair of nerds in earshot happens to include you
John: um...
Terezi: (spades)
John: ack!!!
what was that look?!
Terezi: what look
John: that look you just gave me!
Terezi: I didn't give you a look, dingus
John: yes you did!
don't look at me like that!!!
Terezi: whatever look you think I gave you, it was in your imagination it is *possible* you may be flattering yourself, egbert
John: oh, whatever.
hey, what are you even still doing here?
John: weren't you going to go with dave, and get ready for battle?
Terezi: yes
I'm just giving him and his bro some time to themselves first
I am sure they could use it
and whatever the hell is going on between them
the last thing I want to do is involve myself
that sounds even more awkward than lingering around you goofy bunch of nerds being all cute and
mushy with your human family and friendship stuff
John: yeah, you sure do sound put off by it.
all hanging on our every word and such. (Tongue sticking out face)
Terezi: it takes a will of iron, trust me
John: uh huh.
but yeah, I actually do agree...
it does sound pretty awkward to be around dave and his bro while they, um.
get to know each other, I guess?
Terezi: yup
John: I'm not sure how well dave really even knew his adult bro, actually.
aside from bogusly idolizing him, in a way that was really transparent that he didn't.
I wonder...
I wonder how different dirk is from him, if at all?
Terezi: I wouldn't be the one to ask
John: what do you think, rose?
Rose: I don't think there's anyone who could answer that.
I suspect literally no one in the history of anywhere has ever met both people.
Until, as of now, Dave himself.
John: ...
i hope dave's ok.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: We return to the character select screen again. The entire top row and the left
one on the middle row are outlined in red. The right one on the middle row, which shows just
Roxy's symbol, is highlighted green. Route 1’s background is now Dirk watching Dave dick
around with Karkat’s crab computer. Route 2’s is Terezi, Jane, Rose, and John walking towards
Roxy and Callie, who they’re discussing. In both the picture and the speech bubble, Roxy and
Callie are still sitting on the floor. Route 3’s is both Vriskas still making power stances at each
other while Meenah imagines herself swimming in a massive pile of gems while clutching a gold
bar in each hand. Route 4’s is Callie staring in wide-eyed shock as Roxy begins to levitate up off
the ground while wreathed in a blue glow. Route 5’s is Terezi, John, Rose, and Jane, drawn in a
scribbly style, staring at something. John thinks of Roxy with her hands up at chest level to do
Voidy Magic.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Roxy sits on the floor with her legs crossed, smiling softly. She lifts her hands
to chest height and holds them a few inches apart with her palms facing each other and her fingers
loosely splayed.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Callie sits on the floor with her legs crossed, smiling softly. She rests her hands
on her thighs.]

[A6A6I5] Next
[Image description: Roxy closes her eyes and her smile falls to a neutral expression. She wiggles her fingers a little bit and her hands and wrists begin to glow blue.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. The background behind Roxy turns into a starry sky shot through with blue and green dust clouds.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The background changes to include bright red lines like veins shooting through the sky. Pale watermarks of stars rush towards Roxy.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The rushing stops in its tracks, leaving smeared light trailing behind the stars. The red veins disappear. The grey ball of Alternia with its green and pink moons in orbit appears behind her. The planet is wreathed in red light.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: A grey pallor falls over Roxy and the stars, like she and they are both in a deep shadow. The landscape of Alternia turns into a collage. In the upper left, The Dolorosa, Kanaya’s ancestor, hisses at someone. Across from her, The Signless, Karkat’s ancestor, hangs in his Cancer-symbol cuffs on the flogging jut. Blood runs down his arms and chin. Between them, at the bottom of the circle, Neophyte Redglare, Terezi’s ancestor, looks up in disbelieving fury. The green moon turns into an image of The Summoner, Tavros’s ancestor, flying through the night sky of Alternia. The pink moon turns into an image of The Condesce.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The images change. The moons both turn black. Alternia becomes a Mothergrub skull with green fluid spilling from its eye socket and nostrils. Pulsing green light surrounds all three. Among the stars, glowing teal symbols appear, all from the Homestuck Extended Zodiac, and all in various rotations. From the top going clockwise, they are: Virgo, an actual astrological sign and Kanaya’s sign, which resembles a capital letter M with a loop at the bottom of the rightmost line that resembles a simplistic fish. It’s rotated to be backwards. Virpio, a sign from the extended zodiac that resembles a letter H, though with the crossbar coming from the bottom of the left line and curving into a horseshoe shape that has its apex intersect with the right line halfway up. Virus, a sign from the extended zodiac that resembles a bat. There is a loop in the center that has its two ends curve up from underneath it and turn into a splitting, wing-like structure on both sides. Vircer, a sign from the extended zodiac that resembles the number 2 as written with a loop on the bottom, though the top is a flat line rather than a curve. That flat line has a faintly curved line extending from the right end down until it’s equal with the right end of the line. That curved line then curves back around and crosses itself. It also resembles the japanese katakana for ‘su’, though with the addition of that loop to the intersection. It is reversed from how it should be drawn. Virgo once again, though this time not reversed. Virus once again, this time upside down. Virga, a sign from the extended zodiac that resembles a diamond with a loop at the top and bottom corners. The diamond is wider than it is tall. It looks like someone took two looped ribbons, like the ones used for symbolizing various diseases such as breast cancer, and connected them end to end in a mirror image of each other. Virmini, a sign from the extended zodiac that is composed of two parts. The first looks like a]
horseshoe with a barb on the outside of each end. Within that horseshoe, a loop that resembles a fish points its apex upwards.
Virpio once again, though this time reversed.
Virsci, a sign from the extended zodiac that resembles a lattice. It's composed of two V shapes with curved arms, one inverted, which intersect to create a diamond shape. Over top of those is an X shape with arms that curve to run parallel to the V’s. The intersection of the two lines of the X is directly in the center of the main diamond, dividing it into 4, smaller diamonds.
Virlo, which resembles a lowercase letter N with the fish-like curve common among many of the jade symbols. It looks like the Virgo symbol with only one arch. It is drawn in reverse.
Vircer once again, though this time in its proper orientation.
Virmini once again, tilted at a slight angle.
Virlo once again, this time in its proper orientation.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The symbols all disappear and the mothergrub skull in Alternia is replaced by the matriorb, that dark grey ball with spikes in the orange and yellow of troll horns, which Kanaya once took from the body of her dead lusus, which Eridan once destroyed, which Roxy was once tasked with pulling from the void. It flashes red and red light beams out around Alternia.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Roxy and the background returns to black. She just sits there for a moment, then a white light grows between her palms. Her eyes pop open in surprise and her hands move apart to make room for the matriorb that suddenly appears there.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Callie gasps and eleven exclamation marks flash over her head.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Roxy grits her teeth and clenches one fist in victory while holding the matriorb over her head. The background behind her is jade green and spotted with small matriorbs. Pink text flashes over the entire background and says ‘Hell Yes’. A second image shows Roxy doing a victory dance next to the matriorb that consists of jumping around and punching the air. A third panel has pulsing green text that says ‘Egg!’.
]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: We return to the character select screen again. The first two rows are all outlined in red. The leftmost box on the bottom row, which shows Jasp rose sprite Squared’s and Jane’s symbols, is outlined in green. Route 1’s background is now Dirk laying on his back as Dave continues to dick around with the crab computer. Route 2’s is Terezi, John, and Rose watching Jasp rose sprite Squared appear out of a fenestrated plane. Jane stands off to the side by herself and Callie and Roxy aren’t there. Route 3’s is the two Vriskas now flailing their legs at each other while Meenah imagines herself being carried on a palanquin shaped like a pink clamshell, relaxing on golden pillows, and being carried by two Kurlozes. Route 4’s is Roxy and Callie flying away from the lilypad, hand in hand, while Roxy carries the matriorb under one arm. Route 5’s is a scribbly drawing of Rose grimmacing while Jane stares up at Jasp rose sprite, who is upside down. Route 6’s is Callie and Roxy flying away, this time from a different angle.]

[A6A6I5] Next
[Image description: Rose, John, and Terezi stand together on the lilypad facing Jane, who stands a few feet away. A pink fenestrated plane hangs in the air between them. After a moment, Jasp rose sprite Squared pops through, upside down, and looks at Jane. Rose grimaces in embarrassment.]

dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: It's me again!
Mrr, mrrr, prrp, cat sounds cat sounds, *stretch!!!*  
Rose: Euuuugh.
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Miss me Rose?  
Did you know I love you?? Weird thing for me to say and you to hear, probably!  
I inherited the adoration our cat had for you, which now strangely is directed with the exact same intensity at myself, because I'm you!  
Funnily enough this manifests itself in a particularly acute form of narcissism, which is something we were already sort of afflicted by, and so was our cat by the very nature of the sort of animal he was!  
The bottom line is I'm pretty twisted up inside in all the most beautiful ways and it's wonderful.  
Rose: It really isn't.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jasp rose sprite Squared pinches Rose’s cheek and she stares off into the distance with a disbelieving expression, like her soul just left her body out of sheer ‘what the fuck’. Jane stands behind them giving John’s baffled, slant-mouthed expression that's repeated so many times since the Interfishin.]

dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: As much as a enjoy getting a load of that Gorgeous whiskerless mug of yours, it's not actually why I dropped by.  
I'm here on a curt matter of business with Jane.  
Jane: Huh??  
Jasp rose sprite Squared: We have to prepare for our healing duties! Hammer out a strategy and such. Really sink our claws into the expensive upholstery of that problem.  
But first, I have somewhere to take you!  
Jane: What?  
Jane: W-where?

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jasp rose sprite Squared grabs Jane around the shoulders with one arm and flies away from the lilypad while grinning at her. Jane screams and flails while clutching at Jasp rose sprite Squared’s waist. It uses the same sprite from when Dirk and Roxy dragged Jane through the medium shortly after reviving her and shortly before Jake kissed Dirk’s decapitated head, but with Jasp rose sprite Squared in place of Roxy and Dirk absent.]

dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: There is someone you really must meet before we all start skittering across the great laminated floor of combat.  
As the ghostly spiritual guide of whomever my whims decide I should be serving any given moment, I can't allow another second to pass without introducing the two of you.  
Jane: Who?  
Jasp rose sprite Squared: This way!!! (Cat face) (Cat face) (Cat face) (Cat face) (Cat face)
LoCaH hangs in the void. Many brightly colored seed pods float in the atmosphere and the massive field of flowers grown by Jane’s trickster transformation still covers half the surface and sends tendrils of growth into the barren half, but the plants look duller, like they’re dying.

Next

A pink fenestrated plane appears a few feet above the ground on a barren section of LoCaH. Jasp rose sprite Squared pops out of it. Jane follows her and momentum flings her into the gold brick base of a large statue. She bounces off and skids to a halt on her butt. The hills beyond the closest hills are green with plants.

Next

Jane sits on the ground and stares up in awe at the massive statue.

Next

It shows the statue from her perspective. She stares up at a giant, faceless, armless figure with a golden sash wrapped around its shoulders and spiraling around its body. Two seedpods float near it.

Next

Jane narrows her eyes suspiciously.

Next

It zooms in on the head of the statue. Nanna sprite pokes her head out from behind it and gives a ‘hoo hoo’.

Next

Jane stares in slack-jawed shock as Nanna sprite floats down to stand in front of her.

Next

Nanna sprite smiles down at Jane. Two seedpods drop water on the landscape behind them.

Next

We return to the fake select screen. The first two rows as well as the left one on the bottom row are highlighted red. The next one, which shows Roxy and Callie’s symbols, is outlined green. Route 1’s background is now Dirk laying on his stomach in the middle of the roof while Dave looks off the edge. Route 2’s is Terezi, John, and Rose standing in the middle of the lilypad. John and Terezi have their hands in the air. All three of them talk about John and Terezi’s kismesitude and Rose and Jasp rose sprite Squared’s kismesitude. Route 3’s shows the Vriskas still power stancing at each other while Meenah imagines herself kissing the cheek of a solid gold statue of herself with her trident across her shoulders. Route 4’s is the lilypad shown from a distance with the same conversation from the background of Route 2 happening. Route 5’s is Rose grimmacing as John and Terezi talk shit at each other over her head. Route 6’s is Callie and Roxy flying towards LoFaF, which is intact, unlike the one from the Game Over timeline. Route 7’s is Jane sitting on the ground on LoCaH and staring up at Nanna sprite.
Roxy: you can stay here with the others until this all blows over!
Callie: with who, exactly?
Roxy: jade!!
she sleepin
please keep an eye on her k?
Callie: yes, of course!
i'd be happy to.
Roxy: also a man they call the mayor is here
i dunno much about the dude myself but Apparently he is a hell of a guy
give him my regards
Callie: i will.

Roxy: so
yeah
if we make it thru this
ill come back for you
and then
we figure out what happens next!
Callie: i can't wait.
Roxy: hope ur not sick of hearin it yet
but im still so psyched youre with us
Callie: of course i'm not sick of it!
Roxy: it is just
errgh
Callie: ?
Roxy: callie in times such as these...
ya know
words have trouble cuttin it
camere
dialoglog

Roxy: keep me in ur thoughts ok?
in the luckiest and magickest way you kno how
Callie: i will, roxy. (Very happy face with eyes pinched shut)
Roxy: now if u will excuse me

dialoglog

Roxy: i got a delivery to make!
Dirk: But,
Our Jack spent months in prison.
Dave: well i guess he broke out
hes kind of like a huge fucking deal now
Dirk: When did this happen?
Dave: i have no idea
i wasnt here
Dirk: I guess neither was I.
Dave: hes got lord english powers tho
hes apparently like
just
wretched fucking news
Dirk: Damn.
Dave: hes going to be hard to beat
even armed with the ultimate weapon:
some swords
Dirk: Sounds like some shit is going down.
Let's not downplay our sword gambit, though.
I have yet to encounter a problem where a sword didn't factor into the solution at least in some way.
Dave: i bet
Dirk: Bear in mind... I haven't actually Solved many problems over the course of my life?
But the ones I have, man.
Swords proved hells of instrumental.
Dave: what do you mean you didnt solve many problems
didnt you like
program robots and stuff
Dirk: I guess I meant real problems.
Involving...
People.
Dave: oh
those

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dave and Dirk sit next to each other. Dave looks at Dirk out of the corner of his eye, and Dirk does the same.]

dialoglog
Dirk: So Jack has... Lord English powers?
Dave: yup
Dirk: Does that have anything to do with Jake?
Dave: not according to my current understanding of a mostly nonsensical body of information
Dirk: Hmm.
What does it actually mean then?
Dave: not sure
mostly that hes really hard to kill i think
Dirk: Ok.
Well, that's decent intel, at least.
Dave: he Might be vulnerable to welsh things too
dont quote me on that
because
it will make me sound like an idiot
Dirk: Alright.

[Next]

[Image description: They both stare down at the ground.]

dialoglog
Dirk: ...
Dave: ...

[Next]

[Image description: Dirk glances back towards Dave.]

dialoglog
Dirk: Do you know when he arrives?
Dave: i already said i dont know
Dirk: Right.
...

[Next]

[Image description: He turns to look at Dave a little more directly.]

dialoglog
Dirk: Guestimate?
Dave: um
not soon enough is my best guess
and i guess
also my opinion?
Dirk: Oh.

[Next]

[Image description: Dave stares down at the ground and Dirk puts a hand to his forehead.]

[Next]

[Image description: Dave looks away and Dirk looks up.]

dialoglog
Dirk: Is...
Everything alright?

[Next]

[Image description: Dave glances in Dirk’s general direction.]

dialoglog
Dave: sure
Dirk: It just seems,
Like,
Maybe you aren't that... into... this.
Or at least,
Not as much as I was.
Whenever I imagined the possibility of us meeting.
Dave: were you
Dirk: Yeah.
I guess I'm not doing a very good job of showing it now.
I think that's probably just what I'm like though.
Dave: you dont say
Dirk: I mean, when it comes to people in general.
But probably especially people who are an important part of my life.
Dave: so
you think im an important part of your life
Dirk: I...
Yes?
Dave: you dont actually know me though
not this me
and im pretty sure you didnt know the other guy either
Dirk: That's true.
Dave: what is it about me thats important then
Dirk: I'm...
Not sure how to answer.
Dave: why
Dirk: Because I'm getting the sense that you might disapprove of whatever I might say.
Maybe you'll think it's weird that I idolized some version of you that I never knew.
Dave: idolized??
Dirk: See.
It seems like you think it's weird.
Dave: ..........
Dirk: Uh. Yeah.
I shouldn't have said anything.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dave looks down at his feet and Dirk looks a bit towards him.]

dialoglog
Dave: i dunno if its "weird" i just cant process it
Dirk: Why?
Dave: because
maybe not anything to do with You per se
but how i view my bro
and
ive got to say
meeting you
its not rockin my world here
or upending any paradigms or whatever
listening to you and looking at you
it really really just
reminds me of him
i know youre different and all and also like
a kid i guess??
but you dont feel that different
and hearing anything like that, like about idolization or like you were actually lookin forward to
this in any sincere way
is kinda fuckin jarring
Dirk: Huh.
So, like...
Things, between you and me, from your perspective, um,
Are we like, not cool?
Dave: ...................

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dave turns his head away, but Dirk keeps looking at him.]

dialoglog
Dirk: Well?

well
heres well i guess
i didnt fuckin like you that much ok?
Dirk: Oh.

Why not?
Dave: honestly i dont know if i want to get into it
Dirk: Ok.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms out to just show the building sticking into the sky.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Several light green clouds drift by.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: They continue drifting by.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: And drifting by…]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: and drifting by…]

dialoglog
Dave: ok actually maybe i will get into it

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dave turns to Dirk with a frustrated and confused expression. He lifts one hand up in a shrug. Dirk turns towards Dave.]

dialoglog
Dave: i dunno why my friends got to have adults around who cared about them
they complained bitterly about stuff so i guess i convinced myself they were all in the same boat as me
but that's not how it was
their complaints were trumped up nonsense and i bought it cause... i dunno
i didn't have any frame of reference
but his dad and her mom no matter what they said it was so obvious they cared about them deeply
even jades weird fuckin grandpa who died when she was young obviously would have done anything for her
why did i get such a raw cut of the asshole deck
and why did it take me so long to figure that out
and like hes dead now so thats that
so all thats left to do is look back and try to put the pieces together of my first 13 years
and all i can think is what the fuck Was that?!
i don't come away with the impression i used to try convincing myself of, that he was like
"mysterious" or "stern" or "aloof"
the only feeling left is this insane impression that i was raised by somebody who fuckin Hated me
and the whole act of even "raising a child" was some totally fucked up game to him
like parenthood was one of the highest tiers of irony in his solemn bullshit bro-ninja code
so he went through those motions and did whatever he thought was "funny" or "badass"
but under that weird stylistic and totally sociopathic approach to parenting i cant even Imagine
there was any emotion toward me other than some sort of loathing
Dirk: What...
Dave: i don't want to get out the laundry list
but for reference laundry wasn't one of those things
that was just one of the many little domestic things i just had to sort of Figure Out
sorta like i eventually had to learn what the Real purpose of a refrigderator was from movies
Dirk: Wait.
What??
Dave: i dunno theres too much to even get into
just
i don't remember the atmosphere ever not being nerve wracking
all havin to sneak around and...
ugh my shitty childhood spider senses are tinglin just thinking about it
it was "training" you know
but you know what it really was it was some vicious shit that was bad and sucked and i hated it
it didn't make me stronger
it did the opposite
it made me never want to fight
it made me never want to see blood or be near danger or hear metal sounds
it made me hate the idea of being a hero cause he was a hero and he ruined the idea of heroism
i don't even want to be fighting this shitty version of jack but hey nobody else has secret welsh powers so i guess i have to
Dirk: ...
Dave: what gets me is how long it took me to put all this together
to stop seeing it as some kinda roughhousey and eccentric life i had but was otherwise normal
it took years to deconstruct it all and put it back together to understand how fuckin mad i should be
and in particular how stone cold deeply uncared for i was my whole life
like... being merely "monitored" by a violent robot
i only started getting it after spending a lot of time in person with a bunch of people who actually
did care about me
and i could start feeling like
actually somewhat human for the first time
instead of...
some sort of runty afterthought to a household cabal of smutty puppets
Dirk: ... Puppets?
Dave: the fuckin puppets!!!
i know how it sounds but i am Not joking and there is No shred of doubt in my mind that he loved
all those puppets more than me
honestly it is very possible that he was just insane and thats that
i guess it didnt help either that we lived with what we have come to understand may theoretically
be the most evil doll to exist in any universe ever
in fact its my tenuous understanding that he came down to earth with that thing and like actually
grew up with it
maybe...
maybe spending 30 some years being unseparable from that hell puppet had some effect on him??
maybe if it hadnt been casting a pall over our apartment 7 since he took me in...
grinning...
glaring...
laughing in my sleep...
maybe our lives wouldnt have been quite so...
maybe we would have...
ugh
Dirk: What?

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dirk looks off to the right with a questionmark over his head. Dave is nowhere
to be seen.]

dialoglog
Dirk: You ok there?
Dave: ..... ..... yeah
Dirk: That doll.
That was Cal, right?
Dave: yeah
Dirk: Right.
My version is "empty", apparently.
Whatever that means.
Dave: huh
how do you know that
Dirk: A source.
One supposedly knowledgeable in jujus.
I never quite knew what that meant, though.
Dave: well
whatever his was
"empty" is never how i would have described it
Dirk: Hmm.
Dave: man
i dunno if i figured something out here
like um "explained" something or
if im just driving myself crazy with this talk and nothing even needs explaining
it doesnt change my past or how i feel about him
he was still pretty much awful no matter what the reason
and im sure thats the only feeling ill ever have about him
so who cares why it was like that
Dirk: Yeah...

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Dirk stands up and turns towards Dave, who sits on the edge of
the roof.]
dialoglog
Dirk: That...
All sounds really bad.
I don't know what to say though.
Maybe I shouldn't say anything.
Since I just remind you so much of him, for, uh. Obvious reasons.
I don't want to make you feel worse, or make it sound like I'm offering a defense.
For him, or me.
Because I don't have one.
For either of us.
Dave: come on man
You didnt do anything
this was just some douche bag with your exact d.n.a., who happened to grow up to be my bro
you had a completely different life full of like
different choices and actions and stuff
and even if you were gonna turn out like him youve barely cleared the half way mark on actually
chronologically gettin there
in some way ranting about all this is probably just uncool of me because...
youre not resposible for any of this shit but im sorta implicitly tacking it on you anyway
so
sorry about that
Dirk: I'm not sure it's true though.
At least, I don't feel that way.
Dave: what way
Dirk: That I'm not him.
The fact is, I am.
It's something I've come to understand about myself.
All splinters of me are basically me, now matter how much I want to resist that truth.
Or pretend they aren't reflecting my own qualities back at me.
I bear a certain responsibility for all of them.
Dave: splinters...?
Dirk: Yeah.
I guess the concept isn't that unique to me.
We've all got other versions of ourselves running around here and there, throughout the various
compartments of this messed up cosmos.
Dave: right
Dirk: I just happen to be particularly connected to mine.
I've felt...
Haunted by them.
And what that really means is, I'm perpetually haunted by my own bad qualities.
So, when I hear about stuff I did in another reality,
I'm not sure what my adult self might have ever tried to do to atone for that stuff, if anything...
Dave: pretty much dick squat
Dirk: Yeah. But in any case,
I'm sure I was completely in the wrong, and I'm sorry I messed up your life.
Dave: ...

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: Dave stares off into the distance as Dirk lowers himself down next to him.]

dialoglog
Dave: thanks
but
it still feels a little odd accepting an apology from somebody who I just met and technically had nothing to do with my life
even if you do feel guilty splinterways or whatever
it is just a messed up situation
and I guess I had to vent
and there was never anyone I wanted to say all that to
and the only thing that was gonna drag it out of me I guess was like a teen stand-in phantom of my dead bro
just some perfectly innocent dude havin to take the brunt of this shit
Dirk: I'm not particularly innocent though.
I've messed a lot of things up.
With my friends.
Honestly, that's why I wasn't that bent on sticking around, when I showed up.
And pretty much jumped at the offer of flying here to get ready for some yet to be explained battle.
Battles are easy. Just you, a sword, some bad guys... it's a lot simpler than having to answer for things you did.
For the most part, I feel pretty bad about the role I played in my friends' lives.
Especially Jake.
Dave: what happened there
Dirk: I don't even know.
An unmitigated disaster for which I'm entirely to blame.
It's not any one thing. I think I was just a completely toxic element in his life from day one.
I don't know what he's doing now.
I wouldn't be surprised if he was trying to avoid me as much as possible.
I'm sure that's for the best.
I think I need to stay out of his business for a good while, so I don't risk poisoning another innocent kid's life.
Like I did with you, apparently.
Dave: yeah
I mean
maybe its a little different cause relations between peers is a whole other thing
its tricky shit and you're both figuring stuff out on a relatively equal footing and you're both at the same point in your lives
its not like when one person is older and supposed to be a lot more...
ever mind this is a fucked up thing to think about
but the bottom line is yeah laying low while you sort out your stuff can't hurt
Dirk: Right.
The thing with that, with my adult self's...
Ways.
The sad thing is,
I can really see it. How someone like me can go unchecked in life, and turn out to become a much worse person than I already am. I guess I'm just relieved I still have some time to make sure that doesn't happen.

Dave: you don't actually seem like a bad person to me though
Dirk: No?
Dave: nah
Dirk: Why not?
We did just meet, after all.

Dave: because
i dunno if truly bad people wrestle so much with whether they're good or bad
i think if i ever sensed my bro like
struggled at all with what he was doing or who he was
or showed any sort of doubt
that might have changed everything
but there was never a crack in it
or the slightest hint of introspection behind the aggressive cooldude facade
if there was i sure never noticed
i mean personally
i think about it all the time now
what it actually means to be good or bad
or if not something that starkly moral
at least just trying to examine the difference between being decent and being a douche
maybe its because of him i worry about that now
but for me i think that internal struggle is kind of mild
for him...
or you i mean
it sounds like some pretty dark shit
like grappling with...
becoming evil vs simply trying not to

Dirk: Yeah.
That's not too far off.

Dave: but the point is
even just talkin to you a little bit
its obvious you've been fighting with that
which means that you care enough to put in some effort
i think that counts for something

diralog

Dirk: Maybe.
Not sure if I'm ready to accept a pat on the back for recognizing I have some problems, and worrying about whether they'll destroy me and fuck up the people I care about.
That might be setting the bar kind of low.

Dave: well when it comes to the subject of him
the bars already pretty low dude

Dirk: The weird thing, honestly,
Is that it's actually kind of refreshing to hear a sincerely leveled critique of all my negative qualities,
coming from another person invested in a relationship with me, rather than from a fucked up iteration of myself as some bizarre "trollish" form of self abuse.

The only thing I've ever been exposed to are either various forms of self loathing either from me or my auto-responder, or attitudes completely oblivious to my real issues, as expressed through my friends.

My friends always seemed to cut me so much slack, or were just never aware of the kind of person I really was.

Well, Jake probably is, by now at least.

But he's also the sort of guy who's just as likely to blame himself for stuff I did, as he is to blame me.

Jane and Roxy, though.

Never seemed to see anything wrong with me.

If anything, just the contrary.

Roxy in particular had a certain... fixation.

She meant well, but was so enamored of me, and seemingly everything I did.

Which I think was the last thing I needed.

To be idolized in some form by other people I respected.

I had enough of that feeling coming from within, particularly when I was younger.

And since then, I've been plagued by the insane ego of my youth in the form of an artificial intelligence I designed which essentially trapped that state of mind in a sort of horrid suspended animation.

Until... recent developments, of course.

Dave: so

was that stuff true

when you said you idolized the other version of me

Dirk: Yeah.

Dave: and not just some bullshit like how i used to say the same thing about my bro when i didnt know any better

Dirk: It's definitely not like that.

I never lived with him, or met him, so couldn't have anything like the contentious relationship you had with my older self.

He was a historical figure from centuries ago.

There was a lot to admire, and think about fondly.

Especially since I was alone, and never had any direct contact with another person, or any concept of civilization.

So even though I'm sure I romanticized what his life was like, and the early 21st century in general, It was nice to think about you.

I passed a lot of time that way.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It switches focus to Dave, who does the same sort-of-looking-but-not-really.]

dialoglog

Dave: you say there was a lot to admire

like what

Dirk: Well...

He was pretty famous.

Made some successful movies.

At least under a somewhat expansive definition of "success".

And an even more expansive definition of "movie".

His work accumulated a lot of subversive political influence, which got him in trouble later.
He made like a million bullshit Statues of Liberty, scummed them up with jpeg artifacts, and littered them all over the planet.

Dave: holy shit

Dirk: He was also a pretty badass swordsman, and an active member of the resistance movement. He slaughtered the clown presidents on the roof of the White House, and flew away on a shitty skateboard.

Then it seems he gave the Batterwitch a pretty good run for her money.

It wasn't enough, but at least he went down fighting.

Dave: that

yeah

ima need to hear more details on this some time

Dirk: Sure.

But as you can tell, clearly there was a lot to look up to.

I thought about the examples you set constantly. The creative ideals, the advanced theories on irony and humor, the tales of courage and martial prowess.

Really, I modeled everything about myself after you. Or at least everything good that I was trying to become.

And I probably spent an embarrassing amount of time imagining what it would be like to live during his time, and to be able to have something resembling a sibling relationship, or be in some sort of master-apprentice situation.

Dirk: When I finally learned you existed, and started to understand who he really was in relation to me, that put a lot into context.

I realized he was a version of you who got a chance to live up to his full potential.

And when I understood there was a young version of you, in a situation sorta like mine, whose time on Earth got cut short when you were thrown into all this,

I was at least happy to think there was some reality where you got the chance to do everything you wanted to do, be successful, and fight for all the right things.

Even if ultimately it didn't lead to a great outcome for humanity, you had an opportunity to live a full life and show what you were made of.

While I guess I had... the same opportunity on your world, somewhat less fortunately.

Dave: yeah

but then for all my bitching i guess i still never grasped your full reality

just like you probably didnt grasp mine, but just reading into the mindset of a historical figure as best you could

what if i wasnt as heroic as it seemed?

what if adult me was kinda douchey too in a way you couldnt observe

Dirk: Perhaps.

But beyond a certain point, I think accomplishments speak for themselves.

I dunno if you can just completely shred every person who ever did great things because they had some flaws.

All I can say is, it was important to me to see him the way I did.

As a good person who inspired me, and set the standard for what I wanted to be.

It kept me going.

That said, I'm also glad there's this version of you who got to go through all the things you've been through.

Like, yeah, you didn't get to be the cool celebrity who cuts down juggalos on badly defaced government property.

And the idea of a "normal life" was rudely taken from you, and it's something you'll never get to experience.

But this is so much more challenging, and uncertain.

You get to apply all that potential you showed in one reality to something much bigger and more existentially critical.
Whatever strength you showed in trying to save a dying planet, the fact is, I think we need that more here.
And the trials inherent in being a part of something like this, I think they bring more out of you than a relatively pedestrian life on Earth would. Make you face more things about yourself. At least, that's been true for me.
But it sounds like it's been true for you too.
It sounds to me like the experiences you've had changed you a lot, for the better.
You mentioned the experiences with him that were designed to make you stronger have actually made you weaker, but really, I doubt that's true.
I bet you've become stronger than you realize, not because of anything he did, but because of what you've done, and the ways you've changed yourself through your own effort.
I hope it doesn't come off as overly sentimental garbage, but it seems to me like you turned out to be a really good dude.
Like, really, a better sort of dude I ever imagined talking to when I pictured meeting the legendary guy I idolized.
I pictured him as probably being "too cool" to be the type of guy you are.
But you know what, fuck being too cool for that.

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: They both sit next to each other and stare up at a green thunderstorm. Lightning casts a green light over them.]

dialoglog
Dave: ...
you
...
...
...
you dont think im cool?
Dirk: Nah.
I mean, in the right way, yes. I think you are.
But, in the way that doesn't mean anything and doesn't matter,
Not particularly.
Dave: ...
Dirk: Anyway, that's...
All my "stuff", with respect to your other self.
Again, there's a lot more I could say about him.
Maybe stuff you should know, or maybe it's all irrelevant to the path you're on now.
Regardless, I'd be more than willing to answer any questions you have about him.
Or, anything really.
Feel free to ask me whatever, ok?
Dave: ...
yeah
i

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. They still sit together.]

dialoglog
Dave: ill have to think
[Image description: Dave stares up at the storm.]

[Image description: The angle shifts. A massive ball of blue lightning expands out in the distance, in the center of a cluster of temples.]

[Image description: The ball lightning reflects on Dave’s sunglasses.]

[Image description: Clouds drift by in the background. Dave’s eyebrow lifts ever so slightly.]

[Image description: Dave looks back towards Dirk a bit.]

dialoglog
Dave: hey
Dirk: ?
Dave: sorry about this
Dirk: What?

dialoglog
Dave: for what im doing now
this bullshit right here
Dirk: Oh.
Wh...
Dave: its

[Image description: It zooms in. Dave is laying with his head halfway in Dirk’s lap and has his arms wrapped awkwardly around his back and stomach. Dirk stares at him and has the tiniest exclamation mark over his head.]

dialoglog
Dave: its really fucked up of me
what im presently doing
so
sorry about that
Dirk: Oh, y-
Yeah.
Man.
This is some fucked up shit alright.
Dave: i know
Dirk frees one arm from Dave’s grasp and reaches to wrap it around his shoulders.

Dirk: But it's cool. Don't worry about it.

Dave: so fucking up

It zooms in on Dave who opens his mouth the tiniest bit. One cheek is smushed into Dirk’s side. Dirk frees his other arm and rests it on Dave’s bicep, returning the hug the best he can in this awkward pose.

Dave: sorry

We return to the fake select screen. All but the final box are highlighted red, and the final one, which shows Roxy and Kanaya’s symbols, is highlighted green. The background for the first box shows Dave and Dirk sitting together near the edge of the building, discussing things about the other’s alternate self. Dave talks about Bro’s Plush Rump website, his Game Bro magazines, smuppets, and Maplehoof. Dirk talks about Alpha Dave flying off into the night sky on a shitty skateboard, the Hopywoodood sign, and the SBaHJ movies. The second background shows John and Terezi laying on their backs with their legs up in the air, each talking about a scribbly drawing of the other. Rose sits up and looks over to them with a question mark in her speech bubble. The third shows the Vriska’s continuing to power stance while Meenah imagines herself as an empress, wearing the same outfit as The Condesce, holding her trident in one hand and Lord English’s skull in the other. The fourth shows the conversation from the second from a greater distance. The fifth shows Rose sitting up and looking at John and Terezi, who both lay on their backs. John speaks in scribbles around the word Fuh and Terezi speaks in scribbles around the word Bluh. The sixth shows Kanaya somewhere on LoFaF, looking up at Roxy, who flies in. A blue salamander stands among the trees behind Kanaya. The seventh shows Jasp rose sprite Squared clasping her hands and imagining Nepeta surrounded by little hearts. The eighth shows Jade sleeping on the floor in front of her purple and yellow fireplace. W.V. sits next to her and waves at Callie. The ninth shows a scribbly drawing of Dave and Dirk laughing so hard that they cry and continuing to discuss things about their alt selves. Dave talks about Guy Fieri, one of the saw-like characters from one of Bro’s comics, and more smuppets. Dirk talks about Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff The Movie and wizard marionettes. They both discuss shitty, jpeg artifacted Statues of Liberty.

Kanaya peers up at Roxy, who floats several dozen feet in the air, holding the matriorb behind her back.

Roxy: hey!!!!!!!!!!
Roxy floats in closer, making Kanaya angle her eyes up at a sharp angle to see her.

**dialoglog**
Kanaya: Yes?
Roxy: heeeey
Kanaya: Hey

[A6A6I5] Next

Roxy grins at Kanaya and still hides the matriorb.

**dialoglog**
Roxy: heeeeeeeeeeey!
Kanaya: You Said Another Hey
Are You Going To Say Hey Again By Any Chance
Roxy: heeyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy
Kanaya: I Knew It Another Hey

[A6A6I5] Next

Roxy finally lands in front of Kanaya. The blue salamander wanders out from the trees.

**dialoglog**
Roxy: kanaya!
guess what
Kanaya: My First Guess Would Be More Hey
But If The Thing To Guess Is The Reason You Are Saying Hey At Me Several Times
I Confess To Being Stumped
Roxy: i Got somethin 4 u
Kanaya: You Do
What
Roxy: thats the thing you gots to be guessin!

[A6A6I5] Next

Kanaya points behind Roxy.

**dialoglog**
Kanaya: Is It The Thing Behind Your Back
eyup but u gotta be more specific
Kanaya: Is It A Little Piece Of Paper That Says Hey On It
Roxy: hahahahaha no but that would be So Funny!
hahaha youre pretty funny
damn now i wanna go away and start this whole shit over so i can do that punchline instead
Kanaya: Maybe We Should Do Several Rehearsals First Just To Make Sure The Final Performance Is As Funny As Possible
Roxy: yes!!
but no
what is have for youuu
Roxy: is this!

Kanaya: Is It Real
Roxy: yeah!!!
i mean
as real as i could make it
which i think means
as real as the thing that it is and was always supposed to be when its idea is expressed as purely as possible through physical matter!
Kanaya: Wow
... What
Roxy: its a real alien egg!
bottom line
it took a lot of work and i guess voidy soul searching? but
i finally made it
just for you!
Kanaya: For Me?
Roxy: yep
hey i know i dont know ya too well
we just met!
but really it was always gonna be for you
this egg is stinkin useless without someone whos qualified to care for it
and thats you
please look after the lil guy... i have developed some oddly motherly feelins for the spiky fucker myself
it was like this whole quasi intellectu-motional Saga or something for me to figure out how to make this freaking egg
Kanaya: Its A Matriorb
Roxy: yeah! that!
Kanaya: I Cant
I Dont Believe This
How Is It Possible
I Still Dont Know How You Did This
Roxy: dont worry about it
s'just ~*powers*~
whooshhhwooshhhhh (magic noises)
voila, insta-orb
just add the subtraction of its nonexistence!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Kanaya sits down on a fallen log and cradles the matriorb in her lap. Tears well up in her eyes as she stares at it. A pink hummingbird flits nearby.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: She looks up at Roxy.]

dialoglog
Kanaya: Thank You

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Roxy sits next to Kanaya, who smiles at her. The hummingbird lands on Roxy’s shoulder.]

dialoglog
Roxy: no problem!
Kanaya: I Didnt Think It Would Be This Easy
I Mean
Not That It Was Easy For You By The Sound Of It
What I Mean Is I Thought It Was Going To Involve An Arduous And Lengthy Process For Myself To Undertake In Order To Figure Out How It Was Even Possible To Reconstruct The Orb Let Alone Actually Do It
Roxy: nah
Kanaya: Nah?
Roxy: nope!
Kanaya: So Instead Of All That Its Just Handed To Me Like A Nice Present
Roxy: yes
Kanaya: I Dont Know What To Say
This Changes So Much About Everything I Thought I Had To Do
Roxy: does it?
the way i see it is you shouldnt have needed to worry about makin the thing i think it will be challenging enough like...
hatching it??
and tending to all the stuff that comes next isnt that basically being responsible for the preservation of an entire race of people?
like not even a simple kinda people that all go about havin their own babies by themselves n such u have to set up and deal with this huge creature that does it all herself right?
Kanaya: Yes
Thats How It Works
And Yes That Will Be
Probably Very Challenging
Roxy: yeah so just focus on that!
im sure you will have help if you need it
i mean... after all this shit is over obviously
hey speaking of which
howd it go here? did you do the thing?
Kanaya: Yes I Think We Did The Thing
Our Frog Should Be Good To Go
Roxy: we?
oh yeah karkat came too didnt he
where did he go?
Kanaya: Oh
He Um
Hes Still In The Cave
Uh
Meditating
Roxy: meditating huh
Kanaya:
Yes
It Was A Very Spiritually Uplifting Encounter With The Denizen
It Really Uh
Blitzed Our Chakras
He Needs Some Time To Clear His Head
Roxy: heheh ok

[Image description: The tears clear from Kanaya’s eyes and it zooms in on them.]

dialoglog
Roxy: so you are roses girlfriend right?
Kanaya: I Dont Know
Is That What Humans Call A Matesprit When The Matesprit Is A Girl
Roxy: umm
i dunno
is a matesprit the thing trolls call each other when they are girlfriends or boyfriends with each other?
Kanaya: Yes
Roxy: ah ha!
then uh
the answer is yes?
Kanaya: Yes
Roxy: lmao
ok it was kind of obvious i was just makin sure
anyway thats cool!
did you meet on ur fancy meteor vessel
Kanaya: In Person We Met There Yes
Originally We First Spoke While She Was Still In Her Session
I Assisted Somewhat
But I Think I Bugged Her Mostly
That Seems Like A Lifetime Ago Now
Roxy: so i guess you mustve gotten to know each other a lot better during the trip
Kanaya: Yes
We Had
A Lot Of Free Time
Roxy: i bet (Smiley face)
man... three years was it?
thats crazy!
for a whole bunch of people who only just met including humans And aliens
or i mean trolls whoops sorry if thats rude
Kanaya: We Call Each Other Aliens All The Time
Roxy: haha
but then you all Immediately have to hunker down together for three years
Kanaya: That Is Very Much What Happened And What We Had To Do
Roxy: it sounds fun!
kinda wish i could have been there
i guess i had my own less long stint with people in my session
only like half a year tho
which was cool in its own way but it wasnt nearly as... social as your scene sounded?
Kanaya: It Was Pretty Social Yes
But We Also Had Little Groups Who Generally Convened With Each Other More Often Than The
Entire Ensemble Crowded Together For A Singular Noisy Affair
Such Events Were Pretty Rare So Maybe Not As Social As You Are Picturing
In Fact It Was Quite A Subdued Situation Compared To The Crowd I Was Formerly Accustomed
To Congregating With
There Were Twelve Of Us Back Then
Roxy: yeah Wow!!!
i remember hearing about that from a friend
who...
never even existed from this frame of reference (frowning face)
i guess thats another weird thing about my lil sojourn to get to this point...
it is all made of memories now that didnt even happen for other people
Kanaya: That Does Sound Like A Lonely Predicament In Its Own Particular Way
A Sort Of Sacrifice Youve Had To Make Yes
Roxy: yeah
Kanaya: Sacrifice Abounds It Would Seem
I Dont Know Of Anyone Presently Alive Who Hasnt Had To Trade Something Very Important To
Them In Exchange For Continuing To Be A Material Seeker In This Endeavor
You Were Forced To Trade Something Too But In Return Youve Been Able To Do Something
Something So Wonderful That
I Guess Im Judging Your Accomplishment From An Especially Personal Vantage
But No Matter What Else You Have Been Through
I Believe You Can Say Youve Done Something As Important As Anyone Could Ever Hope To Do
Roxy: aw yeas (smiley face wearing goggles)
i hope so!
i really hope it all works out and you make a super successful trollworld 2
Kanaya: Yeah
I Want It To Be A Good Place
Not So Much Like Where Im From
It All Sounds
Really Daunting Actually
Not Even Just The Propagation Of My Kind But Managing To Do It Responsibly
Just Causing Millions Of Beings To Exist For The Sake Of Doing So
And Dismissing Responsibility For What Sort Of People They Become
That Isn’t Good Enough For Me
I Think Echidna Was Right
I’ll Need Him
Roxy: who
Oh
Nobody
Let’s Say It Was A Figure Of Speech
I’ll Need Everyone
Whoever Is Good And Wishes To Have A Hand In The Way Our World Is Shaped

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Roxy stands up and Kanaya sets the orb down on the log, where Roxy was just sitting.]
dialoglog
Roxy: count me in! (very happy face)
Kanaya: I will
But
As Of The Immediate Point In Time
I Don’t Know What To Do Anymore
Roxy: hm??
Kanaya: Before You Came
I Was On My Way To Join You And Rose And John
Feeling Quite Sure I Was About To Get Ready To Fight
But Then You Gave Me This
And Now I’m Unsure Of Everything To Which I Just Imminently Committed Myself
Roxy: how so
Kanaya: I want to help us win
But I also have a lot of responsibility now
In a way that is much more tangible and also spiky and round and sharp than just a few minutes ago
And I feel I have to consider risk to myself is now also the same as risk to the future of my people
Does that make sense?
Roxy: ooh i see
Yeah!
it is like.....
like say a mother wolf being all ready to stand up to some other asshole of nature
like a nasty bear
and she’s ready to fight and all but also she got to think about what happens to her pups if she gets hurt yeah?
Kanaya: something like that
Except I relate more to an analogy that didn’t involve weird alien creatures
Roxy: oh sure
Just imagine instead of a wolf it’s like
A mother uhhhh
Help me out here
Kanaya: Musclebeast
Roxy: a beautiful mother musclebeast
And instead of a bear
its um
a metroid
Kanaya: Lets Say Good Enough
Roxy: damn straight
be fuckin fight of the year right there
but yes that concern is completely understandable
you dont gotta fight if you dont want!
but im sure we could really use the help
Kanaya: Would I Actually Be Of Much Use
Roxy: i think so!
id look at it this way
none of this next gen troll stuff is even going to matter if we dont win this fight
so we have to prioritize beating all these goddamn villains
specially the witch!
any extra edge is going to help
and tho i admit i dont know much about you i am feeling prrrrettyyy confident in my assessment
that u are probably some sort of sick deadly bitch
Kanaya: Who Told You My Secret
Roxy: i knews it (winking face)
in fact i would Bet
that you could Use your concern for all ur future space pups to be Way extra deadlier in this fray
maybe youd make the whole difference??
the point is we need you now just as much as anyone in the future will
and we are All riskin stuff and all in this together and if youre with me and rose and john, dont
worry we aint gonna let anything happen to you
Roxy: i promise!!!!!
Kanaya: Dang
Roxy: dang?
Kanaya: That Was Really Motivational And I Feel Very Inspired Now
Roxy: for real?!
Kanaya: Yes
A Little Corny But Definitely Genuine And Moving
And Now Im Suddenly Psyched Again To Go Dunk A Narcissistic Fish Woman Into A Sea Dumpster
Roxy: Fuck yes
Kanaya: Not To Project Myself As Someone Fickle Or Lightly Swayed On Big Decisions
Maybe It Was Just A Roughly Thirty Second Spell Of Cold Feet And I Just Snapped Out Of It I
Dont Know
But You Really Do Seem To Have A Way With Motivational Words
You Must Be A Natural Leader
I Think Your Group Was Lucky To Have You
Roxy: me?? nuhhh
im not naturally good at that at all
i mostly just yelled at my friends cause they were such a gaggle of frustrating bozos
i guess im just feeling way inspired by the fact everyone is here together and we are all about to try
and do something huge and important
ive also watched john in action a bit and he is Very good at that stuff
hes actually so good at being inspiring hes inspired me to try and be... more inspiring? that sounds
dumb as hell but is true as shit
i also love how hes got No idea how good he is at leadery stuff, its
it is so inspirationally friggin adorable
Kanaya: (Smiley face)

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Roxy offers a hand to Kanaya, who reaches to take it with one hand and wraps her other arm around the matriorb.]

dialoglog
Kanaya: Shall We Go Then

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Roxy smiles at Kanaya. The hummingbird still sits on her shoulder.]

dialoglog
Roxy: we hella shall

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Roxy flies up and away from LoFaF with Kanaya and the matriorb in tow, just like she did with Calliope.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: A strange screen appears. It looks somewhat like the select screen with ten boxes, but all the boxes are bright red, and the center section shows three symbols. The top row has Vriska’s and Meenah’s symbols. The second row has another one of Vriska’s symbols, this time encased in parentheses. The background is black.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska stands in front of Alt Vriska and sneers at her. Vriska holds the red chest under one arm. Behind her, horses run over red and green hills under a cracked, black sky.]

dialoglog
Vriska: I'll be taking this, if you don't mind.
Not that I care if you mind.
For that matter, not that there's any chance you could possibly mind what anyone does with this deadly secret weapon, since you've made it perfectly clear what sort of person you want to be.
Which is to say, someone who's dedicated her entire existence to being utterly useless.
Alt Vriska: Wait........
Which version of me are you?
Are you alive?!
Vriska: be quiet. I'm talking.
Look at you.
Just looooooooook at you.
How completely pathetic.
Alt Vriska: What?
What's your problem?!
Vriska: My problem is you make me fucking sick.
Did you know that?
That it was possible for you to go so far down whatever toilet you decided to jump into however long ago, that you could literally make your own stomach turn?
I mean, my god.
Alt Vriska: What are you talking about?
Is it my new clothes and tattoo and stuff?
Look, I remember feeling that way too, all stuck up about certain-
Vriska: It's not your new look!
I mean, not that it's the slightest bit flattering.
In fact, I think it's perfect for you!
I couldn't possibly imagine a style more impeccably suited to what a loser you've become.
Alt Vriska: Loser??
Hey, come on now, I...
Vriska: Yes, Loser!!!!!!!!
You are a loser.
I'm sorry to be the bearer of bad news, but that is what you are now.

[Image description: Both Vriskas stare at each other. Meenah stands off to the side, staring off into space. Two horses run around nearby.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Are you really so far removed from reality that you can't see it?
Did this... "transformation" happen so gradually that you just... didn't notice?!
I find it hard to believe, and frankly more than a little disturbing, that some version of me could let
this happen to herself without being at least Somewhat aware that a dreadful decline of personal
integrity was taking place.
Alt Vriska: I'm not a loser though!
I Like who I've become.
I actually feel happy and good about my life for the first time in... maybe forever??
Like, Actually good about my life in a way that feels real, instead of forced. Don't you realize that's
what it was like for us?
Vriska: You don't have a life!
You're Dead, remember?
I'm the one with the life!
And I fully intend to use it in a relevant and constructive way to help bring an end to all the
horrible shit that's been going on for way too long.
Remember when you used to care about that sort of thing?
No, obviously not.
All you care about now is bullshit hipstery fashion trends, feeling "happy", and... whatever the
fuck it is you're doing here?
Frolicking with some horses in an ugly field or some shit.
Just absolutely disgraceful.
How could I have become so selfish??
You do know this is selfish, right?
This isn't having some fucking "epiphany" or like "growing as a person" or whatever self-serving
spin you might be putting on what's happening here.
It's just plain narcissism, the worst kind you're capable of. A total renunciation of any responsibility
for contributing to the greater good.
And it makes me Fucking Sick.
Alt Vriska: No, that's not what it's like!
You don't understand. You haven't...
Like, been through...
Vriska: been through What?
I've been through plenty. Don't get patronizing with me.
How did you die, again?
Weren't you being stubborn and insisting on going off to fight Jack, even though that was obviously an ill-conceived plan that was going to get everyone killed?
There it is again, making it all about you, even when trying to be heroic. You let that need blind you and you did something really stupid, basically leaving No other Option but for you to get killed.
So since you started your journey as a ghost with that little feat of self-absorption, is it any surprise that after however many pseudo-sweeps floundering around as a lost soul, This is where you end up? A shamelessly self-indulgent, punk-ass Nobody?
Alt Vriska: Wait... are you saying you didn't try to go fight Jack?
What happened? How... how are you the version that's still alive? I don't...
Vriska: Different shit happened!
And from that point on, I started making better choices, unlike you.
Contrary to your lazy fakey "happy" shit, I've Actually Grown As A Person.
What do you think of That, you frivolous, dithering Bitch????????
Alt Vriska: !!!!!!!!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska curls her lip in disgust and jabs an accusatory finger towards Alt Vriska. Meenah still stares into space.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Honestly, I can barely even stand to look at you. I should really get out of here and spare myself the nausea.
Yet I keep standing here wasting my time dishing out this well deserved smackdown. Maybe I'm paralyzed by disgust??????
Alt Vriska: Why are you being so mean to me??
Vriska: Mean? I'm just telling it like it is, sister.
The truth is often harsh. That's something you Used to understand.
but now you appear to be the physical embodiment of everything I detest.
God, I just can't get over your shitty makeover. Ugh!!!!!!!!!
Hey, did you...
Did you Gain Weight, too????????
Alt Vriska: What?!
No!
I didn't... I'm not...
Vriska: Yes you did. I'm not blind, you know.
Alt Vriska: I'm not fat!!!!!!!
Vriska: Sure, tell yourself whatever you want.
Whatever lets you be "at peace" with your "new life"! Hahahahahahahaha.
Alt Vriska: Why are you saying all this stuff to me?
What did I ever Do to you????????
I don't understand...
*Sniff.*
Vriska: Holy shit.
This is actually getting to you, isn't it? Unbelievable.
Well, that tears it. You really are beyond any sort of redemption.
Fucking incredible. What ever happened to having a thick skin? Letting stuff roll off your back?
Not letting shit get to you, because you always knew you were better than the one slinging it?
I guess this is what you call happiness now? Letting a few tiny little barbs shatter your self esteem?
You aren't happy. You're a hilarious trainwreck combined with a sad punchline, and I'm ashamed
to share an identity with you.
Alt Vriska: Stop It!!!!!!!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Alt Vriska shouts at Vriska. Tears well up in Alt Vriska’s eyes.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Oh, don’t worry, "Serket". I’m done here. I’m off to go do something useful, like winners do. Something you wouldn’t know anything about anymore.
Alt Vriska: Argh, Just Leave Me Alone!!!!
How Could I... *choke*...
How could I have ever been so Awful?!
Vriska: Ok, this is just getting embarrassing.
Time to shove off. Though truth be told, I should probably delay killing Lord English a little longer, just so he can put you out of your misery.
Alt Vriska: Just Go Away!
*Sob* ...
I Hate You!!!!!!!!!
Vriska: Your wish is my command, loser!
Time to go get some awesome shit done, and grab the reins on a relevant, proactive existence. Shit, I’m feeling more adventurous and worthwhile as a person just thinking about it!
Anyone who feels the same way is more than welcome to join me.
Say, how about you, punky-lookin Peixes?
Does that sound like it might be the cut of your jib?
Alt Vriska: don’t talk to her!!!!!!!
she doesn’t want anything to do with a piece of shit like you, and neither do i!
take your stupid treasure, and your smug garbage about "relevance", and get the fuck out of here!
come on, meenah! Let’s ditch that evil hag and go find something else to do.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Alt Vriska storms off. Meenah doesn’t seem to notice.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Alt Vriska stops and glances angrily back over her shoulder.]

dialoglog
Alt Vriska: Meenah.......
What’s wrong?
Come on!
Meenah: yeah uh
vriska
um
listen
Alt Vriska: ...
What?

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Meenah looks guilty and scratches the back of her head with one hand.]
dialoglog
Meenah: iiiiii uh
...
aw fuck
dunno how to say this
Alt Vriska: What is it??
Meenah: i think i might go actually
Alt Vriska: ??!!?!?!
Meenah: with
vriska
i mean
that one

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Alt Vriska turns around and reaches for Meenah with a devastated look on her face.]

dialoglog
Alt Vriska: No!
No, please, Meenah...
You can't!
Meenah: i just
i dunno if
this
this whole thing is...
(fuck!)
Alt Vriska: Meenah, no...
Meenah: im not like
Agreein with her
on a lotta that stuff
i just
im bored (Frowning face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Alt Vriska: but...
I thought...
You liked...?
Meenah: i did
i mean i do
im just sick of sittin around
not being a part of anything
i want to see some action ya know?
wanna go kill a Bad Guy
Alt Vriska: Ok! Yeah! I get that!
Hey, me too! Look, see?
I do too! Forget what I said, we can go fight him together!
Just, not with her, ok? I couldn't handle that. It can just be you and me!
Meenah: yeah seaaa
i dont
i dunno about that
the thing is
i think what im sayin here is
as great as its been
like Reely great
i think this has gotta...
be...
it
It??
Meenah: (Frowning face wearing a tiara and goggles)

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Meenah frowns and looks down. Alt Vriska grabs her shoulders.]

dialoglog
Alt Vriska: No...
No, no, no, no, no, no, no...
Why?!
Meenah, please! Don't do this!
Vriska: You heard the lady.
She's made up her mind.
Alt Vriska: Stay Out Of This!!!!!!!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Alt Vriska takes a step back and cries harder. Tears run down her cheeks.]

dialoglog
Alt Vriska: *Sniff...*
Meenah, you have to stay!
I don't know what I'll do if you're gone!
I...
I don't have anyone else out here.
I'll be all alone in this fucked up place.
I never told you this, but... it's terrifying here.
It's terrifying being dead, and having to live through memories forever, and dealing with the fact that nothing really means anything.
It's infinite, and dark, and it's all being ripped apart...
And you're the only one who ever made me feel good about being here.
You're the only one who made me feel good about being Anywhere.
Please, don't...
Meenah.
*Sob!*
Meenah: eeurrrggh
Vriska
dam!!!
why...
whys this shit so hard?
not even lyin this is like the hardest shit i ever did
i cant even fully explain
its just how i think its grotto be
Alt Vriska: but it doesn't!
You don't have to do this!
Meenah: yeah
i think
on that point
we just gonna have to algae to disalgae
Alt Vriska: ... I cannot...
Believe You are doing the fish pun thing while you're breaking up with me.
Meenah: sorry serk
tis the way of my peeps

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: Meenah grimaces slightly and shrugs, like she’s trying to justify this to herself as well as Alt Vriska.]

dialoglog
Meenah: heres the thing
i dont think
any of that shade just thrown at ya was true
i like you a lot an all
but like
she has a point on one thing
which is
you changed a lot
not better or worse or anyfin
i aint squallified to make that call
just different
from the way you were when we met
happier i guess??
dunno man if you say so then yeah
what i see though is
somebody who gradually turned like
vulnerable as Shell
and that
is
cracy to me
Meenah: because
of
the way i am
i dont think im reely...
the sorta person
to be...
trusted with those kinds a feelings?
sea the prob is
you dont actually know me very well
nobody does
and the main thing about me is
um
that you gotta account for
or i guess
*i* gotta account for
on behalf of the feelings
of people i dont wanna see get hurt
is
uh
how do i say this
what you need to know is
like
...

[Next]

[Image description: She grimaces a bit harder and throws her hands into the air.]

dialoglog
Meenah: im

[Next]

[Image description: Meenah drops her hands to her sides and stares sadly down at the ground.]

dialoglog
Meenah: bad

[Next]

[Image description: It zooms out. Meenah keeps staring at the ground. Alt Vriska sobs into her hands. Vriska watches with a grin on her face.]

[Next]

[Image description: Meenah walks away from Alt Vriska and towards Vriska. Alt Vriska holds a hand up to stop her, but it doesn't work.]

dialoglog
Alt Vriska: No, Meenah! Wait!
I don't care if you're bad!
I mean, I don't even think that's true!
but I don't care if it is!
Please, don't do this!
Don't go! At least not right away!
Can you just stay a little longer so we can talk about this?
Meenah: sorry vriska
i

[Next]

[Image description: Vriska begins to walk away and Meenah trails slowly behind her. Alt Vriska collapses to the ground, sobbing.]

dialoglog
Meenah: im really sorry

[Next]

[Image description: Meenah closes her eyes as she follows Vriska away.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Time to say goodbye, Meenah.
Meenah: i just did
let's just
get out of here ok
Vriska: You got it.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Meenah gets a few steps farther. Fuchsia tears well up in her eyes.]

dialoglog
Vriska: You've made the right choice, Peixes.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Meenah begins to sob and wipes the tears from her cheeks. The landscape
behind her turns into blackness, leaving just Alt Vriska collapsed on nothing.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Now let's go round up that army.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: A character select screen appears. This time, there are only two options. On the
left side, a box showing Jane in her Maid of Life outfit hovers above LoCaH. On the right, a box
showing Jake in his Page of Hope outfit hovers over LoMaX. “Choose your characters” flashes at
the top of the screen. Pick Jane after reading the caption.]

Let's try this choice thing again, one more time. This time only with two choices, nice and easy.
Hey, works like a charm. Two sweet simple choices for two sweet simple kids. There you go, one
last gluttonous chomp at the free will pie before you all say goodbye. Don't say this website never
did anything for you. Don't You Dare.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Nanna Sprite hovers next to Jane. They smile at each other.]

dialoglog
Nanna Sprite: There you are!
I have been looking forward to meeting you, dear. (smiley face with buck teeth)
Jane: You have?
Who are you?
Nanna Sprite: I'm you!
But most know me as John's Nanna. Hoo hoo!
Jane: Oh, yes!
He told me about you.
Gosh!
Pleased to meet you... Nanna, I guess I should call you?
Nanna Sprite: Suits me!
Jane: Calling you Jane might feel a bit strange.
Also, perhaps disrespectful?
Nanna Sprite: And why is that?
It is my name after all.
Jane: Yes, but,
You are my senior by many decades, I gather.
And you have so many more years of life experience, and wisdom, and you...

Seem to be dressed like a clown?

Nanna Sprite: (smiley face with buck teeth)

Jane: Not to disparage your fanciful attire. I quite like it.
I just mean that...

You've been through more than I can imagine.

I couldn't call you by my name. It would feel wrong and flippant to treat you like my equal.

Nanna Sprite: But really, Jane, the honor of meeting you is all mine!

I have been looking forward to it so much since I learned of your existence.

Ever since I spent that one day helping John through his session, there haven't been many reasons for me to feel particularly worthwhile.

Yes, I tended to him and his sister for several years, baked for them, lent a sympathetic ear when needed...

But in a way, it's been a lonely life for me since my ashes fell in this silly old sprite.

I've been strictly an auxiliary actor, there only to serve others even during my greatest moments to shine!

So when I heard of you, a version of myself who was a true hero, so young, empowered, and set to embark upon a life filled with consequential deeds...

I was absolutely giddy. I knew that we had to meet!

Jane: Oh... my!

You, You really feel that way about me?

Nanna Sprite: Yes, Jane!

I do not mean to suggest I regret the way my life has gone, of course.

I lived a very humble life, as free of intrigue and adventure as possible, by choice.

You see, I grew up in dangerous circumstances. I knew how cruel the woman who raised me could be, and what she might do to me or the people I loved if I made waves, or demonstrated any sense of defiance.

So I lived simply. I started a family, and operated a quiet joke shop. Though I always knew trouble was brewing, they were the best years of my life.

Yet I always had a little more knowledge than I ever let on, and used my understanding in subtle ways to help those to whom the torch would be passed in this great fight.

But then, I made the transition from knowing some things in life, to knowing a great deal more in death. Being resurrected as a sprite endowed me with a very deep knowledge of the game and its broader circumstances. I was in peak form, a true harlequin wisewoman, and there was nary a question I couldn't answer.

And then, the dear kids scratched their session, and cast themselves into the unknown.

I ventured with them, and so I too lost my bearing on the nature of what lay ahead.

I went from my prime, a state of all-understanding, to a state of absolute uncertainty. For the first time in about as long as I could remember, I had no idea what to expect next.

It was quite freeing in a way! I had a wonderful three years on that ship with those lovely children.

I thought little of what challenges were ahead.

But when I did, my thoughts would always drift toward you, Jane.

Thinking about you, and this adventure you were about to begin, it made me feel like a child again.

It gave me the feelings I used to have for the limitless potential of life, before my stepmother snuffed them out, confronting me with the reality that life would have to take a considerably more limited shape if I wished to survive.

So when I look at you now, I see the potential I had as a child finally being realized.

But in a much more special way than I ever would have imagined back then!

It makes me so proud to see you as a heroic young woman, ready to make a difference, and forge your own destiny.

I just wanted to tell you this before you go off to battle!
Jane: Oh jeez. Nanna, I don't know what to say. Thank you so much for those inspirational words!
Nanna Sprite: Hoo hoo!
Jane: I think John was really lucky to have you as a sprite. Not to mention, a grandmother, of course. It's no wonder he appears to have his act together. Maybe I would have been better off if I had someone like you to advise me from the start of all this. Maybe I wouldn't have felt so lost.
Nanna Sprite: It's normal to feel lost, though. And believe me, needing to find your own way in time will make you a lot wiser than having an old lady around to spoon feed you all the answers. In any case, you have me now!
I think it's been quite a long time since John has needed my guidance. The boy has grown so much since he clobbered me with a joke book on that fateful day. From now on, I'd be pleased if you would consider me your sprite. (smiley face with buck teeth)
Jane: Wow! (gasping face)
Oh my goodness, yes, please!
Nanna Sprite: In fact, I heard from the cat girl that you and she are on healing duty in this spectacular fray coming up. It so happens that healing is my specialty. Next to baking of course. (And pranks.) Why don't I assist?
Jane: That would be great too!
Nanna Sprite: Oh! And Jane, one more thing. Just so you know...

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: A second Nanna Sprite appears behind Jane with a pie in hand, ready to throw.]

dialoglog
Nanna Sprite times 2: There are actually two of me!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Nanna Sprite pies Jane in the face so hard that she flies backwards and her her shoes and sock-wraps are knocked right off. The background turns light blue and ‘Ka-Pie!’ pulses above Jane.]

dialoglog
Nanna Sprite times 2: Hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: With the pie still firmly on her face and her shoes and socks left somewhere far behind, Jane skids along the ground, kicking up a cloud of dust in her wake.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: She finally skids to a stop in a shallow valley. On a short ledge nearby, there is...
a small obelisk. On a cliff in the distance, a scraggly white tree grows. After a moment, her legs drop to the ground with a Plop.]

[Next
[Image description: We return to the character select screen. This time, pick Jake.]

[Next
[Image description: Jake sits in the corner where a wall and a set of stairs meet on LoMaX. Tavrosprite hovers next to him and smiles at him.]

dialoglog
Jake: Tavrosprite thank you for surreptitiously scooting away with me to my planet.
I hope they all dont think me too much of a soggy knickerbocker for ducking off without making the rounds and saying goodbye.
I just needed to get away and clear my head and i guess get my dander up for this great green man-fracas i am to solely contend with apparently??
Say tavrosprite...
Youll help me with out this impending pugilism wont you?
Tavrosprite: oh, yeah!
I'm definitely ready, to bring the sick fire, to those guys alleged to be inside,, an enchanted oven,
Jake: Atta boy tavvy!!!
Oops is it ok if i call you tavvy?
Tavrosprite: yes, I love it, (Smiley face with bull horns)
Jake: Actually wait.
No i think i wont on second thought tavvy sounds fucking stupid.
Tavrosprite: okay,
Jake: So were agreed then.
We wait here and limber up and flex our stupendous guns a bit then let sail our haymakers once the circus trundles into town.
Tavrosprite: i, probably understood that remark, and agree,
Jake: I just wonder if theres anything else for me to Do aside from kiss my knuckles and lather them up with elbow grease.
Turn my ten favorite boys out for a bracing constitutional you know?
Tavrosprite: ,,,,No,
Jake: Should i be...
Soul Searching or...
Straining my brain to have some sort of magnificent epiphany about myself?
Is this...
Is this It for me? Is this all there is to understand?
Tavrosprite: um,,,
Jake: Maybe theres only so much ragged wood a man can scrape from a barrels basement.
Maybe sometimes a fellas gotta fess up to the fact that all there is to get about him’s been firmly got already.
Ive pretty much concluded that im a complete waste of everyones time if i bother busying their lives with my brand of beeswax and buffoonery.
I settled square on the determination that i need to just be alone for most of my life and you know what im perfectly ok with that idea.
Im just a lunk head and a loner and thats that.
What else is there wonder about myself or my future except which face is most deserving of my
fist?
Tavrosprite: since you put everything that way, and since sometimes it's hard to disagree with a lot of consecutive words,
I think I agree with you,
maybe you've figured out everything about yourself that matters,
that would be awesome!, Let's both put extra effort into hoping it's true,
Jake: Thats the ticket!
I love my aspect it feels so empowering every time i want to feel like somethings real when tons of facts are missing.
I really am a lucky son of a bitch aren't i tavvy. Shit i mean tavrosprite. Blech what a bad nickname sorry!!!
But yeah thats pretty much what the doctor ordered for old jake english. No romantic stuff. No platonic stuff either!
Ill be like... Mr nonrom sansplat... Or... Oh horsenoodles there has to be terminology that more effectively consolidates my present understanding of myself into a coherent identity i can get enthusiastic about.
Maybe the troll lingo has the answers. Or maybe im pioneering some sort of... shadow quadrant system?? Ooh lordy wouldnt that be a swift kick in the netherdumplings.
What do you think tavvyboy should i take my idea to the troll patent office and make a mint?
Tavrosprite: I don't think we have a thing like that,
also,
all of my people are extinct, and my planet is badly exploded,
Jake: Oh yeah.
Heh oopsie.
Tavrosprite: but yeah, tragedy situations not in consideration,,
I sympathize entirely with your social impasse, causing not good reflections about yourself, that maybe also double as liberating stuff about you that you randomly decide is fine suddenly, old acquaintances, and guys you once called friends,
those are very hard,
because over time they get exposed too much, to all my flaws and insecurities,
and they start liking me less because of that,
at least, that's how the truth feels, in my brain,
so I start thinking, maybe they can't be that important to me, after all, if I'm going to want to feel not sad about myself all the time,
but then, also,
I really do enjoy making *new* friends,
and even though I don't have many talents or battle skills, or intelligence, or discernible positive qualities,
one thing I think I'm good at that people underestimate,
is making new friends, who don't know my flaws yet, (smiley face with bull horns)
Jake: Yeah...
Yeah!
Cheese and crackers tavvers what an inspirational little spiel that just was.
Mayhaps youve more concealed talents than you let on??
Tavrosprite: no, absolutely not, but thank you,
aaaa,,
aaaaa,, choo!
achoo!!,!
Jake: tavmeister are you ok?
Tavrosprite: aaachoo!
achooooooo,,!
Jake: Heavens to murgatroyd park tavenue whats the matter??
Jasp rose sprite Squared: (Cat face)
Tavrosprite: aachoo!
achoooo,!
Jake: Speak to me lobster tavioli!!!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: (Cat face)
aaaaa,,,,
chooooooooon!!
achoo, achoo, achoo!!!
Jake: Ey! Rikki tikki tavi! Lay it on me bro... do you need to go to a hospital or what?!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jake looks up in shock as Jasp rose sprite Squared’s foot drifts into his line of sight. A thought bubble over his head flashes through various statements of shock in green, block letters.
Ay Chihuahua
Fiddle Faddle
Shucky Darn
Sock it to Me
Jumpin Jehosaphat
Ay Chihuahua
By Gum
Hello Nurse
Land Sakes Alive
Holy Toledo
Bow Howdy
Gad Zooks]

dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: (Cat face)

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: We return to the character select screen. Since we’ve already gone through both options, go to the next page.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jake continues to stare up at Jasp rose sprite Squared, who grins at Tavrosprite and holds something small and gold between her thumb and forefinger.]

dialoglog
Tavrosprite: achoo! Ach-,
oh, noo, not,,,,
achoooo!
not you, (frowning face with bull horns)
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Mrrrelax my sternutating acquaintance.
I have just the magic thing for you because I'm a magical being, squared!
Take this curative tablet! It will make those cat allergies slink away as if they saw a raccoon out the window.
Tavrosprite: ooh yes, thank,,,,
achoo!
thank you!
Tavrosprite grins ecstatically and looks down at his hands.

Tavrosprite: w,, wow!
It worked like a charm!
I love magic, I'm so glad it's real,
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Couldn't agree more!
That pill was a placebo, by the way. It was actually one of the buttons from my velvet pillow!
Tavrosprite: ooooooh,
thank you so much, magic sorceress cat woman, for your ensorcelled curative placebo button,
this is going to change my life! (Very happy face with bull horns)
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Yes I thought you wouldn't understand what that meant, and that the button would continue to do the trick.
I'm so pleased as usual to see that I was right! Not that it was ever in doubt.
Now.

Jasp rose sprite Squared: Since that hideous brouhaha of spittle, mucus and shouting has subsided, peace and quiet has revisited these hills and I am free to do my work.
It is the most important work that has ever been undertaken or even attempted in this gloomy session.
You there, master of this land.
Tell me, where is your kernelsprite?
*Inquisitive chirp.*
Jake: Uhhhh.
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Never mind, you don't know anything! Haha. (Cat face)
I was only asking as a polite formality anyway, since it is right there in plain sight!

Jasp rose sprite Squared floats over to the kernelsprite, which pulses between spirograph designs and flashes green and white. She holds Nepeta’s head behind her back.

Jasp rose sprite Squared: Jake, drumroll, please.
Jake: Um...
Hold...
Hold on ill go um...
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Don't you dare actually play some drums it was a figure of speech.

Jasprose pulls Nepeta’s smiling head out from behind her back and holds it to her chest. She curls slightly over it, almost possessively, and stares at it with a grin and wide, slightly maddened eyes.
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Mrow, well hello there, beautiful. (winking cat face)  
Fret no more sweet princess, for as long as I am here, you will never suffer such indignity again.  
How could anyone let such monstrous injustices happen to one so dear?  
What Filth would dare to debase you in this manner?!  
To say it was the marginalization of a bright and pure spirit, to say it was Murder, this would be too flattering to the purrpetrator.  
What happened to you was nothing less than the desecration of a Masterpiece.  
My mystic kittycat senses divine that you have been mistreated for a stretch of your life far preceding your demise.  
I detect that you may have been toyed with and disrespected by none other than the supreme puppeteer of unrepentant horseshit himself.  
Any who would dare claim a greater atrocity has been committed in some godforsaken furl of paradox space, say it now and I will hiss and growl and curse your name.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: She leans down and smooches Nepeta’s cheek.]  
smooooch!

dialoglog  
Jasp rose sprite Squared: You are gorgeous, dear, sweet Nepeta. You deserve only happiness and fulfillment.  
And from this moment forward I shall see to it that those are the only things you will ever know!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jasp rose sprite Squared closes her eyes and tosses the head over her shoulder, towards the kernel.]  

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It’s trajectory freezes the moment it touches the kernelsprite. The head turns light green and the kernel begins to flash frantically.]  

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Nepetasprite, who looks slightly dazed, waves at Tavrosprite while Jasp rose sprite Squared grins maniacally in the background. Nepetasprite wears the same oversized jacket that Nepeta wore and has the leo symbol on her chest, though everything is now white with light green outlines.]  

dialoglog  
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) hi!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Tavrosprite’s face contorts like he’s in pain. Jake pulls his knees to his chest and watches skeptically.]  

dialoglog  
Tavrosprite: oh,  
ohhhh, nooo,  
this is, great, technically, but, *sniff*,  

oh nnnnooaaa-choo!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Nepetasprite drops her hand and turns to look over her shoulder at Jasp rose sprite Squared, who is getting right into her personal space while still grinning widely.]

dialoglog
Tavrosprite: achoo!,
help, I need,
achoo!,,
I need another,
achoo!!!!!
I need another magic pillow button!!!
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) (confused face with two mouths)

[S][A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: A looped clip of the song ‘Killed by Break Spider!’ begins to play as a green phone vibrates. The vibration makes it shift around on a red rock. An alert over it shows Vriska’s symbol. In the title of the song, Break is spelled B R 8 K.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: While the sprites continue their nonsense in the background, Jake slips away to investigate the ringing phone, which still has a Vriska alert over it.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jake picks up the phone and answers it.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Hey. Anyone there?
Jake: Yes im here.
Whos this?
Vriska: Hi! Is this Joke I'm speaking to?
Jake: Yes.
Vriska: Hi Joke, nice to hear from you again.
This is Vriska.
Jake: Who?
Vriska: God damn it. Never mind who.
The really attractive and outspoken girl you just saw jump into a window a little while ago. Remember?
Jake: Oh yeah.
Haha hello again. What can i do for you?
Vriska: Glad you asked, buddy. You know, for a mostly inconsequential wimp, you're very polite and have a great attitude!
Jake: Thanks. I try my best.
Vriska: Is Tavros there?
Jake: Yes.
Hes sneezing a lot though. Probably due to the recently surging number of cat people in the vicinity?
Jake: Would you like to speak to him?
Vriska: No!
God no. That would just waste time on a lot of his pointless hemming and hawing. My business here is really simple. I just need to close one more significant loophole before you all start fighting. This is the final remaining task I had reserved for Tavros. He doesn't know what it is yet though. So I'll need your help, Joke.

Jake: Sure.
What do you need?
Vriska: I need you to reach into your pocket.
Jake: My pocket?
I...
Dont think i have pockets?
Im just wearing a snug pair of underpants.
Vriska: No, your hoodie pocket!
Jake: Oh.
Shit these things have pockets???
Vriska: Sigh.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jake does as he’s told and reaches into the large front pocket of his hoodie. He pulls out a bright red, mouse-shaped cat toy emblazoned with the Betty Crocker logo.]

dialoglog
Jake: Ok reaching into my pocket now.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: He holds the cat toy up and looks at it confusedly.]

dialoglog
Jake: What the hell is this?
How did this get in there...
Vriska: Don't worry about that.
Just throw it on the ground!
Jake: Alrighty.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: He tossest the mouse.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It lands. For a moment, it just sits there, then everything flashes bright green and G.Cat appears. Small sparks of lightning crackle along his body.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jake stares as G.Cat flails and kicks at the toy.]

dialoglog
Jake: Ummmm...
Vriska: Did he take the bait??

[Note: With Vriska’s quirk, ‘bait’ is written as 88.]
Jake: What?
Vriska: Did the cat pounce on the mouse!
Jake: Oh. Yes.
Vriska: Good.
Now tell Tavros he has to grab that cat.
It's mission critical!
Jake: Ok.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jake cups one hand near his mouth and calls down to Tavrosprite from the top of the hill. Tavrosprite, who still has his face contorted with sneezes, glances up at him.]

dialoglog
Jake: Hey tavrosprite!
Tavrosprite: achoo,???
Jake: That bossy troll girl says you need to apprehend this feline i have apparently summoned. She says its really important.
Tavrosprite: oh, umm, achoo!!, why,
Jake: its like part of the mission she was waiting to give you or something?
Tavrosprite: aaachoooo!
yeah, ok,
that makes sense I guess,

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Tavrosprite joins Jake at the top of the hill and watches G.Cat flail wildly with the toy.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Tavrosprite reaches down and grabs G.Cat around the middle.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Everything begins to shake as Tavrosprite freezes and begins flashing white. G.Cat does the same, and bright beams of light spew from both of them. In the distance, Nepetasprite hurries closer, and Jasp rose sprite Squared follows close behind.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Tavrosprite is now G.Catavros sprite. A pair of cat ears now poke out of his mowhawk, and his mouth is distinctly cat-like. He stares off into the distance in stunned horror and lifts his hands ever so slightly. Nepetasprite stops a few feet behind him and just stares.]

dialoglog
G.Catavros sprite: ohh, ohhhhhhh, no,
ohhhhhhh,, nooooooo,,
a,
aaa,
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaa,,,
[A6A615] Next

[Image description: G.Catavros sprite sneezes repeatedly. Every time he does, everything behind him turns to green lightning. In the brief glimpses of the rest of the scene, Jake stares confusedly, and Jasp rose sprite lurks up behind Nepetasprite with her maniacal grin. Four more images each show ‘Achoo,’ in blue block letters. Occasionally, they flash to green lightning, though not in sync with each other.]

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: G.Catavros sprite falls to the ground, asleep, with a pulsing Scorpio symbol in a black circle on his forehead. Nepetasprite hovers nervously with a still-ecstatic Jasp rose sprite Squared right behind her.]

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: The two conscious sprites watch Jake pick up the phone again.]

dialoglog
Vriska: You still there?
Jake: Yeah.
What happened??
Vriska: I had to neutralize another wildcard threat in that session.
Who the fuck knows What that first guardian cat would have done during your battle.
Or for that matter, to what extent it's still in the service of the Condesce.
Cats are pretty mysterious, after all.
I needed to take it out of the picture.
The best way to do that was sweep it up into the body of a person who's much more manageable, and mentally suggestible.
Tavros can ride out this whole battle while sleeping peacefully now, which frankly, is better for him, and a Lot better for all of you now that you don't have to worry about another brainless omnipotent critter scurrying around, wreaking havoc.
You just have to make sure he doesn't wake up until the action is over!
Same rules apply to him that apply to Jade.
Jake: So...
Hes like that permanently now right?
Vriska: Yep!
That's how prototyping works. I made sure he was never double-prototyped over the course of the session for this exact reason.
Sometimes it takes a little patience and long range planning to make sure all the loose ends are tied up.
Jake: But.
Doesn't this mean hes now allergic to himself?
Vriska: Is he??
I dunno, man.
I never really knew how bad his allergies were?
You know what, whatever. When this is all over, I guess he'll have to deal with a little sneezing now and then, but he'll Also have a bunch of totally sick godlike powers.
So that's pretty cool, right??
Look kid, you're a little new to the extended scene of everything going on here, but there's kind of been a long history of people under-appreciating how much shit I do for this guy that looks kinda
bad but is actually in his best interest. He'll wake up, acclimate to his new existence, and when the time comes I'm sure he'll be thanking me later.
Jake: I see.
Hmm yeah when you put it that way...
I guess you're right.
Maybe old tavvys actually pretty lucky to have a friend like you.
Vriska: There you go!
See Joke? You're a lot smarter than people give you credit for.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It shows a closeup of Vriska’s smile as she speaks into a wrist mounted communication device in the shape of a blue spider. The sky behind her is yellow with an ornate compass rose hovering in it- they’re somewhere in a memory of the Land of Maps and Treasure.]
dialoglog
Vriska: Anyway I can't stand around all day yacking about this. All in all this was a really minor chore to take care of. I've got Much bigger fish to fry out here in the ring.
Give my best to everyone there, and good luck with the fight!!!!!!!!!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Vriska and Meenah are standing on a rock pillar that rises out of the ocean. Small bushes cling to the sides. The top of the pillar has an etched design of triangles and two massive statues of lizards. Two more rock pillars rise out of the water, one on either side, and rope bridges span the distance from the statue-bearing pillar to the others. Thick vegetation grows on top of both other pillars.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in. Vriska smiles and glances back over her shoulder at Meenah, who looks unimpressed.]
dialoglog
Vriska: Ok! That little point of business is done. Thanks for bearing with me. Executing this whole strategy has turned out to be a really ambitious project!
Meenah: nice watch dealie how much that worth
Vriska: How much?
I have no idea. I guess it depends on a lot of things, like the units of currency, the presumption of an actual market for it, its scarcity... honestly I just alchemized the thing quite easily, and somebody else probably could too.
Meenah: god dammit that answer was too complicated got a fuckin professor of economics over here
Vriska: Are you saying you want to buy my spider watch??
Meenah: na serk spider swag aint my kettle of fish
Vriska: I didn't think so!
Anyway, like I was saying, that takes care of that. At this point I think we could use a debriefing. Would you care to do the honors?
Meenah: wat
Vriska: Regarding the mission you were previously involved with, which I can only presume gradually fizzled out.
Securing this weapon, searching for a lost cherub, and raising an army to defeat Lord English?
Meenah: ooh right man
That old thing
yeah i can debrief
i aint much a storyteller tho
much to the lament of my former bestie
Vriska: That's fine!
I don't need you to dazzle me here.
I just want the fucking scoop.
Meenah: thats why youre the top serk (smiley face wearing a tiara and goggles)
...
........
hey
Vriska: What?
Meenah: can i ask a kinda personal question
i mean not even that personal but whatev
Vriska: Sure...?
Meenah: how old are you
Vriska: Uh,
Almost seven and a half sweeps.
Getting close to eight!!!!!!!!
I probably sound like a fucking nerd, but I’ve been excited about reaching that milestone pretty much my whole life.
Meenah: 7.5 huh
i guess thats a lil more respectable
Vriska: More respectable than what?
Meenah: nofin
change of subject
that old ass mission...

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: They step towards the bridge to the right island, and Meenah smiles.]
dialoglog
Meenah: so yeah we all piled in a damn pirate ship and sailed around the ring in this huge circle english followed us and wrecked shit as he went
that helped us chart a path to the treasure somehow
like using black maps and junk
with like
cartographic calculations and scopes and fuckin sextants and whatnot
im not even sure how but that weird ass idea actually worked
we found the treasure
well You did
but you were also kinda goin nuts and driving everyone away from the crew
i stuck around though cause i didnt give a flying glub
aranea bailed though
she caught wind of that magic ring and i guess it got to her
the delusions of grandeur about being alive again and doing relevant shit
so she ollied out and stole it and made the most embarrassing mess of things i ever heard of anyone
doin ever
she totally failed in whatever she was trying to do
got the ring ganked from her then died again
i never saw or heard from her ever since and tbh i dont really want to
that left just me and you
well Other you
tryin to figure out what to do with this deadly box a treasure
basically we couldnt decide on anything
and were feelin pretty flat on the plan overall
so we just gave up and wandered off to do other shit for a while
and you... i mean she...
mellowed Way the fuck out
which was actually sorta cool for a bit but also sorta...
k never mind that
we just kept bubble hopping for i dont even know how long
which got uh
reely boring after a while (uncertain face wearing a tiara and goggles)
i never had the thump tortoise to tell her though
uh i mean until now
in fact i pretty much just forgot about the whole plan until you showed up
you made it sound pretty cool again so i was like
yeah im on board
and thats basically the whole story
oh
yeah...
and that "lost cherub" part of the plan
afaik that was a bogus red distraction fish and she probably dont matter at all
guess thats everything

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: Vriska heads down the bridge, and Meenah follows behind her. Meenah stares
down at the ground and looks contemplative. Her braids trail the ground behind her.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Good recap!
At least you both had the presence of mind to hang on to the weapon.
Now it's up to us to use it.
What about this army though?
It still sounds like an important part of the plan to me.
Having just the two of us walk straight up to Lord English, cold gobblefiend... that sounds like a
recipe for disaster, weapon or no weapon.
An army of ghosts throwing everything they've got at him sounds like a great strategy.
Like, a sort of buffer, giving us a little space to get ready to deploy the weapon when he seems
vulnerable.
Meenah: yeah that makes sense
Vriska: Do you think we pick that up where we left off?
Meenah: man
dunno
that was one of the things that made us wonder if it was even worth bothering anymore
it was mostly this whole mind control stunt
apparently aranea was towing most of the load there???
then she peaced the hell out and got owned
Vriska: I see.
Then yeah, this is going to be a little trickier than I thought.
Why don't we brainstorm on it for a while?
Meenah: aight

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The two of them head down a shadowy path between the trees on one of the
other islands.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Sunlight streams down through gaps in the canopy as they walk. Both of them
are shown as silhouettes the same color of their blood.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: They climb up the side of a pile of boulders. Meenah still looks upset. More
sunlight beams down through gaps, highlighting dust motes.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: They stare up through a large gap in the canopy at the yellow sky, where a pink
compass rose hovers.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: They exit the forest and head towards where the pink rock morphs into brown
sand.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Got anything yet?
Meenah: nope
Vriska: Me neither.
Meenah: well fuck

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: They both stop just short of the sand.]

dialoglog
Vriska: It's not a huge deal. We've got plenty of time to come up with something.
'\There's no rule that says we even Need an army. We just need a way of deploying the weapon that
will maximize the probability it'll actually work.
Meenah: true
Vriska: We'll figure it out!
Meenah: so
do you even
know what that weapon does yet or...
Vriska: Not specifically.
We only know that it's some sort of juju that will activate when it gets near him.
We won't have to do anything at that point, theoretically. The weapon should just take over.
All we have to go on is a bunch of vague stories we heard along the way through dream bubbles. Some presume it's something obvious like sort of charm that releases an extremely powerful attack. Other sources allude to a more specific consequence. That the weapon actually contains the souls of some incredibly powerful warriors of legend who came close to beating him once, so he trapped them inside the charm and banished it into the void. And if that's the case, then... I guess the weapon just releases them so they can finish the job? Guess we'll find out!

Should be exciting. Still, it's way too risky to try springing it on him without creating a major distraction first. Really, the ghost army idea sounded like the perfect approach. No wonder that was the original plan.

Who's idea was that, anyway?

Meenah: yours

Vriska: Yeah, I figured as much. There's Got to be another way to get that off the ground again.

I guess we don't have my ancestor's advanced abilities anymore, but at least we have mine to work with, right?

Meenah: if you say so

Vriska: So between my mind control powers, and your...

Your, um...

What was it you do again?

Meenah: i make fuckin money bitch

Vriska: ...

I see.

Sorry for doubting you, Meenah. That's, um...

I'm sure that'll come in real handy.

Meenah: i saw you roll them eyes serk you aint a ghost you cant get away with that shit

Vriska: Hey.

Meenah: ??

Vriska: What,

The hell.......

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska lifts one hand to her eyes to shield them and looks towards a mass of what looks like colorful static in the distance.]

dialoglog

Vriska: Is that?????????

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in. The static begins to resolve itself into a mass of figures wearing all sorts of colorful clothing. One figure stands out in front of the rest.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in more. The figures are all ghosts of various trolls, and the one out front is Tavros, who wears his pupa pan outfit.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in again. Tavros scratches sheepishly at the back of his head. Behind
him, the ghosts crowd close to each other. There are far too many to describe all of them, but some
more notable ones are a Rufioh with a robotic horse body, a Tavros with wings wearing a suit, a
Meulin wearing Horuss’s goggles, a Terezi wearing Dave’s record shirt, an Eridan in a
stereotypical blue wizard hat with stars and moons, an Equius in a maid outfit, and several Solluxes
at various percentages of death.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in one more time, just onto Tavros. A fully dead Sollux, a Mituna and
Terezi in Derse pajamas, and an Equius in a maid outfit dabbing sweat with a handkerchief crowd
behind him.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Tavros?????????

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Tavros approaches Vriska, who looks a bit annoyed. Meenah stands behind
her.]

dialoglog
Tavros: yes, that's me,
hi again finally, uhhhh,
alive vriska?
that seems like a different twist of events, I didn't expect, and don't understand, but,
it doesn't change much about my current major accomplishment,
Vriska: what accomplishment?!
what are you doing with all these ghosts?
is this...
is this a ghost army?!?!?!
Tavros: it is indeed,
Vriska: and I'm to believe you're responsible for this?
Tavros: you can believe whatever you like,
believing, as always, is half the battle, when it comes to making things marginally less fake,
but the fact, that I personally built this army, myself, is going to be a *fact*,
whether you decide to believe in it, or not!
(very happy face with bull horns)
Vriska: oh, bullshit.
you must have had help or something. Or used some kind of trick.
tell me the truth, nitram. How'd this get done? Who was pulling the strings??
Tavros: strings, ?
Vriska: who is influencing the minds of all these ghosts????????
Tavros: me!
well, not presently,
but I did before, and now here they are, following me,
Vriska: you?!
you must be joking.
you don't have those kinds of powers!
I mean, unless... Ghosts are sort of like a kind of animal?
meenah, is that how it works? Are ghosts actually fucking animals?!
Meenah: no
Tavros: vriska, trust me,
there is no communion involved, or, escapades of the mind,
only escapades of the heart!
Vriska: what sort of hideous fuckwitted baloney drivel are you spouting out your prattle socket this time?
Tavros: what I mean is,
I *convinced* them all to join me, vriska,
using words, and smiles, and friendship, (very happy face with bull horns)
Vriska: no...
Tavros: no?
Vriska: no........
Tavros: but, have you considered, yes???
Vriska: noooooooo!!!!!!!
this can't be.
I don't see how...
do you know what this means?
do you know what this fucking means?!
Tavros: uhh, maybe?
Vriska: it means...

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska grips the sides of her head and her eyes bug out in absolute shock. Meenah still stares dejectedly down at the ground.]

dialoglog
Vriska: You actually did something useful for once.
Tavros: (Very happy face with bull horns)!!!
Vriska: I don't know how I'm even supposed to process or handle this information...
It's... it's completely messed up, is what it is.
My entire world view is shattering around me...
It can't be true.
It can't!
Somebody slap me. I need to wake up from this horseshit.
Tavros: alright, but,
Vriska: don't touch me!
Meenah, is this real??
Tell me I'm not going insane. Please confirm for me that Tavros has for once in his preposterous life or death or whatever has at least momentarily stopped being a totally useless sack of shit.
Meenah: its fucked up but true
Vriska: God.......Daaaaaaaaaamn it.
Fuck this. I can't accept this reality.
Nope. No way. Won't do it.
No...
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no...
Tavros: oh, but maybe more like,
yes,,,
yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!!!
**Vriska:** (blank face with eight eyes, all of which are pinched shut)

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska collapses to her knees and presses her palms into the ground— the picture of defeat. Next to her, Tavros grins triumphantly and lifts his hands. Meenah stands off to the side and behind them, still looking sad.]

**dialoglog**

Tavros: awwwwwwwww, yeah!, Bitches!
or failing that, something less discourteous to women, to call you both!
I bet you never saw it coming, from your once dear and loyal swabby,
that your poopmaster would come through! That he too, would enjoy, a successful and gratifying arc of personal development!

oooooh, it feels so good, to do a conclusive thing, that absolutely and beyond all question, retroactively vindicates me as a person and erases all of my flaws!!!
how's that *feeel*, you charismatic and cunning unpleasant lady??
you like that, you winner?
do you like, how figuratively speaking I just siphoned the urine, out of the idea that you're all that, and I'm all shat! Ehhehehe,
do you like getting owned???
because that's maybe what you're currently getting now! Owooooeened,,,,,
so, might I invite you, to suck it!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Vriska sits up and scowls. Tavros lifts one middle finger high into the air. Meenah still sulks.]

**dialoglog**

Tavros: suuuuuuck,...............,

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Tavros aggressively points his middle finger towards Vriska.]

**dialoglog**

Tavros: Iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Large, brown block letters say “The Tavros Finally Did Something Useful Charleston” in all caps. In a second panel, Vriska stares in dismay as Tavros does a victorious Charleston— a dance consisting of lots of sideways leg kicking and complimentary, waist-height flailing of bent arms. He still grins triumphantly and Meenah still sulks in the background.]

**dialoglog**

Vriska: Tavros.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Large, brown block letters say “The Tavros Gets to Have a Successful Character Arc Shuffle” in all caps. The second panel shows Vriska continuing to stare in dismay as Tavros does another, similarly silly dance. This one consists of little scoots sideways and punching the air.]
dialoglog
Vriska: Tavros.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Large, brown block letters say “the Tavros Tells Vriska to Go Suck it Cabbage Patch” in all caps. The second panel once again shows Vriska and her dismayed stare while Tavros does the aforementioned dance. This time, it’s a Cabbage Patch, which consists of holding his fists together at chest height like he’s holding a pole and moving his torso in a circle.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Tavros.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Large, brown block letters say “The Tavros Is Feeling Pretty Pleased With Himself All of a Sudden Air Guitar” in all caps. The second panel, once again, shows Tavros doing said dance. He sits on the ground in the splits while aggressively playing an air guitar and headbanging. This time, though, Vriska yells. Meenah keeps looking sad.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Tavros!!!!!!!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska slumps forward slightly with a shell-shocked and defeated look on her face.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Ok.
You win.
You did something great, and it was a big help.
So, thanks for that. I mean that sincerely.
Could you please just... never dance again? Like ever?
That's all I ask.
Tavros: yes, it's a deal,
Vriska: Awesome.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Meenah steps up next to Tavros and the art style changes to their sprite forms.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Ok, now that we have a ghost army assembled, the weapon in hand, and settled on the determination that the lost cherub probably doesn't matter at all...
I think it's time to make a plan.
Meenah: hold up
somefin dont feel right aboat this
Vriska: What?
Meenah: this army
who the flips in charge of this jam
Vriska: In charge?
Uh...
Meenah: please dont tell me its the dancin weenie poopboy
Vriska: I don't think he's technically "in charge"?
He just "motivated" them all to join the fight through the power of "friendship".
Tavros: yes exactly, (Smiley face with bull horns)
Meenah: yea but an armies gotta follow orders
otherwise it aint an army
its a bunch of assholes who all happen to be standing in roughly the same vicinity
Vriska: I see your point.
What are you suggesting?
Meenah: i should rule the army
Vriska: Rule??
Don't you mean like, be the general of it?
I think that's usually how it works.
Meenah: shell no glubberfucker
i should rule these sons a fishes
its in my blood
also
i fuckin wanna
and i probubbly wont take no for a clamswer
Vriska: Hey, that sounds fine to me.
A little discipline applied to this swarm of dead idiots isn't going to double-kill them.
I'm just not sure how feasible it is?
Tavros is the one who rounded them all up, so I assume they're all currently listening to him when
it comes to the marching orders.
Meenah: i sea how it is
hey you
swabby
Tavros: yes?
Meenah: i hereby challenge you for the leadership of this army!!!!!!
Tavros: what,
Meenah: get yer fuckin dukes up pupa pansy (very happy face wearing a tiara and goggles with
furrowed brows)
Tavros: whoa,
no,
oh no, let's not,
do that?
Meenah: yeah lets!
itll be fin
Tavros: fin?
Meenah: fun you ass
now hit me ya seaweed suckin sandal stuffer
Tavros: but,
I think it's a good idea, that you lead the army!
I don't, even? Contest that at all?
Meenah: aw man (Frowning face wearing a tiara and goggles)
whys everyone alwavers gotta do shit the boring way
Tavros: I'll just let everyone know you're the new leader, okay?
Meenah: aight hows this
ill buy em off you
Tavros: uhhh,
Meenah: just name your price
i got a Lot of gold you know
do i look fuckin poor to you???
tell me i look poor i Glubbing dare you
Tavros: no, I believe you!
I think you are probably very wealthy?
Meenah: then tell me how much gold i need to unload to make this shit happen
Tavros: but,
I don't want gold!
firstly, I really doubt it even has much intrinsic value, in this context,
because we aren't even,,, on a planet, whereby such ores are scarce, we are just in an abstract field,
of fleeting illusions, and,
there's surely no market of exchange anywhere here, that would help dictate the fluctuating price,
of such a commodity,
or even any monetary basis of comparison for that price, if it actually existed,
Meenah: why the shit is everybody a fuckin economist all of a shitting sudden
*grumble grumble*
pedantic motherfucks dont know gold = riches, Period
Tavros: it doesn't have to be an argument, about gold or economies, or anything else!
I said it's a good idea that you lead us! I like the idea!!
Meenah: alright alright
Fine
go ahead an Be nice about it what do i care (pinched mouth face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Tavros: I fully recognize, through the customary traditions of normal culture, that you are the one
who is most fit to rule,
and while I may excel at friendship temporarily, I don't have the leadership things of being harsh
and bossy,
but those are leadership things you have, probably, because of your blood?
so starting now, I completely defer and prostrate to,,,,,,
my new empress! (Very happy winking face with bull horns)

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Meenah stares down in confusion as Tavros throws himself to the ground and
bows to her with his face pressed into the sand.]

dialoglog
Meenah: whoa man what the fuck?
Tavros: your majesty!
Vriska: .......
Tavros: I exist only to do your bidding,
suddenly,
Vriska: Tavros, will you get the fuck up?
Meenah: no
no dont
stay
stay down there
exactly like that
Tavros: of course, your highness,
Meenah: i think
i think i Like this
I think I reely like this a whole glubbing lot
this feels right yo

[A6A6I5] Next
Meenah: yea good
excellent work swabby in chief
i hereby promote yall from poopmaster to pooplord
Tavros: wow!!!!!!!!
Meenah: you earned it
now turn that way
I wanna address my legion of loyal homies
Tavros: yes, my liege,

Meenah: listen up buoys and gulls
i aint much for inspirational sbeaches
but here goes one anemoneway so whatever and listen the fuck up
your friendly sandle packing pooplord just flipped the keys to this bitch over to me
so as all yalls former heiress and current empress i hereby officially decree
im the boss now
you gotta do what i say
follow my orders to the letter not just cause all our ghosts are at stake and existence itself depends
on it
but because im tha bomb
and all the shit i say is cool and right
mosta you got some good fightin skill or some powers or some shit
god tier ghosts im lookin at you
i dunno what you can all do in them peejays but whatever it is you better fuckin bring it
the rest of you without powers or even like
modest combat ability?
just
iunno
throw your damn torso at the guy
fa real every individual flailing and screaming body is gonna count for somefin in this god damn mess
sea we got a weapon
a nasty one some legend says
dont ask me to quote the legend cause i dont read up on no damn legends people just tell me this shit alright?
but the idea is you all set him up
then we knock him down
i trust that i dont gotta say who we up against here
you know the guy
the hulk ass pimp devil whos been shredding all our black space
poppin up our bubbles
murder in innocent space octopi
double killing our ghosts which to be fair there were way too many of in the first place but lets not
dwell much on that dumb fact
its lord muscle guy
a huge like
professional wrestler with suspenders and the head of a skeleton
the fuckin time boss who wiped out troll kind one way or anotter
i think hes after his sis but shes on record as not mattering so who cares
he will never stop til he finds her
so we have to stop him
to save space and reality and an infinity trillion cosmic frogs or some absurd stuff long those lines
but we have to stop him most importantly because
its just a badass thing to do
and i Promise you
as your supreme ruler for afterlife
that this will be a baller use of our time
and beats the shit out of being bored and doing nothing forever
so i ask of you
as humbly as i can while taking into consideration im the best one here by proximately 20K
leagues or so
whos with me?
the answer is
all of you
you all are
because i command it
but it school i know you can do it
because i believe in every last one a you
and also
you have to
because if you dont
ill feed you to lord kingfish myshellf

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Vriska stares up at Meenah with a tiny, awestruck smile and holds her cheeks.
Above her, a blue heart with eight sets of curves flashes. There’s a red circle with an arrow pointing
to it drawn around the heart.]

dialoglog
Vriska: Why is everything always so wonderful?

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Somewhere on LoMaX, Nepetasprite, Jasp rose sprite Squared, and Jake
huddle around the chained-shut refrigerator. G.Catavros sprite sleeps on the ground next to it.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in. They’re all having a tea party with the fridge as the table. A pink
tea cup and saucer sit in front of Nepetasprite, Jasp rose sprite Squared, and Jake. Jake is sitting on
a pink chair and wearing a pink top hat with a purple band. A slip of paper that says “10/6” sticks
out of the band, mirroring the Mad Hatter’s hat from Alice in Wonderland.]
dialoglog
Jake: So i take it i am to stand in for the mad hatter in this charade?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Yes.
Jake: Except... wasn't the mad hatter supposed to be like... in charge of the tea party or something?
I really don't know what i'm supposed to be doing here.
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Nothing! Just sit there quietly please.
No offense, but you are only a prop actor in this fanciful scenario, which is serving as the stage for my date with this lovely lady.
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) wait...
this is a date?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Oh! Yes.
I'm sorry I didn't mention sooner, Nepeta.
Is that ok?
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) um
I guess so!
im still a bit confused about what is actually happening though
Jasp rose sprite Squared: There will be plenty of time for explanations!
For now, I invite you to relax and enjoy our party on this peaceful and desolate hilly planet, while that mild mannered boy across the fridge sips his tea quietly.
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) ok but...
im manely just wondering, where is everyone?
like... equius? karkat? are they ok?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: They're fine!
Well, Karkat is fine. Alive and well, in this session.
Equius is also fine, in the same sense that you and I are both fine! (Cat face)
Everyone else enjoys various states of being fine while alive, and fine while dead.
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) oh
hrrm well
Some of that sounds like good news at least?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: It's all good news! I mean mews. (Cat face) Especially that we are both here now, on this date together.
Again, assuming you are ok with that. No pressure!
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) i will say its a very nice looking tea party you have here but ummmmm
ive never actually...
been on a date
Jasp rose sprite Squared: There's a first time for everything, right?
I remember my first date. I was so nervous! "Lifehack." It helps if you are very very drunk.
Not that I am prescribing this as a remedy for you! It's ok to be nervous.
Besides, I sincerely doubt you are partial to the drink. I have a feeling catnip's your poison, eh?
Eh?? Ehhh?? (winking cat face)
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) ive never tried either
sorry (uncertain face with two mouths)
anyway its not that i'm nervous about a first date necessarily!
i just... dont know who you are or anything about you
you look like one of the human kids but... different. you seem to be part kittycat now?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Yes Nepeta I am part kittycat now! (Cat face) (Cat face)
Events conspired to make me equal parts not dead, half kitty, and two sprites!
But the other side of that pet tag is the fact that I am suddenly half human as well.
You see Nepeta I used to be a dead cat too but now I'm an alive cat who's part girl!
In fact, we spoke once. While I was still just a cat. Don't you remember?
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) uhhh
wait a minute
yes...
yes i think i do remember that!
that was fun! (very happy face with two mouths)
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Chirp! (Cat face) (Cat face) (Cat face) (Cat face) (Cat face)
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) so you're the same cat then!
the human girl... rose was it? she and her lusus got prototyped together?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: That is exactly what happened, fortunately for us both, as well as everybody else.
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) that's very sweet! what a nice way for you two to stay close forever
combining souls with my lusus sounds like it would have been a wonderful way to preserve her memory
plus share all her strength and wisdom and such!
i am guessing that oppurrunity is long gone though (frowning face with two mouths)
Jasp rose sprite Squared: It probably is. But really, I don't think you need to change!
You are so charming and pretty exactly as you are.
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) wow...
thank you (gasping face with two mouths)
Jake: Hey...
Whatever happened to janes bunny friend... what was his name?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Huh?
Jake: Little sebastian i think?
Where did he scamper off to?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Jake, what are you talking about.
Jake: He would be Perfect for this tea party!
Like the white rabbit and all.
And i'm like the mad hatter for some damned reason.
And you're supposed to be like the cheshire cat or such?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Yes, Jake. That was the idea.
Thank you for explaining a thing to us.
Jake: I haven't the foggiest fucking idea who sleeping tavros is supposed to be.
Or for that matter who the honking guy in the fridge represents.
Gamzee: Honk
Jake: Was there a man under the table who honked sometimes in alice and wonderland?
I really don't remember.
So i guess that leaves the friendly cat troll as alice?
Nepeta right? You must be the alice of the group.
That would make sense! Since you just got here and appear to be very confused about this situation.
By my estimation that makes you a dead ringer for the alice of this tea party!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Jake, just drink your tea.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jake continues staring at the hat while Jasp rose sprite Squared leans in almost uncomfortably close to Nepetasprite. A faint, purple Honk comes from inside the fridge.]
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Anyway, enough of that horseshit. Back to our date!!! That is, if you are ok with calling it a date! Are you ok with this being a date? I mean like a romantic one??
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) i... y-
    yes?
    i mean, sure! (Cat face with two mouths)
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Yay!!!!!
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) but i still dont... actually know you that well?
at least not the rose part of you.
but i suppose maybe that is the point of a date... to get to know the other person a bit better?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Yes! Yes Nepeta, exactly! That is exactly the point of a date! (Cat face)
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) heehee, okay then!
uh hmmm so what do we talk about?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Anything you would like, beautiful. (Winking cat face)
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths)...
    jeez
    rose
    i mean
    rose cat...
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Jasprose!
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) jasprose i...
    heeheehee
Jasp rose sprite Squared: What is it?
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) youre making me blush!
    my head probably looks like a big old olive here
Jasp rose sprite Squared: It's quite a lovely color. (Cat face)(Cat face)(Cat face)
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) i dont...
    ahhhh!
    (Cat face with two mouth and eyes pinched shut)
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Is something wrong?
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) no i just
    sorry
    ive never really had anybody like me before!
    im not sure how to handle it
Jasp rose sprite Squared: I find this very hard to believe.
    Nobody? Are you sure??
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) pretty sure!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: What a reprehensible injustice. Had your colleagues no taste???
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) heh
    well ok i guess eridan hit on me a few times
    but his advances always struck me as creepy and insincere
Jasp rose sprite Squared: A pox on the name of this charlatan. I hiss on his grave.
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) hes dead?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Yes.
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) gosh
    i mean... he could be kind of a jerk sometimes but that is still a shame (frowning face with two mouths)
Jasp rose sprite Squared: No it isn't. It's fine. Please! Continue!
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) huh?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: You were saying? About being liked!
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) oh right
um i am just
still somewhat confused?
im not sure why you like me
not that im not flattered!
but you dont really know much about me
or...
do you?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: No, not really.
I just know that you are very pretty, and from my limited interaction with you as a cat, that you are
personable and kind.
I don't need to know much else about you to like you. I am a catgirl of simple tastes. (Cat face)
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) haha
ok
i guess i cant argue with that!
for what its worth you seem very nice and pretty as well
Jasp rose sprite Squared: !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
(Jake, did you hear that?!)  
(She likes me too! This is almost too good to be true.)
Jace: I think you should both kiss!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Jake!!!
Please, mind your manners.
I mean, not that that isn't an Excellent idea.
But all things in due time. There is a Process to this courtship business.
Much how one doesn't just Lie Down for a nap. The bedding must be ritualistically kneaded and
massaged before lowering oneself in a circular fashion for a prime snoozing position.
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) (gasping face with two mouths)
oh my goodness what a beaustifull analogy (cat face with two mouths and a single tear)
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Besides, she has only been prototyped once.
I believe unprototyped or once-prototyped kernels can whether brief or incidental contact, the same
way you can investigate the flame of a candle without burning your nose as long as you are quick
enough.
But the sort of contact we are talking about here would be Anything but incidental. (Winking cat
face) (Winking cat face) (Winking cat face)
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) omg
you are making me blush again with all this kissing talk!
how can you be so forward about those things?
i have never met anyone who was so brazen and confident about liking somebody
how do you do it???
Jasp rose sprite Squared: There isn't much too it.
I used to be quite guarderd about my feelings as a girl.
But cats do not have complicated thoughts about what should be expressed and when.
What to convey about your current state of mind is everything. When to do it is now.
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) dont get me wrong jasprose i have a great affinity for all
things feline in nature
but its never been that simple for me!
i get so shy and worried what people might think of me if i say how i feel
im always so scared that they wont feel the same way or just think im stupid or pathetic or
something
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Was there someone you had feelings for you couldn't talk to about?
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) ummmm
yeah
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Who?
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) ummmmmmmmm
i dunno im embarrassed to say!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: You can tell me Nepeta! Please tell me your secret will be safe, I promise!
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) well
ok
as long as you can really keep a sneakret!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: My muzzle is sealed.
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) it was karkat
but i never told him and im pretty sure he never found out how i felt!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Karkat eh?
I'll let you in on a little sneakret too. You dodged a vigorous spritzing with a spray bottle there.
He wouldn't be any good for you. Oh no no.
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) why?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Too many anger issues. Always with the shouting and whatnot. He's way too volatile!
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) but... i liked that about him!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Oh, but that isn't even all there is to it!
On our journey he was so obsessive and controlling toward his desired matesprit. I do not believe that is any way to treat a lady!
On the contrary Nepeta. You deserve someone who will Respect and Adore you.
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) well... yes
i always hoped to find someone like that some day
i dunno maybe youre right but in spite of whatever problems he might have i always felt like i saw something in him that made me think he could be that purrson!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Nope. Sorry to be the meower of bad news. He is just not cut out for you!
Besides, he is involved with someone else now in that quadrant. He has moved on. And so have you!
You are now a sprite. Neither of us have the same connection to the living we once had.
In quite a real sense, it is fair to say that all we have now...
Is each other. (Cat face)
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) er...
Davesprite: hey whats up

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: Everyone except G.Catavros sprite, who is still asleep, turns to look at Davesprite, who suddenly appears behind Nepetasprite.]

dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Davesprite?!
Davesprite: yeah
looks like everybody forgot about me as fucking usual
so here i am
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Where...
Where did you come from?
I thought you died.
Davesprite: uh no?\nnot to my knowledge at least
i was just chillin on johns planet when some shit happened
Jasp rose sprite Squared: What shit?
Davesprite: dunno
there was all this wind and shit then the sky went blank
i looked around a while but couldnt find anybody
then the sky went black again so i flew off lookin for people
found the planet with a big purple X on it
then i found you at this tea party or whatever
and now you seem to be a sprite too who is part cat so thats cool i guess
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Ah, of course. You're the version I traveled with on the ship.
I mean, not Rose. Jaspers.
Davesprite: oh yeah
hey man
um
or at least hey man to half of you
kind of fucked up that you're part rose and vice versa but i guess what'ere you gonna do
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Be in a state of near-perpetual satisfaction with my own existence, is what.
Anyway, I'm happy to see you're still alive.
Even if your bird-like appearance is making me feel a bit riled up.
I'll try to control myself though.
Davesprite: cool thanks
so what kind of ludicrous nonsense do you have going here in the land of stonehenges and a big purple X
Davesprite: is that
is that egbert lookin dude supposed to be the fucking mad hatter
Jake: Yeah!!!
Davesprite: ok
whats with the fridge
please dont tell me somebodys locked in that fridge
Gamzee: Honk
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Dave, never mind the fridge.
This tea party bullshit isn't quite what is seems.
I am actually on a date. So maybe we could, you know. Catch up later?
Davesprite: a date
thats cool
with who the mad hatter guy?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Good lord, no.
With Nepeta.
Sorry, I should have introduced you to her sooner.
Nepeta, this is Dave. He's my bird brother, who is also a sprite.
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) hello!

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: Davesprite and Nepetasprite both reach out to shake hands.]
dialoglog
Davesprite: hey nepeta nice to meet you
dont worry ill get out of your hair soon and let you get back to your tea date with rose
Nepetasprite: (Cat face with two mouths) hi dave
(Cat face with two mouths) its nice to meet you too!
Davesprite: damn straight we are meeting the shit out of each other right now
hey put er there...
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Dave, no, don't…
Their hands meet, and where they touch, they begin to glow white. The rest of their arms flash between Nepetasprite’s bright green and Davesprite’s bright orange. Similarly flashing text over their hands reads “prototype squared”.

A hand with a green outline wearing an orange, fingerless glove pokes on screen. Jasp rose sprite and Jake stare in shock. Jake sips his tea. Three bright orange claws extend from the gloves with a green ‘snikt!’.

It shows the owner of the hand in their full, flashing orange and green glory. They’re an exact mix of Davesprite and Nepetasprite with the addition of a few elements they both shared in life. They have the massive wings from Seppucrowsprite, who eventually became Davesprite. Their hair looks like Dave’s on the left and Nepeta’s on the right, but there are cat ears emerging from it. They wear Dave’s shades, but they have Nepeta’s cat mouth. They wear Nepeta’s coat over what looks like a dreamer nightdress, though the moon on the chest has the teeth from the gear Time symbol along the outside of the curve. The puffy shoulders and rounded, striped collar from the dreamer pajamas are also present.

dialoglog
Dave Peta sprite squared: (Cat face with two mouths and shades) claw claw meowtherfuckers!!!

[Note: Dave Peta sprite squared’s name and face are written in green, but their words are written in orange.]

dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!
Homestuck

Act 6 Act 6 Intermission 5, part 3: She’s Back [Note: The title is written in Vriska’s quirk, with an 8 in place of B.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: On LoFaF, hummingbirds fly high in the sky over Jade’s island. Her tower extends high into the sky and lava begins bubbling over the edge of the volcano.]

dialoglog
Callie: hello?
Callie: anyone home?

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Callie walks into the first floor of Jade’s tower.]

dialoglog
Callie: jade?
anybody??

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: W.V. stares at her. Behind them, a picture of Dream Jade is still perched on top of the split purple and yellow fireplace.]

dialoglog
Callie: oh, hello, sir.
i’m looking for a man they call... "the mayor".
is that you?

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: W.V. stands up, bringing his makeshift sash into view. He points at it.]

dialoglog
Callie: oh, silly me.
of course you are!
it says so right there on your handsome sash.
how nice it is to meet you!
I was told this is where jade is sleeping.
do you know where she is?

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: W.V. and Callie step close to the fireplace. Jade lays just in front of it, asleep but otherwise fine. There’s a red string tied around one of her fingers and a note with red text tucked under her hand.]

dialoglog
Callie: there you are.
she looks so peaceful.
how odd it is to think she is still in the dream bubble with my other self's ghost.
what could they be talking about?
the curiosity is maddening!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Jade a bit.]

dialoglog
Callie: please hurry back, jade.
your friends all miss you here.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Somewhere out in the shattered void, Calliope leads Jade towards a spiderwebbing crack in reality.]

dialoglog
Jade: sooooo
where exactly are we going?
Calliope: back to the source of all this.
Jade: um
and where is that?
Calliope: you know already.
Jade: ..... 

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jade looks at Calliope with a bit of trepidation. Calliope just keeps flying.]

dialoglog
Jade: well wherever it is...
im kinda wondering if
maybe i should be waking up soon?
i feel like my friends are probably going to need me
Calliope: you can't wake up just yet.
Jade: why?
Calliope: it's not time.
not where your physical form is, at least.
Jade: where my physical form is?
then...
what about here?
Calliope: what about here?
Jade: argh
sorry
this time stuff is really confusing

Calliope: you're a space player.
Jade: yeah
i mean
if its not the right time to wake up where im sleeping...
how long do i have to wait Here in order to wake up?

Calliope: the correlation between the passage of time in the furthest ring and any given physical location is tenuous.
the measurement of time here is inseparable from the physical passage through its knotted space. those two aspects are closely woven together here, to such an extent that they are barely separable. all aspects are.
Jade: really?
all of them??
Calliope: yes.
Jade: i understand how this place has time and space of course.... even if they work together weirdly
but
i dont see any of the others
Calliope: one doesn't see abstractions.
not directly.
Jade: ...
oh

Calliope: each opposing pair is in balance throughout this field so as to form a stable canvas.
though the canvas becomes less stable with each crack in the field, ordinarily one would never directly observe its constituent forces.
the canvas would seem smooth from afar, but up close, as it were, the tapestry is circuitously woven.
the aspects, while remaining in balance, interfere with each other. they interlock and intertwine.
so neither space nor time functions linearly, nor are they conventionally measurable.

Jade: wow
I am not sure i totally understand...
but that is pretty interesting!
Calliope: you are predisposed to find the nuances of space intriguing.
and since its opposing aspect is more related than you perhaps have realized, the challenges of understanding it are more compelling to you than you realize as well.

Jade: yeah i guess so
physics are all about space and time and such which are fun to think about
i like all that stuff!

Calliope: yes.
Jade: so youre saying space and time... and all other aspects i guess... are more closely related here than in like

umm...
more stable places, like my universe?
Calliope: they are less distinct from each other here, yes.
Jade: you said passage of time is inseparable from...
traveling through space?

Calliope: yes.
Jade: so if we were holding still
time wouldnt be moving either?

Calliope: that is correct, in a way.
though motion itself is not the absolute process it is in a more conventional medium. the measurement of motion requires stable features for comparison. of which there are very few in the furthest ring, typically. the more cracks that appear, ironically, the more the ring begins to stabilize, at least in a spatial and temporal sense.

Jade: i see
so
if the cracks weren't there
how...
how would we be able to tell if we were moving?

Calliope: motion through the twisted space is not gauged by passing landmarks, but anchored to a particular destination. destination is an idea maintained by the traveler. ideas are subtle composites of various aspects. without clear understanding of destination, motion becomes less discernible. with less discernible motion, passage of time becomes less measurable.
at a standstill, time loses meaning, and can seem to stretch on forever, as all events throughout reality swirl around you in no particular order. one becomes isolated from all else. imprisoned by inertia.

Jade: hmmm
that is pretty cool too
i love spacey stuff!

Calliope: yes.
Jade: you talk about it in a neat way
it kinda seems like you are trying to educate me on this like a teacher or something (smiley face)

Calliope: of course that is what i'm doing.
Jade: oh
heh

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: They reach the end of a patch of destruction and fly into open void, towards where a single green star casts a faint ring of light.]

dialoglog

Jade: well......
not that it isnt fun talking about these cool space things and
i know you said my real body isnt supposed to be waking up yet, wherever and whenever it is but to tell you the truth...
i would really love to get going and see my friends again!
dont you have the power to wake me up?
the other calliope said she has that power

Calliope: i do have that power.
Jade: oh
soooooo
could you please wake me up then?

Calliope: no.
Jade: aw
why not!

Calliope: i told you.
it is not time yet.
we must reach our destination first, in order for the requisite time to flow correctly.
only then.
Jade: maaaan
(frowning face with furrowed brows)
Calliope: why the hurry?
you have already proven your heroism in the moments when it was needed most.
it is important to know when the greatest good is best served by remaining dormant.
whether that burden is for close to eternity, or only a few more minutes.
it is something to learn as a space player.
space falls back. it yields. hosts the play silently.
then, it roars to life when its time comes, showing all who is really the master.
and so too when the time comes, it collapses in on itself, taking all else with it.

[A6A6I5] Next
[Image description: Jade looks concerned.]

[A6A6I5] Next
[Image description: She looks towards her palms, which have gone slightly translucent. Within them, there are countless galaxies.]

[A6A6I5] Next
[Image description: She continues to stare at them with that same concerned look. Now, green light flickers faintly around them.]

[A6A6I5] Next
[Image description: Calliope has gotten farther away in the time she took to examine her hands. She hurries to catch up.]

[A6A6I5] Next
[Image description: They pass through another section of cracks, with Jade once again right behind Calliope.]

[A6A6I5] Next
[Image description: Back on LoMaX, Dave Peta sprite squared stands on top of the fridge and holds up their hands with their claws extended. Jasp rose sprite Squared frowns at them. Jake stands off in the distance, still wearing his pink hat.]

dialoglog
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) daaamn.....
damn! (cat face with two mouths and eyes pinched shut)
rose
im a fuckin troll now!
and part beautiful bird
and also...
a human boy?
hahaha i dont even
shit
rose my claws
look at these fuckin claws!!!!!
*snikt snikt snikt snikt* omg
rose ookK!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: I see your claws, Dave.
They're neat.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) hahahahaha!
holly shit i am a god damn Debacle of a thing arent i
it is kind of Great?
i i sort of Love This???????????
(Very happy face with two mouths wearing shades)
Jasp rose sprite Squared: That's wonderful, Dave and Nepeta.
I'm very happy for you both.
*Sigh.*
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) whats wrong rose??
jasprose i mean
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Nothing.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) *sidles up to jasprose in a coy
and hella feline manner sounding tickled as fuck thru my little E-shaped snout deal*
*arches back huge up and being all like bumping into rose with my tall curved back and shit, like
cats do im pretty sure?*
*fuck yeah they do! omg they do the tall back thing all the time when theyre happy and im doing
that right now heehee*
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Dave...
What do you think you're doing?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) *davepeta kindly and radly
informs jasprose he is doing a bit of roleplaying and no, not even ironically*
*i mean... she*
shit
hrmmm (confused face with two mouths wearing shades)
Jasp rose sprite Squared: What?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) jasprose
yo um
im confused about my gender suddenly
what am i now?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: I don't know, Dave.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) well what are you?
i mean
what do you feel like now a boy or a girl
your cat was a boy right?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Yes, he was a boy.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) so what does that make you
now???
Jasp rose sprite Squared: I don't know. I hadn't thought much about it.
I think I am probably still a girl?
Cats don't have particularly deep feelings about gender, or form strong identities around the idea.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) ok thats cool
but both dave and nepeta did have strong identities as a boy and girl!
so i dunno where that leaves me
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Does it even matter?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) i have no idea!!!
i just started being davepeta like Three Seconds Ago
im not sure what matters to me yet
i think i do like being me though!
its a really weird feeling
i mean not weird just like jarring in contrast with how both me's spent so long feeling like
Jasp rose sprite Squared: I think I know what you mean.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) you do?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Yes I was really having the time of my lives after I became Jasprose.
Well, for a while there, at least.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) fur a while?
whats wrong now
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Oh, nothing.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) come oooon
tell me! (cat face with two mouths wearing shades)
Jasp rose sprite Squared: It's hard to put into meows what I am feeling suddenly.
I think it might be...
Loneliness?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) lonelioness
why?
im here to keep you company
and mad hatter dude is still over there...
uh
doing... whatever the fuck it is hes doing?
you still have lots of friends!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: I know.
But since your... transformation...
Some feelings I thought I had put behind me at the moment of My transformation quickly returned.
They were dug up from their shallow graves and left on my doorstep by... you know what?
I'm not even in the mood to finish that incredibly apt analogy. You will have to connect the dots
yourself.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) what feelings returned?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: As a cat I never had any other girl cats around to be friendly with.
That was a very simple emotion with which I could probably cope, if it was all that was in play.
The Rose half is more complicated.
I have memories from a lot of Roses.
Is this true for you as well? I mean, memories from many Daves and Nepetas?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) yeah.....
it uh
sure is a clusterfuck of sad dead daves and sad dead nepetas in my head
it feels alright tho
like im a lot more detached from those experiences than i ever felt before?
but also
there is a distinct feeling of having one dave and nepeta stand out from the crowd of memories
the versions of davesprite and nepeta i existed as right up until we both shook hands
they still kinda feel like the "main" ones ya know?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Yes, exactly.
The Rose I was prior to this had just lost everything before she was killed.
Her friends and also her matesprit.
When I came back as a sprite, not as Jasprose yet mind you, I was relieved to see everybody
again...
But it was also a melancholy return.
I knew that she couldn't be with me anymore, because I was no longer Real Rose. But when I became Jasprose, everything changed again. I was a whole new being!

Before me stretched a horizon full of small distant and slightly jostling curiosities to investigate, because you never know when something like that might turn out to be a mouse. There were so many, many new pawsibilkitties.

Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) dude i must say i am so stoked for the cat things you're sayin!

Jasp rose sprite Squared: Shooosh, Dave. And yes I concur about the cat things. Anyway, one of the new things that opened up to me was...

The idea that I didn't have to be alone anymore. That I was reborn, more thrilled to be alive than I can ever remember being in any incarnation. And that there was someone perfect waiting for me to bring her back. Another estranged soul like me.

And now...

I guess it's all ruined.

Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) what's ruined

Jasp rose sprite Squared: Never mind, Dave.

Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) come on tell me!

Jasp rose sprite Squared: Forget it.

Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) rose...

jasprose!!

damnit

you can't possibly just leave the story there

pawsibly

fuck

still gettin the hang of mastering my cute as hell urge to do cat puns litterally whenever it could conceivably occur to me

litterally lmao thats a good one

jasprose

jasprose

jasp

jaspycat

shit thats a bad nickname sorry

jasprose

Jasp rose sprite Squared!

you were talkin about nepeta weren't you

i mean me

or part of me (cat face with two mouths wearing shades)

tell me!

tell me tell me tell me tell me tell me...

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jasp rose sprite Squared scowls at Dave Peta sprite squared with the intensity that only an offended cat can muster. In the background, Jake shoots the Flintlocks of Zillyhau either at something offscreen or at nothing at all.]

dialoglog

Jasp rose sprite Squared: Dave, she was going to be my Wife!

Dave Peta sprite squared: (gasping face with two mouths wearing shades) !!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Jasp rose sprite Squared: Sighhh.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) i was? er she was?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Yes, Dave. I am quite sure of it.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) um well furrst of all maybe you should stop calling me dave?
my name is davepeta now
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Oh... Yes you're right. I'm sorry Davepeta.
No offense, but the Dave part of you is sort of the fly in the ointment here, so when I look at you, that tends to be who I see.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) yeah thats cool since he became a bird that part of me got pretty used to being a most unwelcome dave in practically all situations let alone when he rudely crashes a tea date through accidental bodysharing shenanigans but now im like this whole new neat kind of sprite with legs again and claws and shit and id prefer that my new identity be respected please!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Yeah. I am very sorry. I was just sad is all.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) awww i understand you could even say i "know that feel" heehee loling my ass off i love that theres this whole side of me that is all freshly tickled by even the most basic appllications of irony for instance that was some weaksauce milk but here i am lapping it up (cat face with two mouths wearing shades)
Jasp rose sprite Squared: It pleases me to hear you have rediscovered the joys of entry-level irony, Davepeta.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) but yeah sorry for blowing our date even if i... she... wasnt sure what to make of the date? she was really flattered that you liked her tho but i dunno if it would have led to marriage! i think yall may have been pouncing the gun on that
Jasp rose sprite Squared: I don't think so. I had it all figured out. She never got a chance to see any of my moves though, so I guess we'll never know.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) i dunno... gettin married isnt even a thing for trolls!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: It was just a figure of speech. It isn't a thing for cats either, remember?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) ok but even so i still dont think you can force something like that we would have needed to spend more time together and stuff to find out!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Yes we would have spent that time together, and it would have turned out to be magical. Trust me.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) god Damn rose gettin some kitty cat mixed up in ya made you so much Hella Smugger than usual i kinda dig it???
it suits you
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Does it?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) i mean you were always full
of yourself but now you're owning it so completely
feels a lot more honest tbh
Jasp rose sprite Squared: That is,
Wow.
Actually such a nice compliment? Thank you, Davepeta.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) you know
the fridge is like
all fuckin set up and what not
the tea is there
Jake is still setting the mood with his space cadet antics on a nearby hill
we could just like
uh
keep doing our date
Jasp rose sprite Squared: What?!

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: Dave Peta sprite squared lifts their hands towards Jasp rose sprite Squared placatingly.]

dialoglog
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) i mean....
platonically!
of coarse
coarse like a cat tongue, actually you know what never mind, that fucking sucked
but yeah!
whats the big deal
lets keep tea partying and chatting about our Unique Sprite Issues and stuff
maybe even do a smidgen of choice "RP"ing if it strikes our fancy i thiiink that could turn out to be
pretty cute and dope (cat face with two mouths wearing shades)
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Hmmmm.
Maybe.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) you know...
a gotta say
the nepeta part of me is like
genuinely mystified about what the issue even is?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: What issue?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) us dating
like as in a normal romantic tea drinking date
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Oh.
Yeah, it makes sense that she wouldn't understand.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) i mean the dave part of me is
obviously all like no no no stop Stop Stop when i think about it
but
that little fussy brain tantrum
isn't makin me feel weird or uncomfortable its just sort of cracking me up!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Haha.
That's a good way of putting it.
My inner mono-dialogues have been very amusing to me too.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) i guess i am still just a bit
uncertain about my nature and my beliefs and whatnot
what about you though
you are part cat sooo...
Jasp rose sprite Squared: So?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) so how do you really feel about that...
issue?
Jasp rose sprite Squared: ...
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) i mean as far as both sides of me know cats arent too concerned with that right?
after a while they dont see brother and sister kitties they just uh see more kitties who are just like all the other kitties
Jasp rose sprite Squared: I'm...
Erg.
There is such a potent force within me that squirms at every word of this train of thought Davepeta!
Good grief Rose was such a stuffy girl, wasn't she.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) yup
Jasp rose sprite Squared: But yes, you are basically correct.
Asking the Jaspers half about this issue would be like showing him two slightly different gray swatches, and asking his opinion on which color to paint the observatory.
So to answer your question, I...
I don't know.
I really don't know, about any of this.
My dreams of having a beautiful troll girl for a wife were dashed moments ago, so I have been speaking from a despondent state of mind since you came into existence.
But maybe what you're saying makes sense.
I will need some time to meowll it over.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) hahaha meowll so good
(that was supposed to mean mull right?)
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Yes Davepeta that meant mull.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) but yes i agree!
theres so much to figure out now
shit be poppin in my jumbled sprite brain suddenly
popping like a bunch of silly gophers out their fuckin surprise holes
wanna murder them gophers
because Instincts!!!!! (Very happy face with two mouths wearing shades)
but mainly that is just a metaphor for understanding the gophers
wanna like
Get myself
how about we help each other Get ourselves
but whooooaaa nonsuggestively Nonsuggestively!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: I knew you weren't being suggestive! Chill out.

[A6A6I5] Next
[Image description: Davepeta and Jasprose stare at each other, each shown as a white silhouette in flashing clothes, just as Rose and Dave once looked at each other at a similar turning point long ago. This time, though, Jake flails on top of a hill in the distance.]
dialoglog
Jasp rose sprite Squared: So how would you like me to help you "get yourself"?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) i dont know!
when we were on our date and you were talkin to me about stuff and i was acting all embarrassed...
that was pretty cool or at least nepeta thought so
Jasp rose sprite Squared: You mean about her liking Karkat, and such?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) yeah!
you know whats crazy is
even in my new form i...
dont even feel conflicted about that???
it sorta feels right still
i would have thought id be a mess of contradictions about that but hmm nope weird right?!
Jasp rose sprite Squared: If you say so.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) not that im sayin i should act on that or anything
its like you were saying
about being the odd rose out
and when you got jaspersed everything changed
these are brand new lives for us so it feels like i should try to leave the old stuff behind
but that means
i also gotta figure out what to do with my life now!
or my pseudo life, whatever the hell it is you have when youre a sprite Squared
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Then what do you want to do with your pseudo-life?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) hmmm
aw man youre gonna think im crazy for even saying this...
Jasp rose sprite Squared: I already think we're both crazy.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) i have this weird urge......
to go fight lord english
Jasp rose sprite Squared: What the fuck?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) I Know Right!
im just strangely drawn to the idea
i wasnt at all before as a really depressed bird version of dave
and nepeta didnt even know who he Was until recently
but now it sounds cool suddenly
i feel like...
the exact blend of people i am
is a being that he should in some way be vulnerable to
i cant even explain why i feel that way
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Well, you have to follow your heart, I suppose.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) (cat face with two mouths wearing shades)
*davepeta stealthily stalks their heart as it minds its own business beating at the bank of a nearby stream*
*they crouch into one of those quintessential cat poses with like their butt in the air... davepeta starts wiggling their ass furiously*
*gets mildly distracted by wiggling of own ass... becomes more intrigued by movement of ass than beating of heart*
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Is this what we're doing now?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) nah im just messin
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Ok.
I think if we are going to make a habit of roleplaying, I would like to script out some scenarios in advance.
I'm concerned that too much improvisation could end up muddying the narrative.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) lmao!!!!!!
okay you go right ahead and do that

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Both of the sprites squared hover over the fridge.]

dialoglog

Jasp rose sprite Squared: So what do you want to do now? You're not going off to fight English right away, are you?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) hmmm no i dont think so
theres no hurry
the dudes whole shtick is being basically eternal and always being "already here" or whatever wherever here is
in this case i guess it just means out there somewhere
i think there are a finew things i want to take care of here before i sink my claws into that grade A slab of beefprey
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Like what?

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Davepeta’s face as they sniff.]

dialoglog

Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) theres somebody id like to catch up with first
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Who?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) just a couple of bros from the past
i think they would want to see me before i go
or at least...
be made aware that i exist at all, as a bad ass doublesprite
Jasp rose sprite Squared: Alright.
Please give these bros my best, then.
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) i will!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jasprose watches Davepeta soar away.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: LoTaK hangs in the void with the thin spire of Dirk’s house sticking out of the surface.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the top of the structure, which is just a few floors away from being inside of Skaia. A red figure floats near the roof.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in. Arquius scowls at something and holds up both of his hands. Faint, flickering red spirographs hover around his hands, parallel to his palms.]
[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. A screen from the phernalia registry appears at the top of the
screen, showing the cloning pad, the strange, drill-like device with a dice popper on top that
resembles one of Vriska’s doomsday devices, and a grist rig. A red cursor shaped like the Sburb
house logo appears and selects the grist rig. Another text box showing a price of 0 grist appears.
The cursor selects the rig, then drags to place it on top of the building. It fits, but just barely.
There’s a bit of overhang on every edge.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. The entire tower begins to glow pale yellow at the edges and
tremble.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms back in to the top of the grist rig, which now spews forth a geyser of
grist in every type.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms out again to show Arquius floating near the geyser, which flies into
Skaia.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: A map of the incipisphere shows Skaia at the center of a ring of planets. From
each of the planets, a tall, white spire extends towards Skaia. From the top of each spire, a spray of
grist swirls towards Skaia. Prospit is represented as a white crescent near Skaia, and Derse as a
white circle beyond the furthest ring. The planets slowly rotate clockwise, making their grist
streams spiral around the edge of Skaia like the arms of a galaxy.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Beams of light come down around Arquius, who smiles a bit. Davepeta
approaches from behind him.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Davepeta gets closer. The movement gets Arquius’s attention, and he turns to
look with an exclamation mark over his head.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Arquius gasps and stares at Davepeta in shock.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Davepeta smiles and lifts a hand to wave at Arquius.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dirk and Dave stand on the roof of one of the tombs and stare up at the
massive spire that is Dirk’s house. It extends so far up that perspective makes it look like it’s
bending slightly.]
Dave: damn
and i thought our houses were pointlessly tall before
it just doesn't stop from keep constantly getting more and more vertically enormous
Dirk: Shit is downright precipitous at this point.
Like, up ways.
Dave: haha yeah
we made sure as fuck not to come right out and literally describe that building as tall
Dirk: Hell yes.
Who needs small and serviceable adjectives when the most ass-backwards way of saying a thing is right there, tantalizingly hidden within the vast ocean of language.
Like a treasure in a huge shitty clam.
Dave: we are way on the same page philosophically here
Dirk: Who is surprised by this?
Zero people, is who.
Dave: sounds like a club for losers to me
they're lucky they don't have any members, otherwise they'd all be lame as hell
Dirk: Yeah.
Dave: so uh
why do the houses need to be so tall again
i never actually understood that
except to reach the gates but once we all figured out how to fly and shit that became so pointless
Dirk: Yeah. After a while in the game, building kind of stopped mattering.
Except near the end. Getting them to the top is just a point of completion.
Then you dump the grist rig on top of it, apparently.
That lets the thing spray out all the grist from the hoard in the planet's core, kind of like a huge oil derrick I guess.
Dave: oh
how do you know this
do you guys have like a manual or
Dirk: I'm in communication with Arquiusprite.
He's working on it now.
Dave: so you're in communication with him like...
Right now?
Dirk: Yes.
Via my shades.
Which he incidentally used to be.
Like, as a computer, which he lived inside as my Auto-Responder.
Dave: right
and
uh
why... did you make that thing again
not that you ever told me before
'again' is just like a stammering tack-on to that sentence so as to try and not sound too fucking rude
Dirk: I don't think it's a rude question. It's perfectly fair to wonder what was going through my head when I made him.
I've spent a lot of time wondering about that myself.
Dave: so you just
straight up programmed a copy of your brain
Dirk: There was some programming involved, but also a bit of cheating, through the mapping of a captchalogue ghost-imprint of my brain.
I guess part of it was just about trying to understand myself.
But I don't think I would have put it that way at the time. For a while I insisted he was meant to be a "debate partner" or some horseshit.
I was pretty young, and had some stupid ideas. About irony in particular. But also a lot of mostly faux-intellectual thoughts on a wide variety of topics.
Like philosophy, consciousness, programming, identity, history, ancient pop-culture... really it ran the full gamut of pretension.
Not that I don't still find that stuff interesting. I'd just like to think I'm somewhat less full of shit about it all now.
Dave: yeah me too
i mean, about my interests and stuff
Dirk: Creating him was an interesting exercise I guess, but over the years I came to see his development as one of my biggest mistakes.
He sort of turned into a monster. But I could never bring myself to get rid of him, or even really blame him for being an asshole, because he wasn't actually that different from me.
Like, by definition.
He seems alright as Arquius though. At least it keeps him busy, obsessing over his muscles, asking for milk and shit like that.
Dave: hmm
i guess i started some projects i regretted
but nothin like making a milk weirdo eventually exist
it sounds fucked up but is also kind of an awesome story in its own way
Dirk: I guess so.
Dave: maybe im lucky i was never that good with computers
now computer Art thats a different story
ok it actually isnt i fuckin suck at that too
but dammit i try my best and make some magic happen at least in my own mind so maybe thats good enough
Dirk: It certainly worked out for you in my universe.
Dave: yeah
i mean
i Did captchalogue my own ghost brain once but i didnt know what to make of that and thought it was kinda weird so that never really went anywhere
probably for the best
Dirk: It definitely is.
Tinkering with your own mind, or identity or whatever... it's a dark road to go down.
There are enough splinters of everyone running around out there as it is, just as a natural byproduct of our reality. For me in particular. Probably for you too, as a time player.
That process doesn't need to be encouraged or fucked with.
Dave: for real
my bro did cool things with computers too
i mean nothin like making a clone of his brain or anything thank god
just some absurd bullshit with web bots and stuff mostly to help prop up his various "enterprises"
Dirk: You mean the porn stuff?
Dave: yeah
but with puppets of course
it was always about the puppets
Dirk: Naturally.
Dave: he made all these porn bots that would just talk to each other in a chatroom endlessly
all like gettin each other riled up about squishy bottoms and whatnot
actually it was pretty entertaining to watch them go at it for hours
i think they may have been teetering on the threshold of Something resembling self awareness?
except they only seemed to apply that faculty to reach even more heightened states of sexual excitement for a bunch of nude soft puppets
Dirk: That sounds...
Oddly rewarding.
I mean, not to say he wasn't still a douche.
But as a pastime, cultivating a group of earnest, erotic puppet-loving chatbots sounds so much more relaxing than painstakingly constructing a version of your own brain, and then arguing with it for years thereafter.
Almost like tending to a little flock of pigeons.
Dave: yeah you know he did some cool things it wasn't necessarily all inherently terrible things i would really appreciate under better circumstances
he definitely had a lot of drive and also some uh "ideas" that warranted a certain amount of respect
i guess
he just
maybe should not have been allowed near a child?
s'all im sayin

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: Dirk and Dave look at each other.]
dialoglog
Dirk: Sounds about right.
We really don't have to talk about him anymore though, if it is going to stir up more bad shit for you.
Dave: nah im alright
i think that is all mostly out of my system
i mean not forever because i dont think thats how things work
i just mean my venting fit is over and im probably good for another 16 years or so and i can return to being mostly deadpan and rad
Dirk: Ok.
Well, in sixteen years, if you need someone to vent to again, let me know.
Dave: sure
assuming we havent been killed by like 10 jacks before that i will you certainly seem to be the right guy for that
Dirk: For what?
Dave: i mean like the most suitable recipient of my hysterical fits on that particular subject there is no way i would ever tell karkat all that
i mean maybe some stuff but not All the stuff its just too heavy
i certainly wasnt gonna mention the stuff to rose or john or jade or whoever else
if i was ever gonna do one of my patented acrobatic pirouettes off that particular handle to anyone it really only could have been at him
except he was dead
and even if he wasnt and i did say all that shit
theres no way it would have resulted in anything resembling reconciliation which i think
was something i kinda needed
but didnt realize it
so....
thank you for being a really plausible stand in for him who i could rip to shreds??
while still being basically innocent of all that terrible garbage
so you end up sorta being like an avatar for him that is much easier to forgive
i mean
maybe Forgive isn’t the right word because im not sure he deserves that and anyway it doesn’t matter because hes been dead for years and at this point is just an irrelevant deceased weirdo who doesn’t matter anymore
i guess i mean coming around to a place where i dont have to feel rotten all the time anymore and i guess im lucky i got to blunder into a reality that just happened to have the exact right version of a dude which made that possible for me
sorry this fuckin ramble is really getting away from me
i have no idea if im making sense anymore
Dirk: I think I get it.
And sure.
You’re welcome for me existing.
Dave: hey can that be like the motto on our family crest
Dirk: I think it already is.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: They both step towards the edge of the building and look down. A red glow emanates from the ground, casting deep shadows into the windows of the building next to theirs.]
dialoglog
Dave: all that melodramatic sadbabble aside
i think its perfectly cool if youre still curious about your adult self
and i dont mind tellin you more stuff about him if you want
i know im still wondering about what my adult self got up to
Dirk: Yeah.
Well like I said, any time you want to know more, feel free to ask.
Dave: kay how about we do this thing
when i met roxy we did a thing
Dirk: A thing?
Dave: yeah
its called the lightning round
Dirk: That does sound like a Roxy thing.
Does it by any chance involve asking a rapid-fire series of questions, some of which end up being a bit too personal or invasive?
Dave: well yeah when she does it we could be chill though
when it comes to asking about each others secret crushes and shit
Dirk: Then I guess I will disclaim in advance that I don't have any, and I don't care about yours even if you do.
Dave: it is settled then on the fact that we are a couple of cool dudes who know where to draw the line on certain topics
Dirk: Cool.
So how do we start.
Whose lightning round is this, mine or yours?
Dave: it can be yours go ahead shoot
Dirk: Ok.
How...
Did...
He, um, come to "adopt" you?
Dave: I was a baby and I came down to earth on a meteor while riding a pony with a pink heart on its ass. He found me in a crater on top of a dead pony and gave me a little baby pair of shades that look exactly like the ones you're wearin now.
Dirk: I see.
So you decided to ditch those shades for the aviator glasses?
Dave: Yeah. Years ago John got me these for my bday. It might have been like an "ironic dare" to wear them, I don't remember. But when I got em, I was like, hell yeah, I'm wearin these. Gonna rock these fuckers til the end of time. They were Ben Stiller's. Literally. They actually touched his weird sort of gaunt face in one of his films.
Dirk: Wait... The Stiller?
Dave: Yeah.
Dirk: Incredible. Also, such a shame what happened to that poor man.
Dave: Wait, what happened to him?
Dirk: I can tell you when it's your lightning round. Or mine. Whatever. I'm still not sure whose lightning round it is when you're the one asking questions.
Dave: Dunno ask Roxy.
Dirk: Ok. Anyway, didn't mean to interrupt. Dave: But yeah, we would send each other stuff sometimes. Me and John. Well we all would. Usually absurd birthday packages and such. Dirk: We did that too. Except I had to send things through time. Always had to figure out stuff small enough to send through the sendificator, even if it was piece by piece.
Dave: Nice. One time it turned out we accidentally sent presents through time. I mean not literally, more in a roundabout way. We all sent John a rabbit. But all three rabbits just turned out to be the same damn rabbit. Because of stupid time shit.
Dirk: Once I deliberately and quite literally sent a rabbit through time. It was a robot.
Dave: Wow.
Dirk: He was a loyal friend to Jane. I don't know what happened to him though.
Dave: Yeah, I dunno what happened to John's rabbits either. Rabbits am I right?
Dirk: I hear you, man.
Dave: What next?
Dirk: Hm.
You say he owned Cal as well?
Dave: Yep.
Dirk: Did he come down to Earth on a meteor with Cal too?
Dave: I think so
that was a long time ago
kinda weird to imagine him strutting around with that puppet as a kid in the 80s
or maybe just kinda funny actually
he sure held on to it a long time
must have gotten attached at a really early age and just never let go
I guess you fell to earth with one of those things too?
Dirk: Yeah.
But if I came to Earth on a meteor the same way you all did, then I guess I just got dunked right in
the fucking ocean.
Which makes sense. One of my earliest memories is of using Cal as a flotation device.
So he sorta saved my life in a way. I guess I bonded with him too, the way your bro did, even if that
sounds a bit stupid.
Then again, it didn't help matters much that I lived alone in the middle of the ocean. He was my
only real life friend. I mean, until I built some new ones.
Dave: Hmm wait we fucked up
I asked you a question it's not my turn
keep firing
Dirk: Ok.
How did your bro die?
Dave: He died fighting one of these jacks
at this point I almost forget which one
no wait
ok yeah it was the omnipotent dog one
the jack from our session
he was fighting like a lesser form of him and then jack got extra prototyped by dog powers and
then got outmatched and stabbed with his own sword
pretty sure davesprite was fighting with him and almost died too but then it turned out he didn't
but now I at least 99% sure that davesprite is Definitely dead and won't suddenly reappear as a
stupid surprise or anything
Dirk: I hate stupid surprises.
Dave: Word
Dirk: So, you said he "trained" you.
I'm guessing that means he knew what was coming?
Or, some things about your future, at least?
Dave: Seems that way
not sure what he knew or how he knew it
all our guardians seemed to know bits and pieces of stuff and did vague mysterious things to
prepare
to this day I have no idea if he was training me to fight lord english or if he even knew who that
guy was on any conscious level
or it was more like general purpose training to be able to survive some hard shit after the end of the
world happened
you'd have to ask him but that's impossible
I do know he managed to get the drop on a meteor before I entered the game
Dirk: What?
Dave: As far as I can tell he stood on top of it and split it in half with his sword
Dirk: Um,
Not to be too much of a wet blanket on that rad as fuck anecdote, but that sounds kind of far
fetched.
Dave: Yeah it does doesn't it
but then again so does a baby getting dunked from space in the ocean then floating on a weird doll and then growin up by himself with no adults around
Dirk: That's not far fetched. It was pretty straightforward.
I think I just found a building poking out of the water, climbed up, then I just started foraging for food in there like a feral infant.
Supplies which I'm sure your adult self must have left behind for me, seeing as he clearly must have known some things about the future too.
Speaking of which, maybe it's your turn now?

[Image description: The perspective shifts to show them from a low angle. They don't look at each other. Instead, they stare off into the distance.]

dialoglog
Dave: yeah ok
questions about me hmm lets see
ok First the fuck of all
what happened to ben stiller
Dirk: He was deemed a heretic, and was crucified on the Washington Monument by some clowns.
Dave: wow
Dirk: Due to his dedication to freedom and peace, he came to be seen as a martyr, and then a holy figure.
He was left on the monument as an example to all, but thousands of faithful gathered below to gaze up at his pious, sort of gaunt face.
For years thereafter, his followers would carve stone busts of him in his memory, capturing the piercing glare of his final expression.
But they were all smashed to pieces by the presidential church.
That religious movement didn't last very long.
Rumor has it the batterwitch had a lot of experience crushing righteous insurrections.
Dave: did my adult self get pissed about stiller
i bet he got pissed
Dirk: Yeah. There was a whole series of final insults that led to his active rebellion, instead of just producing subversive media.
At one point, the witch "remastered" all of his films to clean up all the shitty artifacts, and released them in stunning high-def quality all over the world, using a rational business model and everything.
That Really set him off.
Dave: what the fuck
how fucking dare that woman
so then he tried to kill the batterwitch right
who is the same exact alien as the condesc in this session??
Dirk: Yes. Same one.
And yeah, he teamed up with Rose from the same era.
They supposedly put up a good fight, but both died.
Dave: so...
does john know that he is literally about to go fight betty crocker yet or what
Dirk: I have no idea.
I really don't know John at all, or any of your friends.
I know Jane was the heiress to the Crocker brand. Uh, obviously? It is her name after all.
Was John the heir to that empire in his universe?
Dave: nah
i mean not to my or his knowledge
he just fuckin hated that company for some reason
i think his reason was literally as mundane as just being slightly overexposed to cake
that's classic john though he doesn't get pissed about anything except for the absolute dumbest shit
but i guess his instincts were right in this case
maybe we should just
not tell him
that hes fightin crocker i think the poor dude has probably had enough mental breakdowns for one adventure
we all have
Dirk: I'd like to get to know him.
Not to mention Rose and Jade. Would have been nice to hang out and chat, in a circumstance where
we weren't supposed to prepare for an imminent deadly struggle.
Dave: yeah
well i guess we could have hung out there a few minutes longer
i mean you wouldn't have got much outta jade who is stuck in perma-nap mode
just like old times i guess
Dirk: Huh?
Dave: she used to sleep a lot
Dirk: Ah.
Dave: but yeah there wasn't much time except for like a bunch of heys and oh nice to meet yous
and also i think i would have still been a shitty train wreck socially if we all just hunkered down
right then and there for another extensive round of freestyle paltalk
Dirk: Right, I was kind of nervous about lingering there for more than a minute too.
Dirk: Mainly because of Jake.
I didn't want to make him uncomfortable.
I think I have done enough of that.
Dave: i guess jake was kinda like your john of the group huh
wait that was a pretty dumb observation never mind
Dirk: Nah, sounds about right.
Seems like John was your close buddy growing up, and Jake was mine.
Dave: john and i never really had anything like a falling out
except for not talkin to each other for a few years on account of being on a meteor and boat
respectively
Dave: but i guess you two had some buddy troubles or somethin?
Dirk: Yes. A lot of buddy troubles.
I vaguely touched on it earlier. I was a really bad influence in his life.
Dave: what happened
Dirk: A lot of things, that were mostly my fault.
Basically, I think I bullied him into dating me.
Although I had plenty of "help" from my Auto-Responder.
There were a lot of insane plans that he hatched on my behalf.
But in fairness, I went along with them.
To this day, I can't really tell how much of that bullshit was his doing, and how much was mine,
which I've just covered up through denial or selective memory.
Dave: wait
you
you dated jake?
Dirk: Yeah.
That didn't last long though.
It was really lopsided and kind of forced.
Dave: ...
so
you...

hmm
Dirk: What?
Dave: nothing
i think were breakin one of the rules here
this tangent got too personal
Dirk: Oh yeah.
I forgot we weren't doing that.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. A single, massive tomb sticks out of the rest of the cityscape and juts into the hazy green sky.]
dialoglog
Dirk: Anyway, carry on. You were asking about adult Dave?
Dave: yeah
so that covers how he died
taking a futile stand against some unbeatable foe
cant say im too surprised about that cause what else is even new
what about his early life though
guess i arrived around the same year my bro did in my universe?
just came down on the same dead horse i rode in on
into a world full of opportunities
how did i get started
Dirk: His early life isn't well documented.
There's hardly anything to read about him until he broke into show business with a few obscure projects at the turn of the century.
It all snowballed from there.
Dave: i guess the one thing we know for sure is i didnt find a kid in a crater and take him under my wing
that was probably for the best
Dirk: Heh.
Dave: actually maybe its better that most of his story is left to my imagination
kinda like how you said you spent a lot of time thinkin about him
filling in the gaps of his ridiculous exploits
Dirk: Right.
There's certainly a lot of lore to work with.
Urban legends and stuff.
Dave: like what
actually wait
dont tell me
at least not now maybe down the road it would be cool to hear some
i think id prefer to fill in the blanks myself for a while
really it sounds dope as hell to imagine that sort of blank canvas life
dropped on earth as a kid in the 70s or 80s or whatever with no bossy adult to reel me in
and just having to figure stuff out
especially knowing that many years later it all worked out ok
really wonder what i did
was i like some homeless eighties ragamuffin???
jesus christ that sounds fairly adorable if so
maybe i slept in an alley on a bed of rubix cubes and alf merchandise
or maybe i offered my old school rap services for food
Dirk: Like, through a shitty cardboard booth?
You know, like the one from the fuckin' Charlie Brown comics.
"This is what the reframe," FYI.
Dave: yes exactly
this sounds like exactly the life for me
what if without a penny to my name and the wind at my back i hopped a boxcar to the big apple
because as a dumb child i naively believed thats where they made all the apple juice
id be sorely disappointed when i got there but it wouldn't matter because id probably scrape
together a living on off off off broadway like...
making shitty cartoons
on stage
and saying
you guys
this will be So much funnier once the internet happens Trust Me
then the aristocratic patrons of fine theater just shrug and dump their shillings into my orphan hat
Dirk: It sounds to me like you've been reading up on the urban legends already.
Dave: hahaha

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The perspective shifts again, this time to show them from behind. They're both just silhouettes. Dave is red, and Dirk is pink. In the distance, layers and layers of massive tomb structures form what almost looks like a forest over rolling hills. Thick green clouds shoot massive bursts of lightning.]

dialoglog
Dave: i wonder if he had like
friends
Dirk: It sounds like he knew a lot of people, at least later in life.
Dave: sure
i mean im sure he knew rose at some point because obviously they teamed up
but as fairly old people?
it sounds as though they only knew each other as a result of their notability
Dirk: This seems likely.
Dave: i mean more like the friends i grew up with
he couldnt have grown up with john or jade as friends because they were already old by the time he got there
this cool 80s kid fantasy was probably just a lot lonelier than ive been picturing in my sweet
daydreams
i didnt even have the Mayor god what a nightmare now that i think about it
i wonder if all he cared about was making ludicrous shit and fighting evil pastry moguls
do you know if he had any other interests
Dirk: Like what?
Dave: i dont know
did you ever read any urban legends about.....
paleontology
Dirk: Paleontology?
Dave: yes the scientific study of dead shit
Dirk: Not that I recall.
Dave: hmm
i guess he probably didn't do anything with that
what a shame
maybe he never even got the idea since he had completely different experiences
but if i were suddenly dropped back in the 20th century id probably look into it at some point
i dunno how though
i think it would be mainly like
some sort of therapeutic interest
something relaxing to think about instead of a bunch of ironic and stupidly ambitious objectives
Dirk: Yeah, like the porn bots.
Dave: yeah exactly
Dirk: Maybe some day, when we're both old men, you can live a quiet life tending to your fossils, and I will do the same with my dear collection of simple-minded chat robots fixated on puppet ass.
Dave: sounds like the fucking life to me
Dirk: What was the lightning round question this stemmed from again?
I forget.
Dave: dunno
maybe were tapering off with the lightning round stuff anyway and its just naturally deteriorating into regular dudechat
Dirk: Maybe.
You sure you don't have anything else before we say it's officially deteriorated?
Dave: k heres a curveball
what the fuck are you wearing
Dirk: My prince gear.
You know. Leggings, slippers, the poofy asshole pants, a hood with some sort of cloth tiara deal embedded in it.
Basic stuff for princes, apparently.
Dave: huh
gotta say
some of these god tier ensembles really are...
something
Dirk: I thought I hated it at first.
But over the couple hours I spent flying back, with time to think about all sorts of stuff...
It kinda grew on me.
The asshole pants are pretty damn comfortable, so I dunno if I even care how stupid they look.
And I *am* kind of an asshole, after all. So who am I to complain.
Dave: i thought the same thing about my cape outfit at first
felt like some bozo from the renaissance festival
like maybe i should get on a horse and sing a shitty ballad
but then it grew on me pretty quickly
hardly ever took it off in three years
you're right its comfortable and they're fuckin magic pajamas or whatever and they start to feel like part of who you are after long enough
i mean they are supposed to last you forever right
kinda by definition since they come along with immortality
maybe part of their magical nature includes this insidious quality where they grow on you
or not i dunno maybe this is bullshit and ill just wear some normal person clothes when this is all over
what about you are you gonna wear god duds forever
Dirk: Nah. I'm sure I'll wear regular stuff again at some point.
If a shirt with a hat on it can be deemed regular.
Dave: im cool with deeming it as such
yeah maybe you're right and we should all stop dressing like tools from an infinite magic slumber party for floundering teens and just look like standard floundering teens some of the getups are pretty out there jakes tho...

uh
damn??
Dirk: I...
Yeah.
That page costume. I'd have commented on it, except that would've been casting a stone through a particularly fragile glass wardrobe.
So... I just flew away.
Dave: yeah there was uh some palpable awkwardness there
Dirk: Hm.
Dave: sorry im still tryin to like wrap my head around
...
Dirk: What?
Dave: uh
dammit
ok i guess i might have to break one of our lightning round rules only a little tho i hope
Dirk: About what?
The personal stuff?
Dave: yeah
Dirk: That's fine.
Dave: ok maybe im not even asking you anything maybe this is just a starting point to ramble to myself on a certain topic i think...
there is a Slight chance...
i may be the biggest idiot in the world
Dirk: ?
Dave: when it comes to understanding some things about my bro some pieces i never really put together about him until maybe literally right now which i think makes me an objective dumbass
Dirk: What does this have to do with me and Jake?
Dave: idk nothin
maybe i dont wanna ask you anything about jake maybe ill just keep abiding by the code of basic dude manners on that if i bother skirtin the line of this rule maybe id rather ask you other stuff instead
Dirk: Like what?
Dave: like um
say one of your best friends is a knucklehead you havent seen in three years and unless you use ultra direct and explicit language he just wont put two and two together himself and also say Another best friend is a girl you feel like you had kind of a special relationship with but you Also hadnt seen in three years and shes asleep but at some point shell wake up and youll have to talk to her

Dirk: ...
Dave: this is dumb im not making any sense
lemme start over
ok lets say
way back whenever
howww ...

how did you tell your friends

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: Arquius and Davepeta stare at each other in their unexpected, double-reunion.]

dialoglog
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Nepeta?! 
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) yeah!!!
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) I mean Dave?!
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) yeah!!!
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Dave and Nepeta, Nepe dave sprite?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) dave peta! (sprite squared lol)
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Dave peta Sprite Squared
It is I, Arquiusprite, to the first power
Which is to say, Equius, and an artificial intelligence composite of your bro, in the form of the cool broken sunglasses I am wearing
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) yeah i know dummy! (tongue sticking out face with two mouths wearing shades)
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) How is this possible?
How did you come to be??
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) umm i dunno some shit happened was on a tea date, shook hands with myself, you know basic fuckery how did You come to be??
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) I... Yes, that is a fair question Some bullshucks happened, which made little to no sense, and now here I am I can only presume this was the case for you as well, given your incoherent and poorly developed anecdote
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) what ya doin there bro?
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Huh? Oh. Nothing really Doing the final work for this session. Releasing the grist hoards. Nothing that matters now...
Now...
That you're here
*Sniff*
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) yo are you crying??
awww
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Davepeta, I apologize for the embarrassing secretions from this imperfect, semi-organic form
How ironic, that I spend virtually 100 percent of my time secreting liquid from virtually 100 percent of my body's surface area, and yet a few more drops from my eyes would cause me such shame
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) heeheehee youre so fuckin gross!!!!
i really missed you dude
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) I missed you as well, or, I would have, had I permitted myself to think about you
Alas, I failed to protect you from an unpleasant clown in the most disgraceful way possible, much to the shame of my dead troll half, and much to the disgust of my digital human half
Hence, to the Nepeta portion of you, Dave peta,
I am so very Strongly sorry
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) theres nothin to apawlogize for!
nepeta furgave you for that and anyways im not even her anymore
i guess davesprite had some old issues with his bro he never really sorted out but hey im not him either!
and youre not his bro or equius youre arquius who is a new and cool and beautyifful thing and anyway all those old troubles are feeling so overwhelmed by new and different emotions and its great!
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Yes, Davepeta, you're right
It is really flipping great
*Slight sob*
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) dawwwwwww there there you blubbering goddamn cutie
*davepeta sniffs curiously at arquiusprites grody and emotional body*
*pee-yew davepeta exclaims, recoiling like they were just using their muzzle to investigate the business end of a shitting dog*
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) What are you...
I mean,
*Arquius submits his question to Davepeta in the form of a third person statement, thereby acknowledging once and for all that he is in no way above the childish nonsense of his former moirail*
*He in fact acknowledges by extension that he is not above anything or anyone, and never was*
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) omg yes!!!
i mean that was a good start but also a little abstract man, you should try incorporating some actual behaviors and actions into your RP things to punch them up
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Behaviors and actions?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) yeah!
like think dude, how the hell is davepeta supposed to react cutely to some internal epiphany your havin? hows that shit externally Telegraphed bro??
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) I see
*I mean, Arquius sees*
*Arquius soon realizes he will need a truly unreasonable supply of fresh, dry towels to absorb the perspiration caused by two separate lifetimes of regrets and foolishnesses*
*He embarks on a mystical quest of the spirit, through a land of his imagination's design as a part of his personal "Alternative Universe" fiction. It is a mountainous land consisting of only fresh,
perfectly folded white towels, and rivers of milk running through its valleys*
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) yum yum!
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) "Yum yum" indeed, he thinks to himself with his silicon brain, exactly one trillion times per second, for several seconds. But now is no time to sup from the streams of dairy. He gathers a heap of clean towels in his strapping arms. Yes, these guns you see here. Two astonishing sinewed meat trunks clutch the unsodden rectangles of fabric, like tremendous baguettes of rippling, twitching protein tissue.*
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) (uncertain face with two mouths wearing shades)
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) He reflects on his pair of powerful weapons with admiration, and wonders quietly if Davepeta would like a complimentary ticket to the gun show. But due to his obscenely powerful mind, this thought took place in the blink of a microsecond, and he proceeds to have additional, similarly rapid cyber-reveries. Including, but not limited to, thoughts of fondness for Davepeta, and some extremely complex genetic algorithms comparing the merits of various redemptive gestures, and-
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) arquius youre RPing your internal thought process again
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Oh. Sorry
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) its ok for startin out, youll get the hang of it if you keep at it you being willing to try is all that matters and is hella nice (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) *starts to purr a sick beat!*
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) You mean, like a rap beat?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) um, duhhh?
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Arquius wonders if the purred rap beat is strictly in the hypothetical plane of roleplay, or if it will be an audible phenomenon taking place in reality soon*
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) *davepeta gives a little knowing nod, as if to say, you bet your chiseled ass itll be an audible phenomenon in reality soon* Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Arquius begins flexing rhythmically, in time with the beat of the purred rap. This hypothetical role playing action should also be regarded as a precursor to this deed being literally executed in reality*
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) *davepeta starts droppin the illest purrbeat you ever heard but stops suddenly, as they become mesmerized by the hypnotic flexing of arquiusprites humongous muscles*
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Do you... really like them? *He says*
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) i... really do* they say*
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Would...
You like to touch my muscles, davepeta?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) yes i believe i would
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Then I must command you Please touch my muscles
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) yes ok
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) I won't take no for an answer, Davepeta Touch my muscles
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) i said yes!
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Touch my muscles
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) yes!
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Touch my muscles
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) yes!!
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Touch my muscles
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) YES!!!

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: Davepeta lifts their arms in preparation for a hug.]
dialoglog
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) dammit dude why dont we stop pussyfooting around stuff and get down to brass tacks
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) What brass tacks do you mean, Davepeta
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) i think you know (cat face with two mouths wearing shades)
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Davepeta, are you suggesting what I think you're suggesting?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) mmm hmmm!
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) To be clear, you are insinuating that we attempt to execute a rare, and highly sweet, "bro hug bump"?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) hell yes i am! i am insinuating that we attempt nyan other than that exact type of hug! are you ready dude???
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Yes!
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) lets DO this thing
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Yes!!

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: Arquius smiles tensely and lifts his arms similarly.]
dialoglog
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) lets make this shit work
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Yes!!!

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: The move closer together, ready to hug. Arquius keeps his head craned to stare out at the viewer. It’s … unsettling.]
dialoglog
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) where doing it man
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Yes!!!!

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Arquius, who continues craning his neck disturbingly.]
dialoglog
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) where Making This Hapen
Arquiusprite: (shades and arrow) Yes!!!!!

[S][A6A615] Next

[Image description: The song Horsecatska begins to play. In a style that is both entirely cartoonish and disgustingly hyperrealistic, Arquius and Davepeta hug. The background is a swirling, pulsing pinwheel of red segments alternating with ones that flash orange and green. Arquius drips sweat and grins an overly large, snaggletoothed smile. Every muscle in Arquius’s back is lovingly and
disturbingly outlined, including his ass muscles, which are... quite large. Since he has a ghost tail instead of legs, there are no leg muscles to render in any level of detail. Instead, there are highly defined muscles like washboard abs running down from under his ass. Davepeta, too, has hyper realistic details on cartoon proportions. Their mouth looks like a cartoon of a cat with two massive fangs, and their wings have surprisingly good shading on the feathers. Both of them have arms that are far too long for their bodies. Honestly, the whole thing is very reminiscent of the proportions present in Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff. But worse.

The sounds of screaming cats, neighing, and cawing plays in the song. After a few seconds, it switches to robotic cats, horses, and birds running through a candy colored desert near a mountain range, then switches back to the disgusting hug.

It switches to a SBAHJ style drawing of a crow, which is labeled ‘Caw’, then back to the disgusting hug.

It switches to a flashing picture of the mounted wolf head in Hussie’s attic as it rapidly changes color. It’s labeled Meeeeooooow!!!!!!!! It switches back to the hug.

The image turns black and a white horse sticks its head on screen to say ‘neigh’, then it changes back to the hug.

It changes to a comic of Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff Rock Solbo. Sweet bro rides on the back of a massive bull with long horns and an eye that takes up most of his head. A yellow cowboy hat hovers ominously over his head. To his right, against a neon pink background with a red border, Hella Jeff shreds on a neon green guitar with arms that look like they’re broken. The guitar makes a “Woaww Bwee” sound. He turns side to side, then it suddenly zooms in on his pixelated, rapturous expression. It zooms in on his poorly drawn, 4-fingered hand as it moves in a vague approximation of a ‘playing the guitar’ motion. It zooms in on the neck of the guitar as his other hand slides down it, making a Bweeeeee sound. The Bweeeeee continues across the top of the screen as a large, clip art drawing of a disgusted expression takes up the rest of the screen. It switches back to the hug, which is marginally less terrible looking.

It cuts to Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff going in for a pixelated hug while Hella Jeff says “let’s Do this thing”. “Do” is written in light pink.

The word “This” takes up the whole screen. It’s written in red comic sans.

Back in the attempted SBAHJ hug, Sweet Bro says “Lets make this shit work”.

The word “Is” takes up the whole screen. It’s written in red comic sans.

The SBAHJ hug comes closer to completion. Hella Jeff says “where doing it man”

The word “What” takes up the whole screen. It’s written in red comic sans.

The SBAHJ hug finally happens. Its proportions are identical to the Arquius Davepeta hug. Hella Jeff says “where Making This Hapen”

The words “The Refrance” takes up the whole screen. It’s written in all caps, comic sans that flashes between red and orange. It then returns to the Arquius Davepeta hug.

And there it is.

The greatest reunion in Homestuck history. Neigh, the greatest Moment. It does not get better than this. It Will Not get better than this. At some point, possibly during the 5th or 6th loop of the above animation which you can't seem to stop watching and listening to, a thought occurs to you. You think with a sense of relief, this is it. We made it. This one-page triumph has just retroactively vindicated the long and arduous journey behind it. After every bump in the road, every setback, every nagging doubt about the story's direction, every Fucking time your waifu got the shaft, all of that just got wiped away in the blink of a tearful eye by the single greatest piece of media you have ever experienced.

You can finally say with absolute conviction that it's all been worth it. It has all paid off. All roads no matter how treacherous brought you to this glory. Every obscure plot thread, every batshit twist, all that retcon stuff, the sprite squared shit, every bit of dubious narrative legerdemain, All of it you
now realize was designed with excruciating precision to achieve this singular, magnificent result. You'd be blown away in hindsight by these shocking feats of multi-threaded plot prestidigitation if you weren't still transfixed by the looping animation. And your jaw would be hitting the floor by now if not for the leagues-deep sense of tranquility welling inside your bosom now that you know Homestuck's audacious promise has been utterly fulfilled forever.

You're now into your... what is it? 11th, maybe 12th loop of the animation? You've lost track, and it doesn't matter. What's the hurry, you wonder. What's the harm in camping on this page for a while longer. What else do you have going on? Maybe it's time we faced the facts. This is truly all you have. This is your Life. Without breaking eye contact with your monitor, you find yourself reaching for your smartphone. Wait, why exactly am I doing this, you wonder? Why am I going for my phone. You are going for your phone because it's time to take a fucking Picture, numbnuts. You decide that digital photography is the best way to make this shit last forever.

You nod and go, oh that makes sense, yeah. I'll definitely take a picture of this animation which has looped at least 20 times by now. Make sure you get yourself in the picture too, to prove you were there. You mumble, what? A selfie. Take a god damn selfie of yourself, posing next to page 9828 of MS Paint Adventures dot com. As you contort your body to pose next to your screen and flip your camera to selfie mode, I continue my unhinged diatribe to instruct all other readers to do the same. I want to see Selfies, people. I need to see your ridiculous mugs next to these two gently bobbing freaks posted publicly on all of your social media channels by the Thousands. Not just a few thousand either. Oh no. Like an old and wise meme once foretold, we're gonna need to clear nine big ones here. In fact I'm gonna need your selfies jacked up so far over 9000, scientists will have to start inventing new numbers to keep track.

Choke the internet with your selfies, or with a horse as my witness, I will delete this fucking website. If I don't see enough selfies out there, I will scrub Homestuck from the Akashic Servers and never speak its name again. I will then dedicate every shred of ingenuity, political influence and worldly resources I have to releasing darkness on this planet. So post your selfies early. Post them often. Post them to save a modern literary Masterpiece. Post them to save the lives of Billions. But most of all, post them because you really want to, and were Probably going to do it anyway even if I didn't say all this bullshit.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: On the lilypad platform, Rose, John, and Terezi stop their ceaseless arguing and chicanery to see Roxy and Kanaya land on the right edge.]

dialoglog
John: hey, they're back!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: John smiles and waves at Roxy, who has a hummingbird sitting on her shoulder. Terezi stands off to the side, and Rose stands behind him. She's rendered very simply so her head is only a circle. This is affectionately known as Rorb Lalorb.]

dialoglog
John: how'd it go?
Roxy: went cool
dropped callie off with jade + mayor
gave kanaya space egg
shit is shaping the heck up
John: nice!
dialoglog
John: hehe.
hello, hummingbird.
Roxy: (smiley face)

[Image description: John, Roxy, Kanaya, and the hummingbird all look up as beams of light begin to fall over them.]

dialoglog
Roxy: hay whats happening to skaia
Kanaya: It Looks Like Someone Has Finally Released The Grist
Its Ready To Receive Echidnas Offering Now
If Someone Is Able To Light The Forge That Is
Roxy: oh
soo...
how do we do that again?
Kanaya: In Our Session By This Time It Was Trivial
Under Present Circumstances I Think It Will Be
Tricky
John: huh?
Kanaya: Every Magic Ring I Am Aware Of Is Currently In Use
Some By Friends And Some By Foes
John: oh.
well, i wouldn't worry about it right now.
there are more pressing things to think about, like fighting a lot of bad guys.
by the way... where's karkat?

[Image description: It zooms out. John and Roxy stand in the middle of the group, facing each other. Kanaya stands behind Roxy, and Terezi and Rose stand behind John.]

dialoglog
Roxy: hes meditating
John: what? meditating??
Kanaya: Yes
Inside A Pretty And Spiritual Cave
Roxy: echidna really blitzed his chakras apparently
John: what the fuck is a chakra.
Roxy: shrug
some soul junk that gets blitzed in the presence of a snake goddess??
John: um.
this doesn't sound like something karkat would do.
are you sure this isn't some sort of bullshit?
Kanaya: Its Definitely True And Not Bullshit Lets Change The Topic
Rose: Agreed.
I think I speak for all of us when I say we've indulged in entirely enough bullshit already. Let's get on with this.

John, you're our leader. And if you try to deny that one more time, so help me god, I will acrobatically pirouette so hard off this lilypad, I'll perform a supersonic swan dive through Skaia and impregnate the battlefield with my own incredulous torso.
Now please tell us what to do.

John: wow, ok! i won't say i'm not your leader anymore, jeez. i think it's about time to get going!

by my estimation, all the bad guys should be getting here any minute.
so we should go find the condesce and ambush her.
she's supposed to be on derse, right?

Roxy: yup

John: alright, then let's go.
i think we are as ready as we are going to get.
we all have weapons, cool powers, a plan of attack, and most importantly of all, each other.
never forget, team work is our secret weapon here.
probably the most powerful weapon we have!
second Only, perhaps, to the power of friendship itself.
remember that, guys.
as long as we have team work, friendship, and cool powers on our side, we can't lose.
you are my best friends ever... rose and roxy, and kanaya and terezi, and dave and jade and karkat, and also jane and dirk and jake, and...

Rose: John.

John: hold on, rose, i'm almost done...
and callie, and tavros, and cat rose, and um, the sweaty guy, uh, Probably not the clown in the fridge though... oh, yeah, and even probably vriska.
oh, and the mayor! he's great too.
did i miss anybody? i think that's it.
anyway, i believe in you all, and i know we can do this together.
now let's go kick some ass!

Roxy: mmm thas good shit

very leadery (smiley face)

...

John: how was that, rose?

Rose: I don't know what I expected.

John: huh?

wait, did i say something dumb?

Rose: No, it was fine.

Roxy's right. It was very leadery. Very... "John".
i'm just wondering now, if you're really going to embrace this business of leadership, Maybe you'd consider hiring a speech writer?

John: a speech writer??
i dunno, rose. i think i'd be pretty bad at memorizing speeches. especially ones You wrote. (tongue sticking out face)

Rose: Touché.

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: Terezi turns away as a Dave alert appears next to her glasses.]

Dialoglog

[Note: Dave’s text is slightly blurred, like it’s out of focus.]
Dave: hey terezi
you coming or what
Terezi: what?
Dave: what did you say??
get over here
its almost time to fight
Terezi: dave
are you talking through the little foam ass again
Dave: what was that
im having trouble hearing you through the little foam ass
hold on let me smoosh my ear up against it
Terezi: ugh!
never mind
I will be right there
Dave: what

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Terezi steps away and puts on her dragon wing jetpack while everyone else watches.]

dialoglog
Terezi: ok everybody
sounds like dave and his bro are ready
I'm going to fly over there now
I hope you all have fun murdering your designated villain
catch you later (smiley face with furrowed brows)

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: John cups a hand and yells up after her as she takes off. She turns her head to look back at him.]

dialoglog
John: bye, idiot!!!!!!!
Roxy: ......
Rose: ......
Terezi: wow john, chill out
John: heh.
sorry, I guess I got carried away.
no offense.
Terezi: some taken (winking face with furrowed brows)

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Rose and Roxy both look at him in confusion and his cheeks tint pink.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Roxy looks suggestively back and forth between him and Terezi. John looks absolutely mortified.]

dialoglog
John: what??
[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Terezi flies away. A Vriska alert appears over her head.]

pesterlog
gallowsCalibrator [G.C.] began trolling arachnidsGrip [A.G.]
G.C.: hey
you there?

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: She flies even farther away, leaving a trail of smoke in her wake.]

pesterlog
G.C.: guess you must be busy
finding that weapon
or recruiting ghosts, or killing lord english
whatever it is you're doing out there
I just wanted to say a few things
before I have to go fight
actually
maybe its better you aren't responding, for now
maybe I can finally say some things I want to say
that I might not have been able to when you were around

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Ghost Tavros smiles with relief as Vriska laughs and claps him on the shoulder. Meenah stands behind him and grins. The ghost army gathers behind the three of them.]

pesterlog
G.C.: it's been a good few years
a much better time than I probably deserved to have, considering...
what I almost did
thank god I didn't
well
thank john, I guess
he's a good kid
they all are
even these new schmucks
what a sweet and charming bunch of stupid losers
don't fucking dare tell anyone I said it
but I love them all

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Terezi keeps flying out into the darkness with a look of concern on her face.]

pesterlog
G.C.: I don't know what is wrong with me
that I can't just say stuff like that, directly to people
they certainly don't appear to have that problem
and you never seemed to have much trouble saying whatever was on your mind
maybe that's why...
I have so much trouble with the idea of letting go of you
you aren't afraid of what's inside your mind
you always seem at ease with your own capacities
even if they lead you down a road of self destruction

[prompt]

[Image description: Terezi turns and heads towards LoTaK.]

pesterlog
G.C.: like, yeah, we've clashed on stuff
I acted like it was all about ideals
and how mine were better or something
but maybe
I was just pissed about your attitude of certainty
and angry at myself for not having it
I think it's something I needed in my life
even if it came from someone else
if only to keep me assured it's possible to feel that way

[prompt]

[Image description: It zooms in on Terezi’s distraught expression.]

pesterlog
G.C.: I know you think I'm weak for needing you
not that you'd ever tell me that
it's nice that you cared enough never to jab me about it
but I could always sense it
that you knew
you knew I depended more on you than you did on me
and you pity me for it
I mean, not like, maliciously
you probably just see me as a bit tragic
you can't help it
and I don't blame you

[prompt]

[Image description: She continues flying, this time as seen from above.]

pesterlog
G.C.: I think
spending time with all those cute goobers
and seeing how when they're all together, they seem to like...
complete each other?
I think it made me realize this about us
or about myself
I never felt whole
I still don't
and you made it so I didn't have to face that feeling
for a while at least
and now that I think I know this about myself
I think I get it
the feeling will probably never go away
only covered up at most, maybe
we could win this fight
create another universe
succeed in every way possible
and I'll still feel incomplete
victory won't fix me
maybe nothing can
maybe there's too little substance inside me to even be fixed

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The background behind her turns teal and she turns into a red silhouette.]

pesterlog
G.C.: but at least I think I understand that now
and should be able fight without having something gnaw at me
something that felt unknowable, and made me constantly wonder what I was doing wrong
I'm ok with living like that
not going to pretend it wouldn't be nice to...
patch myself up, somehow?
guess that ship sailed, though
back in our session, in whatever way I botched my quest
or didn't reach god tier, or...
I don't even know what it was I did or didn't do
I guess that's the problem, isn't it?
the mystery of it
the things I've supposedly done
good and bad, in different realities
the mistakes I made, but can't learn from
because I can't remember
or the heroic things I supposedly did
sacrifices I made
to save you
to save everybody
which tell me nothing about myself, and what I'm really capable of
because I can't remember!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: She comes closer to LoTaK.]

pesterlog
G.C.: maybe it's delusional of me
to imagine that just having another set of memories is going to make me feel more complete
I can't stop thinking about it though
I guess it's always tempting to think there is one hidden answer to everything
no matter how fantastical or inaccessible
and if only you could find it, you'd finally have the perfect resolution to everything about yourself
you can't stand
so I just keep wondering to myself
that maybe if only I could just remember
I wouldn't have to feel like this
pesterlog
G.C.: uh... Wow
I wasn't really expecting to tell you all that
I just wanted to catch you before you go off to battle, and wish you "luck" (smiley face with
furrowed brows)
and to let you know how important you've been to me, in a way that wasn't like
clouded by our usual trash talk and mind games
I guess this is what you get for ignoring me for two seconds
a little too much reality from an idiot who's more messed up inside than she ever lets on
um
anyway
later, serket

pesterlog
gallowsCalibrator [G.C.] ceased trolling arachnids
Grip [A.G.]

pesterlog
G.C.: cepting... Wow
I wasn't really expecting to tell you all that
I just wanted to catch you before you go off to battle, and wish you "luck" (smiley face with
furrowed brows)
and to let you know how important you've been to me, in a way that wasn't like
clouded by our usual trash talk and mind games
I guess this is what you get for ignoring me for two seconds
a little too much reality from an idiot who's more messed up inside than she ever lets on
um
anyway
later, serket

Image description: The Vriska alert slowly fades from over her head.

Image description: She continues flying, still with that concerned expression.

Image description: Her eyebrows begin to shake slightly from the effort of keeping them
furrowed, and a teal tear wells up under her glasses.

Image description: The tear begins to run down her cheek as she begins to glow faintly teal.

Image description: It zooms out. The teal glow becomes stronger.

Image description: And stronger still, now throwing off crackles of lightning that look like
synapses.

Image description: The glow becomes a circle around her, still throwing bolts of lightning.

Image description: The glow grows and splits until the entire void is dotted with synapse-like
bundles of energy and teal light.
Terezi grits her teeth and concentrates even harder. Tears roll freely down her cheeks and a mind symbol pulses on her forehead.

Next

It zooms in. The mind symbol throws off three thin streaks of teal energy.

Terezi: Remember.

Note: The title of the page is written in Vriska’s quirk, with an 8 in place of the B.

The song Do You Remember Me begins to play. The title of the song, too, is written in Vriska’s quirk with an 8 in place of B. The loading screen is a teal mind symbol on a green background. It fades to reveal Alt Vriska walking through the void, her hands in her pockets and her head bowed dejectedly. She takes a few slow steps forward. The angle shifts to watch her from above, then the boundaries of the panel shift like they’re tilting back until they become a large, grey tile upon which she walks. The rest of the background and even areas outside the main panel fade to black until they become the void, too. After a few moments, a picture fades in. It’s Vriska as a young troll, perhaps 7 years old, the equivalent of approximately 3 Alternian sweeps. She sits on the floor of her hive clutching several of the Fluorite Octet, which look huge in her hands. A broken magic 8 ball sits on the floor behind her, near two scribbly drawings and a pair of red and blue pens. Behind her, large spider web connects from the wall to a pile of books and her desk. A teal Libra alert hovers next to the monitor, which has Trollian open on it. Little Vriska turns and looks over her shoulder towards the alert. Everything fades to black momentarily, then Alt Vriska once again walks through the void, now on a series of large, grey tiles like sidewalk pavers. The void behind her fades to another memory. Little Vriska sits in her desk chair, which is far too large for her, and smiles as she types on her computer. Her arms barely reach all the keys and the desk is so tall that her armpits are level with the edge.

As Vriska walks from one tile to the next, the memory switches to a young Terezi, approximately the same age, typing on her own computer at her own desk. It is too large for her, just as Vriska’s is for her. Scalemates, white rope, chalk, and books litter the floor behind Terezi. There is a drawing of His Honorable Tyranny consuming the guilty on her wall next to a Flarp poster. Alt Vriska walks offscreen and everything fades to a new image. Terezi from the Game Over timeline, the one who sent John out on his retcon mission, lays in the dirt, surrounded by and splattered with her own blood. Only the area immediately around her is visible, like someone is shining a spotlight on her. She slowly drags herself to her feet, leaving behind the chalk outline she drew as her last act. The dirt fades away beneath her, leaving only her chalk outline behind. She stares down at her hands with yellow eyes, not the red that they are in the timeline where Aranea never healed them. After a moment, that yellow fades to white. She fades away, replaced by another image.

Jade lays on her quest bed and Dave lays draped across her with blood pouring from his stomach. The blood fades away and they both sit up. Jade swings her legs over the edge of the bed and they watch each other uncertainly. It cuts to a close up of each of them, lingering longer on Jade as her eyes fade white. Dave’s eyes are still hidden behind his shades. They, too, fade away and are replaced.

Jake and Crockertier Jane lay on the ground, both impaled on the same sword. A pool of blood surrounds them. After a moment, the sword and blood both fade. They, too, sit up. Jake turns away from the viewer to look at Jane. Her eyes fade to white as the Crockertier melts away, leaving her in her normal beige god tier outfit. It switches to Jake’s face as his eyes, too, turn white.
background behind them, which had been a vague impression of a lava lake and surrounding forest, goes black. They both just sit there, like they’re unsure what to do. Everything fades again, but this time to white.

The black outline of the squares making up Alt Vriska’s path appear as a winding line down the center of the screen. Alt Vriska continues her reverie and walks along it as the white background slowly turns black. Another memory takes over the background, this time of Vriska and Terezi, both still around 3 or so sweeps old, standing on the ground in front of Terezi’s hive. Terezi reads from a massive Flarp manual and holds up a golden dagger with a faintly curved blade and a coiled, green hilt inlaid with gems. Vriska waves one of her dice in Terezi’s face like she’s trying to make a point. Everything fades away.

Another path just like Alt Vriska’s fades in, but this time, Game Over Terezi walks along it. A memory fades in behind her, also of young Vriska and Terezi, though they look a little bit older, perhaps 4 sweeps old, the equivalent of around 9 years old. Terezi perches on the corner of Vriska’s balcony as they work on their costumes. Terezi wears a teal bodysuit and a red vest, mimicking Neophyte Redglare. She’s barefoot except for socks, and her boots lay on the floor. She holds two sewing pins between her lips and sews an eye onto her Pyralspite plush. Vriska stands in front of a mannequin with her Mindfang coat on it. There are several pins stuck in it, and Vriska stares towards them like she’s thinking very hard. An orange scalemate sits next to the mannequin. There are several pins in it, like it’s been serving as a pincushion. On the ground between them are drawings and a pair of scissors. One of the drawings is of Terezi’s costume, and shows her wearing it as well as the individual pieces with various measurements. The other drawing is of Vriska’s costume, but it’s just a drawing of the coat without any measurements and the word “Yeah!!!” written in Alternian. Once again, everything fades away.

A long time ago on the meteor, Eridan lays in a pool of his own blood, cut in two at the waist by Kanaya’s chainsaw. His lower half lays above his head so his feet are in his face. The blood fades at the same time that his legs fade to their proper position. He sits up and holds his head in his hand. Behind him stand, Aradia, who is alive, Sollux, who is half-alive, and Feferi, who is dead. Eridan’s eyes slowly fade to white. He turns to look over his shoulder as the other three approach him. Everything fades.

Equius lays on the ground inside the meteor, a smile on his face, an arrow through his knee, and a bowstring wrapped around his neck. His face is far too blue. The arrow and bow fade, as does the blood in his face, and his eyes close. He sits up and looks towards Nepeta, who is sitting next to him. His eyes turn white as it changes to show Nepeta’s face. Her eyes are already white, and she smiles and waves at Equius. Everything fades away.

Against a background of the void, shattered in the upper left, a series of panels rush by detailing various deaths and their awakenings in the dreambubbles.

Dream Karkat on Prospit.
Grimdark Rose on the battlefield.
Dirk, having decapitated himself with the sendificator.
Roxy with a hole blasted through her stomach.
Dave in a red and black suit, slumped against his alchemiter.
John on his quest bed far too early.
Dream Jade on the battlefield.

Another explosion cracks another spiderweb into the fabric of the void in the lower right, momentarily darkening the images at the same time that their eyes go white and they awake. Another explosion occurs, this time directly in the center of the image, connecting with the first crack. Everything goes white.

Alt Vriska fades in, still walking along her path of rectangles. A memory behind her shows both her and Terezi at 4 sweeps, having finished their costumes and set out in a blue boat. Terezi stands at the bow with her golden blade in hand, pointing it defiantly out to see and planting her other hand on her hip. Vriska stands behind her, her coat billowing in the wind. She holds a magic 8 ball in her hands and looks down at the window. Alt Vriska fades away as the memory changes.
Young Terezi and Vriska argue and both point angrily at three captured lowbloods- a burgundy, brown, and yellow, based on their clothes. Their shared speech bubble shows an unbalanced scale. Game Over Terezi fades in in front of it, walking along her own path.

The memory behind her changes to the two of them sleeping in a pile of their riches. It’s mostly gold, but there are plenty of gems. Vriska clutches a pendant in one hand and moves her legs like she’s running in her sleep. Terezi has her legs propped up on a small chest and gold coins mounded up against her side and over her shoulder. Pyralspite is buried up to his snout. The memory fades, then so does Terezi.

Alt Vriska walks alone through the void again, passing from left to right between cracks in the void. Tiles appear in front of her as she walks, making it unclear if she’s following where they lead or if they’re appearing where she wants to go. She fades away, and Terezi does the same, but from right to left. Everything fades.

Alt Vriska pulls back as someone suddenly appears in front of her. The flickering light from the cracks shines over her. It fades to another perspective. Game Over Terezi stops and stares in wonder as someone suddenly appears in front of her. The same flickering light shines on her face. It fades yet again, this time to a side view. They both stare at each other as cracks in the void behind them merge. There is only one tile’s space of void between them. They both step to the edge of their current tiles. After a moment, the last tile appears. It’s bright red. Everything flashes white and they both fade in as silhouettes that slowly come into more detail. Alt Vriska smiles brightly, and Game Over Terezi smiles back, though more reservedly. Everything flashes white again, and when it fades, they’re holding hands and staring up at the pulsing fractures together. It flashes white once more, and this time, when it returns, they have their arms around each other and continue staring at the cracks. The ones behind them form the vague impression of a lopsided heart shape.

It zooms out. Cracks surround them on all sides, seeming to trap them in a ball of shattered reality, but they don’t seem to mind. They just hold each other and watch. Everything goes white once again, and it stays that way for quite some time.

The edges of the image slowly turn teal until there’s a bright white orb at the center. Faint watermarks of the various deaths and awakenings flash quickly over it and slowly become more detailed as the edges of the images continue resolving. The teal becomes the mind symbol, and the deaths are contained within it. The background turns green. The last scene is of Game Over Terezi laying in a pool of her blood at the moment of her death, then it turns teal and the mind symbol stills. Everything but the mind symbol turns black.

Your name is Spades Slick. You are the leader of a notoriously stupid gang of mobsters called the Felt. Your previous gang known as The Midnight Crew at some indeterminate point in the past all died off due to time shenanigans. Oh, how you loathe time shenanigans. Your long quest for revenge has finally taken you through the front door of the clock belonging to the host plush who in some gruesome manner gave birth to your gang's former boss, Lord English.

Your former subordinates, Clubs Deuce, Diamonds Droog, and Hearts Boxcars, are all dead. Your
current subordinates, Itchy, Doze, Trace, Clover, Fin, Die, Crowbar, Stitch, Sawbuck, Matchsticks, Eggs, Biscuits, Quarters, Cans, Ms. Paint, and a Centaur Butler, are all being stored in the magic oven you are currently carrying. They are mostly a bunch of idiots, and you aren't particularly fond of them. Except that Ms. Paint dame, you suppose. She's a real looker.

You have rocketed to this session from the Furthest Ring, using the Rocket Ass, which you apparently have. Your objective is to locate and murder Lord English, to once and for all complete your quest for revenge.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Somewhere on LoMaX, Jake continues to play with the Flintlocks of Zillyhau. He has one pulled back, but he thrusts the other forward as he lunges towards an imaginary opponent.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jake pulls back and looks up in horror as something vaguely box shaped casts a shadow over him.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Slick grins maliciously as he flies in with the orange oven in hand.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Without warning, he drops it.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The pink top hat bounces from Jake’s head as the oven lands in front of him with a massive Boom.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jake holds his pistols out as the entire Felt crew, plus Ms. Paint and Aurthour, is suddenly in front of him. They all look angry, except for Ms. Paint, who looks neutral, and Aurthour, who smiles placidly.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jake cringes back and looks terrified. His pistols hang limply at his sides and the top hat lays on the ground.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Slick clutches the golden staff and grins maliciously.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Something startles him and he looks up. A red exclamation mark flashes next to his head.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The Jack Noir from this universe, equipped with the pegleg made from a spike
from a prospitain jail, a juju-breaking crowbar, and billiard ball eyes streaks by in the distance, leaving a faint trail of flashing light in his wake, which quickly fades.]

What the hell is that...

If only you could get a closer look. Too bad that's just a fake red plastic eye you've got there.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Slick’s red eye, which suddenly is made of three interlocking segments and has a rotating crosshair in it.]

Jack. Jack what are you doing. No. You are flagrantly ignoring continuity now. I didn't give you a working cybernetic eye, stop that.

Fine, you want to pretend it's a real fucking cyber eye, go ahead. What do I even care at this point. Just make shit up to spite me. It's fine.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It shows Jack Noir as viewed through Spades Slick’s suddenly not-fake red eye. Brackets at the corners frame the image and a crosshair focuses over Jack Noir’s face. A meter at the right hand side of Slick’s vision fills with red, then depletes to halfway over and over.]

You zoom way in with your Apparently Real Cyber-eye(???) and see it is none other than your arch nemesis, Lord English himself. Or at least, the closest thing passing for him in this session. You will leave these knuckleheads to rumble amongst themselves. You suddenly don't care about them at all.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Slick flies away from LoMaX, hot on the tail of Jack Noir. He leaves a trail of smoke in his wake, which is labeled with a light grey ‘pchooo’.]

All you care about is Payback. You've got a casino to avenge. Remember that? That didn't stop from being a thing.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Out beyond the furthest ring, Derse hangs in the void, minus its moon. Shattered pieces of the chain break off and fly away.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: On a bridge somewhere on Derse, five figures stand together.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in. From left to right, it’s Jane, Roxy, John, Rose, and Kanaya. Roxy faces John and holds up an impossibly large katana with her mask tied like a ribbon around the handle. Everyone else looks towards the sword.]

dialoglog
John: here we are.
ready everyone?
Rose: I guess as ready as one can be, to initiate lethal combat with the extraterrestrial founder of a
nefarious baking good syndicate.
John: wait, what?
i thought we were fighting the condesce.
Rose: We are.
The Condesce is Betty Crocker.
John: she is??
Rose: Yes.
Wait. John, are you telling me you're only realizing this now?
John: um...
Rose: Unbelievable.
John: hey, nobody Told me, ok?
Rose: There's this thing called inference, John.
Examining a large body of evidence, putting the pieces together, making certain logical leaps,
drawing conclusions...
John: sorry, i guess i was too busy saving everybody from dying horribly, to solve a very stupid
mystery about a shitty cake woman. (tongue sticking out face)
Rose: I guess so.
So what do you have to say about that?
John: about what?
Rose: About the alias of the Condesce.
John: oh.
it's fine, i guess.
Rose: Fine?
John: yeah...
what else am i supposed to think about it!
Rose: I don't know.
I guess I thought you might be floored by this stunning revelation, given your irrational hatred for
that particular dessert corporation.
John: eh, it's alright.
sorta makes sense actually. what's the big deal?
Rose: John, you're kind of letting me down here.
John: sorry!!!
i just think we have bigger fish to fry, than... heh heh, fish...
i mean more important things to do, than get down on the floor, and have a melodramatic tantrum
about a ridiculous and stupid fact that doesn't matter.
Rose: John, stop it.
The degree of maturity you are showing here is really bad for morale.
John: oh, shush.
listen, whatever she is, cake mogul, or alien empress, or queen of derse, or sexy sea lady with too
much hair...
let's just fuck her up!
Roxy: yeah!!!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Rose and Kanaya look towards each other and begin a conversation. Jane looks
towards them. Roxy lowers the sword and smiles at John, who leans in closer to her and points
towards the blade.]

dialoglog
John: hey, roxy...
what are you doing with that sword?
Roxy: what this?
John: yes.
Roxy: it was um sorta my improvised grave stone deal but i guess became kind a meaningless when my cat robbed
the grave
so i figured i might as well go nab it again
why let a cool sword go to waste??
u know my boy di-stri would not approve
John: that's true, i guess.

is that why you took it out of the stone slab thingy in the first place?

Roxy: kinda
that was different
John: how?

Roxy: back when i first saw it on your blue planet
that was when i just lost all my friends and i thought for a while they all might be gone for good
and i saw the sword pokin out of there and it reminded me of dirk
it reminded me of everyone we just said goodbye to
even if that only turned out to be temporary
i dunno what it meant to people before i came along
but to me it was a symbol
of all the people who didnt make it as far as we did
so i stole it
see
im a goddamn rogue
i Take shit
and now ima take back from the Witch
everything she stole that shoulda been ours
promise of a better life
a future for humanity and trolls alike
all that shit
im going to swipe its lack
and make it all start being a thing again
lets never let all that stop from being a thing ever again
k guys???
Kanaya: What
John: yeah!!!
Kanaya: Okay Yeah
Im Sure That Possibly All Made Sense Good Speech

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Roxy captchalogue the sword into a grey captcha card.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: All discussions pause as everyone looks up with trepidation.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: In the black sky above them is the flickering outline of Her Imperious Condescension.]
[Image description: It zooms in on her. She snarls furiously.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The players all take fighting stances and their fear turns to determination.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Someone clutches at the bars of a Dersite prison cell and stares down at the bridge and the figures on it.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The angle shifts. It’s Jane’s Dad. He looks on in Proud Fatherly Admiration.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Elsewhere, Karkat lays on the ground, knocked out. A faint, flickering colored light shines on him.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: His eyes snap open and he looks completely dumbfounded.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: He pulls himself up to his knees, revealing that the flickering light is coming from massive cracks across the sky. Meenah stands near a sand dune in the distance. She holds her trident up with one hand and cups the other around her mouth.]

dialoglog
Meenah: ey! you there!
get back in the mob fore i fork ya!
Karkat: what?
Meenah: you heard me!
dont make me come over there
cod damn it you gonna make me come over there arent ya
runnin a ghost armys like hearding catfish i swear to glub

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Meenah approaches Karkat, but she stops short, crosses her arms, and gives a knowing smile. Karkat scratches at the side of his head.]

dialoglog
Meenah: wait a minute
you arent some rando karkat ghost
youre alive
but dreamin or somefin
Karkat: uh, yeah.
I am alive, as far as I know.
Meenah: yeah you are
I can tell these things
whos alive who aint
youre a genuine article shouty mcnubs
hey!!!
Karkat: hi
you're...
what the fuck was your name again?
the punky teen version of the condesce, right
aren't you like, a bad guy? Or do you have some sort of fucking anti-hero thing going on.
Meenah: no you fool im a good guy
im leadin this whole ghost army and everything
we gonna kill lord english
Karkat: oh, is *that* what you're doing with all these ghosts.
wow, that is pretty fucking ambitious.
Meenah: yeam man
hey we talked aboat this
dont you remember
Karkat: we did?
Meenah: yeah i told you this whole plan once
that i was gonna raise an army and kill a big dude
i got kinda side tracked from that whole thing for a while
girl trubs, smh
im sure you know how it is
Karkat: not really.
Meenah: anyway i finally did it
i raised the army with a lil help from some fronds and now here it is
and if i recall i told you all this and you said you wanted to run away and join my army
but you never did (frowning face with furrowed brows wearing a tiara and goggles)
Karkat: huh.
sorry, none of this is ringing a peal screamer.
are you sure it was me you were talking to?
maybe it was the red sweater guy.
Meenah: fuck no it wasnt him
im sure it was you!
or maybe some version of you i dunno
anyway it dont matter and youre here now
so whattaya say you wanna join the fight (very happy face wearing a tiara and goggles)
Karkat: i...
maybe?
I don't remember what happened.
I was talking to kanaya, and then...
shit, I'm drawing a blank.
I think we were talking about getting ready for battle.
yeah... Damn. I need to wake up and help my friends!
do you know how I can wake up?
Meenah: no idea dude
Karkat: Fuck.
Meenah: but as long as youre here and like a quasi impervious dream ghost form
you could lend a flipper to yours truly
this is where the most important action is anyway
its the one for all the roundcircles
gonna take down english for good
even tho hes supposedly "invincible"
got a good feelin about this one though
feel like we gonna make it Stick this time
Karkat: so this is really it, then.
this is where it's all going to end finally?
Meenah: yea
Karkat: then it's probably fate that I ended up here... However that happened.
I guess I tripped and fell, and hit my head or something?
probably some sort of subconscious slip, like some part of me *knew* I had to fall asleep now, to
fullfill my destiny.
this must have been what echidna wanted all along!
Meenah: uh sure whatever
Karkat: ok.
I'll do it.
I will join your army!
Meenah: kay nice
then get in line shouty
Karkat: wait, what?
Meenah: what do you mean what
Karkat: you mean, just...
cram myself in there with the rest of the rabble?
with all the dead eridans, and nepetas, and the idiot version of solluxes with the fucking helmet...
all the loser, failure doomed versions of myself???
Meenah: yeah
thats the idea
thats what "joining an army is" bro
Karkat: come on.
you yourself said I wasn't just some rando.
can I be at least a *little* more important than like doomed equius number 45832, who is wearing
a saucy maid outfit for some fucking reason?!
Meenah: what do you porpoise
Karkat: what do I porpoise?!
Meenah: what do you propose
Karkat: oh.
I don't know, can I at least maybe...
be on the front line?
how about I'm the guy who's leading the charge. Is that ok?
Meenah: yeah sure
Meenah grins smugly. The ghost army congregates behind them.

dialoglog
Karkat: awesome.
this is going to be great.
ok, what weapons should I use? Probably homes smell ya later?
wait, do I have those with me???
Meenah: you a dream ghost you can have whatever you want I think
Karkat: uh...
that's how that works?! Are there like, *rules* for this dream ghost shit??
Meenah: nows not the time to be askin junk like that brah
we about to ride this bitch in for a landing who gives a flip where your ghost sickles come from
Karkat: yeah, you're right.
I shouldn't get hung up on pedantic details, and start thinking about the inspirational speech I was
hatched to give on this fateful day.
Meenah: what the fuck
speech?
Karkat: yeah. Is that ok??
Meenah: fuck no
i already gave one and it was dope as shell
inspired the shit out of everyone
or terrified them
same diff
Karkat: Oh
...
can I just give one anyway?
Meenah: i guess
as long as you do it quietly over here
Karkat: I don't do anything quietly
Meenah: then walk further away
see like im doin
but in the opposite direction a this
later shouty i got an army to run
get back here when you done murmurin about whatever motivational noise you thinks gonna get
you and you alone pumped
sea ya nubs

[A6A615] Next

[Image description: Karkat stares up at the cracks again, this time to a different location. The green
sun pulses very faintly in the distance.]

dialoglog
Karkat: alright, I won't be long.
um...
hmm
wait. Did I just get tricked into giving a speech to myself in fucking outer space???
fuck.
ok, never mind then.
the last thing I want to do is start emulating strider's insufferable rambling soliloquys.
who does he even think he's talking to??
how many times have people yelled from the other room, "dude, are you talking to us? We can't
fucking hear you!"
oh my god, I'm doing it now, aren't i.
fuck!
thank god he's not here to hear me say this. I'd never hear the end of it.
I wonder how he's doing right now, fighting...
wait, who was he fighting?
one of the like 50 fucking jacks?
I forget already. When I tripped and fulfilled my destiny as a warrior, I must have hit my think pan
harder than I thought.
wow, "fulfilled my destiny as a warrior" is another thing I'm glad dave didn't hear me say. Jesus
christ!
uh anyway
whoever it is he's fighting now...

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the green sun until it takes up most of the screen.]
dialoglog
Karkat: I hope he's ok.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Two figures fly towards the green sun, not far from its surface.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Calliope leads, and Jane follows. They stare towards a blank spot near the
curve of the green sun. Cracks encroach on them, but they remain in a clear patch.]
dialoglog
Calliope: we are here.
Jade: where?
Calliope: our destination.
Jade: you mean
the green sun?
it feels like we have been approaching it for hours
do you mean we are finally close enough to it for...
whatever it is we have to do?
Calliope: yes, we are close enough now.
but we do not have to do anything.
only i do.
Jade: oh
then... what do i have to do?
Calliope: nothing.
you needed to accompany me on this journey, so that time could pass for you.
and now, that time has passed.
Jade: i... see
Calliope: is there anything you would like to say, or ask, before we part ways for good?
Jade: uhhh
for good??
you mean i will never see you again after i wake up?
Calliope: no one will ever see me again after you wake up.
Jade: (frowning face)
Jade: then um
what am i supposed to do when i wake up?
Calliope: by then, the fight should be over.
assuming your friends were successful, you must use your abilities to seed the new universe with
your new home.
that is all.
Jade: thats it???
but i want to help them all with the fight!
it sounds dangerous....
and i have all these powers!
really Good powers
maybe even... the Best powers?
Calliope: yes, they are the best powers.
Jade: so why cant i just wake up and Use them??
Calliope: powers such as yours are a great asset, but in time, become an even greater liability.
that is why you sleep.
Jade: i dont understand!
Calliope: you will not be able to control them for the purpose of your mission.
you are barely in control of your most modest capabilities.
you are still quite young, and your kind is soft.
the ability to absolutely dominate is better housed in a being designed for seclusion, singularity of
purpose, and remorseless resolve.
it is too much for one like you.
Jade: ...
youre probably right
actually, its
scary to think about sometimes
Calliope: it won't be a problem for much longer.
Jade: huh?
Calliope: it's not your concern.
until then, you may want to appreciate the final moments of intimate connection to this
continuum's supreme source of power.
Jade: ... how
Calliope: that's up to you.
if you must have advice, i will give you some similar to that i gave your other space-playing friend.
i told her to live, where before she had not.
so too, you are similarly imprisoned by various inertias.
these weigh on you.
you are a child, belonging to a race for which that distinction is understood to correspond with
experiences of "enjoyment."
perhaps you should try to have,
"fun."

[Image description: Calliope flies away from Jade, heading towards the direct center of the green
sun. The plasma inside it spins and coils.]
Calliope: goodbye, jade.

[Image description: Jade stares at Calliope like she wants to follow.]

[Image description: Jade stops and her shoulders drop, like she’s given up entertaining the thought of retrieving Calliope.]

[Image description: Something off to her right catches her attention and she looks over.]

davepeta spritesquared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) Jade!!!!!

[Image description: Davepeta flies in towards Jade.]

davepeta spritesquared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) (cat face with two mouths wearing shades)

[Note: While the first cat face is green like their name, the second is orange like their text.]

[Image description: Davepeta stops right in front of Jade, who looks towards them.]

davepeta spritesquared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) (cat face with two mouths wearing shades)

Jade: ohh...
wow!!!
im so happy to see you, even if you have gone through some uh... pretty big changes!

Jade: you're alive! and... very different (gasp face)

Jade: so what are you doing here? are you asleep too?

Jade: hah
i dont remember that

Yeah i said stuff like that
sometimes
jade i used to be fairly depressed
Jade: yeah...
well i Do remember that
you seem to be in pretty high spirits now though (smiley face)
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) yes im doing fucking phenomenonal
but fur real im not actually here to visit this sun
i flew here as a point of reference to get my bearings
im actually on my way to go fight lord english
have you seen him
Jade: no
ive spent the last... however long, hiding from him actually
with calliope
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) who
Jade: shes my new friend!
well, i guess one of two new friends by that name, technically
one of them is presumably back with our friends now
the other just... quite literally flew away up to the sun
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) like a fucking piece of garbage???
Jade: No (tongue sticking out face)
she is quite dignified and aloof as a matter of fact
i sincerely doubt she has ever done Anything like a piece of garbage
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) ok heheheh
Jade: anyway if you want to find him
i would guess all you have to do is follow his trail of destruction
see the cracks?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) oh yeah
good point
guess i could sniff him out
except i dont know what he smells like
but i guess i do know what some people who will be Near him smell like
Jade: like who?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) vwiskers, for one!
also supposedly a staggering dick ton of ghosts
ill just smell around for where the ghosts are all at
Jade: sounds like a good plan!
jeez dave i...
or davepeta rather
i missed you so much (frowning face)
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) awwww
sorry harley
id say i missed you too but it was barely a day ago i last saw you
this version of me i mean
i made it all the way through the three year voyage with you
guess the one who made the trip with you wasnt so lucky huh
Jade: no
he and john died not long after we departed
i was so lonely
but i dont feel too bad now that i know it all worked out, and their deaths were just part of something bigger going on
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) right johns absurd time hoppy mission
so fuckin glad some non dave dude could finally grab the reins on the time travel bs
and i guess im purrsonally so grateful to him because without his succession of handwavey dorkstunts i wouldnt have become davepeta which is literally the best thing either of us has ever been!
Jade: thats great!
its so nice to see youre happy now
even if technically i never got to be a part of that journey for you
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) but you did
ive got a lot of different dave memories in me and theyre all part of who i am now
including the memories you contributed to
Jade: oh...
cool!
so what were things like in the timeline youre from?
how was our trip together?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) it was good mostly kinda turbulent i guess
but that was mostly on account of me being a miserable bird douche
Jade: haha
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) oh also we dated for a while
Jade: What? (gasping face)
Jade: What? (gasping face)
Jade: why?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) see again: bird douche
Jade: wow
i cant believe i missed this (frowning face)
even if it didnt go that well
its still something i would have gladly taken over the loneliness of that trip
i cant even say how much i thought about you both
and to hear that you and i actually...
*sniff*
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) (Confused face with two mouths wearing shades)
Jade: im sorry dave...
davepeta...
i guess calliope is right, this must be part of my path
as a space player... someone who "falls back" as she said
maybe being pushed aside by fate, and like
being deprived of important people and experiences
no matter how painful it is, or how much you feel like you need them
i guess thats just how it goes for us
i think i never appreciated how much of a burden your aspect was to you
but i think im starting to get it now
it just took a long time to figure out what mine really meant
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) so That’s what space means?
bein lonely??
Jade: thats a bit of an oversimplification!
but i think that can be one of the results of gaining a deeper understanding of it
or becoming connected to it more...
i dunno, this stuff is all pretty mysterious (tongue sticking out face)
i dont have it all figured out yet obviously
i just feel pretty sad that as i get closer to understanding my abilities and true nature
it apparently means being deprived of some important experiences
like i get closer to my aspect, but further away from everyone i love, and further from...
feeling like a person?
its just a really empty feeling after a while
empty like...
space i guess
heh

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Davepeta grins.]
dialoglog
but you werent actually deprived of important experiences
stuff like us dating and johns stupid birthday parties and playing shitty ghostbuster mmos
that stuff all happened to you, its just you dont have access to the memories
they didnt happen to shape this particular version of yourself
but they all played a role in helping like "greater jade" grow if that makes sense
everything that ever happens to every version of you is an important part of your ultimate self...
like a superceding bodyless and timeless persona that crosses the boundaries of paradox space and
unlike god tiers or bubble ghosts or whatever, it really Is immortal
but in your physical form there are all these partitions in your mind that prevent you from
remembering any of that which makes your existence feel totally linear
which is probably for the best!
in a regular body seeing all that would be too overwhelming
in an advanced sprite form like mine tho its fine
i guess the same spritey magic that makes it possible to suddenly understand so much is also what
makes it possible to make it bearable all at once
not even just bearable actually sorta liberating and cool
and after it sinks in for a while you start coming to this understanding of a greater self
maybe i "got it" quicker though because of the two people i was and their aspects
understanding heart is all about the nuances of a distributed self
nepeta never got to make much headway with her aspect but shes finally gettin the chance
the time aspect is all about running into different versions of yourself so you kinda get confronted
with it in a really literal way that can be disturbing
obviously davsprite stuggled with that too, but now its fine
hes free from worrying about it all and what it means for his place in reality
because he can see now all his selves have relevance in painting the full picture of who he truly is
im not Completely sure because im not like some sort of Aspect Master but
my avian slash feline intuition tells me that all roads will lead you here eventually
gaining the deepest possible understanding of any aspect will bring you to the same final
conclusion about your ultimate self
so maybe thats starting to happen for you too
the space aspect sounds like a hard and lonely road to travel... i think they probably all are
but youre gettin there jade
you are doing great and im so proud of you!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jade gasps.]
Jade: (smiley face with a single tear) thanks davepeta
i really can't believe it
you sound so different... but you're still dave in a way
its hard to say how happy it makes me to see you doing well
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) yeah likewise!
i mean assuming you are doing well
Are you???
Jade: i... think so
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) hey what are you doing out here anyway
Jade: i'm asleep
i want to go join our friends and help out
but i'm not supposed to wake up (uncertain face)
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) why not
Jade: i dunno
i'm just not!
calliope said i was too strong or something
but she also said i should have "fun" so
i dunno
i guess i'm just waiting around for the right moment
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) nah that's dumb
you should be able to do whatever you want
Jade: really?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) well at least she was right about the having fun part
maybe that's what she meant??
maybe she was leaving it up to you in a mysterious way
Jade: leaving what up to me?
the decision to wake up?
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) sure why not
Jade: but i don't know how!
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) i do
Jade: .....
dialoglog
Dave Peta sprite squared: (cat face with two mouths wearing shades) this is supposed to wake you up!

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Davepeta drives their claws into the center of Jade’s chest and out her back. Jade’s eyes go wide and her jaw goes slack.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jade vanishes, leaving just Davepeta.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jade sleeps on the floor of her house in front of the purple and yellow fireplace. A red string still connects a note to her finger.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: She sits up. W.V. waves at her.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: She looks the other direction and Callie waves at her.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Callie points down at something.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jade looks down at the note tethered to her finger.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The note is written in red ink and says “hey if you wake up you gotta deal with these two” followed by two outlines of Bec heads.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jade flips the note over. On the other side, it says “missed ya”]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jade smiles softly at the note.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: She stands up and heads towards the door with W.V. and Callie right behind her.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Jade, Callie, and W.V. stand right outside the door to Jade’s tower, at the top of
the staircase that winds around the mountain and into the jungle below.]

[Image description: All three of them look up. W.V. and Callie look surprised and awestruck. Jade just smiles.]

[Image description: Callie and W.V. continue staring, but Jade is gone without a trace.]

[Image description: LoTaK hangs in the void.]

[Image description: Dirk, Dave, and Terezi stand on the roof of one of the buildings. Dirk and Terezi both look towards Dave.]

dialoglog
Dave: did someone just bark
Terezi: was that you
Dave: why would I bark
Terezi: well why the fuck would I bark???
Dave: ok this exchange is asinine it was probably just jade

[Image description: Dave turns around and stares up at the storms in the sky. Dirk keeps looking at him. Terezi takes a few steps closer to the two of them.]

[Image description: Dirk turns to follow Dave’s gaze, and Jade appears above them in a green flash.]

[Image description: Jade smiles widely and waves at them.]

dialoglog
Jade: hey guys!

[Image description: Dave, Dirk, and Terezi stand in a line, all with equally concerned expressions.]

dialoglog
Terezi: she's awake
isn't she supposed to be asleep?
Dave: uh yeah
fuck
dialoglog
Jade: hi dave!
i got your note!
i missed you too!!!
Dave: jade
god dammit
go back to sleep!
Jade: no way!!!!!(Tongue sticking out face)

[Image description: Jade smiles and holds up her left pointer finger, the one with the string on it.]

dialoglog
Jade: looks like you gave me a little assignment in case i woke up
well, as it turns out......
i am very much awake!
and i intend to stay that way (smiley face)

[Image description: Jade vanishes in a green flash, leaving the trio staring at where she just was.]

dialoglog
Jade: see you guys
apparently ive got a couple of dogs to deal with
oh yeah by the way dave...
youre a pretty good kisser!
even when youve got cat lips (winking face)
Dave: What
Jade: see ya!!!!!!!!!!

[Image description: Terezi pushes between Dirk and Dave and cups a hand beside her mouth as she yells into the now empty sky.]

dialoglog
Terezi: bye, idiot
whatever
let's hope today, of all days, is not the day she fucks everything up
Dave: yeah
Terezi: so what's the deal, dudes
you both done with your rooftop feelings jam?
Dirk: I think so.
What do you think, Dave?
Dave: about what
Dirk: Are we done here?
Dave: i guess so
Dirk: You sure there isn't anything else on your mind, before we start fighting?
Dave: ummmmm
Dirk: Tell you what. I'll give you one last lightning round question.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dirk frowns uncertainly and continues staring up into the sky.]

dialoglog
Dirk: Ask me anything.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The perspective shifts and we see what he is staring at. It’s Jack Noir in his flashing halo of light, flying in fast.]

dialoglog
Dirk: Go ahead.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Jack and the crazed look in his cueball eyes as he holds the crowbar up like a weapon.]

dialoglog
Dirk: I'll give you a straight answer.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dave draws Caledfwlch and Terezi holds her dragonhead cane in both hands. They both take stances like they’re ready to fight. Behind them, Spades Slick flies in with his golden scepter in hand.]

dialoglog
Dave: alright

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on Jack’s face again as his look of crazed anger turns to determined hatred. His eyes shift upwards, seemingly towards Slick rather than the trio on the roof.]

dialoglog
Dave: here goes

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Terezi pulls her cane apart into its two swords and turns to face Slick. Dirk faces the other direction, towards Jack. Dave stands askew from them both, like he’s unsure which one will be his first target.]

dialoglog
Dave: why are we so fucking awesome

[A6A6I5] Next
[Image description: Terezi grits her teeth, draws one sword back to strike with, and holds the other in a defensive position. Dave joins her and turns towards Slick with Caledfwlch at the ready. Dirk draws his katana towards Jack.]

dialoglog
Dirk: Dave.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dirk holds his katana so the blade is pointed upwards directly in front of his face, visually bisecting it up the middle.]

dialoglog
Dirk: That's the best fucking question,

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Dirk swings his katana back and Dave turns his head to look towards Jack.]

dialoglog
Dirk: Anybody ever asked.

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms out. Jack and Slick hover above the building, equidistant from each other and from the trio. Terezi looks towards Slick and Dirk towards Jack. Dave stands between Terezi and Dirk, turned towards Slick but looking over his shoulder at Jack, like he’s still unsure what to do. Behind them, a lightning storm continues to rage over the cityscape of temples.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Out in the dreambubbles, the ghost army surges over sand dunes and around pink rock formations under a cracked, black sky.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: Meenah strides confidently out in front of the army with her trident held in both hands. Karkat follows behind her on her left with his tricolor sickles, Homes Smell Ya Later, in his hands. He looks determined and subdued. A few paces back, Tavros follows to Meenah’s right, just barely ahead of the rest of the army. He holds no weapons, but there is a hopeful smile on his face.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: The perspective shifts and we see what Meenah sees. A few hundred feet away, a figure sits on top of a red chest.]

[A6A6I5] Next

[Image description: It zooms in on the figure. Unsurprisingly, it’s Vriska. She has one leg drawn up onto the chest like she’s crossing only one of her legs. She rests her elbow on that knee, and rests her cheek on that hand. She grins triumphantly. Behind her is a large pink boulder. Andrew Hussie peeks his head over the top of it, watching.]
Vriska sits up straight and looks forward expectantly.

Three spiderwebbing cracks mar a black void.

Right in the center, an Egyptian sarcophagus appears. It flashes the colors of billiard balls.

It grows larger, revealing more details. The figure depicted on the sarcophagus holds a crook in one hand and a flail in the other, which he holds crossed over his chest. He wears a headpiece of draped, striped cloth that flashes the opposite colors of the rest of the sarcophagus. The face has been replaced by a grinning skull.

Meenah and Karkat stop right at the edge of the desert, where the sand turns to pink rock. Only a few feet beyond the transition point are visible. Past that, it’s just darkness and cracks in reality.

The sarcophagus lands in front of them, shattering the ground around it and sending shards of stone flying. The ground trembles from the impact. These cracks, unlike the ones in the void, are pure white.

Fire engulfs the sarcophagus, also flashing in counterpoint. The flames spread out over the ground like living tendrils.

A white light bursts forth from the sarcophagus, wiping everything else from view.

The light dies down and the sarcophagus is gone. In its place is the massive form of Lord English in his Cairo Overcoat. The flames remain and now wreath him as well.

Lord English rears back and roars, drawing his hands up like he’s going to hit something. Faint lightning crackles along his arms.

The entire ghost army stares in silent fear at Lord English except for Meenah, who grins determinedly like she’s been waiting her entire death for this moment.
Elsewhere, a cracked red door with a massive keyhole in it sits in a red brick wall. A carving over it, inside an ornate but abstract outline, shows a snake with a sun for a head. Carvings along the top of the wall show two snakes with ridges of crystals down their backs below a row of time symbols. Pillars carved to resemble nagas flank the door. In the flickering light, a humanoid shadow falls across the floor, clutching a long, straight object.

Caliborn stalks down the hallway, past rows of half-ruined naga pillars and massive stalactite formations, like water has been dripping into this place for millions of years. In his hand, he clutches the crowbar.

He stalks down another path through another cave filled with stalactites and stalagmites. Massive walls of fire come up from below the path for about half its length before dying off just before it winds around a corner.

He continues further, into a darker section of the cave. Just out of sight at the end of the tunnel, something glows.

He stops at the end of the path, where it meets up with a massive, round chamber. Something offscreen glows with the intensity of a sun.

The massive coils of a red serpent appear before him. The creature rears up, and the light is positioned to be its head.

It zooms out. The serpent, the Denizen, contorts to peer down at Caliborn, who taps the end of the crowbar into his open palm.

Elsewhere, P.M. flies right on the tail of Bec Noir.

The angle shifts. Bec Noir is headed directly towards Skaia and the half-destroyed Prospit orbiting it. P.M. is right behind him.

Bec Noir angles towards Prospit rather than Skaia, and P.M. follows.

They duck and weave through the airborne rubble of countless Prospitant buildings. P.M. doesn’t lose any ground, but she doesn’t look like she’s gaining any either.
[Image description: It zooms in on Bec Noir’s face. He just looks sad and tired.]

[Image description: He glances back over his shoulder, and the look of angry determination he left the previous universe with returns.]

[Image description: He stops in a relatively clear space and turns to face P.M., who stops short and stares.]

[Image description: It zooms out. They hover above a single clear plaza surrounded by the ruins of every nearby building, facing each other like they’re preparing to duel.]

[Image description: Bec Noir snarls and wraps his hand around the hilt of the sword in his chest. His posture is hunched, like a cornered animal trying to protect itself but ready to attack at a moments notice if it has to.]

[Image description: P.M. holds the hilt of her own sword, but her posture is the exact opposite of his. She is cold and collected, standing straight like she expects to either win or die honorably, no other options.]

[Image description: She draws the sword calmly and stares across their chosen battlefield towards Bec Noir.]

[Image description: The rubble around them begins to shake as they both begin flashing with green lightning, harnessing the power of the green sun for this final battle.]

[Image description: Bec Noir snarls and barks like a deranged, rabid animal. Faint impressions of bloodstains appear on his sword and the buildings around him, mimicking the blood splattered on his arm.]

[Image description: P.M. trembles with exertion but holds herself together, merely glaring with all her power.]

[Image description: The Green Sun appears behind them as they lunge towards each other, leaving wide trails of green fire behind them.]
[Image description: In Caliborn’s Denizen’s lair, the Denizen rears back, somehow incredulous and furious without a face to convey it. Caliborn holds the crowbar on his shoulder like a baseball bat. In a second image, he grins up at the Denizen and his eyes shine with twisted delight.]

[Image description: In the dreambubble, Meenah holds her trident up and Karkat readies his sickles as Lord English continues to roar. The ghost army stands behind them as a sea of bodies. A second image splits between Meenah’s expression of self-assured certainty and Karkat’s level glare. A third image focuses on Lord English’s face as he roars out his incandescent rage.]

[Image description: On LoMaX, Jake stands his ground and points the flintlocks of Zillyhau at the Felt, who stand menacingly over him. A second image shows Fin, Die, and Cans glaring down at him. A third image focuses on Jake’s wide-eyed expression as his situation finally sinks in.]

[Image description: On the roof on LoTaK, Dave, Dirk, and Terezi align and face both Spades Slick and Jack Noir together. A second image splits between all three of their faces. Dave and Dirk looks deadly serious, and Terezi grins widely, baring her sharp teeth. A third image focuses on Slick’s disgusted snarl. A fourth shows Jack Noir’s expression of mindless rage.]

[Image description: On Derse, Kanaya, Rose, John, and Roxy stare up at Her Imperious Condescension as she descends towards them. Kanaya holds her chainsaw at the ready. Rose, the Quills of Echidna. John, the Pop-a-matic Vrillyhoo Hammer. Roxy, the sword she brought, her timeline’s Dirk’s katana. A second image splits four ways to show each of their faces. John looks concerned but calm. Roxy stares with a determined fury. Rose glares, but there’s a smirk on her face, like she can’t believe the Condesce is challenging them and is certain of their victory. Kanaya stares coldly as one only can at one who has caused untold suffering. A fourth image shows the Condesce’s face and her look of irritated disgust, like she’s more angry that she’ll have to clean up this mess than that she’s being challenged.]

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